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Poetry.

HUMAN PITY A PLEDGE OF THE DIVINE.

Can I see another's woe,
And be not in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?
Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woe that infants bear?

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day
Wiping all our tears away?
O no! it can never be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

O He gives to us his joy,
That our grief He may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

—William Blake.

Religious.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

FIRST MEETING IN LONDON.

By an eye-witness.

It is said that once, at the Agricultural Hall, Mr. Spurgeon preached to 22,000 people. But for the different style of the arrangements in the vast interior, that would probably have been the number present on Tuesday night, when the Chicago Evangelists entered on their London campaign. As it was, the audience could not be less than 18,000, in all likelihood it reached 20,000. The chairs number 14,000 according to some authorities, 15,000 say others; and not one of these, nor scarcely an inch of standing ground, was left unoccupied, while the doors had to be closed in the face of many hundreds for whom there was no room. The anxiety to procure admission was indicated by the fact that fully two hours before the time advertised for the beginning of the service crowds began to assemble. I was there a few minutes after six, and already the building seemed to be more than half full, while the stream of people entering was in full flood, and required not many minutes to crowd every vacant spot, excepting only the reserved seats near the platform, for which tickets were required. At half-past six the singing of a hymn was begun in a distant part of the hall; but the Rev. Thain Davidson, from his seat on the platform, requested the stewards to repress volunteer attempts of this sort, and in a moment his wish was obeyed. The arrangements were, indeed, admirable. Ushers, each invested with an official rod, were scattered all over the building. Those near me were young merchants and professional men; and they did their work with quiet, effective energy. There seemed to be no screw loose anywhere. The silent seating of so many thousands was a masterpiece of administrative care and skill.

The appearance of the vast throng was, in itself, a sight worth going many miles to see—impressive to an extent that would make any words of picturesque description vain. No architectural features of the building came between the eye and the great sea of humanity that seemed to stretch as far

as the vision could go. There was abundance of light shed from thousands of gas burners beading the walls—these at times running in straight lines, and at intervals assuming a semi-circular form. A broad strip of red cloth running round beneath the lines and arches of light, bore appropriate passages in white lettering. The first of these, on the right of the platform, was—"Repent ye, and believe the Gospel," the first on the left—"The gift of God is eternal life." At the centre of the platform there is a small dais, covered with red cloth, and having a slight rail round it, and a little book-board at one corner. This is for the president of the meetings. On his right are the seats for the choir, and Mr. Sankey's American organ. The seats on the left are for the committee and others taking part in the service. On and around the platform were hundreds of leading men of all the Evangelical communions, ministers and laymen; and it struck me that the Congregational and Presbyterian churches were represented in special strength, especially the former body. The Earl of Cavan and Lord Radstock occupied seats on the platform.

At seven o'clock, Rev. Thain Davidson gave out the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," and the volume of sound which rose from the audience indicated that it was a familiar strain to the most of the people present. Then, after a brief interval, the hymn, "Tell me the old, old story, of Jesus and His love," was finely sung by the choir, which was composed of 200 voices. At half-past seven to a moment, Mr. Moody stepped on to the dais, while Mr. Sankey took his place at the organ; and the former, in the least conventional of voices, said, "Let us rise and sing to the praise of God. Let us praise Him for what He is doing to do in London." The response, as the people sang the familiar doxology, was thrilling; and no sooner had the strain ceased, than the Rev. Mr. Billing, the incumbent of the nearest church, offered prayer. "We bless Thee, that we have seen this day and this hour," he said; and hundreds gave audible vent to a thanksgiving that was uttered with deep fervour. Very hearty, too, were the "Amen" which followed the request that God might be pleased to "speak to all London" by the mouth of His servants from the other side of the sea. Mr. Moody gave out the Scotch version of the hundredth psalm, Mr. Sankey saying "Let us rise and sing. Let all the people sing." To all, but more especially to the Scottish friends, that was a soul-stirring strain. Mr. Moody then stated that he had that day received despatches from all the great cities in Britain, letting him know that the people were praying for London. All their expectations must be in vain unless they were depending upon God. He therefore asked them to spend a few moments in silent prayer. Hereupon a great calm fell upon the assembly, and every head was bowed. In a minute or two the hush was broken by the voice of Mr. Moody, who prayed that God's blessing might rest upon the work on which they were now entering, and that many might be encouraged to go out and labour in this dark city. "It is a great city," he said, "but Thou art a great God. May we ask great things, and expect them." He gave special thanks for the many ministers present, and prayed that there might be "no strife among the herdmen." Mr. Sankey then sang the solo, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," explaining before he did so that it was simply a Christian song. "May the Lord bless the singing of this song here, as He has blessed it elsewhere," said Mr. Sankey, and he requested the people to keep very still. The first stanza, and especially the line, "What means this strange commotion?" was thrilling in its effect; but a slight disturbance in a distant part of the hall somewhat marred the closing verses. At the end of the piece some present began to applaud; but they were instantly

