

# The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.  
Vol. XXII., No. 11.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, March 14, 1877.

WHOLE SERIES.  
Vol. XLII., No. 11.

## Poetry.

Don't take it to heart.

There's many a trouble  
Would break like a bubble  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did not we rehearse it,  
And tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow  
Would vanish to-morrow,  
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings:

So sadly intruding  
And quietly brooding,  
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming  
Of looks that are beaming,  
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;

Eyes bright as a berry,  
Cheeks red as a cherry,  
The groan and the curse and the heart-ache can cure.

Resolve to be merry  
All worry to ferry  
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,  
And no longer fearful,  
But happy and cheerful,  
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—Tinsley's Magazine.

"Joy cometh in the Morning."

BY EMMA LINN.

Often the days are dark,  
Often the nights are dreary,  
Often I wake to weep,  
Till 'en of weeping I weary;  
Yet His promise is sure—  
Past all doubting and scorning;  
"Tears for a night may endure,  
But joy shall come in the morning."

The days of the harvest are past,  
Frost-fingers the leaves are turning,  
The forest-trees on the hill  
With crimson and gold are burning;  
Their gorgeously-tinted leaves  
Gladly I sought and gathered,  
Instead of the golden sheaves;  
And now they are faded and withered.

Yearning for human love,  
Idols I made and cherished,  
They were but clay in my hands;  
As fondly I clasped them, they perished,  
Now, o'er my shattered dreams  
And wasted days I am grieving,  
Hope no more on the clouds  
Her rainbow promises weaving.

Idle and vain are my tears,  
Useless this weak repining,  
Somewhere beyond the clouds  
I know that the sun is shining.  
And, though the weary night  
Be passed in sorrow and mourning,  
Yet hath my Father said  
That "joy shall come in the morning."

Saviour, I come to Thee:  
Free me from earthly passion;  
Change me that I may be  
After Thy glorious fashion.  
Sooner, perhaps, than I dream,  
May come that heavenly dawning,  
When tears shall be wiped away  
And "joy shall come in the morning."

## Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

"The Duty of the Hour."

Mr. Editor,—

The endowment of Acadia College to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars additional is, undoubtedly, the duty of the hour for Baptists. One very pleasing feature of this duty is the universal harmony of opinion in regard to its necessity, and its desirableness. On other matters, as a matter of course, there may be differences of opinion; but on this, from all we hear, there is but one sentiment,—the endowment must be raised. Now this is no small encouragement. Oneness of opinion and of desire among one hundred thousand Baptists needs only the addition of oneness in effort and the work is done.

A nobler work has never been presented for the approval and effort of the body, nor a work associated with more pleasing and soul-stirring remin-

iscences. It is the growth of that truly christian principle which lives to propagate itself that others may share in its blessings. The most casual observer, retracing the progress of these institutions of learning, will be no less surprised at their inception than the growth attained. Like the true Church of Christ itself, their ostensible founders were not men of worldly mark, but men of ardent piety, mostly without the education and culture of the schools, yet burning with heavenly desire that those who were to follow them in the different callings of life, the ministry especially, might have the advantages of education without the danger of the sacrifice of loyalty to Christ. Such were the Mannings, the Hardings, the Dimocks, the Munroes, the Crawleys, the Chipmans, and also a large number of others who labored with them in word and deed to awaken in the denomination a sense of the necessity of a place of public education under their control. These were men, as a whole, of limited wealth, but truly pious, and as a consequence given to large hearted deeds. Their prayers prevailed with God, their influence with their brethren, who came up to their help at the first, and stood shoulder to shoulder with them when counsel as well as money was needed for defence.

Early were the Providences of God so marked in their favor as to suggest to one of the founders the name, "Child of Providence," as appropriate and expressive in memory of the past, and prophetic of the future.

The prosperity of the College, under the blessing of God, has grown from the deep, heartfelt denominational interest in it. It was said of one, "He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue," so the Baptists have loved Acadia and have made it what it is, and from the same source will come its future growth. Its real strength lies in the affections of the people, and if ever these cease let the College cease; its denominational interest is gone.

To invest money in any enterprise, it is right to judge correctly of its profitableness. Mistakes are often made notwithstanding the investigations of the shrewdest of financiers. The stock in successful enterprises, enterprises that have been tested for scores of years, rises above par generally. Now the stock taken in Acadia has been profitable;—its annual per cent on the capital invested is simply incalculable. Within her walls many have been made heirs of eternal glory; many have been called into the gospel ministry, and have become wise in winning souls; many have been prepared for useful situations in life; all of whom have been benefitted intellectually, and thereby fitted for life and the enjoyment of life.

