N.B See at end of this volume the issue of Oct. 20, '75

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

{NEW SERIES, Vol. XX., No. 43.} Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, October 27, 1875. {WHOLE SERIES. Vol. XXXIX., No. 43.}

Poetry.

"NO NIGHT THERE."

BY MARIE MERIMER.

Here darkness followeth day time,
Oft gloom fills all the air;
Above the glory shineth,
And there is no night there.

Here, loneliness and shadows
Come, ere we are aware;
Above, no shadow falleth,
And there is no night there.

Here partings are, and m nings
Oft fill the troubled air;
Above are joy and gladness,
And there is no night there.

Here, often, tears of sorrow,
And hearts that weep in prayer;
Above all sorrow ceaseth,
And there is no night there.

NO TIME TO PRAY.

No time to pray!
Oh, who so fraught with earthly care
As not to give to humble prayer
Some part of day?

No time to pray!
What heart so clean, so pure within,
That needeth not some check from sin—
Needs not to pray?

No time to pray!
'Mid each day's danger, what retreat
More needful than the mercy-seat?
Who need not pray?

No time to pray!
Must care or business' urgent call
So press us as to take it all?
Each passing day?

No time to pray!
Then sure your record falleth short;
Excuse will fail you as resort,
On that last day.

What thought more drear,
Than that our God His face should hide
And say, through all life's swelling tide,
No time to hear!

Cease not to pray;
On Jesus as your all rely,
Would you live happy—happy die?
Take time to pray.

Religious.

SO *MANY CALLS.*

A SKETCH.

It was a brisk clear evening in the after part of December, when Mr. A——, returned from his counting-house to the comfort of a bright coal fire, and warm arm-chair, in his parlour at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow,—what could be the matter with Mr. A——? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon received in his counting-room the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day,—and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription; and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply—'People think, soliloquized he to himself, 'that I am made of money, I believe: this is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription and this year has been one of heavy family expenses,—building and fitting up this house,—carpets,—curtains,—no end to the new things to be bought,—I really do not see how I am to give a cent more in charity,—then there are the bill for the girls and boys,—they must have twice as much now as before we came into this house,—wonder if I did right in building it?" And Mr. A——glanced uneasily up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence,—he was tired, harassed, and drowsy, his head began to swim and his eyes closed,—he was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; he opened it, and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments conversation with him. Mr. A——asked him into the parlour, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. A——presented him with a paper. 'It is your last subscription to missions,' said he, 'you know all the wants of that cause that can be told you; I called to see if you had any thing more to add to it.'

This was said in the same low and and quiet voice as before, but for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. A——was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had ever been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner he began the same excuses which appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before. The hardness of the times,—the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

This is your subscription to the Tract Society, have you any thing to add to it—you know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do. if christains would furnish means,—do you not feel called upon to add something to it.'

Mr. A——was very uneasy under this appeal, but there was something in the still, mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered that although he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year add to ANY of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words, reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr. A—— became impatient.

'Have I not said,' he replied, 'that I can do NOTHING more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls upon us in these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required were moderate,—now the objects increase every day,—all call upon us for money, and all, after we give once, want us to double and treble and quadruple our subscriptions: there is no end to the thing,—we may as well stop in one place as another.'

The stranger received back the paper, rose, and fixed his eye on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled his soul;—

'One year ago to-night, you thought that your daughter lay dying,—you could not sleep for agony,—upon whom did you call all that night?

The merchant started and looked up,—there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression, that awed and subdued him—he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

'Five years ago,' when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you should leave a family of helpless children entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed,—who saved you then?'

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said in a still lower and more impressive tone, 'Do you remember, fifteen years since, *that time* when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, when you spent days and nights in prayer, when you thought you would give the whole world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you,—who listened to you then?'

'It was my God and Saviour!' said the merchant with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling, 'Oh yes it was.'

'And has HE ever complained of being called on too often,' inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness; 'say,' he added 'are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of Him, if He from this night will ask no more of you?'

'Oh, never, never, never!' said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet but as he spoke these words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

'O God and Saviour! what have I been saying? What have I been doing?' he exclaimed. 'Take all,—take everything,—what is all I have to what thou hast done for me!'—[New York Evangelist.

