

# The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.  
Vol. XXII., No. 45.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, November 7, 1877.

WHOLE SERIES.  
Vol. XLI., No. 45.

## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Sowing and Reaping.

Thou art sowing, O servant of Jesus,  
The precious gospel seeds;  
Though often their growth is hindered  
By rank and troublesome weeds.  
Thou labourst not on the highways,  
That thou mayst gather fame;  
Thou seekest to glorify only  
The Saviour's precious name.  
But thy heart is sad as thou lookest,  
On souls in their sins asleep;  
Thou art willing to sow for a season,  
And oft thou desirest to reap.  
But the Master does not forget thee,  
He looks from His throne above;  
And tenderly smiles with approval,  
Each day on thy work of love.

The precious seeds thou art sowing,  
Can not be all destroyed;  
For the word of the Lord shall never  
Return again to Him void.  
But it shall accomplish the purpose  
Whereunto it has been sent,  
This promise is sweet and consoling  
And should make thy soul content.

Thou mayst not know at the present,  
How many hearts are stirred  
By the precious gospel message,  
Their ears have so often heard.  
It may—like bread on the waters,  
After many days be found;  
Then labour with faith and patience  
And scatter God's truth around.

The sower is dear to the Master,  
Though often unable to reap;  
And at times oppressed with sadness  
He may turn aside and weep  
Because the results of his labours  
Are not to his vision plain,  
And he fears that his earnest efforts  
Have only been made in vain.

But look up, O servant of Jesus,  
For the fields are whitening fast;  
Thou wilt surely reap a harvest  
Of precious souls at last.  
Then sow the seeds of the gospel  
More hopefully here and there,  
The Saviour accepts thy service,  
And His blessing thou shalt share.

When all thy work is finished,  
And thy race on earth is run:  
Then thou wilt hear Him saying  
In loving tones—"Well done."  
Those things that here have tried thee,  
Will then seem very small,  
And thou wilt discover how wisely  
Thy God has ordered all.

H. COLB.

Milton, Queen's Co.

## Miscellaneous.

### Cleopatra's Needle.

A good deal of interest has been awakened among scientists in England in the transfer of this ancient obelisk from Egypt to the British Museum in London. It has long been in contemplation, but not till a short time since has the mode of transmission been apparent. Its great weight has hitherto been supposed to be an unsurmountable obstacle. The following article from the *N. Y. Tribune* respecting the ancient block of stone will be read with much interest:—

#### ITS AGE AND ORIGIN.

Whether Parliament Square, or the front of the British Museum, or the Thames Embankment shall finally receive the 200 tons of sienite, it is certain to be a unique feature in the London streets. There will be nothing more strikingly quaint, and few things so old in all England; the exceptions, if any, being among the antiquities of the British Museum. The misnomer of Cleopatra's Needle is not more absurd in its reference to the emblem of female industry, than in connecting it with the name of a daughter of the Ptolemies who probably never saw it, and to whom its hieroglyphics would have been easily worse than Greek, since Greek was her ancestral tongue, and presumably her vernacular. The monarch for whom this block was excavated from the quarries of Syene, lived in the very dawn of the historical period, and

only in very recent years has the veil of the past been so far drawn aside as to give us some record of his reign. Champollion attributed the erection of this and other famous obelisks at Heliopolis, to Mæris, the sovereign who constructed a lake known by his name for regulating the overflow of the Nile. But more recent students have changed all this, including the name of the constructor of the Lake of Mæris, which was certainly one of the greatest of ancient works of engineering. Egyptologists now agree that the two obelisks which, till within a few weeks, were both in Alexandria, and latterly known there as Cleopatra's Needles, were originally erected at Heliopolis by Thothmes III. That monarch set up many obelisks; among the rest the highest one known, which is now at Rome and goes by the name of St. John Lateran. The date of the reign of Thothmes III may be placed (within a century or two) at 1500 B. C.; great credit is given him by antiquaries for sound architectural taste.

#### CONFLICTING OPINIONS.

At this point the confusion begins in the story. Wilkinson says that Thothmes III, was the Pharaoh of the Biblical narrative, in whose time the Israelites made their escape from Egypt. The incident is calculated to have occurred in the fourth year of his long reign, and if that be admitted he could not have been drowned with his army in following the Israelites. Marietta dates the Exodus in the reign of Meneptah, the son of one of the greatest of Egypt's sovereigns, both as a warrior and a builder—Rameses II. The chronology of Marietta would place the Exodus at about 1350 B. C. The next point of interest is as to the removal of the obelisks from Heliopolis to Alexandria. There is evidence that this was effected in the time of the Cæsars; but there is also a statement that it was performed by Rameses II. The chief difficulty about the latter assertion is that the founding of Alexandria is usually dated about a thousand years later. The companion obelisk to the new one on its way to England is still standing at Alexandria, and bears the name of Rameses II. among its inscriptions; but his name is found on many monuments which he did not erect, as well on those which he did. The removal of obelisks from Africa to Europe began in the Augustan era. Most of them went in the time of the Cæsars to Rome, and there are a dozen there at the present day. No date is assigned for the fall of the obelisks, that is now on its way to England; it has long lain half buried in the sand at Alexandria, and has been much maltreated.

