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## Poetry.

### RESIGNATION.

Father, I have learned to trust,  
And feel at length that thou art just  
To take away  
Each staff and stay,  
Which hindered me  
From trusting thee.  
I now resign  
My will to thine.

Not till I found myself forsaken,  
And all I clung to most was taken,  
Of friends bereft,  
Till few were left,  
Could I look up,  
Accept the cup,  
And calmly say,  
Be thou my stay.

Now with confiding love I rest  
Upon my precious Saviour's breast,  
And feel that He  
My friend will be,  
Through all the strife  
And toils of life.  
With Jesus near  
I need not fear.

Yes, I have fully learned at last,  
On Him my every care to cast.  
My dearest friends  
Are in His hands;  
I'll trust His care,  
And leave them there;  
Say, "Peace, be still!"  
And wait His will. J. E. J.

## Religious.

### ASLEEP IN CHAPEL.

BY THE REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

"Caught napping," and in chapel,  
Too? I saw you nod. You must have  
been asleep. Excuse the remark.  
One cannot help using one's eyes.  
What do you say? I had "better  
mind my own business"? Now, don't  
be cross; no harm is meant. Be good  
enough to receive a little "advice  
gratis."

You are not alone in your mishap.  
There are certain folk who regularly  
slumber in the sanctuary. Instead of  
talking about the minister they "sit  
under," they ought to speak of the  
pastor they sleep under. Sydney  
Smith said that some people seem to  
think that sin must be taken out of men  
as Eve was taken out of Adam, namely,  
when in a profound sleep. All de-  
nominations have dozers. A Scotch  
nobleman being afflicted with wakeful-  
ness, which baffled the doctor's skill,  
his son exclaimed: "Send for the  
preaching man! send for the preach-  
ing man! Father aye gangs asleep at  
kirk." Not a few, patrician and  
plebeian, are like him.

There is a curious story about  
such in the New Testament. When  
the brethren were, on a certain oc-  
casion, assembled at Troas, "there  
sat in a window a certain young man  
named Eutyclus, being fallen into a  
deep sleep." Mark what we are told  
about him. It is an interesting in-  
cident. Let us be fair. Eutyclus was  
blameworthy, but there were extenu-  
ating circumstances. Culpable he  
certainly was. He slumbered while  
Paul was preaching. This was too  
bad. The speaker was no ordinary  
person. He had not only genius,  
goodness, and experience, but he was  
an inspired apostle. More than that:  
he was a powerful preacher. Felix  
quivered and quaked at his home  
thrusts. Even the polished and scorp-  
tical Greeks at Athens said, "We will  
hear thee again of this matter." In  
his case, too, a bitter foe to Christianity  
had become its friend. With what  
interest we listen to a sermon from a  
converted infidel! How enthusiastic  
was the applause which not long ago  
greeted a Brahmin when he appeared  
on missionary platforms in London!  
Paul, once "exceeding mad" against  
the Church, had been transferred into  
a lowly, loving member of it. Who  
would not have kept awake to hear  
such a remarkable teacher.

Other facts should be noticed. The  
apostle was delivering a farewell dis-  
course. He never expected to return  
to Troas. Soon after he declared: "I

know that ye all, among whom I have  
gone preaching the kingdom of God,  
shall see my face no more." There is  
usually something very touching in a  
valedictory address. Most affecting  
was that of Moses on the plains of  
Moab. Samuel's adieu was equally  
pathetic. When Sir J. Pattison re-  
tired from the bench, his final words  
were heard with tears. Generally  
speaking, farewell sermons excite much  
interest. Numbers go to listen then.  
Those who do not like the speaker are  
secretly pleased to see and hear the  
last of him, while those who admire  
him attend with sorrow. Another cir-  
cumstance should be mentioned.  
Paul had a good deal of trouble. The  
Corinthian brethren were uncommonly  
tiresome. He had just reached the  
dreary episode in his experience, which  
he describes thus: "We had no peace;  
we were troubled on every side." The  
future seemed no better. His  
prospects were gloomy. "The Holy  
Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying  
that bonds and afflictions await me."  
Surely all this might well have pro-  
duced attention and sympathy on his  
behalf. I go into a chapel. It may  
be that the minister is neither very  
lively nor remarkably profound. Per-  
haps he is dry. But he is "a man  
that has seen affliction." There are  
deed lines on his brow. He looks  
care-worn. I have been given to un-  
derstand that he has much trial. They  
tell me that his health is poor, his home  
not exactly a paradise, his income far  
from extravagant, and his church a  
hard one to manage. This secures my  
regard. Out of sheer sorrow for him  
I "lend a listening ear." It would  
be a shame if I did not. Innocent suf-  
fering demands sympathy.

