

# The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.  
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## POETRY.

By and By.

What will it matter by and by  
Whether my path below was bright,  
Whether it wound through dark or light,

Under a gray or a golden sky,  
When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter by and by  
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,  
Dashing my foot against a stone,  
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,  
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter by and by  
Whether with laughing joy I went  
Down through the years with a glad content,  
Never believing, nay, not I,  
Tears would be sweeter by and by?

What will it matter by and by  
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain  
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,  
Soothing myself through sob and sigh:  
"All will be otherwise by and by?"

What will it matter? Naught, if I  
Only am sure the way I've tried,  
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God,  
Questioning not of the how, the why,  
If I but reach Him, by and by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,  
If, in my fear of slip or fall,  
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,  
Mindless how rough the path might lie,  
Since He will smooth it by and by?

Ah! it will matter by and by  
Nothing but this: That Joy or Pain  
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,  
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,  
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by!  
—Independent.

## RELIGIOUS.

Trust in the Saviour only needed.

BY D. L. MOODY.

Some men say, "I wish I knew just how to be saved." Just take God at His word and trust His Son this very night and this very hour and this very moment. He will save you if you will trust Him. I imagine I hear some one saying, "I don't feel the bite as much as I wish I could. I know I'm a sinner and all that, but I don't feel the bite enough." How much do you want to feel it? How much does God want you to feel it? When I was in Belfast I knew a doctor who had a friend, a leading surgeon there, and he told me that the surgeon's custom was, before performing any operation, to say to the patient, "Take a good look at the wound, and then fix your eyes on me, and don't take them off till I get through." I thought at the time that was a good illustration. Sinner, take a good look at the wound to-night, and then fix your eye on Christ, and don't take it off. It is better to look at the remedy than at the wound. See what a poor, wretched sinner you are, and then look at the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. He died for the ungodly and the sinner. Say "I'll take Him," and may God help you to lift your eye to the man on Calvary, and as the Israelites looked upon the serpent and were healed, so may you look and live to-night.

After the battle of Pittsburgh Landing and Murfreesboro I was in a hospital at Murfreesboro. And one night, after midnight, I was woke up and told that there was a man in one of the wards who wanted to see me. I went to him, and he called me "chaplain"—I wasn't a chaplain—and he said he wanted me to help him die. And I said, "I'd take you right up in my arms and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could; but I can't do it; I can't help you to die." And he said, "Who can?" I said, "The Lord Jesus Christ can—He came for that purpose." He shook his head and said, "He can't save me; I have sinned all my life." And I said, "But He came to save sinners." I thought of his mother in the North, and I knew that she was anxious that he should die right, and I thought I'd stay with him. I prayed two or three times, and

repeated all the promises I could, and I knew that in a few hours he would be gone. I said I wanted to read him a conversation that Christ had with a man who was anxious about his soul. I turned to the third chapter of John. His eyes were riveted on me, and when I came to the 14th and 15th verses—my text to-night—he caught up the words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He stopped me and said, "Is that there?" I said, "Yes," and he asked me to read it again, and I did so. He leaned his elbow on the cot and clasped his hands together and said, "That's good; won't you read it again?" I read it the third time, and then went on with the rest of the chapter. When I finished his eyes were closed, his hands were folded, and there was a smile on his face. Oh! how it was lit up! What a change had come over it! I saw his lips quivering, and I leaned over him and heard, in a faint whisper, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes and said, "That's enough; don't read any more." He lingered a few hours, and then pillowed his head on those two verses, and then went up in one of Christ's chariots and took his seat in the kingdom of God. You may spurn God's remedy and perish; but I tell you God don't want you to perish. He says, "As I live I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" May God help you all to look unto Him and be saved.

Daniel Davies, the Blind Preacher.

On the 23rd of Feb., the remains of the great blind preacher of Wales were conveyed from the house of his daughter and son-in-law, the Rev. John Rowlands, minister of Moriah, Llanelly, and interred at Bethesda Chapel, Swansea, where he had held the pastoral charge for some thirty years.

Daniel Davies was born on the 15th of December, 1797. His father and mother were Welsh Methodists; in which body the father was an active worker, and stood in good repute, to the day of his death. At six years old he lost his eye-sight from small pox. He grew up nevertheless a bright, sprightly boy, developing within himself even more than the eager curiosity about the things of the curtailed-off outer world, more quickness of perception by the other external senses, and greater grasp and tenacity of memory, than persons blind from their earlier days usually do. At twelve years of age he found employment at Dowlais Iron-works, "grinding blacking" for the moulders, and was led to and fro between work and home by a little dog. The proprietor, Sir John Guest, took kindly notice of him, and he obtained the means at sixteen or seventeen years of age to enter a college for the blind at Liverpool, where he resided for two years and acquired much useful knowledge. At this institution he learned, as a more suitable trade than "blacking grinding" for a blind man, the art of hand-loom weaving. He returned to Merthyr and set up a loom of his own, prospering greatly in his new calling.

