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WHOLE SERIES.
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POETRY.

Under the Snow.

Under the pure white snow,
The earth in its beauty lies;
Waiting the coming of Spring
With its bright and sunny skies.
In her cold and silent rest,
Like the form of one who is dead:
With pale white lilies upon her breast,
And a halo about her head.

But when the spring shall come,
She will bound once more into life;
Arrayed in sapphire and green,
With purple and gold be rife,
And my heart that to-day is sad,
Will awake with a sudden thrill;
And the song of birds shall make me glad,
And the music of each rill.

Why He takes them.

The flock stood waiting by the rapid river,
And would not cross
Although the shepherd kindly called
Them thither, And banks of moss.

And fields of green, and verdant hills
Surrounded The further shore;
The danger still their narrow vision
Bounded Of crossing o'er.

He stretched his kindly arms, and gently
Called them— They would not heed;
The deep, broad river's rapid stream
Appalled them, Though pleasant mead.

And mountain fair beyond the darkling
River Rose to their view,
And in the distance, bright, unfading
Ever, Were pastures new.

The shepherd took a lamb, and safely
Bore it Within his arms
To where the pastures gleamed before it,
And all alarms

Were hushed. The mother heard its
Voice pleading, And, crossing o'er,
The flock behind her followed in her
Leading, Unto the shore.

O stricken hearts, all torn with grief and
bleeding, A Saviour's voice
Ye would not hear, nor follow in his
leading Of your own choice.

So he takes your lambs into his keeping,
That eyes all dim
And dark with sorrow's clouds, and sad
with weeping, May look to him.

And see beyond the darkly rolling river,
Those gone before,
And to the fields with verdure green
forever Cross safely o'er.

RELIGIOUS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Reviews.

RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

I. Auto-Biography and Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D. D. Two volumes.

It is almost too late to review this work, the first volume of which has been some time before the public. We have just perused the second volume with intense satisfaction. "The times are hard"—is a sentence in everybody's mouth; but it would be wise for some persons to retrench certain indulgences and luxuries in order to procure such food for the soul and such stimulus to Christian endeavour as these volumes supply. Dr. Guthrie was a model Christian worker, and he wielded a mighty influence over men. Our young ministers should have the opportunity of studying the story of his life; it would nurture humility, develop latent energies, and administer comfort under discouragements. Deacons and others, who desire strength and unction in the pulpit, would do well to place copies of this work in their Pastors' libraries, and to watch the results.

II. Forty years in the Turkish Empire; or Memoirs of the Rev. William Goodell, D. D., late missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Constantinople. By his son-in-law, E. D. G. Prime, D. D.

This is a gem—a genuine gem. It is the record of a life of singular devotedness to the Lord Jesus, chequered by sorrow, as Christian lives commonly

are, but gilded by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, for in him the promise was fulfilled, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him" (John xiv. 23). Dr. Goodell was an eminent man of God. He worked hard for the Lord's cause, and always as in God's sight, dwelling very near the throne of grace, and drawing nigh "with a true heart, and in full assurance of faith."

The great work of his life was the translation of the Bible into Armenian-Turkish, which he lived to complete, and to issue in a thoroughly revised form. It was an invaluable gift to the Armenians of Turkey. In many other ways he contributed to their instruction and edification, and proved himself a first-class missionary.

On the completion of his great work he wrote a letter to his children, from which the following extracts are taken:—

CONSTANTINOPLE,
Feb. 3, 1863.

"To my dear children and grandchildren in Constantinople, Kharpoot, and America:—

"You will, I am sure, rejoice, and will unite with me in thanksgiving and praise, that I have been spared so long, and have been permitted to finish the great work given me to do.

Though I am now old and feeble, yet my eyesight has been wonderfully preserved enabling me to read the last proof in the printing of the Armenian-Turkish Scriptures, and to make my last corrections. I now turn my back upon the beautiful country through which I have travelled, and again set my face towards the wilderness, hoping the good Master will see fit to employ me in some way to promote His glory, though hardly expecting it to be so pleasant a service as that in which I have been so long engaged. For the privilege I enjoyed in having that pleasant service assigned me in such pleasant fields, amid such living fountains I ought to be unfeignedly thankful. Every truth in the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, has now come once and again directly before my mind and received my earnest attention. Oh, had I been sanctified through every truth I have translated, as might have been expected, what a good and benevolent man I might have become! But alas! I know only in part, and only in part do I believe and love. That which is perfect is not yet come. And will it never come? Yes, I hope; not by my work of translation, nor by any other work of mine, but through wonderful mercy in Christ Jesus our Lord, I have hope that "that which is perfect" will surely come.