Put all these matters together.  
Weigh them well. The result is a de-  
cided condemnation of Eutyclus. He  
ought to have shaken off "dull sloth,"  
and listen. We find a verdict of  
guilty. The case is clear. Neverthe-  
less, we recommend him to mercy.  
There is another side to the question.  
Let us give the young man his due.  
As was said before, there are extenu-  
ating circumstances. What were they?  
Here is one: the sermon was extraor-  
dinary in length. Paul "continued  
his speech until midnight." "As  
Paul was long preaching, he sunk  
down with sleep." This last passage  
plainly indicates a very close connec-  
tion between the long sermon and the  
strong sleeping. A hint to "the cloth."  
Some reverend gentlemen give the op-  
posite of short metre. An American  
Methodist once committed a laughable  
error. He called exhorters "ex-  
hausters" of human patience. Mortal  
forbearance is put to a severe test.  
Deny it who will, people cannot stand  
"too much of a good thing," let alone  
too much of a bad or indifferent thing.  
Protracted political speeches are en-  
durable. Full measure at concerts is  
tolerated. Even a lecturer is permitted  
to "trespass on the time" of his au-  
dience. But let him of the black coat  
and white cravat beware! To quarrel  
with the inevitable is useless. We must  
take things as they are. It is plain as  
plain can be that the ordinary run of  
hearers don't pine and languish for  
homilies "pressed down and running  
over"—a sad evidence of depravity,  
perhaps, but so it is. Brother pastors,  
let us accept our fate with a good  
grace. If we want to be useful, we  
must be brief. As you love souls,  
study to be short. It is such a pity to  
go on talking when one has done. Say  
your say, my critical friend, and then  
close your Bible. When your thoughts  
run out, give out the hymn. Why  
turn the spinning-wheel when all the  
flax is gone? Don't get a habit of di-  
luting. The liquid is not usually  
strong enough for that. Too much  
water spoils the best wine. Duncan  
Matheson was a canny man. "He was  
holy and successful too. His words  
deserve attention. Hear what he  
says:—"Some good preachers are  
much too long in their discourses.  
They put me in mind of a man who,  
after driving a nail home, keeps ham-  
mering at its head till he has broken

it, and so spoiled his own work."  
Capital! Nothing could be better put.  
That is the exact truth. Times and  
again we have heard pulpit occupants  
who, by their insufferable wire-draw-  
ing, have undone in the latter part of  
the sermon all that they did in the for-  
mer. They draw a very fair picture,  
and then, clever fellows! sop it clean  
out with a wet sponge. Spiritual  
shepherds should not keep their flocks  
lean, but neither should they give them  
apoplexy. Starvation is bad, so is  
surfeiting. Luther gave three direc-  
tions to clerics: "First, stand up  
cheerily. Secondly, proceed steadily.  
Thirdly, end speedily." The last is by  
no means least.

It is said that a few years ago the  
following occurrence took place. A  
clergyman who had been expatiating  
for about three quarters of an hour,  
paused to take breath. Having ap-  
plied his handkerchief to his forehead,  
and sipped a little water, he prepared  
to "resume the pleasing theme."  
Looking at his congregation, he asked,  
"And what shall I say more?" A  
hearer, more candid than polite, re-  
plied, "Say amen." Depend upon it,  
he only uttered what many often think  
and feel. In sitting down to manufac-  
ture a discourse, we should always re-  
member the golden rule. Granted  
that ideas come thick and fast, are you  
bound to use them up wholesale?  
Some of them will bear paring. Do  
with them as with the fruit of your  
garden: use some, and lay by the rest  
for another day. It is well to have a  
shot in the locker. Have mercy on  
man's limited capacities, do! If you  
don't you need not marvel to find  
sleepers in your congregation. Some-  
body will certainly be sent by you into  
the land of Nod. What do you say,  
sir?—"Paul preached a long sermon?"  
He did, but you are not a Paul, you  
know. Neither is every sermon a fare-  
well sermon. Pray distinguish between  
things that differ.

