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Poetry.

LOSSES.

BY FRANCIS BROWNE.

Upon the white sea-band
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with a weary
roan.

One spake with quivering lip
Of a fair, freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down,
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face, long ago,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were some who mourned their youth,
With a most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills, whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no
more;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea;
But however it came to thee—
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest
loss."
—London Athenaeum.

Religious.

THE NEGRO PREACHER'S PRAYER.

BY ALEXANDER CLARK.

The Editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, the Rev. Alexander Clark, has been traveling among the freedmen of Mississippi, and taken notes of their condition and progress. Among the rest, he copied a prayer offered by an unlettered negro preacher, which for plainness can hardly be surpassed. We must imagine the accompanying responses of the congregation. Of these Mr. Clark says: "The peculiar intonation, especially when the congregation would catch the key from the plaintive sounds, and unite with the preacher in a piteous moan between words, gliding down from the dominant note to the minor third below, and dying through diminuendos into sobs and sighs, was wonderfully impressive." Our readers may rely upon the accuracy of the report; it is no fiction. It is, of course, in dialect: "O, Thou bressed Jesus, who has met wid dy c-hill'n' so m-a-n-y times befo', come dis way jus' one time mo',—jus' o-n-e time mo'. Pull away de curtains ob dy majesty, an' fol' back de doabs ob dy g-r-e-a-t glory, an' come down dis way jus' one time; jus' one time mo'. You knows de poor peniten's is tremblin' in dare sins, like de leaves a tremblin' in de sto'm. You knows how deys a cryin' an' a weepin' in de dark midnight ob dare gloom; you knows de moon turn into blackness an' de stabs all blowin' out in de breff ef de tempes' sweepin' roun' de sky ob sin. O thou great Light ob de worl', po' in de floods ob de mobain' upon dare trouble' souls. You see de backslidah trippin' an' a stumblin' on his way to hell. O M-a-s-i-a-b, come one time mo'; put on dy beautiful gahments, an' come a-trampin' down on de clouds of dy majesty, an' stan' one time more upon de wave, as you done gone an' stan' on old G-a-l-i-l-e-e long time ago, come an' put dat han' where de nail was driv' an' bleedin' an' a burtin' soah—o-h! come an' put dat han' on de backslidah's shouldah now, an' stop dat man

at night. Did'n you say you'd save de m-o-u-n-a-h? Did'n you promise to wipe a-way his drippin' teahs? You hears de mounah's cry, you see his drippin' teahs. O turn r-o-u-n' Zion's wheel jus' one time mo', an' open a little wi-dah de heaven's do', an' let down de glory! When de poor mounah call to-night—when he come a creepin' an' a weepin' to de altah, s-a-v-e, s-a-v-e, O h m-m-m-m, (a wailing chant by all), s-a-v-e by de blood ob de Lamb. [The people respond, "S-a-v-e by de blood"] Tarn de wicked cl'ar roun'. Tell him where to go wid his trouble' min', show him what to do wid his pore broken heart. Comfort de weepin' Rachels; let de weary Johns rest on dy brea's; hush de stohmy seas of sin; b-l-o-c-k a d e road to hell; s-a-v-e, mastah, o h s-a-v-e by de blood ob de Lamb. When you hears de wailin' Marys, tell dem dere dead brudders—hall come out'n de grave an' live; tell de pore chil'n dare sins is all forgiven; tell de a-n-g-e-l-s to take up de harps an' de trumpets of glory; fro wi-d-e open de mansions of de New Jerusalem for de jubil-e-e over de one sannah who turns to de Lord to-night.

There are those who fear the incursions of the Roman Catholic Church in the South. There is danger, of course, but so long as the Freedmen apprehend the plan of salvation so clearly as is here indicated, and the privilege of access to God without an intervening priest, our fear need not be very great. Negro religion is very imperfect, and so for that matter is the religion of the whites; if the Freedmen have the root of the matter in them we may expect that careful culture will in time yield rich fruits.—*N. Y. Methodist.*

A MODEL PRAYER-MEETING.

