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POETRY.

For the Christian Messenger.

Spring.

BY J. H. SABEAN.

The frozen throne where Winter reigned
supreme,
Scourging the land with many bitter
strokes,
Is scattered, gone, and Nature fair re-
deemed
From 'neath the tyrant-conqueror's
crushing yoke.

Far to the North his icy car returns,
Where genial South-winds ne'er object
his way,
Where vertical Arcturus ever burns,
And pale Aurora makes the midnight
day.

Where late the ice-king revelled in his
pride
With haughty step upon the ravaged
plain,
A grateful offering, extended wide,
Its thanks in voiceless eloquence pro-
claim.

With tone subdued and low adown the
vale
The streamlet labored all the Winter
long,
Its burdened bass caught in the falling
gale
At intervals throughout the hollow
song.

The ice-imprisoned revellers now are free,
And softly-sweet their mingled mea-
sures rise,
Joining the glad some bird, the whisper-
ing tree,
To swell great Nature's anthem to
the skies.

All seasons please. To him whose heav-
en-born thought
Supplies the mounting soul with
themes sublime—
Though weak in lettered lore, by Genius
taught—
In all are grandeur, harmony, design.

She fresh'ning Spring, the Summer's
deeper glow,
Pale, sighing Autumn in her leafless
bower,
Stern Winter clad in robes of stainless
snow,
Creative Fancy chain with mystic
power.

Yet, Spring, sweet Spring, for me thou
hast most charms,
Fain would I breathe my love for thee
in song;
When e'er I fling myself in Memory's
arms
Associations dear to thee belong.

Dear as thou art, like all we cherish
here,
Beneath thy glowing vesture lurks
decay;
Lovely in death—a smile upon the bier
Of Time—the tinsel—soon must haste
away.

—Riverdale, Digby Co., June 16th, 1876.

RELIGIOUS.

The Responsibility for Ordination.

On whom rests the responsibility for the ordination of a man to the ministry? In general, of course, upon all persons or bodies whose action is a condition precedent to it, or is reckoned essential to its valid performance. If in addition to the choice of a church, the action of a council or presbytery is required, not only the church but the concurring body is responsible.

Why is this question raised? we may be asked. It is for what seems to us a sufficient reason: because, both from observation and from testimony we have been forced to believe that there is not, in many cases, that sense of responsibility which ought to be felt by all who engage in so solemn a proceeding. To set apart a man to the ministry, commending him to the public as worthy to be trusted with that sacred and generous confidence which is so generally given to ministers of the gospel, is a very serious thing, not to be lightly done. The good and the harm that a pastor may do, according as he is fit or unfit for his office, are alike incalculable, and for that possible harm, those without whose assent he could not have found his way into the

office are responsible. A council cannot be justified in meeting merely to register the previous decision of the church that calls it together. Its assent being necessary to the ordination, its assent ought never to be given as a matter of form, without careful inquiry into the candidate's fitness for the sacred office. Much less is it to be thought of, that a body of Christian ministers and brethren delegated expressly to ascertain his fitness for it, should set apart one to the ministry who evidently lacks important qualifications for the office, out of deference to the wishes and expectations of a church.

The fitness of the candidate should be tested by the council, never taken for granted, nor presumed from the judgment of others. College and theological seminary are excellent things. Good scholarship in both or either will be advantageous to the preacher, and, testified by proper credentials, will justly commend a candidate to favorable consideration. But no literary degree, no certificate of graduation from a seminary, can supersede the necessity of examination. Those who must decide for or against the ordination, are bound to know for themselves whether he is fit for it.

But too many councils, there is reason to fear, either neglect to inform themselves properly as to the qualifications of candidates, or when they are found to be too evidently deficient in knowledge, in aptness to teach, or, in some other required quality or attainment, take the responsibility of proceeding to foist them into the ministry, rather than disappoint those who have asked for the service. A correspondent puts the case thus:

A council is summoned, after the usual order, to meet with a church, for the purpose of ordaining a young man as their pastor. No examination is spoken of—no doubts or contingencies are even hinted at in those letters. The council meet; the brother is introduced, and speaks in his own behalf. Question and inquiry make but a feeble show, or are repressed by those seemingly interested in the case. The council retire to consult and arrange. It is found the brother is young and inexperienced, though a graduate of the college. No spiritual gifts or grace, approved by trial or visible fruits of labor, attest his divine calling—nought but culture, and desire for the office of a bishop. Some think, though they do not venture to say, this case is at least prematurely brought. But it is found to be prejudged; the verdict is already made up. The several parts of the ordination services have long since been assigned and accepted. Indeed, public notice has been given of the ordination services, and the preacher announced through the newspapers. It is only in order for the council to ascertain and carry out the programme already made up.