At this period, now nearly sixty years ago, the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales were in a glow of religious fervour, and the blind weaver of Merthyr attended the prayer-meetings and soon essayed his first flight. Before he was twenty years old he had preached at Merthyr; and by the time he was twenty-two he became very popular in the body to which he then denominationally belonged. His blindness conciliated people's sympathy; his fine physique, energetic delivery, and stentorian voice commanded the attention of the largest and most scattered audience; while his powers of memory, his marvellous acquaintance with the

Scriptures, and, as times went, his extensive information on general topics for a youth and a blind youth, made him famous and drew crowds to hear him. His own notion was that he did not understand the spirituality of Christ's Kingdom and so far remained unconverted, until Abraham Booth's well-known book was read to him. This he would not have permitted to be done had he known that Booth was a Baptist, although even then he was with us in believing that immersion was the apostolic form of the rite, but he held the mode to be immaterial. In consequence of his altered views he was baptized by the Rev. David Saunders, of Merthyr; he himself preaching on the brink of the river, before going down into the water, from those words of Job, "Doth not the ear try words? and the mouth taste his meat?" He almost immediately, at the age of twenty-three, was invited to London to take the oversight of the Welsh Baptist church there. He laboured in the Great City about five years, at the same time availing himself of all the opportunities, London so abundantly affords for self-improvement and the extension of his knowledge on every side.

It was at the time when men's minds were excited by the Queen Caroline trial, and Davies was most eager to hear Brougham, Denman, and the other great advocates in this case. For this purpose he went down to St. Stephen's one morning, posted himself on the kerb-stone, and listened after the fashion of the blind for a pause in the roll of carriages, when he might cross over and find entrance, if entrance could be found, into the House of Lords. While thus stationed a gentleman courteously and graciously offered him his arm, at the same time asking him where in particular he wished to go. "I want to hear Mr. Brougham, if I can get in," was the reply. "In that case," said the gentleman, "I am your man. Come along with me," and he led him into the gilded chamber, found a convenient place for him, and bade him be seated. Presently the young man turned to an usher of the house, and asked whether Mr. Brougham had arrived. "Mr. Brougham!" exclaimed the functionary. "Why Mr. Brougham just came in with you!" It is pleasant to think that Brougham, at the height of the turmoil and worry of this exciting and notorious cause, could stop and do a good turn to this blind young Welshman.

Mr. Davies' reputation as a man of ability procured him an invitation from the church at Bethesda, Swansea, to succeed one of the ablest men of his day, the Rev. Joseph Harris (Gomer), who had died in that charge. He returned to the Principality, and after a probation of nine months was formally appointed minister of Bethesda in 1825 or 1826, he being then twenty-nine years of age. From that date, during the period assigned to a generation of men, the labours of the departed worthy were unremitting and various. He stirred up the people of Swansea and the districts round about to build many chapels; his humour and genius and discretion invested him with a kind of Episcopal influence throughout South Wales; and he made frequent preaching tours, sometimes with his friend Christmas Evans or other brethren. Those were great occasions when Christmas Evans and he took the platform together, and first one big voice and then another resounded among the hills, and the dramatic power and fire of the one orator were followed by the clearer Scriptural expositions and closer reasons but equal fervour of his companion; until the saying went round among the thousands and tens of thousands at the *Cymantfa*—a saying that seems levity to English ears although no such thing to pious Welsh tongues—that "it was a race between the blind horse and the one-eyed horse!" Both the blind and the one-eyed preacher came home so intimately to the sympathies of Welshmen, and were so at one with the genius of the country, that they could be thus referred to

in the language of Welshmen without suggesting anything more derogatory than affectionate familiarity. At the age of thirty-four or thereabouts, Mr. Davies married Mary, the daughter of Mr. John Morris, of Goetre, a remarkable man among the Baptists of Wales. She died at Christmas time, 1853; leaving him a son and daughter, who both survive. About two years later, the University of Madison, U. S., presented him with its D. D. diploma.

Mr. Davies was an ardent politician, and was an advanced Liberal. His ready wit, his tact, his command of facts and arguments, and his elocutionary powers enabled him to sway large and excited gatherings in times when political feeling ran high. It is said that he has immersed as many as eighty-five adults at the same time. During the revival at Llanelly some thirty years ago, in which the Rev. David Bowen and the Rev. Mr. Spencer took a leading part, upwards of a hundred persons were baptized at one and the same time in the old channel of the Lledi.