rebuked into silence by a murmured "Hush!" from thousands of lips. "When a man comes in under the influence of liquor," said Mr. Moody, "the ushers must take him out. We'll sing 'Rock of Ages' while the man is taken out." This reference was to the person who had been raising an inarticulate noise in the distance, and who was understood by those near him to be calling for a chorus. The instruction was obeyed with remarkable promptitude, for in a minute or two the culprit was led past the platform, as it seemed to Mr. Moody with almost too much energy, for he leant over and requested the ushers to be "careful." It became obvious that the leader of the choir must wield a baton, if time is to be kept in the singing in so vast an edifice. In this hymn the voices proved quite unmanageable; and were divided into two, if not three, distinct sections.

At eight o'clock Mr. Moody began his address, first reading the passage, 1 Cor. i., 17-31, on which it was founded. He spoke for a little over the half-hour. It was an earnest exhortation to Christian workers not to lean on the arm of flesh, but to place their dependence on God. Apt illustrations from Scripture constituted the main part of the discourse; and these were wrought out with homely vigour, which rose at times into true eloquence and high dramatic power. Gleams of humour, racy of the American soil, caused a frequent broad smile, more than once audible laughter. This was specially the case when, with the nasal twang that pertains to his nation, he pictured the London press "coming down" on Joshua and other Old Testament heroes for their "foolish" way of doing God's work. His picture of the Bedford Tinker, though rough, there was a hearty laugh when the speaker exclaimed, "The devil got his match when he got a hold of John Bunyan." The extremely realistic picture of Elijah and Elisha going about arm-in-arm was vastly amusing; but perhaps the most dramatic point was made at the close of this sketch when Mr. Moody told how Elijah was "swept away up home," and the prophets exclaimed, "The spirit of Elijah is upon Elisha!" Here the speaker rose to a high pitch of excitement; his arms were thrown up, and the exclamation of the prophets was repeated with a piercing shriek that unquestionably helped to a vivid realisation of the scene. In a moment, however, Mr. Moody dropped down to his familiar, conversational tone as he quietly added, "And so he had." Frequently, the speaker's sayings ran into the mould of really fine apothegms. "God's lion is a lamb," was one of these. "What we want to believe is not that God can use us, but that God will use us," was another. That a pathetic power exists alongside his homely humour was proved by the way in which he told the story of the Liverpool mother who had given him the photograph of her prodigal son, that Mr. Moody might be able to identify him in London; and the finest bit of rhetoric in the address was the application made of General Grant's words before the taking of Richmond, "Advance in solid column upon the enemy at daylight." In the early part of the address Mr. Moody broke off abruptly, in order that the doors might be opened to let in some of the people who were pressing for admission; and he caused this interval to be occupied with the singing of a hymn, "Under the law," but he remarked, as he gave it out, "We're under grace, though. It's a good thing." At the close Mr. Moody said he would like to hear Mr. Sankey sing "Here am I, send me," but Mr. Sankey said he wanted the people to sing with him, before they separated, the hymn entitled, "Hold the fort," which was accordingly done, the audience uniting with great vigour. At twenty minutes to nine Dr. Henry Allon offered a brief prayer and pronounced the benediction, and the audience dispersed.

Sitting in the immediate vicinity of the speaker, I am not able to say how he was heard by those in remote parts of the hall; but, judging by the stillness of the congregation, and the testimony of some with whom I conversed at the close, I should say that his words were heard in every part of the building. As to the success of the first meeting, there seemed to be but one opinion. It transcended the expectations of the friends who take the lead in this movement, and inspired still more sanguine hopes.—*Christian World.*

TRUSTING THE LORD WHERE WE CANNOT TRACE HIM.

"Trustin' him where we cannot trace him." Thus widow Pascoe had finished her doleful statement. She had picked out all the mysteries and perplexities of her lot. She had sighed, with a sigh that spoke volumes over a list of her troubles and trials. She had gone through a very dismal catalogue of the ills of the past. She had languidly shut her eyes, as if by way of adding to that darkness which was to her the emblem of true religion, and had shaken her head very solemnly over the fears of the future. As to love and joy and deliverance, she had not a word from beginning to end. Of him who always "causes us to triumph," through whom we are "more than conquerors," there was just one word at the last: in a tone of despair she wound up by saying, she hoped she should trust him where she could not trace him. Then her mouth returned to its sour propriety, drawn down at the corners and tucked in under the folds that kept it in its place. Poor Dan'el Quorm! More than once he had rushed at this sentence, and hacked and hewed it till he hoped to see it grow luxuriantly as ever in the garden, or rather in the graveyard of Widow Pascoe's soul. Again Dan'el gathered his strength to demolish it. Yet it was with much tenderness, and almost sadness, that he began—

"Trust him where? Trust him where you cannot trace him! Why, of course, of course; you know you can't trust him anywhere else. You didn't mean any harm, I know. Folks mostly never do mean any harm; but they do it for all that. One way not to do any harm, is not to say any harm. If we thought more about what we said, we shouldn't do so much harm by a good deal."

