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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

'Tis a lovely September evening,  
The sun sinketh down to his rest,  
As I sit at the door of the farm-house  
By the cares of the day oppressed.

As the sunset hues fade slowly,  
To the soft sober grey of eve,  
The cares of the day pass from me,  
And my heart finds a sweet reprieve.

The bells and lowing of cattle,  
The caw of home-coming crows,  
The bleating of sheep in the pastures,  
But add to the calm and repose.

And blend with a distant chorus  
That is borne on the evening breeze  
The ceaseless rush of the river,  
And the rustle of wind in the trees.

With the myriad insect voices,  
And the chattering saucy noise,  
Of the squirrels stealing my apples,  
Like a vagrant troop of boys.

And the prattle and laugh of children,  
The refrain "In the sweet bye and bye,"  
That softly the good wife singeth,  
To the babe, as a lullaby.

And I hear these voices dissonant,  
Till by a strange mysterious charm,  
That belongeth unto the twilight,  
They blend in a vesper psalm.

That hath power to soothe my spirit,  
And unto my mind it doth bring,  
Thoughts of harmonies heard in heav'n,  
And of the song the redeem'd shall sing.

The moon and the bright star attendant,  
Sails westward through clouds and the trees,  
And weird shadows dance around me,  
And are chased by the fitful breeze.

A leaf falls down all ensanguined,  
From the Autumn battle field—  
Where Summer strives with grim Winter,  
Till at last it is forced to yield.

And fly to the Southern bowers,  
Bleeding and naked and cold,  
To renew the conflict for victory,  
When Winter's grown feeble and old.

While thus drinking in enjoyment,  
Little arms are round my neck turned,  
And a startling trio of voices,  
Has vanished the tranquil mind.

But fill'd my heart to overflowing,  
And I press them to my breast,  
And send them with good-night kisses,  
Away to their cots to rest.

How often, and often I wonder,  
What "The things prepared" can be,  
If the soul is so filled with the beauty,  
Of what we now hear and see.

E. S. C.

## Religious.

### "AM I ELECTED?"

There are some who deny the Scriptural doctrine of election to salvation. Yet Christ says, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." "I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world." Is not that election? Paul says, "According as he (God) hath chosen us in him (Christ) before the foundation of the world." Is not that eternal election?

There are others, however, who feel that they cannot deny the doctrine, but who nevertheless are guilty of deceiving themselves by using it as an opiate to conscience. This is how they talk: "If I'm elected, I'll be saved; and if I'm not elected, I'll not be saved;" and there they rest, forgetting altogether the command, "Make your calling and election sure." To such we have nothing to say at present. They know and feel that they are responsible beings. Their God-given conscience thunders this in their ears.

But there is another class of persons who earnestly long to know their true state before God, and to whom the doctrine of election is a source of great perplexity and fear. To such we desire to speak a word. May the Spirit bless it for their comfort!

Well, brother, like many more you

have attempted to reach the top of the ladder at one bound. You have cried, "Am I elected?" and have got no reply from heaven, earth, or hell, and never will till you begin with the lower rounds of the ladder. Do not get puzzling yourself with that question. Here is the question for you, "Am I invited?" or come with me to the very lowest, the first step of the ladder—"Am I a sinner?" Get on to that step. It is easy. God says, "There is none righteous, no, not one." "All have gone astray," and your conscience tells you the same. The next step is this, "Is there a Saviour for sinners?" You will soon mount to that step. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them;" "The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost;" "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;" "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Am I among the many? Stay, friend, that is not the next step. There is another right below that one. It is this, "Am I invited?" "Is this Saviour freely offered to me?" Yes most freely. He even entreats and beseeches you to accept Him: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Now, have you looked with eye of faith to the Saviour? Have you obeyed the command, accepted the invitation, and are you at this moment resting solely on the finished work and merit of the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, you can infallibly infer your election, can stand on the top of the ladder, and answer the question, "Am I elected?" in the affirmative. But do remember that that is not the first question you have got to do with, but this, "Am I invited?" Here are the steps of the ladder:—

Am I a sinner? Yes.  
Is there a Saviour for sinners?  
Is He freely offered to me? Yes.  
Have I accepted Him? Pause and answer yourself.

If you can sincerely and truly say, "Yes, I have accepted Him as all my salvation, and I am resting upon Him alone; 'other refuge have I none; Christ is my all in all;'" then you can mount to the other step and say, "I am elected."

