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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

AT THE GATE.

Thy kingdom here?
Lord, can it be?
Searching and seeking everywhere
For many a year,
"Thy kingdom come" has been my prayer,
Was that dear kingdom all the while so near?
Blinded and dull
With selfish sin,
Have I been sitting at the gates
Called Beautiful,
Where Thy fair angel stands and waits
With hand upon the lock to let me in?

Was I the wall
Which barred the way,
Darkening the glory of Thy grace,
Hiding the ray
Which, shining out as from Thy very face,
Had shown to other men the perfect day?

Was I the bar
Which shut me out
From the full joyance which they taste
Whose spirits are
Within Thy paradise embraced—
Thy blessed paradise, which seemed so far?

The vision swells:
I seem to catch
Celestial breezes rustling low,
The asphodels,
Where, singing softly ever to and fro,
Moves each fair saint who in Thy presence dwells.

Let me not sit
Another hour
Idly awaiting what is mine to win,
Blinded in wit.
Lorp Jesus, rend these walls of self and sin
Beat down the gate, that I may enter in.
—Independent.

THE WHITE STONE AND THE NEW NAME.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

I gave to Him a tear:
He gave it back to me.
It was the rarest pearl
Of pearls within the sea.
O tearful pearl! O pearly tear!
I hide thee in my heart,
And from that deep and inner sea
Thou never shalt depart.

I gave to Him a name;
I called Him Lord and King.
He bent and whispered low
A word of comforting.
O name so sweet! O name so dear!
I hide thee in my heart,
And from that deep and inner peace
Thou never shalt depart.
—Id.

Religious.

ON CHURCH MUSIC.

I.

Church music has, or ought to have, this proud distinction above all other: it is destined to the praise and glory of God. Until this principle is fully recognized by all organists and their assistants, by all church singers, it will never emerge from that deplorable state in which it is now too generally found.

Once there was one who painted for eternity. Would that there were those who would sing with like ambition.

How are we to account for the indifference which seems to pervade the clergy on this subject? Surely out of a hundred sermons each per annum they might bestow one, if not more, upon this important part of the devotions of their congregations. If it be the object of preaching to point out the way in which the Deity is to be worshipped; if it be true that singing His praises constitutes a very essential part of that worship; and if it be true that God is a Spirit, and that they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth, surely it would not be a great deviation from the line of a minister's duty were he occasionally to admonish his hearers to sing with the understanding also; and to inform them in as polite a manner as he might please, that otherwise they sing to the praise and glory of anybody but their Maker.

Religion has more to do with the heart than the head, with the affections than with the understanding; and upon the very same part of our nature has music also its most powerful hold.

Harmony is not addressed to the intellect, but to the feelings; that it is therefore of no use is far from self-evident; it only follows that it is of no use to those who have no feeling for it, and who are on that account, provided they thrust not their stupid insensibility in the way of the enjoyment of others, to be rather pitied than condemned.

They want a sense.
The marks of design, manifest in the formation of those parts of the human system which are destined to the production of articulate and melodious sounds, are abundant proofs of the divine origin of music. That there is a charm in the powers of the human voice far surpassing the sweetness of the most exquisite musical instrument is a position the truth of which is incontestable. The voice has, indeed, so much flexibility, so much energy of intonation, as alone to constitute it a machine of truly wonderful expression; but, combined with the faculty of speech, it leaves every other at an immeasurable distance.

It is taken for granted that, to whatever other purpose music may be applied, it is not improperly employed in divine worship.
There are those who commend the voice to the disparagement of instruments; and there are some, also, who unjustly exalt the value of instruments, and utterly disallow the pretensions of the voice. Both are in egregious error. Neither the one kind of music nor the other is exclusively good. Much as the one excels the other in pathos, and the excitement of the softer feelings of our nature, it is pass, and consequently in the development of the grandest harmonic combinations. But when conjoined the defects of both are supplied. Each derives additional beauty of effect from the connection with its rival; and hence they present a not inapt resemblance to the connubial relationship. The majesty of the organ is thus blended with the sweetness and expression of the human voice; it lends a richness, a brilliancy, a fullness, and even a solemnity which the voice otherwise could never acquire; but receives in return an animation, an impress of mind, a glow of devotion, to which merely instrumental music can never approach.

It is universally found that accuracy and precision of execution, not to be met with under other circumstances, are the results of a habit of singing to a good instrumental accompaniment; so that, in the very instances where vocal music only, to the exclusion of instrumental, has been commended, it will be found to have been the case that the parties performing have acquired their correctness from previous constant, or at least occasional accompanied practice; and it may be at almost any time observed that where there are no instruments the singing partakes of an unsteady, disorderly, quality, resulting from the natural defects of the human voice, aggravated ten-fold by want of cultivation. How should it be otherwise? How should a school-boy learn to write without lines? and in music, what is any congregation, taken collectively, but a mob of children?

