

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XVIII., No. 10.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, March 5, 1873.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXXVII., No. 10

Poetry.

NO. IIING I

O! the power and joy of being nothing, having nothing, and knowing nothing, but a glorified Christ up there in heaven, and of being "careful for nothing" but the honor of His sweet name down here on earth.

O to be nothing—nothing,
Only to lie at His feet
A broken, emptied vessel,
Thus for His use made meet!
Emptied, that He may fill me
As to His service I go,
Broken, so that unbroken
Through me His life may flow.

O to be nothing—nothing,
An arrow hid in His hand,
Or a messenger at His gateway
Waiting for His command;
Only an instrument ready
For Him to use at His will;
And should He not require me,
Willing to wait there still.

O to be nothing—nothing,
Though painful the humbling be;
Though it lay me low in the sight of those
Who are now, perhaps, praising me,
I would rather be nothing—nothing,
That to Him be their voices raised,
Who alone is the fountain of blessing,
Who alone is meet to be praised.

Yet 'e'en as my pleading rises,
A voice seems with mine to blend,
And whispers in loving accents,
"I call thee not servant, but friend.
Fellow-worker with Me I call thee,
Sharing my sorrows and joy—
Fellow-heir to the glory I have above,
To treasure without alloy."

Thine may I be, Thine only,
Till called by Thee to share
The glorious heavenly mansions
Thou art gone before to prepare.
My heart and soul are yearning
To see Thee face to face,
With unfettered tongue to praise Thee
For such heights and depths of grace.
—Christian.

Religious.

A SUNDAY IN SALT LAKE CITY.

BY REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

Sunday morning came, and at half-past ten I went to the "Tabernacle." It is a huge building, an ellipse 250 feet by 150. Forty-six red sandstone pillars are arranged in an oval form, and upon these pillars is placed the dome-like roof, which rises some 70 or 80 feet, and has the appearance of a huge dish-cover, which, if it were a little higher, would go over Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and completely hide it from view.

There might be 1,500 persons in the tabernacle on that Sunday morning. They appeared to be chiefly English people. There was scarcely an American face amongst them. There was no mistaking the county whence most of those whom I heard speak had come. My familiarity with English provincialisms enabled me to detect Herefordshire and Devonshire, Buckinghamshire and Suffolk, as the birthplaces of not a few. Though especially familiar with the dialects of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the north of England generally, I met with scarcely any who seemed to have come from those parts of our country, and I heard nothing to remind me of either Scotland or Ireland; but such names as Owen, and Parry, and Jones, and Hughes, seen over stores in the City, proclaimed an immigration from the Principality. I have seldom seen so many countenances expressive of feeble intellect; and the women appeared to have less sense than the men, and were the most dejected looking beings I ever was my unhappiness to behold. I felt it very humiliating to find myself far more amongst my own countrymen in Salt Lake City than in Chicago, Boston, or New York.

Punctually at half-past ten, Brigham Young came upon the platform, accompanied by one of his wives. A man who, for voice and manner, might have been a parish clerk in Berkshire or Wiltshire, rose and gave out the fine and well-known paraphrase—

Behold the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes—

and the choir sung it right well to a tune well known all over England. Another official person then prayed, and his speech, too, reminded me of certain southern English counties. The only merit of the prayer, which was extemporaneous, was its brevity. It was utterly destitute of warmth, of earnestness, of evangelical sentiment, and I could not wonder that the people paid not the slightest attention.

We heard a sermon from Orson Pratt, one of the great lights of Mormonism, whom, if I am not mistaken, I heard preach the same sermon, somewhere in England, more than a quarter of a century ago. His text was the passage in Isaiah which is paraphrased in the hymn that had been sung. He began with an ingenious apology for any rambling from the subject in which he might indulge. He always implicitly followed the guidance of the Holy Spirit and it might be His will to lead him to something else. Prepared then for anything, we listened; and he certainly was permitted to keep to his text in his way of keeping to it, for he preached upon it for eighty minutes.

The text, Isaiah ii. 2-5, was the grand Scriptural argument for Mormonism: Salt Lake City and the Territory of Utah, high up among the Rocky Mountains, were the fulfilment of the prediction—"The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains." People had come thither from England, and from all the countries of the European continent. Who could doubt that, in their City, they saw the verification of the promise "All nations shall flow unto it"? He went to another passage to teach us a lesson in geography. He spoke of the land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia. The rivers of Ethiopia were to the westward of Palestine. Westward, then and ever westward, until the Atlantic had been crossed,—and what did we find there? Let any man look at a map of America, North and South; its striking resemblance to the wings of a bird was conclusive evidence that America was meant by the Prophet. I thought that there was one allusion to the peculiar institution of the Mormons, when the preacher quoted the words, "In that day seven women shall take hold of one man" (Isa. lv. 1); but the subject was only glanced at in the briefest manner possible.

The great service of the day is held in the afternoon. I attended it. The congregation must have been nearly 4,000 in number. In the pew beneath the pulpit sat eight men who, I was given to understand, were bishops, and one of whom had, on the previous day, shown me over the Tabernacle, and accepted a dollar for his services.