"Trust him where you cannot trace him! Why he's a very poor creature amongst us that you can't say that much of. If you haven't got any confidence in a man, you can't say much worse of him than this—"I'll trust him as far as I can see."

"Why, it's about as bad as you can serve anybody, only to trust 'em because you cannot trace them. And to hope for grace to treat our lovin' Father like that! You didn't mean it, I'm sure. Bless his holy name; it hurts me somehow to think anything like that about my blessed Father, and much more to hear people keep sayin' it."

"Trustin' him where we cannot trace him! Why, it be a poor kind o' trust that only trusts because it is blined, and not because it has got any faith in them that lead it; to go on wonderin' and doubtin' and fearin', a-reachin' out the hand, and a-feelin' with the foot, as if them that lead haven't a bit more eyesight than the blind man himself. When I was a little lad I remember once I'd gone up to spend the day with my grandmother. About sunset, when I ought to be goin' home, there came a tremendous thunderstorm, and the rain came down in torrents. Of course I couldn't start when it was like that, so my old grandmother said: 'Dan'el, my lad, however wilt thee get home?' And just as she was talkin', in came my father, drippin' wet. He had on a great long blue cloak, like they used to wear in those times. So when we started to come away, he said, 'Now, Dan'el, come in under here; and he

put me inside the long cloak. I got in under there, and took hold of his hand, and away we went. It was pitch dark in there, o' course, and outside I could hear the thunder crashin' about among the hills, and every now and then I took hold of his hand tighter, for somehow I could see the blaze o' the lightning right in under the cloak. I went splashin' on through the puddles and the mud all right because I'd got hold of his hand. Now shouldn't I have been a little stupid if I'd kept a-sayin', 'I don't know where I am goin' to, and I can't tell where I am, and I can't see the way, and it's very dark, and I must trust my father where I cannot trace him.'

"Why I didn't grumble at the darkness; it would be like grumblin' at my father's cloak that wrapped me from the storm. I knew that he knew the way right enough. He looked out and managed to see the road somehow. And at last we stopped at our door; and they flung back the cloak, and there I was in front o' the blazin' fire, with mother gettin' us all sorts o' dry things, and the supper waitin', and all lookin' such a welcome,—like only a lad's mother can give him. Of course he led me home; where else should he lead me to? An' seemin' to me that be just the way it ought to be with our Heavenly Father."

When it came to dear old Franky's turn, his pale, worn face was lit up with holy joy and rapture.

"You've been talkin' about trustin' in the Lord where we cannot trace him. Well, bless his dear name, I don't know anything about trustin' him, and I never thought anything about that. But I do love to think about trustin' him, and I do know something about that, bless him. I be a poor ignorant scholar, and always seem to be down many things of the class; but I've had enough, I reckon, to make me a'most the top o' the class in trustin' him. Ah, dear leader, it be 'zackly as you been a-sayin',—*so safe that you don't think 'pon it; just lyin' down in his arms, without a morsel o' care or frettin', but feeling so sure that everything be as right as it can be, and never a shadow o' fear come creepin' up between his sunshine and me. Why if heaven be any better than that, then heaven must be a wonderful place enough. It come to my mind a week or two ago, so full an' sweet an' precious, that I can hardly think o' anything else. It was during them cold North-east winds; they had made my cough very bad, and I was shook all to bits, and felt very ill. My wife was sittin' by my side; and once when I'd had a sharp fit of it, she put down her work and looked at me till her eyes filled with tears, and says she, 'Franky, Franky, whatever will become of us when you be gone!'*

"She was makin' a warm petticoat for the little maid; so after a minute or two I took hold of it, and I says—'What are 'e makin' my dear?'

"She held it up without a word; her heart was too full to speak.

"'For the little maid?' I says—'and a nice warm thing too. How comfortable it will keep her. Does she know about it?'

"'Know about it! why o' course not,' said the wife wonderin'. 'What should she know about it for?'

"I waited another minute, and then I said, 'What a wonderful mother you must be, wife, to think about the little maid like that.'

"'Wonderful, Franky? Why it would be more like wonderful if I forgot that the cold weather was a-comin', and that the little maid would be a wantin' something warm.'

"So then, you see, I had got her, my friends," and Franky smiled.

"O, wife, says I, 'do you think you be goin' to care for the little maid like that, and your Father in Heaven be a-goin' to forget you altogether! Come now, bless him, isn't he as much to be trusted as you are? And do you think he'd see the winter comin' up sharp and cold, and not have something waitin' for you, and just what you