

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XX., No. 3.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, January 20, 1875.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXXIX., No. 3.

Poetry.

HE DIED FOR ME.

GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

When time seems short, and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me!

His name is Jesus, and he died
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin,
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death,
Yet since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

I read God's holy word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thought so high, so deep and wide.
This is my best theology,
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by me are all forgiven,
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee."

RESIGNATION.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still—

What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow,
About to-morrow,
My heart?

One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest:
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee,
The best.

PAUL FLEMING (1609-1610)

Religious.

POST-MORTEM LOVE.

Why is it that so many people keep all their pleasant thoughts and kind words about a man bottled and sealed up until he is dead, when they come and break the bottle over his coffin, and bathe his shroud in fragrance? Many a man goes through life with scarcely one bright, cheering, encouraging, helpful word. He toils hard and in lowly obscurity. He gives out his life freely and unstintedly for others. I remember such a man. He was not brilliant; he was not great; but he was faithful. He had many things to discourage him. Troubles thickened about his life. He was misrepresented and misunderstood. Everybody believed that he was a good man, but no one ever said a kindly or pleasant thing to him. He never heard a compliment, scarcely ever a good wish. No one ever took any pains to encourage him, to strengthen his feeble knees, to lighten his burdens, or to lift up his heart by a gentle deed of love, or by a cheerful word. He was neglected. Unkind things were often said of him.

I stood at his coffin, and then there were many tongues to speak his praise. There was not a breath of aspersion in the air. Men spoke of self-denials—of his work among the poor, of his good qualities, of his quietness, his modesty, his humility, his pureness of heart, his faith and prayer. There were many who spoke indignantly of the charges that falsehood had forged against him in past years, and of the treatment he had received. There were enough kind things said during the two or three days that he lay in

the coffin, and while the company stood around his open grave, to have blessed him and made him happy all his fifty years, and to have thrown sweetness and joy about his soul during all his painful and weary journey. There was enough sunshine wasted about the black coffin and dark grave to have made his whole life-path bright as clearest day. But his ears were closed then, and could not hear a word that was spoken. His heart was still then, and could not be thrilled by the grateful sounds. He cared nothing then for the sweet flowers that were piled upon his coffin. The love blossomed out too late. The kindness came when the life could not receive its blessings.

But meantime there is a great host weary men and women toiling through life toward the grave, who need cheering words and helpful ministries. The incense is gathering to scatter about their coffins; but why should it not be scattered in their paths to-day? The kind words are lying in men's hearts and trembling on their tongues, which will be spoken by-and-by when these weary ones are sleeping; but why should they not be spoken now, when they need them so much, and when their accents would be so pleasing and grateful?

It costs but little to give men a great deal of joy and help. One brought a bunch of flowers to my table, and for a whole week they filled my room with fragrance. One wrote me a cheering letter, breathing a spirit of gratitude and love. It came when I was weary and depressed, and was like the meal prepared by the angel for the old prophet. I went on in its blessed strength for many days. One met me on the street, and spoke an encouraging word and grasped me warmly by the hand; and for hours I felt that warm grasp and heard that word echoing through my soul. A little child may brighten scores of lives every day. There is not one of us who may not gladden and strengthen many a heart between every rising and setting sun. Why should we not live to bless the living, to cheer the disheartened, to sweeten cups that are bitter, to hold up the hands that hang down, to comfort those that mourn, to bear joy into joyless homes? Kind words will not spoil a man. If a sermon helps you, it will do the preacher no harm to tell him so. If the editor writes an article that does you good, he can write a still better one if you send him a word of thanks. If a cook blesses you, do you not owe it to the author to write a grateful acknowledgement? If you know a weary or neglected one, would it not be such work as angels do, would it not be Christlike work, to seek every opportunity to brighten and bless that life? Do not wait till the eyes are closed, the ears deaf, and the heart stilled. Do it now. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—*Rev. J. R. Miller in S. S. Times.*

The following from the *Cincinnati Commercial* is a fine satire on the infidel objection to the Bible account of the creation. How sublime and grand is the true revelation, when put fairly in contrast with the babblings of the world's wisdom! The teachings of falsely so called Science has in all ages refused to know God and rejected His teachings. It may be said that this "genesis" is a caricature, but, if it be, it may the better serve to shew the beauty of the Word of God and its utterances on things beyond the reach of human wisdom to discover.