This, my brother, is the true order, the right and only way of knowing your interest in the glorious doctrine and fact of election. But if you cannot honestly say, "I have accepted Jesus as my personal Saviour," what then? Thank God that you are not in the grave, but in the place of hope, with this precious text ringing in your ears, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Come, sinner, the Lord Jesus will receive you, be you ever so vile. Come now, for "now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." And "how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—*Gospel Trumpet.*

**THE INFIDEL SILENCED.**  
BY REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

Undoubtedly there is in every man's constitution an argument, ever living and present, which assures him that there is a God. It is a conviction which no thoughtful mind can shake off. Of those who declare themselves infidels, it is not likely that one can be found who is an infidel as the result of sober investigation and honest conviction. Most persons who assume this godless position do it without a thought, as the echo of other men, as the result of intellectual imbecility, desiring to be deemed great and intellectual, to be taken for exact and independent thinkers, but really declaring only their own weaknesses and un-intellectuality, showing that they are only the echoes of wicked spirits, perhaps as weak as themselves. A genuine honest infidel, made such by

investigation and conviction, is an impossibility.

This matter is strikingly presented in an anecdote recently presented in a German periodical. We think it originated in a French paper, from which it was translated.

In the latter part of the last century a young minister on a journey, came unexpectedly to his native city and to the house of his married sister, just as a number of invited guests had taken their seats at the dinner table. He was introduced to the company as the brother of the hostess, and seated opposite a gentleman whose florid countenance bore testimony to his habits of luxurious living.

This gentleman for a considerable time led the conversation with the greatest boldness, and with the utmost vulgarity and flippancy in his manner. A young lady at the table had spoken warmly in commendation of a preacher whom she had recently heard. She was immediately taken up by the gentleman who remarked earnestly, "I am surprised that you can look with the least favor on such superstitious and gloomy ideas. Men are too much enlightened in these days to listen to the babbling of the priests concerning a God. There is no God, and such a merry young girl as you would be much better off if you would give yourself up to the theater and dancing." In a deprecating tone the lady of the house replied,—for she was pained by the words,—"Please be cautious, sir; for you must know that my brother here is a minister."

The infidel made no apology, but, turning to the young minister, said, "Well, my dear sir, we understand each other, don't we? I am convinced that so learned a man as you must say I am right. It stands to reason that you are forced in order to maintain your position to talk that antiquated nonsense to the people. And for ignorant people it is perhaps well that it should be so; but in your heart of hearts, sir, do you not agree with me?"

The young pastor for a moment fixed a calm but penetrating gaze upon the infidel, and then said, "Before I answer, I want to propose to you three questions. You affirm that there is no God. You are an infidel. An atheist. Now people who take that ground belong to one of three classes. The first class is the philosophers, thinkers; men who have searched for the truth with all their intellectual powers; and after long and wearying efforts and investigations, viewing the question on all sides, they have become more and more entangled in difficulties and doubts, and despairing of finding the truth, they have suddenly cut off their inquiries by adopting the conclusion that there is no God. Is that your case?"

"Not at all," answered he with a laugh. "I haven't any taste for philosophy."

"There are times," continued the pastor, "and such are the times in which we live, when infidelity has numbered in its ranks able scholars, who seek to tear in pieces whatever men have been accustomed to hold true and holy. These reformers defend their cause with a show of eloquence and the blind masses think to be deemed great because they subscribe to their assertions and follow their lead, making themselves, as it were, the echo of their masters. And some of these people, with all their aping of the unholiness and gibes of their leaders, cannot wholly rid themselves of the last remains of their faith. Do you belong to this class?"

"No," said the infidel; "I am no man's echo."

"The third class of atheists," continued the young man, "is composed of those who have long given themselves up without reflection to their lusts and pleasures, and who delight to wallow in sin. But an hour comes when a holy God arouses their consciences, when they would gladly drown the voice which warns and condemns them, in order to escape the fear of a coming judgment. And in their en-

deavors to persuade themselves that they have nothing to fear, they declare that there is no God and that there is no hereafter."

The minister had no need to press the question upon the infidel whether this was his case or not. The eyes of all were fixed upon the railer, and he had not a word to say. The involuntary silence which followed was a convincing proof that the young minister had hit the mark, and that the conscience of the infidel thundered, "Thou art the man."

### REV. DR. LANDELS ON THE RECENT REVIVALS.

A great variety of subjects came before the late session of the Baptist Union at Newcastle for consideration and action. Not the least among these was that of the Recent Revivals. The speech of Dr. Landels on the subject will be read with deep interest not only by those who know him as the popular pastor of the Regent's Park Baptist Church, but by all who have felt any interest in the labors and extensive usefulness of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Great Britain.