But I must go back to poor Euty-  
clus. There is another thing to be  
said in palliation of his unfortunate  
doze. Look at the narrative, and you  
will find that we are told, "there were  
many lights." Why does Luke say  
that? At first one feels disposed to  
smile at the mention of such a trifle.  
What can be the use of putting that in?  
Did the "beloved physician" suppose  
that we were all Ritualists, and that it  
would tickle one's fancy to have a pre-  
cedent for burning a lot of candles  
during public worship? Stop a bit.  
The Bible is a very wise book.  
Nought written in it is in vain. Mayer  
says that the many lights are named  
in order to show that the fall of the  
young man could be well observed. A  
reader disposed to cavil at the miracle  
of restoring Eutyclus to life, might  
have bantered us by remarking, "So  
the apostle brought the dead man to  
life again, did he? When? At mid-  
night! Not a particularly favourable  
time for testing the reality of the  
miracle. Could the brethren see very  
well in the dark?" As it is, however,  
the retort is soon made. "It was not  
dark, for there were many lights."  
Calvin, too, observes that lights, and  
many of them, were there, that suspicion  
might be removed from the assembly.  
In the days of primitive Christianity  
vile slanders were sometimes circu-  
lated. It was more than insinuated  
that the Church met together for evil  
purposes. The "many lights" proved  
that they did nothing of which they  
were ashamed. Each of these com-  
ments is admirable. But a further use  
may be made of the fact in question.  
I am disposed to think that the "many  
lights" tends to extenuate the guilt of  
friend Eutyclus. The numerous lamps  
rendered the atmosphere close. The  
stiffing air was too much for the youth.  
Together with the long sermon, it com-  
pletely overcame him. Off he went.  
First he dozed, then slept, and finally  
fell into "a deep sleep."

Here is a lesson for our worthy friend  
the chapel-keeper. For pity's sake,  
give us good air. Open a few of the  
windows at the top. When the congrega-  
tion is not there set them all open,

and put the whole place through a pro-  
cess of downright purifying. Don't  
nail down the hatches when the ship is  
empty. "Every man to his trade," and  
one likes, when in a strange town, to  
look at a brother minister's chapel.  
Upon my word, in nine cases out of ten,  
when I have casually visited such, one  
impression has struck me on enter-  
ing. What? The place smells stuffy.  
These things ought not so to be.  
You must not say that all this is  
mere fidgetiness. I beg your pardon.  
It is nothing of the sort. Ventilation  
is very important. What we breathe  
is as momentous as what we eat, every  
bit. Mind, as well as body, is affected  
by it. I wonder whether you recollect  
an advertisement which appeared in  
the newspapers and magazines a while  
ago. What incomparable medicine  
or incomparable hygienic treatment it  
recommended, I cannot call to mind;  
but it was headed by a big word, one  
of those words that look as learned as  
a judge, put you in mind of your  
school diletus, and frighten little chil-  
dren lest they should be required to  
spell them. Ozone: that was it—  
ozone. You must please go to scien-  
tific pundits for a full and particular  
explanation. It means something un-  
commonly good, you may be sure.  
Indeed, as near as one can tell, it is  
that element in the atmosphere which  
is most vitalising and strengthening.  
I suppose it signifies good air. Such  
being the case, let us insist upon hav-  
ing plenty of ozone in our places of  
worship. Every candidate for the  
post of sexton, pew-opener, etc., ought  
to be closely questioned and rigidly  
examined by the deacons on the sub-  
ject of ozone. "Will you give us  
your solemn word that you will fill the  
chapel with ozone?" This should be  
made a crucial point, from which there  
shall be no relaxing on any account  
whatever. Goethe cried out, "Light!  
more light!" Let us cry out, "Ozone!  
more ozone!"

Seriously, pure air aids devotion.  
It helps both preacher and hearer.  
Exclude it, and you lessen the effect  
of the sermon. Moody and Sankey  
have inaugurated a few matters that  
go rather across the grain of our  
English propensities and prejudices.  
They were not perfect. Indeed, as  
far as I know anything of them, the  
very last persons to say or insinuate  
that they were perfect would be two  
individuals bearing the said name.  
But they were earnest and they were  
shrewd. They brought common sense  
to bear on a good many things from  
which it is too often hustled and pushed  
away very unceremoniously. Venti-  
lation is a case in point. Their  
straightforward, practical remarks  
about its importance are worthy of all  
acceptation. Would that citizens in  
general and Christians in particular,  
troubled themselves more about it?  
Poison the atmosphere of the chapel,  
and you are safe to secure the presence  
of friend Eutyclus.