#### SIGNIFICANCE OF OBELISKS.

The exact significance of obelisks in the ancient religion of Egypt has not been ascertained. Pliny says that the Egyptian equivalent for the word obelisks meant "the rays of the sun." There may have been some special appropriateness in placing numerous obelisks in Heliopolis, "the City of the Sun." Their position there and elsewhere was always in front of a temple. Evidence is not wanting that they were objects of religious veneration. One of Egypt's Kings, raising an obelisk, took a precaution which might serve as a hint in modern undertakings; he ordered his own son to be bound to the upper end of the monument during the operation. *Punch's* plan for preventing railway accidents by fastening a director on the front of the engine, was not more sagacious. The old plan of floating an obelisk to the river, was to dig beneath it wide ditches, put rafts in them under the obelisk, and fill the ditches with water. The rafts were afterwards connected into one, and the ditches enlarged into a canal.

#### GETTING THE NEEDLE AFLOAT.

The method by which Cleopatra's Needle has just been floated is novel and ingenious. A hollow iron cylinder with wedge-shaped ends now inclose it. The cylinder was built up and riveted together around the stone—the iron thus used weighing eighty tons. The air spaces of the cylinder were calculated

as to be sufficient to float the whole. Two months were occupied in this part of the work, which included digging away the sand beneath the stone, pushing the stone with hydraulic jacks till it was parallel with the water's edge, and constructing a sloping road of broken rock down to the water. The dimensions of the stone are probably similar to those of the companion obelisk, of which the shaft is 67 feet long, tapering in width from 8 feet 2 inches to 5 feet 2 inches. The iron cylinder is 92 feet long, and 15 feet in diameter. All around this iron box, wood planking was fitted and strapped fast, and then the whole contrivance was rolled sideways down to the water. To make it roll, ropes were passed around it and wound upon winches fixed on vessels in the water. Other ropes also passed around it, which unwound slowly from winches on shore behind the stone, preventing it from rolling too fast. When the strain was first put on to start it, the vessels moved instead, dragging their anchors; steam tugs were substituted, and when they put on full steam to go ahead, the great cylinder rolled. Its movement was so slow as scarcely to be perceptible, and the greater part of two days was occupied in reaching the water. Then a disappointment awaited the toilers; the cylinder filled with water, and a powerful pump could not empty the air spaces. Divers at first failed to find a leak, but at last one in submarine armor discovered it. Notwithstanding the casing of planks, a stone had broken a hole eighteen inches across, into the cylinder, and the stone was wedged in the hole. So the cylinder had to be rolled back till the hole was uppermost, the hole was then patched, the cylinder pumped out, another downward roll was effected, and the strange craft was afloat. It draws from eight to ten feet of water, and has a displacement of 280 tons; bilge pieces, or wings, have been attached to prevent rolling. It will be towed slowly on its long voyage; and, though ungainly, it is not unseaworthy.

#### A SERMON IN A STONE.

If there are sermons in stones, there is certainly a text in this obelisk, transported from a heathen temple to the capital of a Christian land, over a thousand miles of sea. The slaves whose labors brought it to Heliopolis thirty-four centuries ago, worshipped a deity that had no temple in his honor in all that land of ancient shrines. Today, those temples are ruined and deserted, and the deity of that subject-race is the God of Christendom.

#### Put Heart in it.

This kindly advice, which at first blush seems quite simple, and easy enough to be carried out, contains the immutable principle of success in every calling to which we can turn our thoughts. Even the high calling of the poet is a chief illustration. Why, let it be asked, is old Homer preferred to-day, after this mighty lapse of time, to Sophocles and Euripides? If there be anything immature in the simple language of emotion, surely the world has had time to outgrow it. The answer cannot be the fact that his poetry is simpler and requires less linguistic skill in its translation. For when translated it is relished far more keenly than that of the others, even by the most cultivated. Is not this, rather, the truth, that the unexcelled songs of the bard of these hundred ages of widening fame contain greater wealth of human feeling, desire, hope, despair, revenge, love—in short, experience, than the celebrated "Greek Tragedies." They are the songs of human life epitomised. Pictures of domestic life have rarely, if ever, been drawn more true or tenderly than his. He put heart into his works. They are warm with the full pulsation of the great heart of humanity. Contrast also Virgil and his superior in wisdom, Horace. Why is the former loved and read with all the ardour of fresh impulse to-day, while the latter is simply admired? Not surely, because Virgil's lyre was turned to loftier verse, or