THE NEW SCRIPTURES ACCORDING TO TYNDALL, HUXLEY, SPENCER, AND DARWIN.

GENESIS—CHAPTER I.

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.
2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all

things in potential energy; and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.
3. And the Unknowable said, Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat, and electricity.

4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air, and water.

5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and working in protoplasm, by accretion and absorption, produced the organic cell.

6. And cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene, and protogene begat cozoon, and cozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.

7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.

8. And earthly atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.

9. And animalcule in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales; and in the air wings and beaks; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.

10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca, and mollusca begat articulata, and articulata begat vertebrata.

11. Now these are the generation of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period that the Unknowable evolved the bipedal mammalia.

12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hypparion, and the hypparion before he was an oredon.

13. Out of the scorpion came the amphibian and begat the pentadactyle; and the pentadactyle by inheritance and selection produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadeæ in all their tribes.

14. And out of the simiadeæ the lemur prevailed above his fellows and produced the platyrrhine monkey.

15. And the platyrrhine begat the catarrhine, and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evolved the what-is-it.

16. And the what-is-it went to the land of Nod, and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.

17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.

18. The homoeolus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochthon, the terragen—these are the generations of primeval man.

19. And the primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.

20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the simple and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous—for the weakest died and the strongest grew and multiplied.

21. And the man grew a thumb, for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

22. For, behold, the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.

23. And as types were differentiated the weaker types continually disappeared.

24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man, and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish, and secured the survival of the fittest.

A PARABLE.

I held in my hand a little dry tree, an infant hemlock. Had it lived a century it might have towered up above all the forest, and held up its head in majesty. But it grew on a sort of a

bog, and a muskrat, digging his hole under it, bit off its roots, and it was dead. It was full of limbs and knots and gnarls, and I felt curious to know how it happened that it was so.

"Poor fellow! If you had all these limbs and knots to support, I don't wonder you died."

"And with my roots, which were my mouths with which to feed, all cut off, too!"

"Yes, but where do all these ugly limbs come from?" said I.

"Just where all ugly things come from," said he. "I am pretty much like you men! Find out where my limbs come from, and you will find where all human sins come from."

"I'll take you at your word, sir."

So I took out my knife and peeled off all the bark. But the limbs and the knots were left.

"You must go deeper than that, sir."

So I began to split and take off layer of wood after layer. But all the knots were there.

"Deeper still," said the dry stick.

Then I split it all down to the heart, taking it all off and separating it. The heart was laid bare; it looked like a small rod, about six feet long, and perhaps an inch through at the large end. Ah! and I was now surprised to see that every limb and knot and gnarl started in the heart! Every one was there, and every one grew out of the heart. The germ or the starting-point of each one was the centre of the heart.

The facetious Rev. Levi Philetus Dobbs, D. D., of the *National Baptist* writes a clever letter "From Antipode" in which a very striking lesson is given on Sunday School management.

FROM ANTIPODE.

BY REV. LEVI PHILETUS DOBBS, D. D.

