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## Poetry.

A Friend sends us the following stanzas with the accompanying note:—

My Dear Editor,—

Early associations and recollections, cause at least one of your constant readers to hope, that the accompanying hymn by that prince of sacred poetry, Dr. Watts, may find a place in some spare corner of your esteemed paper.

### MY BELOVED.

"The wondering world inquires to know,  
Why I should love my Jesus so;  
What are his charms say they, above  
"The object of a mortal love?"

Yes my Beloved, to my sight,  
Show a sweet mixture red and white;  
All human beauties, all divines,  
In my Beloved meet and shine.

White is his soul, from blemish free;  
Red with the blood he shed for me;  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;  
A sun among ten thousand stars.

His head the finest gold excels;  
There wisdom in perfection dwells,  
And glory like a crown adorns  
Those temples once beset with thorns.

Compassions in his heart are found,  
Hard by the signals of his wound;  
His sacred side no more shall bear  
The cruel scourge the piercing spear.

His hands are fairer to behold  
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;  
Those heavenly hands that on the tree  
Were nailed, and torn, and bled for me.

Though once he bowed his feeble knees,  
Loaded with sins and agonies,  
Now on the throne of his command,  
His legs like marble pillars stand.

His eyes are majesty and love,  
The eagle tempered with the dove;  
No more shall trickling sorrow roll  
Through those dear windows of his soul.

His mouth, that poured out long complaints,  
Now smiles, and cheers his fasting saints;  
His countenance more graceful is  
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

All over glorious is my Lord,  
Must be beloved, and yet adored;  
His worth if the whole nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too."

## Religious.

The following article is one of the finest pieces of sarcasm we have seen for many a day. The writer Dr. Joseph Parker is one of the most eloquent and popular Congregationalist ministers in London. The forms of expression are just those adopted by the writers named in their philosophical disquisitions.

### JOB'S COMFORTERS: SCIENTIFIC SYMPATHY.

BY JOSEPH PARKER, D. D., MINISTER OF THE CITY TEMPLE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

"Where are thy gods that thou hast made thee? Let them arise if they can save thee in the time of thy trouble" (Jer. ii. 28).

"Go and cry unto the gods which ye have chosen; let them deliver you in the time of your tribulation." (Judges. x. 14)

"Thy calf, O Samaria, hath cast thee off" (Hosea vii. 6).

There was a man in these latter days whose name was Job; the same was a follower of Jesus Christ, and his delight was in the law of God, from whom was all his expectation. Job went amongst men as one who ceased not from prayer, nor hesitated to declare the sufficiency and joyfulness of a life of faith in the Son of God. Day by day he blessed his bread in the name of heaven, and set the Lord always before him as the source of his strength and the giver of every good gift. And unto Job were born sons and daughters, and as for his wheatfields and orchards, they were fruitful beyond measure. And it came to pass that a sudden blight fell upon the whole fortune of Job, and that Job himself was bowed down in weakness and in great fear. His children perished out of his sight, and his

ground brought forth abundantly no more; and it was as if God had forsaken him in unexplained and terrible anger and given him over as a prey to the enemy. Yea, his wife also spake not the word of sympathy, but talked of death as the only release from grief so unendurable. Now, when the new leaders of human thought heard of all the evil that was come upon Job, they came every one from his own place; Huxley the Moleculite, John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off and saw Job, more a shadow than a man, they whispered to each other, "This comes of religious faith," and they hastened towards him with swift feet. So they sat down beside the shattered man, and in less than seven seconds Stuart the Millite began metaphorically to throw stones at his bewildered head.

"Just what might have been expected," said he; "this comes of your star-gazing, and of reading the patriarchs, instead of watching the markets. I always say that a man brings all this sort of thing upon himself, and that as he makes his bed, so he must lie upon it. Excuse me, Job, if I don't speak in the old mealy-mouthed way. Be your own God, and then pray as much as you like."

But Job answered and said: "O that my grief were understood, and that ye could heal the pain that is in mine heart, for then would I bless you as those who speak wise words. Behold, this cometh not of mine own hand, for wherein have I dared the Most High to overwhelm me?"

Then answered Huxley the Moleculite and said: "Cease from thy languishing, nor let thy repining any longer be heard. Understand thou that this disturbance is entirely molecular: by some means or other the molecules have got into a disordered condition, and that singular white-brown fluid found in the heads of human animals has become a little addled, diluted, or otherwise injured, and hence these phenomena: all animal life is more or less subject to this visitation, and viewed scientifically yours, Job, is a singularly beautiful case."

Whereupon Job moaned in the bitterness of his soul, and cried, saying: "O that my children were about me as in the days that are gone, and that I could recall the light which made my home a scene of gladness. If not, would God I might die and be at rest. My children! my children! whence have ye fled from me?"

