

# The Christian Messenger.

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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### "STAND NOT STILL."

JEREMIAH II. 50.

'Tis the voice of Jesus speaking,  
And His words our bosoms thrill—  
"Souls immortal, spared in mercy,  
Haste from danger, stand not still!"

'Tis the vain world is full of evil,  
Sin can bring you nought but ill;  
Seek at once a better country,  
I will guide you; stand not still!"

With the best and purest motives  
Seek to know and do my will;  
Serve me as your Lord and Master,  
Be not idle, stand not still!"

Lo! the hosts of God move forward,  
Mighty missions to fulfil;  
Go, and join the glorious army,  
Arm for conflict, stand not still!"

On my promised grace depending,  
Onwards pass to Zion's hill;  
Life below will soon be over,  
Death is hastening, "STAND NOT STILL!"

J. CLARK.

## Religious.

### JOB'S COMFORTERS: SCIENTIFIC SYMPATHY.

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

(Concluded.)

Then answered John Stuart the Millite, with unusual warmth: "I, too, have been in trouble, but I needed no sackcloth, nor scattered any ashes on my head. I took a philosophic course. I mounted a philosophic steed, and sped away from my trouble. If Job will hear me, he shall know how to keep distress under his feet, and to defy the threatening storm. What time I am afraid I flee to metaphysics, and when conscience threatens to get the upper hand of me I consider the functions and the logical value of the Syllogism. When my father, who would never allow me to have any convictions about religion different from his own, melted into the infinite azure of the past, I comforted myself under such melting by testing Berthollet's curious law, that two soluble salts mutually decompose one another whenever the new combinations which result produce an insoluble compound, or one less soluble than the two former; and the comforting effect of the experiments was remarkable,—so much so that in an ecstasy of scientific surprise and delight I almost wished that he had melted sooner, that I might have had longer possession of this prize. O that Job would do something of the same kind! He would forget the past in a trice, and be as happy as I am. Let me put you in possession of a secret, if by doing so I can rally the dejected Job. When I die there will be found in my desk the manuscript of my Autobiography, and so sustained was I by philosophic reflection during its composition, that never once in its pages have I mentioned my mother! Nobody could know from my Autobiography that I ever had a mother! That is what I call self-control! Other people talk of their mothers, and their mothers' influence, and their mothers' prayers, and their mothers' example, but I never own the relationship; I keep on the airy highlands of philosophy, and avoid the close and relaxing valleys of sentiment. Once, indeed, I was about to give way to the common folly, but I recovered my self-restraint by showing the fallacious reasoning which has been founded on the law of inertia and the first law of motion; and I never lost my balance again. If Job would take some such course, his grief would be for ever dissipated."

And to the same effect, Huxley the Moleculite, who had insensibly increased his distance from Job: "I have often steeled myself under a

stunning blow by remembering that protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. This has been a great comfort to me in many distresses. When death has invaded the household of any of my friends, I have always proved to them that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character, and they have invariably thanked me for my sympathetic and consolatory expressions. One dear old friend of mine, who suddenly lost all his income in a railway crash, would, I believe, have died of a broken heart had I not asked him to compare in his imagination the microscopic fungus—a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle—with the gigantic pine of California, towering to the dimensions of a cathedral spire; and my friend no sooner complied with my request than in a wave of victory, as Tyndall the Sadducee would call it, he was lifted far beyond rolling stocks and permanent ways with their fickle dividends and their treacherous attractions. It is very pleasing to me to find that there is in science that which will heal a mind diseased. Job, be encouraged by our words; rest upon them as upon a sure foundation, and in passing through the various experiences of life always remember that a nucleated mass of protoplasm is the structural unit of the human body. This you will find a catholicon for human ills."

Then Job arose from the ground and turned his face towards the heavens, nor spake one word to those who offered him stones for bread. In his eyes were standing great tears, and on his countenance was the stamp of unutterable grief. Then the Lord took up his cause, and answered his comforters out of the whirlwind:—

"How old are ye, and what is the measure of your days? Ye mighty men and mocking comforters, answer me that I may know the strength of your understanding and the dignity of your judgment. What will happen on the morrow? And can you, who are unable to turn over a single page of passing time, read all the volume of eternity gone, and comprehend the measure and the reason of all things? Is the universe without a Maker, a Guardian, a Friend? Are there no boundaries set to power, and is there no watch appointed over ambition? Can the eagle soar quite into the sun, or build his nest amidst the forests of the stars? Can any man deliver his friend in the day of death, or travel with him into the great waters and return from the gulf? Is there no angel of Mercy spreading mighty but gentle wings over all the world, sending the seasons in their course, the rains in rich showers, and the fire to warm the earth all summer long? Are there no mysteries in life which make you pause and for a moment turn your flippancy into at least an appearance of sobriety? Know ye the invisible bonds which keep you within an appointed sphere? Can you shut your door upon those powers which wither your pride and take away all the sap of your strength? You call me a Secret and an Inscrutable Force, and ye deny My power to reveal Myself to the children of men. Who are you that you set yourselves against Moses and David, Ezekiel and Daniel, John and Paul? You have told My servant Job what you can do in the hour of human darkness and sore distress, and behold your helplessness and the vanity of your strength!"

