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Poetry.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO STAND AND WAIT."

BY MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.
Some in the sunny vineyards toil,
Some reap the ripened grain,
While others wait outside the gate
To catch the reaper's strain.
They may not gather in the grapes,
Nor bind the golden sheaves;
But lily-bells from mossy dells,
They twine with fragrant leaves.
They may not help to press the wine;
But, where bright waters flow,
The crystal cup their hands lift up,
To cool the fevered brow.
And some brave souls can upward climb
To peaks that kiss the skies;
While others stand in shadow-land,
Where only mists arise.
There's many a wave in ocean's depths
Can never reach the shore.
Yet smiles to greet the sunlight sweet
Amid the ceaseless roar.
On wind-tossed waters, gleaming cold,
A bow of promise rests
When clouds uplift, and sunbeams shift
Across the breakers' crest.
The spring awaits the Master's call
Through many a wintry day:
And bright flowers from April shower
Are born to bless the May.
The "Cross of Calvary" is the key
That opens the pearly gate;
"God loveth all, both great and small,"
Who labor pray and wait;
And waiting, serve as He has planned,
Till Eden's light falls clear,
And angels cry from out the sky,
"The Master draweth near!"

Religious.

IN SEARCH OF DIAMONDS.

BY J. M. PENDLETON, D. D., PENNSYLVANIA.

Much has been published in the newspapers, within a few months past, about the diamond fields of South Africa. It is said that many persons have been attracted to them, with the hope of making their fortune by lucky discoveries of the precious gem. These persons submit to a great many inconveniences, endure a great many privations, and undergo a great many hardships. We may well suppose that it is no little matter to suffer exposure to the burning rays of an African sun. Still, men incur all the trials and dangers inseparable from their exploration of the diamond fields. They may be successful—some of them will doubtless be—in accomplishing the object of their pursuit. A few fortunate ones may find gems of "purest ray serene," which before many years, will shine in the crowns of monarchs. The value of diamonds is the consideration that prompts to toilsome and persevering labor to obtain them. Their value, however, is only comparative. They are "of the earth, earthly," and are destined to perish with all things below the sun.

There are moral diamonds to be searched for. What are they? Where are they to be found? They are souls, and they are to be found wherever human beings are found. The world is full of them. They are in all nations, in all communities, in all neighborhoods, and in all families. Large numbers of them are in Sunday-schools, and, alas, large numbers are not. If diamonds are sought on account of their value, what a motive to seek the salvation of souls is supplied by their worth! Who can tell their worth? Can it be computed by the science of numbers? No, no. The problem of Jesus remains unsolved, and will ever defy solution: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" How wide the supposition! A man is not supposed to gain all the diamonds of the earth, and all the pearls of the ocean, but to gain the whole world. This immense acquisition,

could it be made, would have no appreciable influence in neutralizing the loss of the soul. The gain would be infinitely paltry, and the loss irreparably ruinous.

As literal diamonds are found in a rough state, and need much grinding and polishing to elicit their brilliancy and beauty, so the spiritual diamonds to which I refer are found incrustated with ignorance and covered up in moral rubbish. But let Christian workers know that, with the blessing of the Lord, the precious gems may be gathered out of the rubbish of sin, and that the incrustations of ignorance may be broken. These rough diamonds may be subjected to the regenerating and sanctifying polish of the Holy Spirit. If so, they will shine as bright jewels in the Mediator's diadem through everlasting ages. They will sparkle with sun-like glory, and the glory will encircle the head that wore the thorny crown. Who would not instrumentally insert a gem in the brightest diadem the universe will ever see?

Ministers of God, Christian parents, Sunday-school workers, go in search for spiritual diamonds. Labor for the salvation of souls. Consider the feeble efforts you have hitherto made as rebuked by the enterprise, activity and toil of those who search for physical diamonds; and resolve to labor till you die, that souls for whom Jesus shed his blood may be recovered from the ruins of the fall, and raised to the realms of glory in heaven. While you labor, listen to these words: "FORASMUCH AS YE KNOW THAT YOUR LABOR IS NOT IN VAIN IN THE LORD."

AN OLD FOLKS' PARTY IN WATERTOWN, MASS.

Any one entering the vestry of the Baptist meeting-house, Watertown, last Friday afternoon, July 25th, 1873, would have seen on a blackboard, raised above and back of the pulpit, these words in crayon:

WELCOME,
DEAR OLD PEOPLE.
"For this God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."—Ps. 48: 14.