Rev. Dr. Landels said: "I am very happy in the conviction that I shall carry this audience with me when I take it as a fact which cannot be disputed, that this country has recently, for the last twelve months or more, been the scene of a very remarkable religious awakening. Whatever may be made of the phenomena we have witnessed, however they may be explained, whatever theories may be founded thereon, they are too palpable for any one to question their existence. Unnecessary anywhere, it would be especially gratuitous work here to adduce the facts on which this statement is based, met as we are in the neighborhood, almost in the very town, in which, I do not say the revival commenced, some of its most palpable manifestations were first witnessed. Its commencement, in my estimation, dates further back than the visit of the two American evangelists to this part of the country. The state of things which preceded that, and with which their labours were congenial, the state of things which prepared the way for their great meetings and rendered them possible, was in itself a revival, in its incipient stage at least. The united and earnest prayer which had been offered for an enlarged outpouring of the Divine Spirit, and the widespread belief that such an outpouring was imminent, were in themselves signs that the revival itself had commenced. The hidden fire had been kindled, its heat was becoming intense, gleams of it were appearing here and there above the surface, and the efforts of these two American brethren were the means God employed to open the aperture through which the fire burst into a wide-spread flame, which has spread far beyond the sphere of their ministrations. I am sure I shall not be misunderstood in saying this. My wish is not to depreciate the labours of the brothers whom God has so signally blessed, but rather to show us what *a priori* reasons we have for the results which have been realized. If these things are what we anticipated, if the awakenings which have taken place be the outcome of feelings which were but concealed or but practically expressed, it would ill become the Church to look at them with a suspicious eye because they have not come, perhaps, through the manner or agency which she might have anticipated or preferred. I need not rehearse to you the tale with which you have become familiar, further than just to glance at some of the more prominent facts with a view to refresh your memory. It is now a little more than a year ago since Messrs. Moody and Sankey visited Newcastle. I remember preaching here in August, 1873, and having sent up to me for

announcement in the pulpit an intimation that on the following evening and every evening during the week Mr. Moody would preach the Gospel, and Mr. Sankey would sing the Gospel. Such was the form in which the announcement was couched—to me rather a strange form. They had not further been here many days when tidings reached us of the marvellous results which attended the preaching of the one and the singing of the other—the crowds which came together to hear the Gospel, the large midday meetings, the hundreds of inquirers, the hundreds who declared themselves on the Lord's side, the manner in which the ministers of the town were drawn to take part in the work, and the large share which had fallen to the lot of nearly all the Evangelical Churches. Very well. Edinburgh was visited shortly afterwards, and similar results to those which had been realized in this city of commerce were witnessed in that city of philosophy, culture, and refinement, only to a much larger extent, the hundreds in the one case having grown to something like thousands in the other. In Glasgow, where the population was greater, the number of the converts was proportionately increased; and so in the north, through Perth, Dundee, on to Aberdeen and Inverness, wherever the Evangelists went, the movement spread, presenting everywhere the same gratifying features, and being attended with the same satisfactory results. Nothing of the kind, says Professor Blackie, has ever been seen in Scotland, even in those localities which have become famous as the scene of revivals. Such vast meetings as have been held in Glasgow during the present season, such scenes of stricken ones inquiring the way to Zion, such gatherings of young men ready to consecrate themselves to the Lord, such regiments of Christian recruits ready to enlist in Christ's army, overflowing with such love and zeal in His service, and all within the short space of six months, no previous age has witnessed in Scotland. Meanwhile, in other parts similar movements were taking place, even when no special services were being held. From the metropolis to the remotest districts, extraordinary power attended the ordinary ministrations of the sanctuary, so that an unusual number was gathered into the churches. The members of the churches themselves were quickened, the voice of controversy was hushed to a large extent, ministers who had stood far aloof from each other were drawn in to harmonious co-operation. One most remarkable feature of the movement was, perhaps, this, the favour that it found among nearly all sections of Christians. We have had revivals before in various localities which were regarded sometimes with indifference, if not with ill-concealed aversion. Respectability was shocked by them, staid orthodoxy looked on, not knowing what to make of them, rightly divining that the new wine would burst the old bottles. But now the state of things was entirely altered. All sections of Christians, and some of the most unlikely men in each, have been borne away on the popular current, and revival methods and plans have met with almost universal favour. An unusual desire for the conversion of souls has taken possession of many of the people of God, and conferences and conventions have been held whose sole object has been the promotion of the spiritual life in some of its various phases. Mr. Moody had scarcely closed the services in Inverness, when a number of workers assembled together in Perth. Simultaneously with that Oxford witnessed a still larger gathering from more distant parts of this land, seeking after a higher Christian life, and such conferences and conventions have now become matters of almost daily occurrence. It seems to me we only require to mention these things to show that the movement is one altogether unprecedented in modern times, and such as to remind