A New-York clergyman, being on a visit East, was invited to lead a Sunday night prayer-meeting. On entering the room at the hour appointed, he found every seat full. The choir in attendance were standing around the organ. The organist was in his place, and the people were enjoying a service of song previous to the prayer-meeting. On the entrance of the minister everything parsed. The singers took seats with the audience. The organist locked the instrument and retired. A hymn was given out; an elderly man in front of the preacher threw his head back and tried to sing Mear, but he didn't. The hymn was long metre, and Mear was not. He tried the second time, but was not successful in the start. The leader arose and said: "Can any one tell the reason why the church demands such excellent singing during public worship, and puts up with such execrating performances as are often heard in our prayer-meetings? Will the gentleman who was playing the instrument when I came in be so kind as to unlock it? And will the friends who were assisting the organist resume their places? I will give out the hymn again, and let us try to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also." Such a song of praise as followed was never heard before in that room. There was a genuine excitement. When the meeting was fully opened, one of the old standbys offered prayer—the same prayer that he had offered for years, with the same resting-places in it; the same subjects touched upon; so that any one casually coming in could tell where the party was, and how long it would be before he reached the top of the hill. Like a Pennsylvania wagon in a deep rut, he neither turned nor changed till he came to the turnout. This exercise consumed fifteen minutes. Again the leader came to his feet. "We have," he said, "one hour appointed to this service; I am told that you have thirty members willing and desirous of taking part, but that usually two or three men occupy the time. Let me read you the Apostle's direction for a prayer-meeting: 'How is it, then, brethren? When ye come together, every one of

you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying. Here is singing, exhortation, experience and doctrine; not by one or two, but by all; a variety that would make any meeting crisp, exhilarating and profitable. Such that meeting proved to be, and such all our devotional gatherings might become.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

THE GOSPEL IN BERLIN.

It is somewhat remarkable that the capitals of two of the most powerful European nations—London and Berlin—should be simultaneously experiencing remarkable displays of religious interest among the masses of their people; Messrs. Moody & Sankey in London and Mr. Pearsall Smith in Berlin. From some of our exchanges we learn that Mr. Smith, a member of a glass manufacturing firm in Philadelphia, a layman of no special culture or scholarship, yet he has gone into the midst of what has been supposed the most learned society of Germany, and by the simple narration of his personal experience, as a Christian, and a plain unvarnished exposition of the elementary principles of Christianity, has awakened what is supposed will prove "a new path of progress in German religious life." A correspondent of *The Christian* a London paper, gives some account of this work. It appears that a few German and Swiss believers had been to some of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings, and Mr. Smith's meetings at Oxford. They returned the last month of the year and issued a circular to German Christians, and in the *Book of Prayer* the people came together for prayer as never before.

The tide ebbed. But prayer was not abandoned. In the preaching-halls of the Evangelical Society, Berlin, ministers held special devotional services at certain intervals, and in secret some few were known to each other as offering prayer for some such blessing as that showered on Britain. In the heart of one family the thought ripened into the wish to see on German soil, and in quiet German circles, the man who had in Oxford so touched German hearts. A private letter was sent to America, to which an affirmative reply was received.

Mr. Smith reached Berlin on the morning of Tuesday, March 30. The following morning, at ten o'clock, saw an assembly gathered together which, for Berlin, was of a strange and unusual character. Count Egloffstein, President of the German branch of the Evangelical Alliance, had invited about a hundred guests, principally from ministerial circles, and from the upper classes of Berlin society. Among those present were a former Minister of State, a prominent member of the Prussian Upper Chamber, the former Lieutenant-Governor of Alsace and Lorraine, and other eminent men. The families of these circles were richly represented in the ladies present. Among the pastors present were three of the king's chaplains, and other men of mark and note. Such was the audience which Mr. Smith saw before him—an audience whose mother tongue was not his, and whose hearts, by God's help, he was to reach through an interpreter. Again God's hand was visible. A few days before, Dr. Baekker, of Weston-super-Mare, arrived in Berlin, and was introduced into the circle which had the direction of the arrangements. He not only translated with the tongue, but with the heart.

The correspondent referred to says: "To the substance of Mr. Smith's message I need not allude. It must be as well known in England as his person or his method. He has one message, and he sticks to that—'Child of God, look to Christ as the habit of thy soul, and thou shalt habitually conquer.'"

The result of this morning's meeting was, that whatever dogmatical scruples

might continue to exist as to the wisdom or truth of certain statements in Mr. Smith's books, and even as to one or two expressions which, on that morning, fell from his lips, there was but one feeling, that the facts which, in those expressions, he had thrown into a dogmatic form, were real spiritual facts in his soul's history, and that for us it would be our wisdom to cling to these as a prize of untold wealth within our reach as well as of his. God's Spirit was in our midst, and every heart strove to appropriate the prayer he put up at the close. Possibly the faith of some was strong enough actually to appropriate it; "Lord, if any cling with one hand to thy cross, and with the other hand to the world, give them grace to let go the world, and cling with both hands to the cross alone!"

This was Mr. Smith's last appearance in public. When the benediction had been pronounced, and verses were being sung which Berlin congregations often sing on retiring, nobody moved. The people seemed spell-bound, and remained a long time in complete silence. At last, when Mr. Smith was fairly gone, the people began to withdraw; but when it was at last known that he was still in the vestry, hundreds rushed in to see him, shake his hand, and solicit his prayers. It was a touching scene to witness. Men and women, youths and maidens, even boys and girls, rushed in, and strong men shed silent tears as they pressed his hand. The chaplain of the Lazarus Hospital came to thank Mr. Smith in his own name and in the name of all the deaconesses of his house for the blessing they had collectively and individually received, and indeed in almost all the assemblies the sober dress and white caps of the deaconesses of the Lazarus and Elizabeth Hospitals were a marked feature of the scene.