Then Job cried aloud, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him! He hath been with me in six troubles, and in seven He will not cast me off. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Miserable comforters are ye all, though ye are men, and wisdom will die with you! When you have exhausted your petty science what have you told me that can touch the agony of my heart or bring back the light of my house? If your theory be right why should I suffer all this misery when in a moment I can end all my distress? If this chastening be for no higher good, why should I

not interrupt it by the instant destruction of my consciousness? You mock me; but you have no satisfaction for my heart. You throw hard words at me, but you have no balm for my healing. Ye are as a bowing wall and a tottering fence; I will not lean upon you. The Lord is my light and my salvation. I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. O Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; Thou hast kept me alive that I should not go down to the pit. Thine anger endureth but a moment: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning! I said in my haste, I am cut off from before Thine eyes; nevertheless Thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto Thee. Lord open the eyes of these men that they may see my defence as Thou seest it!"

And the Lord opened the eyes of the leaders of science, and they saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Job, and the Lord opened their ears so that they heard voices other than of men, saying: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them: He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. The Lord of hosts is with thee, the God of Jacob is thy refuge."

And the heart of Job was lifted up in praise, and through the sob of his we there came forth alleluias unto the Lord. Yea he magnified his God, and praised Him with many psalms: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds; He is the God which led me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that my loved ones are standing before Him, glad in His light and beautiful in His holiness. Praise the Lord!"

And it came to pass that Job's three comforters—Huxley the Moleculite, Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee—gathered together their inaugural addresses at the British Association, their lectures at the School of Mines and the Royal Institution, their dissertations upon the ballot and the higher education of women, and returned with them to their several places. And it came to pass as they journeyed that they came near to a beautiful stream, spanned by a suspension bridge, high unto which there nestled the thatched cottage of a ranger in the woods.

"That," said Stuart the Millite, "seems to be an ideal house though so simple and unpretending. How clean the place is and sweet-looking, and how these tangled flowers on the front brighten it and give it quite a jewelled appearance; and a beautiful peep of the river must be caught from that western window."

And it came to pass as they drew near to the house that the ranger in the woods leaned himself against an aged tree, and seemed as if he did so in heaviness of heart. And it was even so, for lifting up his eyes and seeing three men bearing many books, he said unto them:

"Be ye learned men who can tell us what to do when we are dizzy and senseless?"

"Perhaps indeed we can help you a little," said Huxley the Moleculite; "at any rate we are quite willing to try."

"Come with me then and see what is in the house. I lost her mother but a twelvemonth since, and now she's slipping away."

But Huxley the Moleculite, and Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee shrank from the man, and in remembrance of the sufferer they had left they dared not to speak of the sympathy of science.

"But mayhap you will pray with the child, and not pass by her on the other side. In such books as yours

there must be something for broken hearts like mine. It is but a step or two to the girl's bedside. Come!"

"It would be but wasted time, my friend," "for we have no power over the laws of nature."

"But cannot you speak comfortably to the child? for she says the river is very cold, and, bless her, her feet are very young."

"You are not so very near the river, my friend," said Stuart the Millite. Whereupon the man turned away, and answered with a great sob.

And it came to pass as the leaders of science had gotten away to the height of a distant hill that they laid down their books and rested a while. And presently Tyndall the Sadducee opened his mouth and said: "We have been out of our depth to-day, and perhaps we had no business along this road at all. These books of ours are invaluable in their places, and very likely they are indispensable to the higher education of the world, but there are two men along this road who somehow need something that we have not got to give them. It is no use concealing the fact, or making it look less important than it is. I wish a great poet would arise who can sing these woes to sleep and charm us out of our ill-fortunes."