A young man, grossly illiterate, preached; and it was a better sermon than we had had from Orson Pratt. Rambling and disconnected certainly it was, and full of grammatical blunders, with many passages of this sort: "What says Peter? why he says, says he"; "and what says Daniel? why he says, says he"; and after each "he" there was a quotation, which in no one instance was correctly given. Still, the young fellow, who was only a beginner, did speak some practical good sense, warning the people against drunkenness, and against the love of money, which, he said, had horribly corrupted them. But he rose to real earnestness when he rebuked them for not paying their tithes; "for what says Malachi? why he says, says he—'Bring ye all the tithes into my storehouses.'" And, for once, I did observe that something like an impression was made when he told them that the Lord would send the grasshoppers to destroy their crops if they did not speedily pay up their arrears. Less politic than the shrewd orator of the morning, the afternoon preacher admitted and bewailed the great apostasy that was taking place in their ranks.

And there is an apostasy which

threatens to break up the vile imposture before long. In fact, there are three sects of Mormons—the orthodox followers of Brigham Young, the Josephites, and the Godbeites, which last have a newspaper in Salt Lake City, and are building a rival Tabernacle.

Opposed as the Mormons are to all who do not adopt their opinions and practices, and whom they call Gentiles, American freedom has of late asserted itself in Utah, and Mormonism, happily, is not the only religion known in Salt Lake City. There is a handsome Protestant Episcopal church, the only building in the City with any pretension to architectural effect, for the Tabernacle is simply hideous. The Methodists and the Congregationalists also have their meeting-houses, or halls used for religious services; and on Sunday evening I attended a small meeting of Baptists, but it certainly was very small. I do not think more than thirty persons were present, and they seemed as lifeless as the congregation in the Tabernacle. A Mormon had turned in. I certainly found it rather hard to keep my patience when he introduced me to his three wives; but it was still worse to be told that he had often heard me in England, and, he trusted, to his great edification!

Mormonism is doomed. Shrewd members of the sect admit that the evening gun fired at Camp Douglas when the sun goes down, daily sounds its knell. But I think that no Englishman can visit Salt Lake City without a feeling of humiliation and shame, when he finds there so large a proportion of his own countrymen. If America be responsible for the rascality of the system, England is, in a very great measure, answerable for the ignorance and the credulity that have sustained it.—*The Day of Rest.*

INDIAN TRIBUTES TO SIR DONALD MACLEOD.

"A Punjabee" writes as follows in the *Friend of India*:—"The mournful news of the sudden death of Sir Donald Macleod, formerly Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, touches so many hearts very closely that a few words of loving record of his blameless life will be welcome from that Province. His forty years of service opened wide opportunities to him for making friends; and now, at Jubbulpore, at Benares, in the Jullunder Doab, and throughout the Punjab hills and plains, there are hearts grieving over the departure from this earth of one of the loveliest characters that have ever swayed authority in India. He was by conscientious conviction a member of the Baptist Communion, but no sectarian bias could sully the free, genial, and devout support which he gave to every benevolent effort. The Missionary Conference will have to deplore the loss of him who was the President of the former similar gathering at Lahore. The poor Biblewomen in the back slums of Whitechapel will miss the earnestness which led that white-headed veteran to overcome natural shyness, and speak to them week by week of the subjects which lay nearest to his own heart. The many Anglo-Indians whose brothers, sons, or friends found in his little house in Kensington all the hospitality and home comforts which he could make it yield, will miss the tenderness they always found there. All who knew him now know how much they have lost in losing him. His means were so crippled by his gifts that he afforded himself only two servants. And yet many a one who rolls in carefully hoarded wealth, and pretends to thank himself happy, envies the unfading riches, the childlike serenity of conscience, and the charm of the whole surroundings of Sir Donald Macleod."

The editor of the *Friend of India* says:—"Sir Donald Macleod was far greater as a man than as a ruler of men. All that was noble and amiable in his spotless character unfitted him to deal with the meanness, selfishness, and ignorance which came before him whether as Judicial Commissioner or Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab. As an

official his merit lay in his knowledge of an influence on the natives. He was one of the fine old school, wise in counsel but too sensitive for action, save in so supreme a crisis as that of the Mutiny. He had settled down in London near his old friend Lord Lawrence, in that district of South Kensington which has been so pleasantly appropriated by retired Punjabees. But his heart was in his own native land, and when last we saw him, only so recently as in September, he was worshipping in the church of the greatest Edinburgh preacher. His best epitaph would be this—'He so administered many districts of Hindostan and for years governed the Punjab that all men loved him.'"

AN EVENING AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

If one wished to see the warm place which the honoured pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle has secured in the hearts of his people, and also the esteem in which he is held by the general public, he should have been present at the above-named place of worship on Tuesday Jan. 28th, afternoon and evening. There was a great deal of work to be got through. First a tea-meeting, to begin at half-past four; then the quarterly meeting in connection with the Pastors' College; and, finally, an illustrated lecture by Mr. Spurgeon, descriptive of his recent tour in Italy.