It was on the occasion of an entertainment given by the young people of the church, at the suggestion of the pastor, to the aged people of his charge. The qualifying age was sixty years old and upward, and as the event proved, forty-two reported themselves answering all requisitions. Of these, Miss Catherine Wellington, sweet and happy, was ninety-two; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stone, "smart as a steel trap," eighty-nine; Dea. Josiah Coolidge, now of Watertown, eighty-six; Mrs. Hannah M. Hall, baptized by Father Grafton, and for forty years a widow, eighty-one; Mrs. Eliza W. Taggard, sister of honored Dr. Welch, eighty-one; her white-haired husband, John, seventy-eight; Mr. Antipas Jackson, a veteran of 1812, seventy-seven, and his wife, good for a golden wedding Dec. 10th ensuing, seventy-four; Mr. Elijah Pratt, our faithful sexton for upward of forty years, seventy-three, and his invalid but excellent wife, Mrs. Lucy B., seventy-seven; Dea. Newell Brown, seventy-four, and his wife, Mary W., seventy-one, both baptized by Rev. J. D. Knowles, in 1831, both to be remembered in connection with a faithful white horse and low-riding carriage; Miss Mary R. Cook, rich and unobtrusive in many good deeds, seventy-three; Miss Sarah A. Stone, infant class teacher for over thirty years, (and others whose names are given) making up the number, with an aggregate of three thousand years, or an average life to each of the forty-two present of seventy-one years of age. We care little for compared records, but if there be another church in the land with such Christian age entrusted to it, the Watertown Baptist church asks to send it congratulations. It is not all age, however, with the latter, having upwards of a hundred earnestly working, young Christians, but for whom this entertainment could not have been so handsomely given.

Watertown is an old town, having been incorporated in 1630, and its old families have not passed away.

Among the interesting orders of the occasion was the taking of a photograph of these old people in a group by the side of the porch in front of the church, by Warren, the skillful photographer of Cambridge. The good old people, evidently prepared for the camera, and just as young people do under such inspection, looked their prettiest. The result is a beautiful picture of forty two old people, caught for the first time, some of them as by guile, for the gaze of posterity. The pastor and wife, Dea. Royal Gilkey, Mr. Wm. A. Blodgett, Superintendent of Sunday school, and wife, were also taken in the group as officers of the church, younger in years, as a help to identify the date in years to come.

Exercises were briefly held before supper, in the audience-room of the church. Sister Clara Cate playing the organ, and all singing "Nearer my God to thee," and "My days are gliding swiftly by;" Dea. John Coolidge leading in prayer, the pastor and Rev. A. B. Earle also in remarks. It was a touching scene, for sister Pratt, our sexton's wife had never before been in this upper room, and together with Miss Catharine Wellington, our oldest member, occupied the platform for the communion table. There will be no crutches, however, at the table of the Lamb.

Then came the supper, and when the old people were seated at the double extension table in the ladies' sewing-room, the lengthwise vision was most delightful. Three thousand years at one table is not a common sight. Never having tasted of ice-cream, one good old sister could not be persuaded to begin. The Lord bring her long widowed and lonely life quietly to rest! After supper, the young people went to the second table as they had often done years before at home when visitors were around. Then came brief evening devotions, Dea. Newell Brown leading in prayer, and all singing, after Scripture reading, "Jesus lover of my soul." Rev. A. B. Earle made a little second speech. Mrs. S. F. Gilkey and Miss Florence A. Lemon sang in turn some solos, finely. But Mrs. John Taggard took the palm from clapping hands, in skipping to the piano, and in singing "Safe at Home." Being over eighty years of age, it was concluded that after this there could be no grace of "sweet sixteen" to talk about.

Then came resolutions of thanks from the old folks. Then salutations after the apostolic fashion, and even young folks followed suit, finding the task of imitation easy. The sun was setting, and the dear old people, whose life's sun was slowly dipping out of sight, went away, not to be all together again, probably, until the meeting time of Heaven.—*Watchman & Reflector.*
Watertown, July 28th.

NEGRO PRAYER.

A negro missionary repeated to Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, the following prayer, offered by a negro preacher at the ordination of another negro preacher.

The language is as terse and comprehensive as it is singular to us:
"Make he good like he say. Make he say like he good. Make he say, make he good, like he God!"

That is "make him as good as he preaches. Make his preaching as good as himself. Make his preaching, make himself, as good as God!"

The New York Times is entering a vigorous protest against the Catholic priests having nearly the entire religious control of the prisons, almshouses, children's nursery on Randall's Island, hospitals, and other institutions which are entirely supported by tax-payers.

If we keep the ledger of life with exactness we shall find the balance largely on the side of blessings.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE COMPREHENSIVE CHURCH.

1. *Six judgments of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Ecclesiastical cases; 1850-1872. With an Historical Introduction, Notes, and Index.* Edited by Wm. G. Brooke, M. A., Barrister at Law. London, 1872, pp. 284.
2. *The Book of Church Law: being an Exposition of the Legal Rights and Duties of the Parochial Clergy and the Laity of the Church of England.* By the Rev. John Henry Blunt, M. A., F. S. A. London, 1872, pp. 497.
3. *Dissent, in its relation to the Church of England. Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1871.* By George Herbert Curteis, M. A., London, 1872, pp. 448.
4. *A History of the Catholic Church of Jesus Christ from the death of St. John to the middle of the second century; including an account of the original organization of the Christian Ministry and the growth of Episcopacy.* By Thomas Wimperley Mossman, B. A., Rector of Torrington, Lincolnshire, London, 1873, pp. 514.
5. *Ecclesiastical Reform. Eight Essays, by various writers.* Edited by Orby Shipley, M. A., London, 1873, pp. 411.

