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## Poetry.

### YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

REV. ROBERT MAQUINN.

"Father," said Karl, "we ask each day—  
'Lord Jesus, come and be our guest;  
This food be pleased to bless,' we say;  
'And be thou present at our feast.'"  
"And yet the Saviour doth not come,  
Although we bid Him every day;  
Thought oft invited to our home,  
He never comes at all this way!"  
"Be still, my child; believe His Word;  
Ask on, and wait, and be content;  
He doth not scorn our humble board,  
Nor yet the message we have sent."  
"Well then," saith Karl, "his chair I place  
For our Lord Jesus, as our guest;  
Perhaps this very day He'll grace  
Our humble home and frugal feast."

That very eve, mid ice and snow,  
(The night was dark, the hour was late),  
A stranger stood, in want and woe,  
And weariness, before the gate.

The stranger knocked; the opened door  
Gave light, and welcome, warmth of home;  
He was unknown, for none before  
Had seen him go, or seen him come.

The children all through round to see,  
And Karl looks on with wond'ring eyes:  
It surely, surely, cannot be  
His dear Lord Jesus in disguise!

Each takes his place; on every side  
The question arises, "Where  
Shall we a place for him provide?"  
And each responds, "The vacant chair!"

"Ah, now I see," the orphan said,  
"My Lord could not himself come down;  
So He has sent this lad instead,  
To occupy His vacant throne!"

Yes, "hungry, and ye gave Me food;  
A-thirst, and ye refreshed My soul;  
A stranger, and ye did Me good;  
And, sick, and ye did make Me whole!"

In every child of want, each one  
A proxy for his Lord may see;  
"What to the least of these is done,"  
Saith my dear Lord, "is done to Me!"

## Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

### IS JESUS PRECIOUS?

The Apostle confidently, yes, even joyously states this as a fact, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious," and we ask you who have found Him precious to prove it. Prove it to yourself, prove it to the church and prove it to the world. If you can prove it then you are a believer, for He is precious to believers. But we ask you to prove it by your works, for "faith without works is dead."

Prove it to yourself. If you are not willing in heart to obey Him you have cause to ask yourself, "Is Jesus precious?" If He is precious you love Him. If you love Him keep his commandments. If you find more pleasure in reading an interesting novel than in studying His word, you have reason to fear that He is not very precious to you. If you prefer the society of the thoughtless and the gay, to the company of the humble followers of the meek Saviour you have cause again to ask, "Is Jesus really precious?"

Prove it to the church. If you, by your actions, show that you prefer ease in Zion to earnest labour—prefer spending an hour in the pleasant company of the Master's enemies to spending one in the uninteresting prayer meeting—uninteresting because poorly attended—the church has reason to ask concerning you, "Is Jesus precious?" If you show that you think more highly of the esteemed of the world than you do of the humble among your brethren the church has reason to fear that, to you, He is not precious; for you show your regard for the Master by your treatment of His followers. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

If your own pleasure seems to be your object, and the merry party, the pleasant drive, self-gratification is put in place of the social meeting or labour in the Sabbath school the church must and will note it and conclude that to you Jesus is not very precious.

Prove it to the world. If the unconverted observe—and they are very observing—that you enjoy what pleases them; that worldly pleasures unsanctified amusements possess peculiar charms for you as they do for them they will soon be led to ask, "Wherein do we differ," and soon conclude that the preciousness of Jesus, if precious He is, is not sufficient to satisfy. If He is precious then "Be ye separate," show wherein you differ, and make plain the line of separation between yourself a follower of Jesus, and the unregenerate world.

If Jesus is precious to you, then see to it that you love Him, and as being dead to the world live to and for Him. If He is precious then let the church receive the influences of the preciousness you enjoy in Him. If He is precious then let your light so shine that others may be led to seek the preciousness there is in Him. Prove it to yourself, prove it to the church, and prove it to the world.

MAL.

### THE THREE GREAT'S.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, we are told, always sought to act on Dr. Ryland's advice to his students: "Mind, no sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three R's in it,—RUIN BY THE FALL; REDEMPTION BY CHRIST; REGENERATION BY THE HOLY SPIRIT." He was right. These are cardinal doctrines of Holy Writ. They constitute the sum and substance of the Gospel. A better understanding of these subjects would be highly beneficial. It would awaken concern among the careless, and lead the genuine Christian to admire the abounding, or rather the superabounding grace of God. Let us dwell upon each of these thoughts separately.

