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Poetry.

"THE SAILS ARE SET."

The following lines were written by Mrs. J. H. Arthur, who has just left as a missionary to Japan:

The sails are set the anchor weighed,
Our ship goes sailing, sailing;
Come, west winds from your cloudy caves
In breezes never failing.

'Tis break of day, and far astern
I watch the seaweed drifting;
The coming dawn from off the sea
The shades of night is lifting.

O rays of light from out the East,
Ye bring the voice of wailing;
Come, Holy Spirit breathe on me
Thy comfort never failing.

To lands far off for thee, O Christ,
I go to tell the story!
Shine thou upon that sea of souls,
And flood it with thy glory.

The joys I leave are but to me
As seaweed idly drifting;
For on the sea of human souls
I watch the shadows lifting.

Ye west winds blow! Thou ship sped on!
My hopes with thee are sailing;
Holy Spirit, breathe on me
Thy comfort never failing.

So shall my heart for work so great
Be strong in its endeavor,
Until my soul, above its fears,
Is lifted up forever.

Religious.

A SOUTHERN PICTURE.

Rev. Dr. Randolph in a letter to the *National Baptist* gives the following pleasing account of his visit to one of the churches of Freedmen:

My first meeting in South Carolina was at the Morris Street Church, Charleston, Rev. Jacob Legare, pastor. It was on Monday evening, but was surprisingly full. Taken all in all, I should think their Sunday school one of the very best among our colored brethren. Going to the church with the pastor, I found the superintendent and a few of the leading brethren in an ante-room awaiting our arrival. The mental vigor of the men whom this grand old minister has called around him, at once became apparent. The elevated tone of their conversation was refreshing. In all my mingling with the colored people, I do not recall an intellectual atmosphere such as I found in that ante-room.

There is a romantic interest connected with their venerable pastor. He was a slave; but his well-preserved appearance shews that he was never subjected to hardships. He was "a pet" of his kind-hearted mistress, bearing the honored old Huguenot name of Legare (pronounced Legre). He was a house painter, and was allowed to have a part of his earnings. He had a desire to be free. His wife was a free woman, and he proposed to her to buy him. A faithful wife, how glad she must have been to do it! But the consent of Mrs. Legare was needful. She said: "Why, Jacob, I never meant to make any money out of you. Yes; I will sell you to your wife for one dollar." The sale was made; the property transferred; and who now shall tell which was the happiest of the three?

In 1865, the "Doctor," (for so I found the people in the church and in the street called him,) organized the Morris Street Church, with 150 members. Baptisms have been frequent. On one occasion 133 were baptized. The day before I was there, 16 were baptized. "But we are thankful for that number," said the old veteran; "We must not despise the day of small things!" He regretted very much, as I certainly did, that I was not with them on Sunday, for both ordinances were celebrated, and he remarked, "I would have seen a thousand of the Lord's people sit down to the Communion." They recently enlarged their house of worship. Before that it would not hold the people who came to communion, and while the house

was full, many others were obliged to have the Lord's Supper served to them in the yard. The additions of last Sunday swelled the number of members to 2,025.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

Few texts of Scripture have been oftener quoted, for encouragement and consolation, than that which says, We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. Such general promises are always, however, to be taken with some limitations, and before we appropriate their comfort, we must notice the restrictions which are to be understood. One of these in this passage is expressed, for it is only to them that love God that the assurance is given that all things shall work for good. Are we to conclude, then, that God cares not for the wicked, and that his providential arrangements have no respect to their benefit? By no means. When God cuts down the child of ungodly parents, he means it for their good, and it often leads to their salvation. And so, in all his providential allotments with the wicked, he aims to win them to holiness and safety. But they have not the assurance that God's own children have, that all things shall work for their good. God does make a difference here between those who serve him and those who serve him not; and the final issue will be that while to those who love him all things work for good, to those who continue impenitent all shall work in the end for increased condemnation and misery. And there is another obvious restriction, for it cannot be that the sins of those who do love God will be for their good; for then they might do evil that good might come, which would be a terrible conclusion. The failures and sins of a believer may be overruled for his benefit. Peter may have been made more humble all his life by his denial of his Master. And we—as we see to-day how we were led astray yesterday—may be more on our guard against the same besetments, and so, like the Roman General, learn by our defeats how to conquer. But this applies only to the earnest and faithful Christian; for are we to suppose that a believer who falls into a state of lukewarmness and careless living, is still to find all that he loses thereby made up to him, and to work for his good? Not at all; but rather to his condemnation and everlasting loss. It is not at all unlikely that David's crown of glory will be shorn through all ages of some of its brightness by his year of declension and crime; and that Solomon, if he did not entirely lose his title to heaven, will rank among the humblest there for the sensualism and idolatry of his later years of life.