My paper is full. I must stop. If  
I don't, I shall fall into the very blun-  
der I have been denouncing—long  
preaching. Sleepy brother, all allow-  
ance has been made for you. You  
can't complain of sharp practice. In  
closing, however, while the counsel  
offered to sextons and preachers is  
fresh in memory, it must be added that  
habitual slumbering in God's house is  
inexcusable. The practice is not  
creditable: that is putting it uncom-  
monly mildly, too. More ought to be  
said. The custom is irreverent. If  
summoned to Court, would you fold  
your arms, drop down your head, and  
depart into Dreamland? Sleep in the  
presence of the Queen? Will you do  
it before the King of Kings? Don't  
sleep. Keep your eyes open. Attend  
to what is said. Listen with the wish  
to profit. "Hear, and your soul shall  
live."

Whenever it may be needful to men-  
tion anything to the disadvantage of  
another, let it be done with truthfulness,  
tenderness, humility, and with  
the recollection of how much has been  
forgiven thee.

## GREAT REVIVAL IN BELFAST.

We copy the following from the  
Visitor of last week:—

Belfast, September 27th, 1874.

On our arrival in this city on the  
18th inst., we were delighted to learn  
that Messrs. Moody and Sankey had  
come to Belfast from Scotland in the  
power of the Spirit; that they had  
been laboring earnestly for some days,  
and that a great revival was the re-  
sult. The meeting that evening was  
to be held in the May Street Church.  
We attended and found the large  
house filled to overflowing, and many  
could not get admittance. Several  
brethren engaged in prayer, and then  
Mr. Moody came forward and ad-  
dressed the assembled multitude from  
the words of the Philippian jailor,  
"Lord, what shall I do to be saved?"  
The sentiment deduced was that the  
sinner was to do nothing but exercise  
simple trust in Jesus. Trying to work  
for salvation was all wrong. The  
first thing to be done was to submit to  
Christ, and trust in him. This senti-  
ment he unfolded by several familiar  
illustrations, and closed by applying it  
to the conscience with great earnest-  
ness. The impression was deep and  
all-pervading. Hundreds stood up to  
express their desire to be saved.

On Sunday we went to a meeting  
appointed to be held at 8 A. M., and  
found it too full to enter, and so at-  
tended an extra service composed of  
those who could not get in the other  
house. At 2½ P. M. Mr. Moody  
preached in an open field on the bor-  
ders of the town to an immense crowd,  
some said 40,000, probably about 26,-  
000, of all ages and classes. He was  
elevated upon a stand, and such was  
the power of his voice that he was  
heard by all distinctly. He preached  
from the passage, "As Moses lifted up  
the serpent in the wilderness even so  
must the Son of Man be lifted up, that  
whosoever believeth on him might not  
perish but have everlasting life." His  
pictures, anecdotes and appeals were  
all full of point and power. The peo-  
ple all listened with the deepest atten-  
tion.

After preaching for Rev. Mr. Henry  
in the First Baptist Church of Belfast,  
we attended first an enquiry meet-  
ing in one of the Presbyterian church-  
es, where we saw hundreds of anxious  
souls, and then at 9 o'clock, P. M., we  
followed the crowd to a men's meeting,  
conducted by Mr. Moody in the May  
Street Church. This place was again  
filled to its utmost capacity.

On Monday Mr. Moody went to  
Dublin, but returned in time to preach  
in Dr. Hannah's Church on Tuesday  
evening. Service was appointed to  
commence at 8 P. M., but an hour be-  
fore the time the house filled with prob-  
ably not less than 2,500 people, and  
the doors were closed. Crowds went  
to other houses opened for the oc-  
casion. After several earnest prayers  
and exhortations by the ministers  
present, Mr. Moody stood up and ad-  
dressed the people from the words of  
the angel to the shepherds, "Behold I  
bring you glad tidings," etc. The dis-  
course, as usual, was made up of illus-  
trations put before the audience with  
telling point and force. The people  
seemed to feel that they were addressed  
by a messenger sent from God.

On Wednesday he conducted the  
noon-day prayer-meeting in May  
Street Church, again crowded with a  
deeply interested audience.

After addressing a congregation in  
Mr. Henry's church, we went to the  
men's meeting in May St., presided  
over by Mr. Moody. He made a short  
address, and then called upon young  
converts to speak. Many stood up  
and told what God had done for their  
souls. He asked for an expression  
and hundreds rose. Those wishing  
personal conversation were asked to  
go to the gallery, and hundreds of  
young men hastened thither. Three  
or four meetings are in progress every  
day. Noon-day and 8 o'clock meetings  
for all. Then in addition, special