Then answered Tyndall the Sadducee, and said: "Thy children have melted into the infinite azure of the past, as all living things must melt. They have gone again to the dust, but in their decomposition there will be liberated gases and other elements, which, mingling with ditto ditto, other wise flying about, and on the outlook for whatever they can extract from dead individuals, will contribute somewhat to the nourishment of animals and plants, and in this way the children of Job will be of great use in the chemico economy of nature."

Then was Job full of indignation, and his soul was overwhelmed within him. "Miserable comforters are ye all," said he; "and yours is the wisdom of fools. Have ye seen sore trouble and has your day been suddenly turned into night, or have your eyes stood out with fatness, and your souls been long at ease? Know ye what it is to be carried away as with a flood, and to be thrown down by an irresistible arm? Your words are strange to me, and your speech without savour."

Then answered John Stuart the Millite, and said: "Are thy children more than the children of other men that they should live for ever? Reform the sanitary arrangements of the country, return by ballot a thoroughly representative parliament to St. Stephen's, give women the franchise, and let all leading articles be signed by the names of the writers, and then we may look for better health, higher wages, and more general comfort.

This you may call utilitarianism, but I call it common sense."

And Huxley the Moleculite said: "Why grieve for children? And why moan and groan over the inevitable? You should take a scientific view of all things. What my friend the Sadducee has said is strictly scientific. We live upon one another all through and through creation. We find the origin of protoplasm in the vegetable world; the plants drink the fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, and thus maintain themselves in vigour, and then the animals in their turn eat the plants and perform a high feat of constructive chemistry by converting dead protoplasm into the living matter which is appropriate to itself."

Thereupon in paternal anguish and rage Job smote Huxley the Moleculite to the ground, and Tyndall the Sadducee exclaimed: "Why this, O Job?" And Job answered in bitter sarcasm: "The molecules! And God do so to me, and more also, if I smite you not one and all for your madness and cruelty. O, my children, my children!"

But Huxley the Moleculite, and John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee, reasoned with Job, and besought him to restrain himself, and offered to lend him their complete works to while away his childless hours and his consuming sorrows; moreover Tyndall the Sadducee answered and said: "We are the founders of a new school; we are the valiant leaders of the new age, and we are prepared to suffer a good deal of advertisement, and are willing to risk all the consequences of a remunerative circulation of our books: let me speak to thee, I pray thee, nor let thine anger be too hot."

Then Job answered, "Say on." And when Huxley the Moleculite had retired from Job according to the square of the distance which formerly separated them, Tyndall the Sadducee opened his mouth and said: "What is thy complaint, and what is thy desire, that we may answer thee?"

And Job answered: "My complaint is that I am sore wounded, and that my life is impoverished and filled with woe. The delight of mine eyes is taken away, and no longer is mine ear filled with music: they that know me turn away from me, and they that understood me are numbered with the dead. O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for! Even that it would please God to destroy me; that He would let loose His hand and cut me off! Is there not a God in heaven, and is not He King over all the earth? Why is His hand heavy upon me, and for what reason hath He shut up my soul in darkness? Answer me, if ye have understanding."

"We will answer thee," said the Sadducee, "and let thee know the measure of our wisdom. We have stretched our minds across cosmic spaces and cosmic periods, and have seen the sufficiency of matter to grow and recombine, and produce startling effects; we have seen nothing indeed of which matter is incapable; it seems to be its own secret and its own origin. Still there is an Insuperable Power somewhere; we know nothing about it; neither does any man. There is, we own, a Secret which we cannot make out, and our resolution is never to attempt its explanation. For my own part I have not even a theory of magnetism, much less a theory of the universe. Let us keep within our own limits, and lay down our work at the call of Nature. Be quiet. You are in trouble; you have lost your children; your high social estate is gone. Be it so; take these things philosophically, and don't let your courage fail you."

"Beside," added John Stuart the Millite, "as our knowledge of Nature extends we shall get more command over disease, and even death itself. When public baths are more known and appreciated, and the higher education of women is advanced, I imagine

we shall dry up nine tenths of the troubles of life. And the ballot will do much for us."

"O fools and hard of heart," said Job; "have you no more answer to my grief than this? When a man's life is desolate, will a theory of magnetism recover his comfort and peace? When he has discovered the tomb in the midst of his garden, will the ballot make his heart glad with unspeakable joy? You tell me there is a Secret in the universe which you cannot explain, but because you cannot explain it, is it therefore impossible of explanation? There is a stone which I cannot lift, does it therefore follow that no other man can lift it? Is there healing for my body, and none for my soul? Is there bread for my physical hunger, and no food for the fiercer hunger of my heart? You mock me: you wish me to give the lie to my own consciousness; you tempt me to commit spiritual suicide;—miserable comforters are ye all!"

"Still," said Huxley the Moleculite, with chastened air, "we must be scientific. Let me lay it down that matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena."