Nor does God's Word declare that all these things shall be made pleasant to us, or work for our immediate good. We have no all-healing balm in the gospel which shall at once cure every wound and dry every tear. If our children, we may believe all is well, yet we cannot but feel the pain of parting. It is a height of attainment not required of us, and not attained even by our Lord—so to rest on promises, as to cease from groans and tears. They are the language of nature under suffering, and just as sinless, unless carried to excess, as a song is in joy. We do not blame our little one if, when we had out some great reward for submitting to some painful operation, it troubles in anticipation, or cries while undergoing it; we think it enough if it presses forward with that natural shrinking, and give the reward, though there have been some quivering and some tears. So God deals with us, for he himself says, No trial for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous. "You are afraid and tremble," said one to a brave brother officer, as they were riding together into battle. If you were as much afraid as I am," was the reply, "you would turn and run away." If our fears do not keep us back from duty, and if, though groaning and trembling, we bid right on, God will not visit upon the infirmities of our

poor flesh, but may account it the higher courage and faithfulness that we have still preserved in duty; strong in heart, though shaking in nerve or tottering in knees.

We are also to wait for the good until it be wrought out. We put leaven into the meal, and the first result may be to render it bitter and unpalatable; but if we wait awhile till the process is completed, we find the advantage. Men judge hastily and harshly of God's proceedings, before they are perfected. Things work together for good, it is said, and work implies time, and a lengthened process, trial and waiting, till, like the harvest from the ground, or the cloth from the loom, the long operation is perfected. To judge hastily of God's dealings, ere his purposes are wrought out, would be like threshing a half-grown wheat-field, and being disappointed at finding no grain. Things now may seem very much against us; disaster may have met all our plans, and they may lie in the dust, though we made them with prayer for Divine guidance. But have we seen the end? It takes years to develop the meaning of one trial, like for instance, the death of a much-loved and needed one, or the loss of property; but gradually the design of God breaks upon us, and we say, He hath done all things well. Wait for God. What satisfying views will break upon our eyes in the better world, when they are open to see the reason of God's dealings with us, and how he has made all work together for our good.—*Rev. W. H. Lewis, D. D.*

COMMON MISTAKES ABOUT MINISTERS.

I. It is a common mistake to suppose that ministers are always at liberty to converse with anybody who may call upon them. In my first pastoral settlement an old lady with a small competence said to me, "I have nothing to do, so I shall often call upon you." Truly my punishment was greater than I could bear. It did not occur to the old lady that probably I might have something to do. How would a merchant, a banker, a surgeon, or indeed any man in business have received such a proposition? Yet a minister, especially a young minister, has to appear pleased that anybody should be so well-disposed towards him. The mischief in his case is that most of his working hours are spent in his own house, hence reflecting people soon come to suppose that when a man is at home he is of course prepared to receive his friends. The fact is, the minister is not at home in the sense usually attached to those words—he is in the study, he is at work, and he ought to be no more interrupted than any other man engaged at business.

II. It is a common mistake to suppose that because a minister does not succeed in one position it is impossible that he can succeed in another. It has been practically shown in many instances that there is all the difference in the world between being called to the ministry and being suited to one particular pulpit. In one place Jesus Christ himself could do no mighty works because of the unbelief of the people. Questions of culture, of physical ability, of surrounding competition, of precession in the pastorate, and many others, have to be taken into account in wisely judging the call of any man to a given charge. Some men can succeed in almost any place for a little while, but after a time they should enter upon another sphere of usefulness. Other men are teachers. They have wide liberty they use throughout a lifetime for the advantage of one city, and, through that city, for the advantage of the country and of the world. Both classes of men may be divinely called to the ministry with equal distinctness, and therefore no word of unkind criticism should pass between them.

III. It is a common mistake to suppose that the ministry is unsuccessful

because great numbers are not added yearly to the list of church members. This is how a man of statistical mind will talk about his pastor's work: "As a church we are clearly going down; the year before last fifty members were added; last year sixty-eight persons joined us, and this year we have but a single addition to the church! The sun of our prosperity has set!" Who was the solitary individual added to the church in the year of supposed desolation? Perhaps it was a Robert Moffat, who, when he was added to the church, Africa was added—a world was added! Success is not a statistical quantity.—*Weekly Review.*

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

It is often said that a minister's wife "should be a help meet for him, and therefore should assist him in his pastoral duties." The premise is true, but the conclusion incorrect. Upon a parity of reasoning, the lawyer's wife should be his clerk, the physician's wife should aid in attending to his patients, and the wife of the merchant is under solemn obligations to do duty behind the counter. We have no objections to a minister's wife being a general visiting committee, and presiding over all the societies and meetings of her sex in the congregation, if it properly belongs to her to be in this position, and if it can be done without the sacrifice of those duties which she owes to her family; but we protest against these things being required of her upon Scriptural authority, as none can be given.