After the first two parts assigned for the day had been brought to a conclusion, Mr. Spurgeon doffed his greatcoat, and plunged into his lecture. Before he got launched, however, there went up a great cheer, which was again and yet again renewed. The lecturer thanked them in characteristic fashion. It was very cold, and he hoped they had warmed themselves. (Laughter.) He explained that to deliver a lecture was to him the sternest of all toil. He never looked forward to it without pain, never began it without hesitation, and never finished it without thinking he was a fool to attempt it, and should be a greater fool if he ever attempted it again. Yet he liked to do it now and then for the sake of feeling very dissatisfied; just as there were some medicines which had all the greater effect upon the system because of their bitter taste. He never had any gifts given him in the line of lecturing. His gifts lay entirely and he was very grateful for it, in the simple preaching of the gospel. When he stood in his Tabernacle with a text before him, and the very faces of his congregation listening, he could not help preaching. Whenever his hearers saw a goose flying they might say, "That is exactly like Mr. Spurgeon when he is delivering a lecture." (Laughter.) He now proceeded to describe

HIS TOUR IN ITALY.

It rained the whole of the time he was away, and what could a man see in perpetual showers? It was as uncomfortable to be wet in Venice as in London, but if there was anything more uncomfortable than another, it was to have nothing but wet in beautiful scenery. Here in England, even if it was wet, there was nothing to see; nobody wanted to see the architecture of London; if we are involved in a perpetual fog, as far as the beauties of our city were concerned, we should not be materially the losers. (Laughter.) At Cannes, during six weeks of pain and anguish, he found upon recovering he had forgotten the things he had stored up in his own mind for future use, and to his astonishment he found his memory was failing him in matters in which it had never failed him before. Many incidents therefore which might have enlivened this lecture he could not remember; and indeed he never would have given the lecture, but that the placards announcing it, and other arrangements, were made in his absence. It was a most absurd thing to attempt to lecture on travels after all, because nothing ever happened to you

now on your travels to lecture about. You just got into a railway carriage, were whirled to the end of your journey, and came back again. In Italy once he thought that some brigands might get hold of him and his friends; but troops accompanied the expedition and as there was no chance of brigands he refused to go. The last time he lectured on his tour, he received rather a severe rebuke from a learned writer for not remarking more upon pictures and statuary, which it was assumed must always be a great attraction to any educated person. He must confess he took very little interest in them. After about twenty miles of picture galleries, one did not want to see any more; and when you had seen the portrait of a man 20,000 times, it began to get somewhat stale. He had been heartily sick during this last journey of these repetitions in the pictures and statuary. He was quite unable to form any conception of what the Virgin Mary was like. If he had been left alone, and had never seen a portrait of her, he might have formed some idea; but he had seen her as a French, German, Dutch, Spanish, an Italian woman; and, last of all, as black as soot. He therefore was quite unable to tell what she was like, and the manner in which the artists had dealt with their Holy Families and Virgins led him to think more of their pencils than of their brains. (Laughter.) Susannah and the Elders—a pretty subject truly for an artist—he had seen twenty times, and should know those two elders wherever he met them. St. Sebastian and St. Bartholomew he had also seen very often. Some of the works of Gustave Dore, which were really magnificent, were said by the wise men of this generation to be in bad taste; but what of St. Bartholomew depicted with his skin half torn off and all his veins exposed? St. Sebastian he saw stuck all over with arrows in a variety of ways, sometimes like a pin cushion, and sometimes turned into a porcupine. (Laughter.) At length he and his friends came to St. Sebastian dead, and very thankful he was for it, thinking they should now have no more pictures of him; but by-and-by another confronted them in a church, and his friend exclaimed, "Hallo! here is our old friend Sebastian again." (Laughter.) There was only a monotony in the art of the old masters, but often an utter waste of talent. He had visited a French gallery in Brussels, which he defied any man to forget. The gallery was the production of one man who went over acres of canvas. Some of the pictures were terrible. He should never forget the picture of the "Coming Man," with a crowned head—a right royal-looking man, who was taking into his hand riches, eagles, mitres, tiaras, and all that stuff. There was an awful picture of the Great Napoleon in Hell—one of the most fearful pictures he had ever seen. But he respected the artist's motive, which was to set forth the detestable character of war. He very much admired one celebrated picture which had a prominent place in a noted gallery; it was an excellent picture of a red cabbage, and he wondered why an artist of so much ability and power should spend his time; but, no doubt, three out of four of all the paintings which you saw in journeying about might as well be upon red cabbages for any instruction or use they were. These were, of course, in dreadfully bad taste; but he had already been found guilty of the crime, and meant to continue his enormities, there were some pictures, however, such as Paul Potter's Bull, at the Hague, upon which one might gaze and yet find them inexhaustible. He saw three pictures in Rome of the penitent Magdalene. The first was a figure clad in sackcloth, with ashes on her head—that he considered theatrical. The second represented an abundance of tears, but so as to make the woman more lovely than ever; dress and hair were evidently arranged with a view to the display of her beauty, even while her eyes were red with weeping. This he considered proof of a divided heart.