Is it seemingly, it is right, that the Creator should thus be put off with stuff miscalled singing, such as if heard in a common drawing-room would excite only ridicule and disgust? And this, too, from choice. Surely whatever we offer to the Deity should be the best we can procure.
But congregational singing never will be, never can be, even tolerable to but half instructed ears, till led by some steady guide which could gradually accustom the voices to a degree of order and discipline, and on occasion, be in readiness to correct extravagancies.

Vocal music is either congregational or choral; that is, adapted to the use of a whole, or of a part. Unquestionably, all church music, vocal as well as instrumental, should partake of the character of the place and the occasion of its performance. It should be solemn, yet not gloomy; learned, yet not abstruse; appropriate to the occasion, yet not affected; produced in the best manner, yet with no view to the gratification of vanity or conceit. If none can act quite up to the letter of such instructions they may yet not do the worse for keeping them in view. No one can err by fixing his standard of perfection too high.—*New York Methodist.*

PREACHING IN THE TOMBS.

BY D. L. MOODY.

While I was occupying the Fulton St. pulpit in New York, the governor of the City Tombs prison said he would like to have me go down and talk to the prisoners. After the prisoners were all brought in I found there was no chapel in connection with that prison, and I had to talk to them in their cells. I talked from a little iron running right across the narrow passage way, to some three or four hundred prisoners, and could not see a man. I had never had that experience before. After I had done, I thought I would like to see who I had been talking to, and how they had received the interpretation of the Gospel. I went to the first door and looked in the little window of a cell where the inmates could have best heard me. There were some men playing at cards. No doubt they had been playing all the while I had been preaching. They did not want to hear. Some men come here to-night out of curiosity, they do not believe the Gospel's good news. Well, these men had been playing cards all the while I was preaching. I said, "My friends, what is your trouble?" "Well, stranger, false witnesses appeared against us. We are innocent." I said to myself, "Christ cannot save anybody here; there is nobody guilty." I went to the occupiers of the next cell and asked why they were there. They said, "We got into bad company, and the man who done the deed got clear, and we got caught." I said, "Christ cannot save anybody here." I went to the next cell and asked how it was with them. They said, "False witnesses went into court and swore falsely." I said, "Christ cannot save anybody here." I went to the next cell and said, "How is it with you?" The reply was, "The fact is the man who done the deed is very much like me. I am perfectly innocent." I never found so many innocent men in a prison in my life. It seemed that the magistrates who sent them there were the only guilty ones.

I began to get discouraged, but when I had got almost through I found one man with his elbows on his knees and two streams of tears running down his cheeks. I looked in at the little window, and I said, "My friend, what is the trouble?" He looked up with despair and remorse on his face, and said, "My sins are more than I can bear." I said, "Thank God for that." "Aint you the man that has been talking to us?" I thought you said you was a friend, and you say you are glad my sins are more than I can bear." "Yes." "I don't understand your friendship if you are glad my sins are more than I can bear." "I will explain it to you. If your sins are more than you can bear, you will cast them on one that will bear them for you." "Who is that?" "It is the Lord Jesus;" and I stood there at that prison door and preached Christ, and held up Christ for that poor wounded man, who was believed to be the worst man in the whole prison of the city of New York. After telling him of Christ, I got down and prayed. After I prayed I said, "Now you pray." He said he could not pray; it would

be blasphemy. But the man put his head on the pavement, and, like the publican, without even lifting his eyes towards heaven, he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." After prayer, when he got up, I took his hand, and he gave me a good warm grasp of the hand; a hot tear fell on my hand, which burned down into my soul. I got so interested in the man that before I started for the hotel I said, "I will pray for you to-night, and I would have you join me in prayer at the same time." That night while I was praying in my hotel, as I told him I should pray for him at a certain hour, it seemed as if I knew that God was answering my prayer. I could not leave New York and go back to Chicago until I had seen that man. No sooner did I fix my eye on the man's countenance than I saw that a great change had taken place. Remorse and gloom had fled away, and the face of the man was streaming with celestial light. He seized my hand, and tears of joy trickled over his cheeks. I said, "Tell me all about it;" and he said, "Last night when in my cell praying—I do not know the exact time, because when I came to prison they took away my watch, but I think it was about midnight—the Lord Jesus took away the burden, and set me entirely free, and since then I am the happiest man in the whole city of New York." And I believe he was, for he told me of the love, joy and peace that none but one that had received the Lord Jesus knew anything about. After I had talked and prayed with him some time, I bade him goodbye.