SPURGEON'S EARLY LABORS.

Amongst the many auxiliary forces at work in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church is a flourishing Evangelistic Association. This society has just held its annual meeting, when Mr. Spurgeon presided, and gave a short opening address on the subject of "Evangelisation." He began by remarking that there have been hundreds of persons converted in the streets, who, if it had not been for street-preaching, humanly speaking, would never have known the Saviour, and instanced the case of a German Jew whom he knew as one in point. He then went on to remark that it is a blessing that there should be little works to do for Christ, because through them we are qualified to do others; and to encourage others to begin, he told the story of his own early life. He said: "I was about [illegible] old when I was baptized, and the very night I was converted I prayed at the prayer-meeting. It was the first time I opened my mouth in any way for Christ. Then I sought out a district where I could go and distribute tracts. My time was very slender; I was teaching in a school, and had only the Saturday afternoon. I went round with the tracts, and very soon I got quite a nice diocese. There was nobody looked after it except me, and I was about sixteen years old. They used to tell me all their troubles, and I very soon found my hands full. I had to do all sorts of things. As soon as you begin to work, you have to work more. I was asked to go and teach in the Sunday-school; then I had to address the children. They then arranged that I should constantly address them every Sunday. By-and-bye the adults came in, and I had more people to hear me in the afternoon than the minister had in the morning. So it kept on growing, and on from one thing to another. There are some of our young fellows who want to put their legs on the top of the ladder all at once. But, believe me, step by step is the only way to climb." He concluded by telling a story of how some twenty-four or twenty-five years ago he walked to a village from Cambridge to preach. It was rather a long distance—nine or ten miles—and nobody gave him anything to eat or drink. He didn't suppose it entered into their heads that he ate anything. Then he walked home again. In a day or two he got a note from a poor woman saying that if he came back there again, and came a little sooner, she was very poor, but she would be glad to give him a cup of tea. In a fortnight's time he went back and called on the woman, in a very little cottage indeed; for he recollected sitting in the chair, and, when she went out, swinging himself back and touching both sides of the room with his hands. There was an old chimney and a long chain with a pot hanging on it, and the kettle standing on some bricks by the side of the wood fire. I had some tea, and very curious tea it was. It was not very luxurious, it was hardly up to my standard; however, I was very grateful. And I never saw the woman any more. But the other day my good friend Miss Macpherson said, "I wish you would come up to Whitechapel, and see our work there." It was just before some of the children were leaving for Canada. I said I would, and when I went she introduced me to a nice little woman, who said she knew me very well, and that I had been the means of her conversion. "And you know me very well," she said. Well, I said I did not recollect her. "You once had a cup of tea with me." "No" I said, "you must be mistaken, for she was an old woman,"—if a woman can be old. "But it was me; and it is a very curious thing," she said, "everybody says I am looking younger to day than I was twenty years ago." Then she told what I had said as we sat in the cottage, and how I had tried to lead her to the Saviour. I cannot tell you the joy it brought to my heart to think that there was some of the seed scattered all those years ago, of which I had heard nothing, and that there stood before me the woman, first lead to Christ, and afterwards into a sphere of great usefulness under our sister, Miss Macpherson.

MR. SANKEY AT HOME.

A correspondent of the *Christian World* at Pittsburgh, U. S., sends an interesting account of Mr. Sankey at home and the reception which the sweet singer received from his old friends on his return from England. 'Ira" we are told, "was always a people's man;" and when he arrived at the Newcastle depôt "on Wednesday at twilight" there was a great concourse of the townsfolk of all classes assembled to give him a hearty welcome. They were rejoiced to find him "a model of health after his two years" [illegible] fore his wonderful achievements in the Gospel." For two hours that evening he related to a circle of friends the great work in Britain; with tears he exclaimed, at the end of each incident, "God was in it?" Mr. Sankey owns a neat little two-storey white framed dwelling at Newcastle near the residence of his father; but as it is occupied by a tenant, he will spend a few weeks at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Edwards, close by.