And it came to pass that the Lord turned the captivity of Job and made him glad with new joy, yea he crushed for him the finest of the grapes and gave him wine with his own hand, and upon his wheatfields and orchards he sent the benediction of sun and shower until their abundance returned and was multiplied. And Job rebuilt his altar and bowed down before God with all reverence and love, and sang the praise of the Most High with a loud voice, and made a joyful noise unto the Rock of his Salvation. And in the day of his prosperity, Job sent for the books of Huxley the Moleculite, John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee and read them all with an attentive eye. Then he rose up and said: "O wise yet foolish men! your books are full of knowledge and instruction, and mighty men are ye in the fields of learning. But have ye forgotten that that there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty gives him understanding? Know ye the way into the heart when it is in ruins? or can ye lift up those who are pressed down by the hand of God? Keep your learning in its proper place and it will help the progress of the world; but attempt not with it to heal the wounds of the heart. Not to your wisdom but to your simplicity will God reveal Himself: 'He hath hidden Himself from the wise and prudent and shown forth His beauty unto babes: even so Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'"

And the woodman's little girl? Was the river so very cold when her young feet touched it? We cannot follow far along that drear road, nor see far into that great darkness. But there was no splash in the water; there was a quivering in the arch which spanned it, from which the ranger knew that his child had been taken, not through the river but over the bridge to the mountains of myrrh and the hills of frankincense.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

### FROM SIAM.

By REV. G. CHURCHILL.

#### A TRIP IN THE INTERIOR.

Having lately made a short tour over to Katurae and Petchaburee I have thought it might be interesting to some of the readers of the *Messenger* to know what is to be seen in that direction.

I went in company with a son of the late Dr. Bradley and a Dr. Check, a young man who has lately come out as medical missionary to Chiengma, (Zimmay.) They were going partly for recreation and health, and partly to visit the missionaries at Petchaburee, and kindly invited me to go

with them. This I was glad to do as I wished to learn more of the country and people, and also to learn something of travelling.

We left Bangkok Monday evening, Nov. 23rd in a boat partly of native and partly of European construction, about thirty-five feet long and rowed by five men.

#### ON THE CANALS.

Our course was directly west, through a canal about fifteen miles in length which connects the Meinam and TaCheen rivers. The canal was at first rather crooked and thickly lined on either side with houses and boats. Gradually as we went on the houses became more scattered, until along some parts of the canal there were large tracts untilled. Sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and paddy are the principal things cultivated in this section. After a few miles, the canal became for miles and miles together perfectly straight. The moon was at the full and the air clear, cool and delightful, and our travelling was very pleasant. We shot a few large bats that were making havoc among the fruits growing along the banks of the canal. These creatures are great pests. They grow to a great size, some of them measuring nearly four feet from tip to tip of the wings. There are immense numbers and they destroy great quantities of fruit, so it is really a benefit to the natives to have them shot. Those we killed were cooked next morning, and eaten by our men.

We rowed on till near midnight. Starting at four in the morning, we soon reached the Ta Cheen river, and rowing up stream half a mile, we entered another canal, which connects this with the Meklong river. This canal, like the last, was, with the exception of one slight bend, almost perfectly straight, for about thirty miles. It is a new one having been dug but three years, and only a narrow strip of land on either side is cultivated. The settlers are mostly Chinese. Sugar cane and paddy are the principal crops. Near the Meklong river however, we came to a large settlement of Chinese, who raise large quantities of red peppers and a very small kind of onion for the Bangkok market. Among these, the Roman Catholics have made quite a number of converts. The people nearly all live in bamboo houses but there is quite an air of thrift about many of them.

We reached the Meklong river on Tuesday night, and next morning rowed up to Raturae, ten miles above the canal. The Meklong is quite a pretty river, with a width of perhaps from two to three hundred yards. It is not very deep. The banks are several feet above the water and lined with fine large tamarind and mango trees, mixed with jungle trees and bamboos.

#### THE PADDY FIELDS AND BIRDS.

Back from the river, on either side, but especially on the west, are immense paddy fields. It was near harvest time and it was interesting to listen to the noise the people were making in trying to frighten off the birds. As the paddy ripens these gather in immense numbers and have to be driven away. The people build up light bamboo frames, eight or ten feet in height and on these while the crop is ripening, they have to stand night and day. Some have long lines stretching from these frames to different parts of the field, and tied to pieces of bamboo, which they rattle whenever the birds light, and others have balls of mud, which they throw about, screaming at the same time. The birds that do most damage are small, but there are many large birds, some of which we have in Nova Scotia as the blue heron, plover, snipe; and besides these, large white herons, white and grey paddy birds, quail and grouse. We shot several of these on our way through the canals and up the river to Raturae, for food.

#### RATURAE AND PETCHABUREE.

This is a town of some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants built on both sides of the river, the principal part being on