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Poetry.

COME UNTO ME.

A still, small voice comes to me evermore,
The while I walk life's hill and valleys o'er;
I stay and listen for it wistfully—
"Come unto me."

I would not miss it for all sweetest sounds
Of music with which happy earth abounds;
The words are full of tenderest melody—
"Come unto me."

Fall well I know who speaks them day by day;
I cannot often see along the way
The friend whose voice I love; but still he saith
"Come unto me."

It is a whisper in the hush of night,
It is the greeting of the morning light,
And all day long I hear it thankfully—
"Come unto me."

It is not drowned by all the noise of throngs,
And in the peaceful sounds of even songs
I catch the sweet words, spoken tenderly—
"Come unto me."

I am bewildered oftentimes by life,
And long to steal away from all the strife;
And then how precious the dear words can be—
"Come unto me."

Jesus, my Saviour, thus I answer make,
"Invite me always for thy great love's sake;
For I, in life or death, would ever be
Coming to thee."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE CANARY AT CHURCH.

They were singing good old "London,"
As the evening, cool and sweet,
Drifted with purple shadows
Adown the city street.

Round every church's window,
The lusty ivy clung;
The red, faint sunshine flickered
Its matchless leaves among.

The dim nave, with its arches
And clustered pillar rare,
Had echoed to the cadence
Of the pale rector's prayer.

And now, through tender silence,
The thrilling flute-notes rang;
And sweet as angel's voices
The rare old tune they sang.

When sudden, lo! appearing
On carving quaint and old,
Like fair estray from heaven,
Fluttered a speck of gold.

On to the lectern flying,
Up to the Bishop's chair,
With clear notes, soaring, chanting,
His wondrous vespers there.

Full rolled the ringing voles,
Yet sweeter, richer, higher,
God's silver throated chorister
Outsang the trained choir.

Religious.

THE RUSSIAN STUNDISTS.

The following letter addressed to the *National Baptist* by, we presume, Edward Young, Esq., of Washington, will interest many of our readers:

SIR:—Since the publication of the letters received by me from Russia in reference to the release from prison of Baptists, called "Stundists," inquiries have been made as to the origin and signification of the word. The following extract from a private letter just received from our esteemed brother, Professor Rauschenbusch, of Rochester, affording, as it does, full information on the subject, will be read with interest. E. Y.

"In Russia many sects have separated from the National Church, claiming to be the true Orthodox Greek Church, and in some of them there seems to be some real piety. But the 'Stundists' differ from them all, as they have arisen from the contact of religiously disposed native Russians with pious Germans in Southern Russia. Several hundred thousand Germans live in Southern Russia, and a very large proportion have descended from the so-called 'Pietists,' or 'Stundists,' who emigrated from Wurtemberg to Russia about 50 or 60

years ago. 'Pietists' is a nick-name given to earnest Christians all over Germany. 'Stundists,' from the German word *Stunde*, hour, i. e., hour of prayer, or for prayer-meeting. Many of these German Pietists in Russia have become Baptists, and a large proportion of the native Russians, who inclined towards the views and practices of the Pietists, were on the point of becoming Baptists when the persecution broke out, and prevented them from being baptized. This will account for the fact that the Baptists are called Stundists, which is a general term embracing Baptists and Pedito-baptists. It will also account for the fact stated that some Stundists recently brought their children to the priests to be christened. Doubtless they never had been Baptists, but were simply people who attended prayer-meeting.

I have positive information that the tendency of the Stundist movement among the native Russians is decidedly toward the Baptists.

A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN RUSSIA.

The novel religious excitement among the ladies of St. Petersburg, aroused by the preaching of the English Lord Radstock, has elicited the following remarks from the *Grashdanine*, a fashionable Russian journal: It is well known that in Southern Russia whole villages have been lately embracing Protestantism, and that a seminary is forming at Berlin for the purpose of teaching German Protestant clergymen the Russian language, and educating them to act as missionaries among us. Worse than this, there is Countess M., a Russian orthodox lady, and the mother of four children, who the other day, told Lord Radstock that she had only learned to love Christ from his exposition of the Anglican doctrine; that the Greek Church was cold and stiff, and that she only knew what it was to be really a Christian.

Princess G., another Russian Orthodox lady, and the mother of two children, after attending Lord Radstock's Bible class, has been heard to exclaim, "I only know now what the religion of Christ really is." "My dear Lord, oh pray teach me to love Christ. Tell me, my dear Lord Radstock, how to make the necessary and proper distinction between the love I feel for my husband and the love I owe to Christ." These words have recently fallen from the lips of Princess D., likewise an Orthodox lady, and the mother of four children. The above few authentic utterances will give the reader an idea of the religious condition of St. Petersburg society early in the year 1874. Balls are forgotten, and fine dresses are discarded, the fair owners having taken to loving Christ and receiving religious instruction from a modern English apostle. Even the male portion of our fashionable society is beginning to be affected with a predilection for Protestantism.