He expects to resume his work with Mr. Moody, probably in Brooklyn, New York. "Mrs. Sankey," says the correspondent, "is a worthy companion of the singing itinerant. Quiet, modest, plainly apparelled, with love for her children, which makes woman the highest in the order of ministers, next to angels, and sometimes more—*a mother*—she has comforted and helped her husband in his arduous toils more than an archbishop ever helped a pastor." Mr Sankey has promised to attend a campmeeting, in answer to the special request of his old neighbours; but he will accept no other engagement until his new campaign with Mr. Moody begins. He was to have a public reception at Newcastle on Sunday following his arrival, and all the churches were to participate in the services. Mr. Sankey, we learn from this letter, was formerly an excise officer, or "Government inspector of oils and other commodities."

THE KITCHEN.

Mr. Talmage says: "We masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that go wrong the whole establishment is wrong. It decides the health of the household, and and health settles almost everything. Heavy bread, two much frequency of plum-pudding, mingling of lemonade and custards, unmasticable beef, have decided the fate of sermons, storehouses, legislative bills, and the destiny of empires. What if Bismark had been seized with a long fit of indigestion about the time of the breaking out of the last French and German war? What if now, while Plimsoll is trying to raise an insurrection among the sailors of Great Britain, Disraeli should be overcome of the gout. What if, the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Company, the cook at Saratoga Springs should by means of some unhealthy pastry kill Commodore Vanderbilt? The kitchen knife has often cut off the brightest prospects. The kitchen gridiron has often consumed a commercial enterprise. The kitchen kettle has kept many a good man in hot water. It willl never be fully known how much the history of the world was affected by good or bad cookery.

"Let no housekeeper, therefore despise her occupation, but rather pray for grace to fulfil her mission. The toils, and fatigues, and vexations of such a sphere, may be unappreciated by husbands, and fathers, and mothers but God knows and sympathizes. If, according to the Bible, God puts into a bottle his people's tears, he will count the number of sweatdrops on your forehead while bending over the stove in the midsummer solstice. By the potential way in which you perform your duties you may make the rolling-pin a sceptre. Be faithful! There will be a grand supper after a while, for the preparation of which you will have no anxiety. It will be the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, and you will be one of the banqueters."

AND YE, FATHERS

It can never be too strongly impressed upon the mind that nothing releases a parent from his duties toward a child. No waywardness, no disobedience, no rebellion, no profligacy, can ever justify a parent in casting a son or daughter adrift. We hear of sons being cut off with a shilling, of daughters being forbidden their fathers' house; and, without any exception, sins the children may have been guilty the father is even more guilty. No person can commit against society so great a crime as a father commits who is thus false to the trust which he himself has imposed—who thus trust off from himself the soul which he called into being.

A father should be governed by no other motive but his child's best interests, and a child's best interests can never be served by any thing but his father's constant and loving care. If a child is so bad that his influence is feared on the other children, a separation may be effected. It is feared that money bestowed on him will be for his injury, provision may be made against that in a varity of ways. But when a father is in a fit of anger, or as a reward for ill-doing, disinherits or refuses to see his child, he commits a crime which the laws, indeed, do not recognize but whose guilt it would take many a legal crime to outweigh. There should be absolutely no limit to parental forgiveness.

The door should always be open for the repentant son or daughter; the father should have loving eyes, that see while the prodigal is yet a great way off, and there should ever be a remembrance of mercy shown by God to those in strict justice might never be permitted to see his face.—*Christian Advocate.*

PILLOWS OF STONE.

The Rev. G. S. Robinson, D. D., in one of his recent letters from the East to the *Christian Union*, has the following concerning "Pillows of Stone";—"A word may be said about the hardship of stone pillows, and about this Eastern habit of sleeping. The climate throughout all Southern Palestine is not only warm, but sunshine tends peculiarly and excessively to sunstroke. It drives to drowsiness almost irresistibly. Whenever one of the natives has an hour of waiting, he invariably sleeps, as the readiest method of disposing of his time. In the parable those unfortunate virgins may seem exceedingly commonplace who fell into slumber when a wedding was on the way. I admit they were foolish to sleep even untill the cry was heard—'Behold the bridegroom cometh.' But they did just what most people do when kept under pressure in