"On completing my work I invited to dinner my principal helper in the work of translation, Baron Faruton, and his principal helper in the work of printing, Baron Sarkis; and I reminded them that we must make the same use of the truth we had translated and printed that other poor sinners do, otherwise we should die in ignorance of the gospel; that we, like all other poor, dark sinners, needed the Holy Spirit to enlighten us, and to take of the things of Christ and to show them to us; otherwise notwithstanding all our knowledge of the Bible, we should forever remain ignorant of God's great salvation. I hope you will pray that all who have had anything to do in preparing this book, all who hear it, or read it, or preach from it, may be sanctified through the truth it contains. And will you pray especially that your aged father, after having translated those glorious truths for others, and after having preached them to others, may not "himself be a castaway."

"I now turn from my work of translation to that of preaching, and I desire your prayers that I may so preach as to save both myself and those that hear me. The poor remnants of my strength and of my days I consecrate to Him whom I have tried to serve these many years, and in whose blessed service I hope to be employed for ever.

"How long I shall be permitted to preach or to do any other service on earth seems very uncertain, for my health is all broken and gone. Formerly my sleep was sweet and refreshing, and however fatigued I became by night, I was fully restored in the morning. But now I often spend much of the night in utter sleeplessness, and during the long and silent hours I repeat to myself verses of the many beautiful hymns that we have sung together, and this one often among others:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God I come!"

Yes, I come! I come! Where else can I look, where else can I go?" pp. 417, 418.

III. John Todd: the story of his life, told mainly by himself. Compiled and edited by John E. Todd, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, New Haven, Conn., pp. 529.

Dr. Todd wrote no auto-biography; he did not even keep a journal; but he held "the pen of a ready writer," and his son has very ingeniously pieced together portions of letters and narratives so as to construct an orderly biography, bearing the appearance of being compiled by its subject.

If we were asked what trait was peculiarly prominent in the character of Dr. Todd, we should reply, "Manliness," his student-life was permeated by it. He braved dangers and struggled through obstacles that would have appalled most men. One incident in the history of that period will be regarded as peculiarly interesting by Baptists.

"My class are now on the subject of baptism, and as we have no Baptists in my class, I have been appointed by the class to be a Baptist during the discussion. I have accordingly begun a dissertation in favor of the Baptist tenets, in which I have advocated 1st. That infants cannot be proved to be proper subjects of baptism; 2nd. That immersion is the only true mode of baptism; 3rd. That close communion ought to be practiced. I am sorry on the whole that I was appointed, for several reasons: 1st. I have taken hold with so strong a hand, that Doctor Woods will feel suspicious of me, lest I believe the tenets of the Baptists. 2nd. It does not have a good effect upon the mind to be so placed as to defend what you do not believe. 3rd. It will be as much work as to write four good sermons, but will not be as useful to me. 4. We are so constituted that we retain an objection while we forget its answer, and thus the mind is left in continued doubts where there should be none. Miss H. says if I will become a Baptist minister, Mr. P. will give me the right hand of fellowship with all pleasure imaginable. I fear, however, that I am too much tied down to the good old opinions of my fathers easily to surrender my faith at the first sound of the trumpet."

December 24th.

"After my appointment, I sat down to the business, and in a week wrote my dissertation against baptizing infants and children. At the close of that time I read it before my class. It took me fully fifty minutes to read it. I had given myself to the subject, and entered into it with my accustomed ardor of feeling. It evidently produced a great excitement in the class. After I had resumed my seat, Doctor Woods did me the honor to say I had "pleaded the cause of the Baptists better than they ever did themselves." My "ground was bold, my reasoning specious, and out of the common course." The professor then said the dissertation must be answered—that the class might appoint a man to do it or he would do it himself. The class met and nominated me to answer it. I declined for I was weary with severe study. They then referred it to the professor to appoint some one. The doctor immediately sent for me to his house, and said I must turn upon my-

self, and answer my own dissertation. I tried to beg off, but he insisted, so I took the appointment. This was Monday. The class all suspended their regular studies till I got my dissertation done. Again I sat down, and for a week I studied from daylight till after midnight. On Monday I again read, in favor of infant baptism. My piece was one hour and twenty minutes as fast as I could read. It was a piece in which I had laid out my strength. Great expectations were excited in the Seminary while I was at work, and I feel peculiarly happy in saying that I believe these expectations were met. I believe every one of them felt as if I had taken ground from which I could not be shaken. Doctor Woods did me the peculiar honor, after I had finished it, to request me to present him a copy to keep—a thing which he has never been known to do before.

"The exertion of these two weeks was so great as to make me sick. My nerves had been so excited during the time that I was writing, that after the excitement was over I was quite unstrung and quite low-spirited. I have now got over it, and have come out quite strongly—not a Baptist!"

"The last sentence was not without meaning. His enforced advocacy of Baptist tenets, had, as appears from his remarks upon it already quoted, produced a temporary effect upon his own mind. Nearly fifty years later he wrote: "Doctor Woods read human nature admirably. I recollect that when my class came to the subject of baptism, there not happening to be any brother in the class, we appointed one to present the Baptist side of the question. This he did, and so strongly, that the professor desired to have a man appointed to reply. The class concurred, but referred the appointment back to him. He immediately appointed the same man to meet his own arguments. This wisdom of Doctor Woods not unlikely saved the young man from taking sides and becoming a Baptist." pp. 120-122.