Now, my friends, can you tell me how it was the Lord Jesus came into that prison, and passing one cell after another, went to that one cell and set the captive free? It was because He believed he was lost, that he had God. He called to God for mercy, and God dealt him mercy. He is a man or woman in this audience to-night who believes they are lost, I have good news to tell them—Christ will come after you. He came to save you, He came to bless you. Now, do not let this night pass, my friends, without just accepting salvation as the gift of mercy from a loving God. He wants to deal out mercy and grace for every soul here. The Son of Man is come—what for? To seek and to save. And do you think He is not able to save? And is He not willing to save? There is not a man in this audience but knows deep down in this heart that Christ is able and willing to save. My friends, let Him save you to-night while you are on praying ground; while God is talking to you, and offering you salvation without money and without price. The gift of God is eternal life. That is the gift to-night. Who will have it? Who will take the gift? Who will accept the gift of God?

MR. SANKEY'S SINGING.

The use made of solo singing is the real novelty of the services now being held in England by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Earnest and pointed gospel addresses are not new, though no one will underrate Mr. Moody's power in this respect; but Mr. Sankey and his harmonium certainly are. We have always had singing, and a great deal of it, in evangelistic services, but it has been singing by the people. If any one had offered to sing a sacred solo at some theatre service or mission room, the proposal would have been considered shocking. Such a thing would have been regarded as a performance almost profane as a part of divine service. Yet here we are, listening to Mr. Sankey, and neither ministers nor the most conservative old people making any objection. His singing has swept away our prejudices; no one has thought of arguing whether or not it is suited to public worship, because every one feels that it is.

What Mr. Sankey does is to preach by song. He is no performer. We think when we hear him of what he is singing, not of how he sings. That a man should stand up at the music stool and pray that the song he is about to sing may carry a message to many hearts, or that he should, in a short speech, ask Christians to pray, while he is singing, that God will bless his song, is a thing that none of us have heard of before. But to Mr. Sankey it is entirely natural; it is almost a part of his song. The success of his singing is undoubted. It is a strange sensation to feel an immense congregation settle down into perfect silence as he plays his introductory symphony, and to hear the coughing and the motion of the people between the verses, which prove the strength of their attention. Those who place Mr. Sankey's singing before Mr. Moody's preaching as a cause of the revival, are probably mistaken; but it goes hand in hand with the preaching in its influence upon the people. Mr. Moody stirs the conscience and the reason, then comes Mr. Sankey, presenting the same truths in the emotional form of song.

Mr. Sankey does not claim to be a musician; probably he would not wish to be regarded as a great singer. But he possesses that first qualification of all who would move others by their song—he believes and feels what he sings. The strong passion that stirs his frame may be observed by every one; he is sometimes so affected at the conclusion of his songs as to weep like a child. Next to this great power which feeling gives, must be placed his clear pronunciation. How many concert or oratorical singers, even of the first rank, sing so that all can hear their words without a book? But from Mr. Sankey we hear every initial and final consonant on which the distinctness of musical utterance depends. He sings out phrases. He is more of a musical reciter than a singer; the time is altogether sacrificed to the words, and much of the natural ring of the voice is necessarily lost in the effort to articulate clearly. This speech-like singing may be noted as essential to Mr. Sankey's style; it is to be heard nowhere else, except among the comic singers at the music halls. Probably Mr. Sankey has never been taught to sing, for his voice, though a clear and strong baritone, shows no signs of training. He uses nothing but the chest register, and is sometimes painfully flat on the higher notes. He touches F with difficulty, and E flat evidently strains his voice.

Mr. Sankey modulates his voice, and knows the power of soft singing. Not only does Mr. Sankey know how to sing softly himself, but he takes care that the choir shall do the same. The greatest impressions they produce are by soft singing. For example, in "The Sweet By-and-by," when the people have been joining in the chorus of the last verse, and think the piece is over, the choir unexpectedly gives it again, pianissimo, with an effect that touches every one. The vast sound of a thousand voices is inspiring, but people will tell you that they were more moved by the scarcely audible chords of the choir in such a passage as this. Hitherto, shouting has generally been associated with the revival services, and even encouraged as a sign of heartiness and fervor. But no one has heard such soft singing as Mr. Sankey produces—can doubt whether, after all, gentleness is not mightier than force.—*English Independent.*

A disgraceful case of the sale of tombstones by the sexton of South Kerby has come to light. A parishioner missed a large stone, which had cost \$20, and found that it had been sold for 5s. to make a cellar table with.—*Yorshire Post.*

The ascents of honor, however steep, never appear inaccessible.