Lord Radstock is a man of forty, who, in a fit of religious enthusiasm, bestowed his whole fortune upon the poor, devoting himself to the spread of Christianity among the upper classes. He has lived much on the Continent, and made converts chiefly among Russians staying abroad. Encouraged by his success among our travelling countrymen, he has now come to this capital, and is desirous of converting its inhabitants to Christianity. Since he has been at St. Petersburg he has daily received ten or twelve invitations to come and hold forth in aristocratic saloons on the doctrines of Christ. He has also been preaching in the American Church, delighting a numerous female audience by sermons on Protestant truth, delivered in the French and English languages. Wherever he shows himself at public or private meetings, our ladies entreat him to teach them how to love Jesus.

To be an eye-witness to one of these assemblies opens the mind to a good

deal. At an early hour the room is filled to overflowing with princesses and countesses. They are all clad in black or gray, are accompanied by their little children, and hunger and thirst after the spiritual food they have to receive. Lord Radstock first kneels down with his back to the assembly, entreating Christ to inspire him with fitting words. Then, rising and turning around, he says, "Let us pray," an injunction which is immediately obeyed by all present. After this he opens the Bible reading the first text upon which his eye happens to fall, and commenting upon it in eloquent and impressive language.

The ladies are gradually excited to the highest pitch of religious enthusiasm. As they sit weeping before him, they resemble so many heathen women admitted to the first knowledge of Christ by the powerful teaching of St. Paul. The close of the discourse is marked by loud sobbing. The fair devotees arise from their seats and crowding around the evangelist lord, thank him in passionate terms for showing them the way of salvation and directing them and their children into the paths of peace.

Despite all this, we cannot help thinking that if some poor, unpretending Russian priest, arrayed in the scanty garments of his class, were to arrive to-day at St. Petersburg in a railway carriage of the third class, and try to quicken the religious susceptibilities of our *beau monde*, he would not find it quite as easy to move countesses to tears, although his words might be inspired with the same sincerity and ardor as Lord Radstock's. Nay, we would go so far as to say that the poor priest in the shabby clothes would not be permitted to penetrate even to the ante-room of our palaces—that he would be offered an eleemosynary rouble and bid to turn to the right about in God's name.

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE."

Not long since I was detained overnight in one of our New England villages, and had the privilege of attending a prayer-meeting in an "upper room." The topic chosen for the evening, and earnestly and faithfully pressed by the pastor, was "The duty of witness-bearing for Christ." In conclusion he said "Let us make a practical application of this subject here to-night. If we are Christ's witnesses, let us not refuse to bear testimony. If we are the 'light of the world,' let none of us carry a dark lantern."

I looked eagerly for the testimonies which should follow such an appeal. Two especially interested me from their contrast. One was given by a middle-aged gentleman, who said "I know my life is not what it ought to be. I do many things daily that are inconsistent with a Christian profession, but I do not think this ought to keep me from warning sinners, and I do not mean that it shall. Sinners will perish if we who profess Christ don't warn them." After much more in the same strain, he closed with, "I hope I shall have your prayers that I may ever be ready and willing to do my duty to others."

An ominous pause ensued, which was followed by the timid voice of a young girl, saying, "I think all my friends know the decision to which I have recently come. I do not believe I can bear witness for Christ in word, but I mean that my life shall speak for Him. I mean to try to live every day so that all who are with me shall know that I am His disciple."

Comment on these two testimonies seems needless; yet as I walked back to the hotel after meeting, I could not help hearing the remarks of two young people just in front of me. Said one to the other, "The old captain needn't think he can convert me with all his warnings. He's poking them at me every day, but I've been in his employ too long to swallow them down whole.

I sometimes wish I could 'profess Christ'—if I wouldn't give him one precious warning."

"O Bonnie, you're too hard," replied a gentle voice, which I recognized as belonging to the young girl who had spoken in the meeting. "I know he is cross and irritable, close in his business, and fond of driving hard bargains, but isn't his Christian profession a restraint upon him? Wouldn't he be crosser, and harder, and meaner, if he did not 'profess Christ?' You have never seen any of his heart struggles with this selfish, hard nature of his, but the Master he professes to serve knows them all, and—"

Here they turned a corner, and I heard no more, but I thought it was not hard to decide which of these two carried the "dark lantern."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE SUNSET HOUR.