Some would say that this was rather a trial of skill than a conscientious inquiry. We will not pronounce a verdict, but it will be generally admitted that the man who could write convincingly on both sides was no common man.

The "manliness" shone most brilliantly in his first pastorate, at Groton, Mass. Unitarians constituted a large portion of the congregation, and many of them were of a very rabid cast. But Mr. Todd did not flinch; "his loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal"; and he poured unwelcome truth into the ears of men—not because it was unwelcome, and that he loved to tease and vex them, but because of his responsibility to the Master, in obedience to whom it was his duty "by manifestation of the truth to commend himself to every man's conscience, in the sight of God."

Dr. Todd's life was one of the most laborious. At Groton—at Northampton—at Philadelphia—and for thirty years at Pittsfield, he preached, "in season, out of season"; and tended his flock, as only a faithful shepherd can; and edified the churches by the diligent use of his pen. His "works praise him." He was one of those whose memory men will not "willingly let die."

"There were giants in the earth in those days," Gen. vi. 4. We sometimes hear that passage quoted with a depreciating air, as though there are no giants now. It is a mistake. The generation is not extinct. The true succession (the genuine apostolic, not the papal) is preserved. The Lord Jesus employs all degrees and varieties of mind in his service. Every age has its mighty men. So here. Dr. Guthrie was a giant;—Dr. Goodell was a giant—Dr. Todd was a giant. And among ourselves—Dr. Gill, Andrew Fuller, and Robert Hall were giants. "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this" (Eccles. vii. 10).

IV. Isaac Watts: His Life and Writing, His Homes and Friends: pp. 348. Religious Tract Society.

We must confess that this book has greatly disappointed us. Dr. Watts was born in 1674, and died in 1748. That period includes the reigns of Charles II., (in part) James II., William and Mary, Anne, and the first two Georges. What an eventful time was that! A time of cruel and remorseless persecution—of the vilest voluptuousness—of royal treason (the reference is to James II.)—of Tory intrigues against freedom—of Jacobite rebellions. On the other hand, soul-liberty was achieved when the Toleration Act took its place in the Statute Book, in 1689;—spiritual religion was quickened into new life by the uprising of Methodism, through the labours of those men of God, the Wesleys and Whitefield;—and the House of Brunswick gave the death-blow to intolerance. At home, the patriots Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney were murdered by the headsman's axe; abroad, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. deprived France of hundreds of thousands of her best citizens, and well nigh ruined her manufactures and commerce; while the Waldenses were slaughtered on their mountains by the House of Savoy, with the sanction of a bloodthirsty Pope. These were times which tried men's souls, and stirred up righteous indignation against diabolism. It seems strange to us that any friend of freedom and piety should write about such times as if under restraint. We look for "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." A tame, dry, bald narrative, in itself very incomplete (we refer to the eleventh Chapter—"His Times") is utterly unworthy of the theme. The incidents of Dr. Watts's quiet life were few, and the narrative necessarily hurried to be short. The more reason was there to expose in a fitting manner the rascalities of the last days of the Stuart sovereigns, and to utter solemn warnings against the ecclesiastical Toryism which threatens to rob England of the manly bearing of the Protestant faith, and to reduce numbers of her people to a state of religious childishness. Instead of this, the author speaks with bated breath. Although he is a Dissenting Minister (E. Paxton Hood), he tells us (p. 209) that the Sachevrell riots were "curious" transactions, and that the pulling down of Nonconformist meeting-houses, and other outrages made it "a curious time for Dissenters!" How is this? Was the writer warned to be chary of his wrath, lest the heads of the great Church Corporation should be offended! And was there any special reason for the omission of his name in the title-page, and the relegating of it to the end of the Preface?

We observe that the British Quarterly Review speaks favourably of the book as a whole, but adds—"Our chief qualification of it is that Mr. Hood seems to minimise Dr. Watts's nonconformity, as if he were ashamed of that, and that he is apparently ashamed of his own name, which does not appear on the title-page."

This is not the only case which we have found it necessary of late to complain of books issued by the Religious Tract Society. We have recently read Trevor's "India, its Natives, and its Missions." Mr. Trevor was one of the Propagation Society's Missionaries, all of whom are distinguished by the High Church principles of that Institution. Mr. Trevor's account of Dr. Carey is studiously unfair and depreciating. He speaks of his being called "the inspired cobbler," apparently ignorant of Sydney Smith's vulgar slang ("the consecrated cobbler";—he omits the prefix (Dr.) to the names of Drs. Carey and Marshman, and even the distinctive appellation common to all ministers ("Reverend");—he barely mentions Mr. Ward and other coadjutors in the work;—he suppresses important information respecting Dr. Carey's literary labours, and the Christian fellowship existing between the missionaries and the Rev. Messrs. Brown and Martyn;