This is said to be no imaginary instance. It may be, and we hope it is, an extreme specimen of a practice that deserves utter condemnation. In many cases the person whom the church has called is so manifestly worthy of approval, there is no risk in assuming that the result will be favorable, and in arranging and announcing beforehand the ordination. But churches should be made to understand that they make such premature arrangements at the peril of a disappointment great in proportion to its publicity. And tenderness to their feelings should never warp the action of a council. At all hazards, they must beware of making themselves parties to the introduction into the ministry of persons whose disqualification for the sacred office would be a perpetual burden, if not the occasion of disaster. Experience has shown that though we do not admit the doctrine that "holy orders are indelible," it is hard to put a man out of the ministry and to keep him out. Such men must be kept from coming in.—*Ec. & Chron.*

Many a rich man in bringing up his son, seems ambitious of making what Aaron made, a golden calf.

The Centennial Exhibition.

A large proportion of our readers will not be able to visit the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia. The nearest approach to a visit is a lively description of what is to be seen there. We shall give these from time to time. The following from the New York *Examiner* will give a good idea of what is contained

IN MACHINERY HALL.

The Great Engine.—There is something not less than sublime in the contemplation of the ten thousand forms and applications of power which we see in Machinery Hall. It is almost enough to remind us of the unnumbered and various energies displayed in Creation, as the huge fabric of God rolls onward. Everybody, on first entering the Hall, wishes to find its central motive power the "Corliss" engine. Here it is, in the middle of the enormous space, like the heart of it all. And a mighty, throbbing, iron heart it is, fit to represent what we call this iron age. As the heart hurls its torrents of crimson life through arteries great and small, to the extremities of our frame, so this engine transmits its force, by beltings large and small, to the ends of the building—

'Tis a mass of wheel
Fixed on the summit of the highest
mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand
lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined."

Admirable is the ease and silence with which the engine moves. While trip-hammers, and shuttles, and wood-cutters, and sewing machines, and printing-presses, are pounding, screeching, rumbling and clashing, the "Corliss" turns its vast fly-wheels as gently as a lady wields a feather-fan. The power of the engine, however, is not so great as many might suppose. The aggregate force of the engines in a large ocean steamer would much surpass it, and in some of the British iron-clads the sum of power is five or six times greater than that of this single engine.

Varieties of Machinery.—We expect to see a great many different things done by machinery, and here we are certainly not disappointed. I do not know that you could put cog-wheels and cranks to much smaller work than that of beating—or "whipping"—eggs. Here is the original patent double-acting egg-beater. We are sorry, though, to be told that "unscrupulous men" have tried to palm upon the public a single-action beater. So "get the best; ask for So-and-So's, and take no other." There is something, though, even more cunning than that. It is the little "Darning Machine." Some Irish gentleman claimed that a darned stocking was worse than one that needed it; since the latter might be a momentary accident, "but a darn is premeditated poverty." When, however, you can get the darning done by machinery, the grandeur of the operation seems to lift the mended stocking up to a plane where even a gentleman might wear it.

A curious crowd generally surrounds the shop of the Waltham watch manufacturers. What a charm there is in seeing skilled workmen do what you could not do yourself, and in wondering how they do it. In looking at them, I feel a touch of that amazement that came upon an old lady whom I know, whenever she heard an *extempore* preacher. She could not understand how he could do it; and had no enjoyment of the sermon, for fear that the words would forsake him, and thus painfully "give him pause."

But vaster engines beckon us on. One of the most ponderous is the Sugar Cane Crusher from Glasgow, which champs its food in a leisurely way, perfectly secure of not losing it, till the last drop of sweet is sucked out. Another, not large but heavy machine, consists of a pair of jaws that grind up cobble-stones into macadam, as easily as a gray squirrel cracks nuts. Chaudron's (Belgium) apparatus for boring wells has a formidable look, as if it

could hollow out a cylinder like Jacob's Well in an hour or two. A Cornish engine and pump is here, willing to go down into the slime and pump a stream as thick as a barrel. A "fini-hing machine" was rolling from its many drums a stream incessant of American flags. A Hydraulic Cotton Press is suggestive of terrific compression—how would it do to put the long sermons, or the Congressional debates, so much complained of, into this press?

Railroad Things.—I thought the locomotives set up in the Hall made a very imposing array. There they "stood up large and black," their strong cranks and wheels as rigid as the marble limbs of giant statues; yet you never forgot, in looking at them, what syllables of thunder those giants will utter along the grinding parallels of steel. How that headlight will flash its one Cyclopean eye through the sombre vista of the midnight forest. How the owl of the woods, and the loon of the swamps, and the wolf of the prairies, and the lone trampler crossing the bridge at night, will be startled by the scream from that polished brazen throat! Some people will be much interested in a narrow-gauge locomotive, that will run on hard-wood rails; car-wheels, too, are numerous, one of which has run about 157,000 miles, equal to four and a half times around the world; car-couplers, to save the lives and fingers of the poor brakemen; switches, a fine patent in which is shown, that leaves and keeps the main line free for through travel. A very elaborate model is exhibited of an English system of switch-signals for a track-yard.