I have been much interested in remarking the manner of conducting Sunday schools in this remote land. Last Sabbath I visited a very flourishing school. The number of scholars was large, the attention was good, and there was a degree of order and quiet that was delightful. The clock marked the hour; the pupils fell into their places, without any audible call or signal. Then the superintendent placed on the blackboard the number of a hymn; and without any other announcement it was sung. Then some one (according to previous arrangement) offered a short and simple prayer. Then another hymn. Then the lesson. All this time the superintendent had not spoken; he had been seen and felt—not heard. A generous amount of time was given to the study of the lesson. Then with the slightest sound of a bell, the lesson ceased, and the closing exercises took place, conducted in the same way as before. Then the children, looking fresh and unwearied, were dismissed. I cannot tell you how I was filled with wonder and admiration. I said to the gentleman who kindly guided me in my visit: "This is the strangest sight I have seen yet. Why, in my country, such a thing is unheard of. The Sunday-schools are, as a general thing, absolutely talked to death. It is no uncommon thing for the superintendent to occupy half of the time; and then, when he gives out from physical exhaustion, he calls in some one else to help him through. How do you manage it?"

"Well," he said, "suppose you come this way, and ask the superintendent himself." So we went. I took him by the hand and said to him, "My Dear Sir, I want to tell you how much I am delighted with your conduct of the school. Never in my life was I so much pleased. Really, Sir, I—"

As I was going on, he shook his head; then he drew out a small slate, and wrote on it, "I am a deaf-mute." I turned to my guide for an explanation. Said he, "We were for a long time bothered to death. Our superintendents would talk. You see man is naturally a despot; and a man who has

power and does not use it, is a rarity indeed, is in fact a miracle; and the age of miracles is past. The Sunday-school was nothing but one perpetual harangue. Dried peas in a bladder would just about express the state of things. The session was prolonged beyond all reason; the scholars were tired to death; at the same time they had no chance to recite the lesson, for they had only such scanty time as was left after the lion's share was taken; they were learning nothing of the Bible, and their ignorance and want of interest in the Scriptures were deplorable. After years of suffering we arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the first, the great work of the superintendent is to keep still. But how to get a man who would keep still, here was the difficulty. At last, since every one who could talk, would talk, we resolved to try one who could not talk. We applied to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum for a mute of approved piety and decorous appearance; and, I do assure you, it works to a charm. The school has improved no one knows how much; the scholars learn more of the Word of God in a month than they used to learn in a year; the quietness of the superintendent is contagious; the feeling of relief and repose is beyond all expression. Other schools are following our example; deaf-mutes are in demand; and in many instances are paid quite handsome salaries for their services as superintendents. "Well," said I, "this is a new idea to me. I have long felt the evil. But never before did I see the remedy. I must make haste to tell *The National Baptist* all about it."

CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

It is often remarked that the larger proportion of all Christian congregations is made up of women. And it will not be disputed that in true devotion and in the character of their inner lives, the women are far before men. It is common with worldly men to attribute the piety of the sex to their weakness. The truth is, however, that it is at once the evidence and the source of their strength; a strength not their own, but derived from Him, "without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy." Christian faith and love, especially the love and faith of women, present a spiritual paradox. True women are, at once, dependent and self-reliant. In the true elements of a good character, courage and fortitude, they are the superiors of men. Their courage is in fear of evil; their fortitude supports them under the sorrows that their dearest male friends often inflict; and then uncomplaining patience enables them both to suffer for themselves, and to shield and protect the thoughtless and unfeeling men who are the causes of their grief. No highly wrought fiction could present a stronger picture of these things than every day's facts force upon us.

A LETTER FROM PURGATORY.

"A rather amusing story," says Colonel Stuart, in his "Reminiscences of a Soldier," "was told to me some time ago by an old lady who had an ancient servant that had lived with her for many years, named Ann Brady. One day Ann came in to her mistress in the parlor, crying, 'Now, ain't I the unfortunate woman? Ooh, what will I do at all, at all?' 'What's the matter Ann?' said her mistress. 'Ooh, ma'am,' replied Ann, 'the postman's outside, and he's got a letter for me from purgatory, and I know it's from my old mother, who's been there this tin years, and it's all about me not paying for the masses I said I would. Oohone! but I am the miserable woman.' On the mistress going out, she found the postman in a fit of laughter, with a letter directed to 'Ann Brady, from the Dead Letter Office. Nothing could induce her to touch it, the 'dead' to her meaning purgatory, and nothing