Now, what particular share in the work thus achieved your individual investment has had, we may not be able to define, but if the combination of the whole in connection with other instrumentalities and agencies has, under the blessing of the Most High, accomplished the whole, then the least fractional part of the whole investment must have a pro-rata share in the work done. In the final adjustment every one shall receive his own, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that each one may receive the things done in the body, according to the things which he did, whether they were good or bad."

From the College have gone out a goodly number of young men to the work of the gospel ministry, ambassadors for Christ, some of whom are still at work in the foreign field, while others have gone to their reward on high. The Bench, the Bar, the Halls of Legislation, the Arts and Sciences have all received accessions from the Alumni of the College, while a yet larger number have devoted themselves to the work of ordinary teaching.

Now the question arises by what means have all these gone forth to their respective employment? The answer is at least in part derived from the fact that wise and benevolent persons have invested a portion of their

capital in rearing and sustaining those institutions of learning. Has not the investment been a profitable one? Who will deny this with such a record at hand?

These are but a specimen of what might be referred to, but these and others are an evidence of the success attending such investments as have been made from time to time, and they afford a reasonable assurance that the investment now sought will be productive of like results.

Who regrets that the sums that they have thus donated are represented today in India by the missionaries; in the Dominion of Canada by many of her preachers, professors, teachers, judges and lawyers, in the Halls of Legislature by some of their strongest men?

Nor is it any valid objection that some have done themselves and their alma mater no credit. Such cases alas! are of too frequent occurrence in all bodies, the church itself not excepted. The question of profitable investment must be settled, not by exceptional cases, but by general results. Taking the results of Acadia College in general, what have those results been, good or bad? I have the readers answer. No use of money is more truly profitable than that use which elevates the race, intellectually, morally and religiously—such investment pays perpetually and eternally.

Let oneness of opinion and desire be supplemented by oneness of effort, and "the duty of the hour" is the one thing done.

N. E.  
Wolfeville, March 3rd, 1877.

The remarkable work now in progress in Boston under Messrs. Moody and Sankey is being sounded forth in all directions. The injunction "Let him that heareth says Come" is being heard and responded to by hundreds in the midst of that modern Athens. If we can re-echo the sound and help awaken a like spirit amongst our Christian people, we shall be well repaid. In this endeavour we copy the following from a late number of the Boston Watchman:

Echoes from the Tabernacle.

THE HEALING STREAM.—A city pastor and worker, on entering the Tabernacle inquiry room one evening last week, observed a man of about sixty-five, whose appearance indicated that he was there for nothing else than conversation about his soul. But upon being addressed, he said with an emphatic gesture, "It's no use; you can't do me any good. Think of the life I've led! I have been intemperate, profane—O! I'm as bad—as bad as a man as there is." Turning the leaves of his Testament, the minister read a verse here and there, to show that Jesus came to save sinners conscious of guilt and wanting to be free from it. "That's me," said the man, listening attentively—"it's me." He was asked if he would give himself to Jesus then and there, and replied that God helping him, he would. They knelt, the pastor prayed, the stranger prayed—first for himself, then breaking into strong supplication for the person who had accompanied him to the place. When they rose, he said to the minister, "That is the man," pointing out one very much like himself in age and appearance. "I believe God has accepted me; go and talk with him." Nearly the same scene was repeated; and when the meeting closed, the two companions went out with the light of a new life on their faces.

To give our readers an idea of the wide range of the Tabernacle requests for prayer, we copy herewith a few of those requests, scattered promiscuously through long lists:

By a wife in Scotland, for her husband in America.

For a whole family given to drink.

By a Texan, for himself, out of money and employment.

For the temperance work in Yokohama, Japan.

For a young school girl who has been led into a course of deceit and falsehood.

For a lawyer in another State, of great ability, ruined by strong drink.

For the clergyman of the Protestant church, Biarritz, France.

By a sister for a brother, that the wicked scheme he has on hand may be frustrated.

For four sisters, at bitter enmity, who have not spoken to each other for years.

Also for seventeen persons very sick, six in trouble, three aged and four young men, and three in positions of prominence, three aged and five young women, nine families, one Sabbath school class, seven servants, twenty-five infidels and scoffers, four backsliders, and nine seeking the way of life, 283 in all.

Mr. Moody says in connection with the revival going forward, that there had been much "Sowing the Seed" before he came to Boston.

The Journal of Education says with respect to the religious influences of Mr. Moody, at the Tabernacle, and Rev. Joseph Cook, at Tremont Temple,—"Such a work has never been manifested since the days of Whitefield."

GOOD TIDINGS.—At the Tabernacle on Tuesday, the meeting was devoted to reports of revivals abroad. Rev. Mr. Howe, of Newton, said, that for seventy years he had preached in Terra Haute, Ind., where the morals, if not worse than in other cities, are bad enough. A glorious work is now going on there, and the converts number about five hundred. The fallen women have been reached in a marked manner; this part of the movement resulting from the conversion of one of that class on her death-bed. Now the Christian women have taken hold, and scores of unfortunates are being saved. Mr. Moody now asked all to unite in silent prayer and return thanks for these great things.