1. RUIN BY THE FALL.—Adam was our federal head. He was made in the image of God, upright, pure, and holy. He was "free to stand, and free to fall." Temptation assailed him and he fell. By his fall the race were plunged into a state of misery. "By the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation." This ruin is complete and universal. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." We are "born in sin and shapen in iniquity." We are all tainted with sin and go astray from the birth. We call bitter sweet and sweet bitter. "There is none righteous, no, not one." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Hence, all nations and classes are by nature the "children of wrath." The whole world has become guilty before God. Such is our fearful state by nature and by practice. O, that we might realise these solemn truths, feel the burden of our guilt, and cry, "Woe is me, for I have sinned!" We do not appreciate the remedy provided unless we feel ourselves undone. We do not "prize the unsearchable riches of Christ" until we feel our poverty; and we do not seek the "great salvation" until we know that we are perfectly helpless and utterly lost. As hunger makes us cry for bread, as sickness makes us seek the physician's aid, so a deep and thorough realisation of our lost estate leads us to trust the only Saviour, and to say:—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Jesus and my All."

2. REDEMPTION BY JESUS CHRIST.—He Redeems by price. Redemption—what a theme! fit for angels' harps or Gabriel's tongue. 'Tis the song of every ransomed spirit before the throne. 'Tis the chorus of the glorified. Listen to their words:—"Thou wast slain, and has redeemed us to God

by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Saints in heaven and saints on earth alike can say, "He is worthy."

"Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry.  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For He was slain for us."

There is redemption in Christ Jesus—redemption full, free and everlasting. This is, indeed, glad tidings. "He laid down His life for us." Nothing but "the precious blood of Christ" could redeem the precious souls of men. That price was not kept back.

"The ransom was paid down; the fund of Heaven,

Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,  
Amazing and amazed, poured forth the price,  
All price beyond: though curious to compute,  
Archangels failed to cast the mighty sum:  
Its value vast, ungrasped by mind's create,  
For ever hides and glows in the supreme.

And was the ransom paid? It was; and paid  
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you!  
The Sun beheld it.—No the shocking scene  
Drove back his chariot: midnight veiled his face;

Not such as this, not such as Nature makes;  
A midnight Nature shuddered to behold;  
A midnight new! a dread eclipse (without  
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown:  
Sun! didst thou fly thy maker's pain? or start  
At that enormous load of human guilt  
Which bowed his blessed head, o'erwhelmed  
his cross,

Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble  
womb  
With pangs, strange pangs! delivered of her  
dead?  
Hell howled; and Heaven that hour let fall a  
tear;  
Heaven wept, that men might smile! Heaven  
bled, that man  
Might never die." (Young)

This is the only means of escape for a guilty race. Reader, do you trust in Jesus? He can save you. "He is able, He is willing, doubt no more." Go to Him just as you are. Fall at his sacred feet. Trust his finished work. He is "mighty to save." He redeems by power. Have you long been held in bondage? He can set you free. Does your case seem hopeless? it is not beyond His power. Remember His words:—"Is my hand shortened at all, that it cannot redeem?" Certainly not. Thousands and millions have been saved by Him already. What He has done in the past He can do in the present. He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

"Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" All power is given unto Him in heaven and on earth. His grace subdues the hardest heart, His precious blood cleanses from every sin, and His spotless righteousness justifies the ungodly. Yea, "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Happy are they who can say with the patriarch Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Reader, can you say so? Pause, and think!

3. REGENERATION BY THE HOLY SPIRIT.—This is a work entirely beyond all human power. Forms and ceremonies cannot accomplish it. True are the poet's words:—

"No outward forms can make me clean;  
The leprosy lies deep within."

They are external things, and cannot eradicate the internal evils of our nature any more than a fair garment can cure a foul disease. In this important matter we must keep to Bible truth. A mistake here is dangerous in the extreme. The Holy Spirit alone is the author of regeneration. Those who are born again are changed in heart and life. A man who had been living for many years without God in the world felt drawn to a place of worship. He went again and again. After a while he experienced a change of heart, and his manner and conduct were so different that all around noticed it. One of his old companions

said to him one day:—"What's come over you, William? You don't look like the same man." "No," said the other, "and I don't feel like the same man either; and I judge that if the Lord were to change your heart you would feel different, too." It is always so. A new heart has new desires, new delights. Sin is hated, and holiness is loved. Faith in God is exercised. The Scriptures are valued. The means of grace are prized. Christ is imitated. Prayer becomes a pleasure, and "the Sabbath a delight." The world loses its attractions. Henceforth we "look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Conscious of our weakness and ignorance, we turn to the Lord our God and say: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." My strength, Thy grace; my rule, Thy word; My end, the glory of the Lord."

Reader, how is it with thee? David prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Have you done so? Has your heart been changed? There is no true joy without it. There is no peace in death without it. There is no admittance into heaven without it. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Remember this:—UNLESS YOU HAVE A NEW HEART ON EARTH YOU CANNOT SING THE "NEW SONG" IN HEAVEN.  
Eye, Suffolk. J. C.  
—British Flag.