Marine Affairs.—Canada has some pretty canoes with feathery paddles, that remind us of the Ottawa or the Saguenay, and would make a hunter think of the bright lakes that mark the only clearing in the wild northern forest where the deer come down to drink. Some one has set up a genuine propeller tug, of the kind that goes puffing around our harbors in such an important way. A pattern of the ice-boat, which has become popular upon the Hudson, gives variety; also two-oared gigs, and race-boats; but more worthy of attention are two models of ocean steamers, one of the "Pennsylvania," and one of the "City of Berlin." In ship's rigging, one may notice the wire cordage of the Roebings, who are building the Brooklyn Bridge. A pile of propeller-blades of the common pattern gives more interest to one or two patented improved designs, and to the fact that a woman, Mrs. Vansittart, is doing a great business in fitting steamers with an improved propeller—having even made contracts with the English Admiralty—facts more interesting to our mind than anything we happened to observe in the Woman's Pavilion; showing that woman's genius has a compass varying from a needle to an anchor.

Household Machines.—Once upon a time, there was nothing done by machinery inside of the Anglo-Saxon's castle, except the coffee-grinding. But now his churning, and kneading, and washing and even ironing, and sewing, and knitting, and darning, can all be done by machinery better than—well, better than he could do them himself. In the line of sewing-machines, surely the Exhibition ought to be a lesson to our American manufacturers—when they can see carefully-finished machines sold by European makers at half the American prices. One Austrian maker has hand-machines, without stand, for \$10 gold. Long ago our makers would have lost the European markets, but that in those markets they reduce prices far below their American rate. It is one of the fruits of protection that a Frenchman can buy for \$35 our machine, which costs perhaps \$20 to make, while an American must pay \$60 for it?

Perhaps among household machines should be reckoned the fine little printing-presses which are great favorites with the boys, and the "type-writer" which looks like a good thing, but whose operators did not manage it very rapidly.

Outdoor Engines.—Of these, the most generally useful are those of Areling & Porter. Their "Steam Road Roller" would be a great help in making those good hard country roads, for which America has waited so long, and which are far more needful to us than any more colleges or art-galleries. Then there are handy and stout steam-crane, to work on docks or streets; quite a variety of portable engines comes from Oswego. There are submarine engines and diving apparatus, and splendid steam fire-engines—engines terrestrial, and aquatic, and subterranean, and almost ethereal. There is "the largest shingle-machine in the world," which we do not know whether to class as an outdoor or indoor article, as it has never been decided whether a man is outdoors or indoors when he is in a saw-mill; probably he must be classified as an amphibious creature.

Weaving.—Perhaps the most complicated machines, at least to an unaccustomed eye, are the various kinds of weavers. One, from Lyons, that kept at work in silk-weaving, seems to concentrate upon itself a good deal of public attention. Its "get-up," however, is as plain and economical as possible. Probably, the intention is to show, as nearly as possible, the real look of a Lyonnaise loom. An American exhibitor would have arrayed it in enamel, and silver-plate, and veneer. Another loom is kept going, turning out quantities of silk book-marks, adorned with the bland features of the Father of his Country. There are also in operation carpet-weavers, both in tapestry and ingrain. If Job had seen these steam-weavers, he would have found added emphasis to his sorrowful word: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." The iron arm hurls the shuttle through the threads of the web with a speed and skill like the flash of a swallow athwart your garden window.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.

A first glance at the various contents of this building would tempt one who did not know to say that it had not been properly named. It might rather be called: "The Grand Central Universal International Co-operative Grocery and Liquor Store." By this I do not mean that there is any "drinking allowed on the premises"—but that there is such a display of bottled wines and cordials and ales and beers and brandies and gins and rums, together with remarkable varieties of fine groceries, that in walking through some of the aisles, you are reminded of some shop like Park & Tilford's, rather than of those golden grain-fields, visions of which had risen in your mind at the sound of the name "Agricultural Hall." When the eye settles down, however, you find plenty of the immediate results of Agriculture in wool and cotton and flax and hemp and jute and silk and wheat and rye and barley and maize and tobacco and hops, and coffee and tea and cocoa, and eggs and honey and fruit. I can recall, at this moment, that table covered with all varieties of Michigan apples, of manifold tint, and how easily the mind of him that looked thereon bridged the chasm of years, and beheld again under the light of October certain orchards not too remote from a famous rural seat of learning—and it was not in Michigan, either. But, exit Pomona—enter, Ceres.

The machines for cultivating, reaping, and other farm operations are nearly all to be found in this building, and not in Machinery Hall. Some of them are noticeable for their workmanship. Indeed, the fancy silver-plated specimens are, it seems to me, out of place. It is not the art of the silver-smith or the varnisher that people are looking for, and they do not so freely or easily examine a machine when it is bedizened like an "article of Paris." Our agricultural inventions, especially, "need not the foreign aid of ornament"—they can endure comparison, in their simplicity, with the works of any people.

THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

Every one allows that this is a pretty