"And pray who told you that?" said Job. "You chatter great words with glossiness, and make fine speeches, but you find for me no fountain in the wilderness, nor can you assuage the swelling of my woe. Is there not something deeper in life than you have yet touched? A wounded spirit who can bear! Will not God hear me when I cry, or will He hide Himself from my approach? Can a man live upon the wind, or satisfy himself with hard words, or rest his head upon the sharp rocks! Have you had pain like mine, or have ye lived in gaiety, and sat at the table of plentifulness? When did the lion rend you, or the wolf lie in wait for your appearing? Ye know not whereof ye affirm, else would your speech be chastened, and your words be few."

Then arose Tyndall the Sadducee, and hastily said: "Should not the multitude of words be answered? and should a man full of talk be justified? Let me ask Job a question or two that may comfort him in a rational, and not in a sentimental manner. What is the vegetable world but the result of the complex play of molecular forces? What is it which tears the carbon and the hydrogen from the strong embrace of the oxygen? Is it possible for the undeflected human mind to return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards ultraphysical questions? Let Job consider these, and a million similar questions, if he would be really comforted. Let him read Fichte in the morning, and commit Emerson's poems to memory on Sundays, and always keep by him a good translation of Plato; and above all things let him doubt those who pretend to see in cholera, cattle plague, and bad harvests, evidences of Divine anger. And now that I am speaking I will make a clean breast of it at all hazards. Prayer is wasted breath. The law of gravitation crushes the simple worshippers in the Methodist chapel while singing their hymns, just as surely as if they were engaged in a midnight brawl. Job must hold his feelings in control. Let the Moslem give way to them in his battle-cry, and the Red Indian wake the echoes of his hunting-grounds with such wild howls, but when Job can attend scientific lectures at the Royal Institution, or take a course of evening lectures at the School of Mines, he ought to conduct himself in a rational way in time of misfortune, and show himself to be a philosopher."

We find that it will be impossible to give the whole of this excellent paper in our present issue; therefore rather than condense it, we have concluded to defer the remainder till our next.

Men, in their innovations, should follow the example of Time, which innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarcely to be perceived.

## WHAT REVIVALS DO FOR CHURCHES.

BY REV. N. BUTLER, D. D.

When a revival of religion is reported, it is usually measured by the number of converts, or the number added to the churches. The popular opinion is that its influence is chiefly in the conversion of men. This is a very great mistake, and it leads to views with regard to revivals which prejudice some good men against them and which also mislead pastors and churches where revivals occur, so that they fail to reap and make permanent many very great advantages.

The very term revival of religion indicates one of the most important effects. It is a revival of the exercise of piety in the hearts, and its fruits in the lives of Christians. The usual results of this will be the conversion of men. The very condition of things in a church that produces these conversions is the enjoyment of a great blessing by the church, beside the conversion of sinners. In many instances the church is benefited as much as the world around it. The Christian is lifted higher, and walks in a higher life after every genuine revival into which he enters with full sympathy. The exercise of faith becomes easier—he knows better how to pray—he gets nearer to the souls of men—nearer to God, and knows Him and knows the Lord Jesus Christ better, and probably never wholly forgets the lessons so learned. These things it does for those who are the best and most faithful members of the church.

But there is another kind of fruit which a revival yields, scarcely second so the conversion of the ungodly men. It is its effect upon a class of Christians who for years have been the silent, sleeping, almost useless ones: men and women whose power has been almost entirely latent. A true revival generally lays hold of more or less of these and develops that latent power—sets them upon their feet, and sends them out forever after to earnest, active, religious lives. Such persons thus experience a kind of second conversion, which is even more marked in its internal exercises and in its outward expression than their first conversion was. I do not now refer to those intermitting Christians, found in all churches, who are sure to come out of their torpid state in the spring time of revival, and then crawl back again to their holes to sleep. But the majority of "converts" do within a few years of their conversion, pass under a certain cloud, which occasions great trial often lasting for many years. I do not claim that this is necessary. I only notice the fact. It seems to be a beneficent arrangement of God's gracious economy, that revivals shall come to do for these what can be done in no other way. They need a kind of mental, a religious shock—a powerful spiritual alternative—which shall start afresh the circulation of spiritual life. The revival does this. They feel deeper conviction and more thorough repentance for sin than ever before—they feel an abhorrence for sin they never knew—a longing for a full sense of pardon and acceptance with Christ—like the "lost son" in the parable, they remember a Father's house where they once lived in plenty—and they return to that home never to wander so far again. For the lessons of their sad experience they will never forget. If every Christian whose eye falls upon this article reads it through, there will be not a few who will read their own experience here. I can now recall to mind men and women in several churches who were of the silent, almost useless class, whom I had never heard speak or pray in a religious meeting. In a revival, whose spirit they caught and yielded to, they have been warmed into new life, have developed some of the choicest gifts for exhortation and prayer, and have lived the rest of their lives as ornaments to the church. There are not a few ministers of Christ who can date the beginning of their real usefulness to the first revival.