In the summer of 1855, Mr. Davies left Swansea. He had received a call from the church at Cardigan, where he remained five or six years, but retired in 1861, and took up his abode with Mr. and Mrs. Rowlands at Cwmavon, not intending to resume ministerial responsibilities. It so happened, however, that the church at Aberavon were without a pastor, and they begged of Dr. Davies to settle among them in that relation. For a while he resisted their importunities; but on their proposing to make it lighter for him, by his taking duty only two Sundays in the month, he replied, "No! If I come it will be to endeavour to do all the work there is to do;" and he became their minister and laboured among them four or five years. Then he definitely withdrew from the pastoral office, but not from the pulpit; for his services were in constant demand, and he continued to preach here and there as invited, up to a year or so ago, when his memory began to fail him. The last time he occupied the pulpit was on Sunday, November 7, 1875, at Moriah Chapel; and his last discourse was an exposition of that portion of the Epistle to the Hebrews concerning "the rest that remaineth to the people of God."

Barnum's Hippodrome at New York.

This vast area and its recent occupation by Messrs. Moody and Sankey for religious meetings, are one of the remarkable facts of the times. Rev. Dr. Booth says:—

"According to the most careful estimates, one million and a quarter (12,500,000) persons had attended the various services at the Hippodrome, and at least four hundred thousand different individuals had been present to hear the gospel, and it was believed that half of this number had not been in the habit of attending church. According to the records, which had been kept from day to day, more than ten thousand different persons had attended the inquiry meetings, and are believed to have been under the special influences of the Holy Spirit. Their names and addresses were preserved, and they have continued to be under spiritual oversight and instruction. Nearly four thousand of these presented themselves by tickets at the concluding services, as having professed conversion, besides numbers who were scattered abroad, or who were not able to be present on that evening."

The *Examiner & Chronicle* gives its readers some reflections and lessons drawn from the sudden change of the place back to its former use:—

"But a few days ago the building known as the 'Hippodrome' was the scene of a great revival. Day after day it was filled to overflowing with men and women eager to hear a plain Christian layman declare the way of the Lord. Thousands who entered the building careless about their souls, and indifferent to the invitations of the

gospel, were convicted of sin, and obtained pardon through the atoning blood of Christ. In all the meetings there was an earnestness, a solemnity of feeling, in keeping with the great purpose for which they were held. The greatness of the work accomplished, and the mighty influences which will flow from it through coming years, no one but God can measure. But those who found the Saviour there, or whose spiritual energies were quickened to new life, will always hold the great Hippodrome meetings in peculiarly grateful remembrance.

Hardly had these meetings come to an end, before a far different scene rose to view. As Moody and Sankey retired, the 'Great Showman' came briskly to the front. The throng of earnest worshippers and anxious inquirers gave place to a gaping crowd of thoughtless pleasure-seekers. Light laughter and the stale jests of clowns, and all the empty pomp and tinsel splendor of the circus, succeeded the grave service of Christian worship. Nonsense, folly, humbug, took the place of the sweet wisdom and solid substance of gospel preaching. The transformation was indeed a great one, and the mind naturally experiences a shock at so sudden and marked a change. But of course it was to be expected. The Hippodrome was not built for a church, but for a circus. It has only returned to the use for which it was intended.

But the change suggests an inquiry. Many hundreds of men and women profess to have undergone in that building a transformation immeasurably greater than the turning of the Hippodrome into a place for Christian worship. They joyfully claim to have 'passed from death unto life'—to have become, through faith in the name of Jesus, the children of God. What is to be their future? Will they too, after the brief excitement of the revival has passed away, return to "the beggarly elements of the world," and live again their old, mean, worldly life of sinful pleasure-seeking? We tell these awakened Christians, these new disciples, there is danger of it. Just as surely as the owner of the Hippodrome was waiting to put his building to its former use at the close of the revival meetings is the Adversary of souls waiting to ensnare unwary Christians, and drag them back into sin. "Watch, therefore," is the word of the Master. The only safety of the Christian is in constant waiting upon God, and ceaseless fighting against sin. It will not do for those who found Christ at the Hippodrome to neglect the prayer-meeting for "the circus" because the fervor of the great revival has passed away. They must not expect to live at fever-heat all the time. They must learn to endure hardness, to resist spiritual coldness, to stand firm against the invitations of worldly pleasure, which is *always* sinful when it tends to alienate the soul from God and his work. In a word, if they would save themselves from the second transformation symbolized in the changed Hippodrome, they must keep very near to Christ, and live for him alone.

The story of the Hippodrome may well serve, therefore, to admonish all Christians, and especially those who were born into the kingdom there, to be wary lest they turn away from the high service of Jehovah to the base uses of sin and Satan. Do we think with sadness upon the change so quickly wrought in that poor building? With what grief, then, must Jesus look upon his wayward disciples who lose their first love, and by their evil deportment 'crucify the Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame.'

Rev. S. Antliff, D. D., Wesleyan, who has made a missionary tour round the world, is now on his way to England, and is expected some time in May.

In 1776, there were about 25,000 Baptists in the United States. Now there are over 2,700,000 that baptize by immersion—a gain of over one hundred to one.