The Church of England properly consists of that part of the English population by which the parish churches are frequented. Strictly speaking, it comprises communicants only. But its pretensions are far more extensive, for its ministers claim the right of interference with the families of all persons resident in their respective parishes, as if, though they never enter the churches, having worship-places of their own, they were members of the nationally endowed community. Till within these few years past, the whole population was taxed for the upholding of the fabric of the churches, and the payment of expenses, including the salaries of the organist and the sexton, the provision of bread and wine for the Lord's supper, and the washing of the priests' surplices. The writer, though a Baptist, has paid twenty-five dollars in a year for these purposes. But that injustice is now cleared away.

The worship of the Church is conducted and its affairs are administered by officers of various kinds and grades—archbishops, bishops, deans, canons, prebendaries, priests, deacons, archdeacons, church-wardens, &c., &c. The duties of these officers are detailed and the methods of management prescribed in numerous documents, most of which are published for the information of the members of the Church. Together they unfold a complicated and cumbersome polity which would have been regarded with much astonishment by the members of the early Church. But if it be true, as the twentieth Article affirms, that "the Church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith," we need not wonder, since human invention is prolific, and the progress of development is still "onward." Those who are satisfied with the New Testament, as the only Manual of religious truth and duty, are spared a great deal of perplexity and trouble.

There are thirty-nine Articles, "for the avoiding of diversities of opinions, and for the establishing of consent touching true religion"; there is the Prayer Book, the recognised and only guide in ordinary and extraordinary worship; and there are the "Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical," and the books of Homilies; together with sundry proclamations and injunctions, issued from time to time by royal or episcopal authority. This is the code of doctrine and discipline, and it is binding on all the Church, abroad as well as at home. In case of neglect or disobedience, the interference of the Bishops' Courts may be obtained, and from them there lies an appeal to the

Arches' Court in the province of Canterbury, or the Chancery Court in the province of York, and thence to the Sovereign, whose decision is given by Order of Council, after a report from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in things ecclesiastical.

It might have been expected and hoped that these arrangements would produce consent and uniformity, and that a society so well provided for would present to the world the spectacle of a united and happy family. "We take comfort in this," said King James I., in "His Majesty's Declaration," prefixed to the Articles, "that all Clergymen within our Realm have always most willingly subscribed to the Articles established; which is an argument to us that they all agree in the true, usual, literal meaning of the said Articles."

The king's "comfort," we imagine was shortlived. Long before his death he saw the tokens of discord and division, which blazed out with great fury in that century, and have continued to burn ever since, with the exception of a portion of the last century, when the Church was in a deep slumber. At the present time, the fire is at the hottest.

All the clergy sign the Articles. But that is no proof that they all believe them. Some sign them as Articles of faith; some, as Articles of peace. Many wish that they could be altered. The theology of the Church is like Joseph's coat; it is "of many colours." Staunch Protestants and embryo Papists—bold Unitarians, firm Calvinists, and fierce Armenians—devotees of the hierarchy and friends of Erastian laxity—those who hold all the Creeds, and those who wish there were no creeds—High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen—ascetics who fast often, and men who ride with the hounds and attend balls—all these worship at her altars, preach in her pulpits, and enjoy the benefits of her livings. The Church is all-comprehensive.

The backward movement which has taken place within the last forty years, called by its promoters a "Catholic revival," but which is in reality a return to the superstition and childishness and priest-ridden state of the Middle Ages, is the direst plague with which the Church of England has been visited. It has made her a gazing-stock among Protestant Churches, and awakened earnest sympathy on her behalf in the hearts of all who love gospel truth, eschew folly, and reject heresies.

The Church of England used to be regarded as the strongest bulwark of Protestantism in Western Europe.—What is it now? It is shorn of its glory. By a large number of the clergy the authority once ascribed to Scripture is usurped by what is called "Catholic" tradition; sacramentalism takes the place of repentance, faith, and love; saint-worship, prayers for the dead, and other Popish peculiarities are adopted; transubstantiation is more than hinted at as orthodox truth; bowings, crossings, and kneelings innumerable distract the worshipper's attention and beguile his heart—while robes and ribbons and banners, silks and satins, and long processions, astonish ignorant gazers, and disgust the thoughtful. Perhaps the most ominous of ritualistic impertinences is the petition of nearly five hundred of the clergy for the appointment of licensed confessors, thus calling for the restoration of one of the most arrogant and soul-destructive of Romish abominations.

Against all this the rulers of the Church are powerless. Their admonitions and decisions are treated with contempt. The Ritualists defy the law, live in habitual disobedience, and brag of it. It is not at all surprising that Protestant sorrow and anger should be expressed in emphatic words; that the Earl of Shaftesbury should go so far as to say, at a public meeting in Exeter Hall, "if she [the Church of England] wavered in her allegiance—if she abandoned the Re-