The workers generally find backsliders the most difficult class to deal with, but one warm-hearted lady, wife of an eminent Congregationalist clergyman, replied to a sentiment of this kind, "Oh! I don't feel so; God has greatly blessed my efforts with backsliders; bring them all to me. I just show them how tenderly the dear Lord has been following them all the while they were wandering away from Him."

A young worker in an inquiry meeting at Clarendon Street church, approached a stranger of twice or thrice her age and hesitatingly asked, "Are you a Christian?" and then blushed at the smiling, heartfelt response—"Yes, my dear, from my youth. And I have not been asked the question for so long; you don't know the good you have done me." Is here not a suggestion for self-appointed workers—all Christians? "They that loved the Lord spake often one to another."

MR. SANKEY says that when he is singing a solo he is not praising God, but is preaching in song; that his only inducement thus to sing is the hope that he may reach some heart with God's truth; that God has blessed this form of preaching, though he has scarcely ever heard a prayer offered therefor.

From Mr. Moody's Sermons.

THE MIRACLE OF CONVERSION.

I think that we are having miracles now just about as wonderful as those which Christ performed when He was on earth. I heard in the little meeting after the noon prayer-meeting yesterday of a man who got up and stated that he came here a week ago to-day. He had been a confirmed drunkard—a great drunkard for thirty years—and the God of heaven had taken away his appetite for strong drink, and his face shone as he told what God had done for him. The case of that man I considered supernatural. I would like to have a man explain how such a thing is done by natural causes. I know

there are a great many men who doubt these witnesses. If a man told me five years ago that a man could be a drunkard for thirty or forty years and then could have his appetite taken away from him, I would have doubted his word. I have always believed that God could save a drunkard, but I believed that he had to carry that appetite down to the grave; but God, I find, is going to destroy the works of the devil, and this appetite for strong drink is

ONE OF THE DEVIL'S WORKS.

Taking away a man's appetite for drink is a supernatural work, and that is what God does. Right here in the chapter to-day is what the mother said, "Whatever He saith unto you do it." If men will do what God says, He will give them power to resist temptation, and resist the tempter and overcome every temptation they have. If we do not obey Him and do what He tells us, how can we expect that He is going to give us the blessing we ask. Let men take this very sentence, and I would like to give it as the key-note of the meeting, "Whatever He saith unto you, do it." What does He say? If there is a man out of Christ, He says, "Come unto Me;" "Him that cometh unto Me I will not in any wise cast out." I don't care who it is, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Your heart may be as black as hell, but bring it to Christ and He will cleanse it and purify it. He came into this world just to save sinners. I was very much interested last Friday in seeing a man that sat near the reporters' stand, and he was so very drunk that he fell asleep before the service began. I was glad to see him here; I am glad to get such people here. I was glad to get hold of this man. After the meeting was over some one tried to get him into the second meeting, but he would not go. They tried hard, but he started off. He came in afterwards, though, and presented himself for prayer. I suppose a good many, even perhaps professed Christians, would say:

"IT IS OF NO USE PRAYING FOR THAT MAN,

he is too drunk;" but they did gather around him and did pray for him, and have been looking for him ever since. Last night I found him in the inquiry room, and he has been there eight times, and he was sober last night, and not only that, but he tells a very singular story to the man that don't know anything about the workings of the Spirit. He said that he was on his team and the boys said to him, "Moses"—his name was Moses—"go into that Tabernacle," and he came in here, and he has been here eight times; he thinks he is too great a sinner to be saved. Thank God, Jesus Christ came for him, and I am thankful he is here to-day, and the Son of God wants to save him. It is the power of God taking hold of a man's heart and turning the whole current of his life. I want it understood that these meetings are for just such. If men think they have no sins to repent of, there is no need of their coming here, but if a man has got a sin he wants to be rid of, an appetite or some besetting sin, we want to tell him that Jesus Christ can create a new heart in him.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE."

Men say they can't believe God. Don't walk off with that delusion. You can believe if you will. "I was telling you the other night, I think about a man who came into one of our inquiry meetings and said he couldn't believe, he hadn't faith. I said, "Who?" "Well," he says, "I can't believe." "Well," I said, "who?" The man colored up and stuttered out, "I can't believe." "Well, who?" I said, "But, sir, I tell you I can't believe," he said "Who?" I said again. I stuck to him on that little word. "Who?" "Why," he says, "I can't believe myself." "Well," I said, "I don't want you to. Make yourself out a liar, but believe in God." The Lord doesn't tell you to believe in yourself. People