### JERUSALEM, AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

We first took our stand on the top of Scopus, looking down upon Jerusalem and over its surroundings. When we were filled with this view, we descended a long, oblique, deeply-worn pathway, passing laden camels and donkeys, with their drivers, groups of men, women, and children, some in the gaudiest, and some in the scantiest apparel, which tawdry taste and free and easy customs of the East constantly bring before one. We cross the bed of the Kedron, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which here spreads out into a kind of plain, that narrows and deepens as it sweeps towards the east and south. We pass under the grateful shades of olive-groves, for it is hot and dusty. The trees are rather too much scattered, perhaps, to be called a grove, but they stand purple and green with their ripened berries and glistening boughs, among ruins and rude cottages built of these ancient materials. I saw as I passed such a cottage a large fig tree, with a grapevine twining through it, making a beautifully rustic arbour, beneath which women were sitting and children were playing, which recalled the old Bible scene of families sitting "under their own vine and fig tree." We turn to the right where the road forks, passing an old fountain, now dry, and over a little swell of ground, which falls gradually off into the shallow valley of the Gihon, with the ruins of its ancient pool, and glancing to the south we see where it suddenly narrows and drops quite abruptly down into the deep, wild gorge of the Valley of Hinnom, the Gehenna of the New Testament. We are soon on the northern portions of Mount Zion, which is mostly outside the walls of the modern city. On our right we have passed a group of the most imposing modern structures that are to be found in or about Jerusalem, belonging to the Russian Government, consisting of a cathedral, a large hospice, as it has been called—two for male and one for female pilgrims—the consulate and cemetery.

We pass along the brow of Zion, and how forcibly the words of Scripture are brought home to us, as we see men, with their diminutive oxen, engaged in ploughing: "Zion shall be a ploughed field." It is. The crowds of men, women, and children have greatly increased, and objects the most pitiful and revolting to look upon

press around us, uttering their doleful cries, and reaching out their leprous hands, with only here and there a finger left, for *backsheesh*. We reach the Yaffa or Hebron gate, called Bab el Khulil, on the west side of the city. Several Turkish soldiers stand lazily guarding (?) it, to whom the crowd, passing in and out, seem to pay no attention whatever. We enter the archway. We are through. It seems like a dream. Our horse's hoofs clatter on the pavements, and we shout through the din that is all about us: "My feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" We are in the street of David—one of the principal streets of the modern city, wide for an eastern city, full of motley groups and half-idle life. Close by the gate, and at our right as we enter, is a venerable and massive structure towering above the city walls, of which one side of it seems to form a part. This is known as the tower of David, supposed by many to be the fortress of Hippius, mentioned by Josephus. There is an open space or square on our right, as we pass the tower, where our caravan is unloading. Men with sandalled feet and bare legs, and long robes and turbaned heads, and look of imperturbable gravity stand indifferently around. We pass along the street, perhaps 150 or 200 yards, and the street narrows and descends, when our dragoman halts at a little gate on our left. Here we dismount, give our bridle to one of the dozen boys who push and quarrel with each other for the chance of earning a piastre. We pass through a long, narrow entrance, descend a flight of stairs, and are in the court of the Mediterranean Hotel. This is to be our home while in Jerusalem. "Mine host," is a German, with a score or less of very suave Arab attendants, who are to serve us to whatever the hotel afford.

For a day or so after one enters Jerusalem, he feels bewildered. Such a crowd of memories rush upon him from almost every location upon which the eye rests or the foot falls, that he walks and gazes in a kind of maze, which it takes a little time to clear away, and get down to good profitable, telling work. Let us take a general view of the city; and we may do this at any hour, and with great ease, by simply going to the flat roof of our hotel, which affords a complete and excellent panorama of the city and its outlying mountains.

We are standing there, let us suppose, just within the western walls of the city, which lies (the city) when we face the east, before us, and to our right and left hand. As, probably, all your readers know, Jerusalem is a walled city, the walls extending completely around it, and answers very well to-day the description given it by the pious and delighted psalmist, long centuries ago: "Jerusalem is a city compact together." It is small, but presents the appearance of being solid and "compact." The entire distance, following the walls around, is about two and a half miles, and the city contains from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants. "The city lieth four square," not exactly so, but nearly in that form, and has four principal gates. It has more than these, but these are the principal ones, one on each side; the Yaffa Gate at which we entered on the west; the Damascus Gate on the north called *Bab el Amud*; the St. Stephen's Gate, or *Bab el Asbat*, on the east, and Zion's Gate, or *Bab en Naby Daud*, on the south. All these gates are closed at sunset, except the Yaffa Gate, which being the chief entrance is not shut until nine o'clock in the evening.

The walls, I should say, without actually measuring them, are from twenty five to forty feet in height, according to the nature of the ground; ten or fifteen feet in thickness at the base, and six feet, perhaps, on the top. They are well preserved, and in many places are built of massive stone laid in cement. Before the assaults of modern artillery, however, they would crumble in a few hours.