Heaven seems nearer at the sunset hour than at any other time. A hush is coming over the earth. Its activities are ceasing. Men's thoughts are getting off from their work. They are unstrapping their cares as a soldier with the knapsack at the close of the day's march. There is leisure for spiritual occupations, time for the evening prayer, time to fold the children's hands together at the feet of Jesus, time to think of things that are unworldly and spiritual. And God seems to suggest this as he hints of another and better world in the glories of the sky. How the colors and details shift! There are rivers of "crystal" flowing; gates, each "of one pearl," opening; "foundations garnished with all manner of precious stones." It may all change and there come a flood of glory so suggestive of the city that "had no need of the sun." We don't wonder that men think of spiritual things at such a time. A traveler in Algiers speaks of seeing some Arabs on a promontory watching the setting sun. The light about them fades, but "the sun still shines through some unseen valley, and lights up the figures as they kneel in prayer." It is a scene no one wonders at. Men's thoughts at sunset naturally fly heavenward like birds to their nests.

Old age is a kind of sunset hour. The activities of life are over. The burdens unstrapped will never be lifted to the shoulder again. There is leisure for prayer. It is the aged father's or mother's Bible that is found lying so often on the table. You talk with them, and find that spiritual things are engaging their attention more fully. They know they are not far from home. There are lights in the sky becoming them, glories drawing and winning them. For these reasons, the aged members of the church are dear to me. Some of the light to come gets into their prayers and testimonies. Their supplications for the church are very precious. Many revivals can be traced back to prayers their trembling hands have put into the golden censer. I remember an aged woman who felt that she could not die until she had seen one more revival. God answered her earnest prayers.

Aged people are blessings to the community as well as to the church. I recall an old, infirm man, who, in his wakeful thoughts from house to house in the village, remembering them in prayers. Happy is the village nestling under the wings of the prayers of an aged disciple.

How we long to hold on to these fathers and mothers in Israel when we see that the end has come, and their faces are as though they would go to Jerusalem! In the midst of light they pass away "from glory to glory."

Blessed is the church that has many aged Simeons and Annas in its fellowship.

It is very often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter sometimes forgot.

URIM AND THUMMIM.

A minister once was heard explaining to his congregation that Urim and Thummim were the names of two precious stones set in the high priest's breastplate of judgment, and when consulted they displayed the will of God by showing a wonderful brilliancy, though they gave no lustre if the matter required were disappointed. "My brethren, this is what learned Jewish and Christian expositors tell us concerning these two precious stones—the stones are lost, but my Christian brethren, we need them not, we have a surer means of discovering the will of God; and still it is by Urim and Thummim, if we alter a single letter in one of those mysterious words. Take your Bible my Brethren, and use him and thumb him, and you will discover the will of God as surely as ever the high priest did by the story of the breastplate."

DOING THE BEST.

Not long ago, in a neighboring city, there lived a woman who had once been a proficient in her trade of dress and cloak-making, but a severe illness had shattered her mind and quite unfitted her for pursuing it again. She could not endure to be idle and useless, and so would go about from house to house among the poor, to cut and fit their simple garments, always refusing to take any pay for her labors. "It is a great pleasure to me to do it," she would say in her childlike way. "God has taken away a great deal of my health and a portion of my mind; I can't go about among grand folks as I used to; I should get all confused with their rich trimmings, and make mistakes with their new patterns. I can't be trusted with so much responsibility,—it bewilders me. But I love to go from family to family among the poor, especially God's poor. When I see the mothers, worn out with overwork, I like to step in and say, 'I've come in to sew for you a few days.' When I know they stop going to church because their old Sunday gown isn't fit to be seen, I like just to take it and sponge it and turn it and set them going again. When I see the children staying away from Sunday School because the weather has got so cold and their shawls are thin or their cloaks worn-out, it makes me happy to wad up the old cloak again, and to fix up warm jackets to wear under the thin shawls. It's true she would add, "God doesn't expect much of me, because he knows that my health is weakly and my mind unsettled; but when the end comes I would like to have him say, 'She hath done what she could.'"—*Olive A. Wadsworth.*

A BAPTISM IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

From an Occasional Correspondent of the Baptist.

On Lord's day morning, June 14, a religious service was held at the public baths on the sea-shore about a mile from Spezia. Addresses were delivered in Italian by two native evangelists and myself, who afterwards immersed on a public profession of their faith in Christ, four persons, Italians. One of them had formerly been a priest in a neighbouring village, another was one of my evangelists, and the third his brother.

The fourth was a subaltern officer in connection with the Italian navy. For some time he had displayed intense love to the Word of God, and we were hoping and praying he would openly declare himself on the Lord's side. Being present at the baptism, and having heard the various addresses, and having seen the other brethren openly declare their love and obedience to Christ, he came to me and said, "I also would be baptized, here at once." I was, indeed, taken by surprise.

On this I put as searching questions as I could, as to his spiritual state,