HOW TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.

How are we to account for all this? A layman, a foreigner, ignorant of the tongue of the population, comes suddenly into the metropolis of the great empire in Europe, where pride of intellect is as besetting a sin as it ever was in the intellectual metropolis of ancient Greece—and in four-and-twenty hours he has thousands at his feet. From the second day, taking public and private gatherings, and excepting Sunday, on which day he preached three times, he had never less than four services; on Friday he had six, one for ministers at half-past eight, another at ten; in another, which had been summoned also for ten, he appeared at half-past eleven; another at three; another at seven; and then a private gathering at nine.

The Emperor granted him the use of his church, the Empress and her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, received him in a long private audience. Noblemen and statesmen threw open their houses to him for his more private meetings; members of the best nobility of the land flocked with the working classes into the public gatherings. Professors of the University took their place, some of them, I know, sympathetically among his hearers; and then along the whole scale of Berlin life, down to the artisan and the laborer, the movement ran like an electric current. How, I ask, are we to account for all this?

ETERNITY.

In his opening remarks on Sunday evening, the Chaplain of the Forces said: "What is it that, in these last days, ye have gone out for to see and hear? Great oratorical displays? You have not found them. But you have seen and heard a man of God on whose brow 'Eternity stands inscribed.'"

This was certainly one great secret of Mr. Smith's power. When he spoke, men felt that he was dealing with realities, with realities which he had learned for himself, and whose power was a daily experience of his own soul. But this could not be all. There are other earnest men in Berlin who preach the same truths as he. I should rather seek it in the unshaken faith with

which our brother came, in the fact that he had been praying for Germany for a year before the call to come to Germany reached him, and to the further fact, to which he often alluded to me in private that in these days he supposed that some four or five thousand German believers in America were praying to God, that he would display his power during their brother's visit in this influential city. Thus, then, do I account for what we have seen in these last days. They were a reward of faith and an answer to prayer. Germans on both sides the Atlantic interceded with God; and as they believed, so it has been to them.

At the close of one of his conferences in Berlin, Dr. Hegel, the son of the great philosopher, and president of the Consistory of Brandenburg, addressed him in these words: "Sir, I rise, not in my official but in my personal capacity, to thank you in the warmest and sincerest manner for the words addressed to us last night, and again this morning. In doing so I am sure I echo the feelings of hundreds who have heard you. No one can feel and know so clearly and vividly as I what the anxieties and difficulties of God's Church in this province and in the whole country are. At the present moment our hands and hearts have been discouraged. But you point us to the imperishable source of our strength, the life of God within, and we have been strengthened and cheered. We bid you welcome and we thank you."

Considering that this Evangelist Mr. Smith, speaks no other than the English language, and that his words have to be interpreted, his success is one of the extraordinary facts of modern times.

Dr. Buchsel made the following solemn declaration: "Brethren, we have of late been throwing ourselves with all our force into politics—secular politics, ecclesiastical politics—but we have neglected the politics of the heart. Let us listen to our brother's voice and practise these."

In Stuttgart the meetings were carried on by the laity, and chiefly among the Pietists. On Sunday afternoon there was a service for working men at two, for women at five, and then a public service at seven. Each of these was attended by from 2,000 to 3,000 persons. At eight o'clock there was another meeting in the St. Leonhart's Church, which was crammed full with about 4,000 hearers. Piles of letters have come to Mr. Smith from persons telling him that they had found peace with God. The leading paper in the kingdom of Wurtemberg published accounts of the meetings, and the Church organs generally have viewed it favourably.

HOW TO RAISE SALARIES.

A pastor furnishes an exchange the following method, which has the advantage of having been tested, and with success. It ought to be tried in a good many other churches:—

"My Church kept getting behind in paying my salary. This was not the worst of it; they got behind in everything else. And as they did not pay up my salary, this was excuse enough not to help anybody or anything. I determined, after prayer and perplexity, to attack them at another point. So I said to them, 'You shall not wrong me and the Church of God. You must give for the Church-work.' I presented that year, with all the power I had, every cause that I could find in the Church, urging them to give, and to several objects outside. I sent everybody needing money after them. It gave me a grand opportunity to touch them up indirectly in their account with me, which delicacy would not permit, and at the end of the year I found, to my amazement, that my Church had given twenty-five per cent. more to every Church object, besides giving considerable sums for outside objects. My salary was all paid up, and at the beginning of the incoming year they increased the amount \$500."