With the small salaries of most of our ministers, their wives are bound down to a system of the closest economy. The whole burden of domestic cares rest upon them. Their hearts are not gladdened, nor their hands strengthened by the prospect of better days. Frequently rigid economy, and the want of many of those comforts almost essential to a wife and a mother, undermine their health, and leave them to drag out a sickly and dying existence. To require of them, under such circumstances, the labors often demanded of pastors' wives, and to harass their minds with continual complaints for the neglect of them, is not only unscriptural, but inhuman. From our investigation into the teachings of Scripture, we learn three things—

1st. The relation of a pastor's wife to the congregation is the same as that of every other woman; her marriage with a minister invests her with no office, and gives her no prerogative.

2d. Her duties are the same as those commanded by the apostle Paul to be performed by every other Christian woman in the married state no more and no less.

3d. When she performs those duties to the best of her ability, nobody ought to complain.—*Methodist Home Journal.*

CHEERFULNESS AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

The *Christian Era* of a recent date has some appropriate remarks on this feature of the Supper. In these days of binding burdens of Ritualism and human inventions on men's shoulders it is of first importance to have the true and correct view of this blessed institution, when observing it:—

In our view, the Lord's Supper is to be considered very much in the light of a cheerful social gathering. The awful solemnity which has often been supposed to attach to it, and which has slid into that superstitious observance characteristic of Romanists and Protestant ritualists, has really no sanction in the New Testament. Its origin was perfectly natural and simple, and was surrounded with none of that solemn mystery in which it was subsequently enveloped. Rome has taken a simple feast of love, commemorative of a very dear friend and benefactor, and converted it into a tremendous

engine of spiritual oppression, conferring through it upon its priests a power which has made them the lords and tyrants of the conscience. A portion of this superstitious awe has passed over into certain sections of the Protestant Church, and has, to a degree, infected even the ideas of many plain Christian people of the most unritualistic denominations. When these come to the Supper, it is with a feeling of sadness akin to gloom. If Christ were still under the power of death, this would be proper; but the Lord is risen, a victor over the grave, head over all things to his church and ever present by his Spirit, and moreover pointing them to his second coming in the flesh. Should not the feeling of those who sit down to a supper where such a guest is present, not indeed in the popish material sense, but in a sublime spiritual sense be those of joy and peace? The Elder Brother with his face no longer marred, with no death-cry of agony upon his lips, but in his risen majesty, with a countenance radiant with the joy of victory and hands full of the richest gifts,—it is he whom we meet and whose love we celebrate. He comes, as it were, to gather his disciples about him, to remind them indeed of his death, but also of his triumph, and of their triumph through him over all their spiritual foes. This is not, then, the fitting time for subjecting the heart to a keen anatomy, and for bitter self-accusings. That should be done beforehand; and the disciple should come to the feast with profound gratitude to him whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and who ever liveth to intercede.

In a high spiritual sense, the Lord's Supper is, therefore, a cheerful festival, a social gathering; a season of joy and mutual congratulation.

IMMENSE RESULTS FROM ADVERTISING.

A letter from a manufacturing firm in New York informs us that a year ago they put a short advertisement in the weekly newspapers of the United States and that as a result during the past twelve months 108,000 persons answered the advertisement. The letters poured in from every state, clergymen, merchants, ladies, working girls and working men. The average was 350 letters a day the year through. A small package of goods, as samples with instructions, were sent to this large army of 108,000 people, which cost for goods, printing, envelopes, labor &c., over \$16,000. Thousands sent us letters of thanks and flooded us with orders, and we were compelled to find a larger building to manufacture our goods, and meet the great demand. Night and day we labored on knowing that we were not only helping ourselves, but also helping that great army, the working class. As we teach all how to manufacture our goods thousands are now permanently making and selling goods in their own localities. We built up our business, as it were, "in a day" by newspaper advertising, and we are now confirmed in our belief, that there can be no plan adopted to make a business, or to increase a business so rapidly as newspaper advertising. We have found it to be the great propelling power of the business world, and no business man can invest money that will pay so largely and rapidly as judicious advertising in the weekly newspapers.

COMMERCIAL MORALS.

When that abhorrence which society now shows to direct theft is shown to theft of all degrees of indirectness, then will these mercantile vices disappear. When not only the trader who adulterates or gives short measure, but also the merchant who overtrades, the bank director who countenances an exaggerated report, and the railway director who repudiates his guarantee, come to be regarded as of the same genus as the pickpocket, and are treated with like disdain, then will the morals of trade become what they should be.—*Herbert Spencer.*