swept in its notes a wider range of knowledge? This, we admit, it did not. Such wide, condensed wisdom as Horace exhibits in his Odes, Virgil nowhere commands. The explanation is the same as in the other comparison. Virgil set the pure gems of his poetry in the sentiment of true emotion. It enkindles the emotions to read his human verses. They appeal to and sweetly enchain the heart, so that his is by far the greater name to-day. But we need not go back thirty centuries for examples of the superior power of poetry of this class. Think of Robbie Burns' hold on the heart of the English reading world as compared, say, to epigrammatic Pope. The simple ditties of the one are repeated and sung with delight across oceans and in homes where the knowledge of the name and works of Pope never entered. Again the same explanation—Heart power. The one stirs the fountains of the heart, the other enriches the treasures of the mind. But in spite of its intellectual pride and gross materialism, the world, thank God, is still ruled by heart power. It is the magnetism of human emotion that holds its sceptered sway alike in the palace of kings and beside the open log-fire of the humblest cottage.

Then we say to all who work with brain or hand, Put heart in what you do. Throw your whole soul into the labour of the hour, whatever it may be. If it be equal to your abilities it deserves this rich infusion of heartiness. If it be beneath you it needs it. In either case you will make a failure without it.

Why is the comparatively ignorant teacher in the Sunday-school often preferred to the highly-educated one? Because she looks upon the work she has undertaken as one to which she is solemnly bound to give the best and the strongest she has. She knows of nothing in the world superior to it. Its duties react upon her. She magnifies her position. Her whole heart is consecrated to it. This in turn reacts on the duties. They become lighter and sweeter. Her success is a matter of course. The other puts it thus to herself: "I am an highly educated. To teach these simple folk can give me no effort. I can do this work and 'not half try.'" She puts no heart in it. There can be no inspiration to her pupils. She fails, of course. The parents of her pupils wish their children could be taught by the uneducated girl.

Nothing is more of a rebuke to the class who fail of taking the advice of our theme, and nothing more inspiring to the appreciative than the singular devotion of many simple people to the work they have given them to do. You can recall gardeners who could not have been more absorbed or devoted if their plants and flowers had adorned the walks of Paradise. You have seen coachmen who so magnified their office as to make it instructive to listen to their talk. You have seen house servants in the olden days, in whose eyes nothing was superior to the places they filled so well. You have seen teachers of most humble schools of ignorant scholars, who fairly glorified the office of teacher by their hearty service. You have seen preachers in humble parishes, poor, secluded, neglected by the eye of the great, who knew no higher happiness than to do manfully and in the spirit of Christly consecration the work that he gave them to do. What inspiration in each of these examples! The grand secret of all these manifold successes was the genuine concentration of each one's powers in his individual work. They put heart in what they did. T. W. G.

A VISIT TO BETHANY.—Bethany is a squalid hamlet clinging to the rocky hill side, with only one redeeming feature about it—the prospect. A few wretched one-story huts of stone, and a miserable handful of Moslems, occupy this favourite home and resting-place of our Lord. Close at hand, by the roadside out in the rock, and reached by a steep descent of twenty-six steps,

The mob has many heads but no brains.

is the damp and doubtful tomb of Lazarus, down into which any one may go for a half a franc paid to the Moslem guardian. The house of Mary and Martha is exhibited among the big rocks and fragments of walls; upon older foundations loose walls are laid, rudely and recently patched up with cut stones in fragments, and pieces of Roman columns. The house of Simon the leper, overlooking the whole, is a mere heap of ruins. It does not matter, however, that all these dwellings are modern; this is Bethany, and when we get away from its present wretchedness we remember only that we have seen the very place that Christ loved. We returned along the highway of the entry slowly, pausing to identify the points of that memorable progress, up to the crest where Jerusalem broke upon the sight of the Lord, and whence the procession, coming round the curve of the hill, would have the full view of the city. He who rides that way to-day has a grand prospect. One finds Jerusalem most poetic when seen from Olivet, and Olivet most lovely when seen from the distance of the city walls.—Charles Dudley Warner in "Atlantic."

FAITH AND MONEY.—Says an American Baptist journal:—The conviction that the normal method of raising money for religious work is through mere prayer has led to many hurtful extravagances. We have heard of a church whose pastor determined to receive no salary, and put a box in the vestibule for such contributions as the Lord might induce the people to make, and to trust that his wants should be supplied. The sexton caught the infectious enthusiasm, declined his stipulated remuneration, and put his box beside that of his spiritual guide. The organist, and others in turn, entered upon the same course, until seven boxes hung side by side, each having its special name. The thing became ridiculous; the whole community laughed at the absurdity; the Lord did not inspire a very generous response to the false trust reposed in Him; the church was divided, a part adhering to the new methods of finance, in spite of the evil report which had gathered about it, and a part feeling keenly the reproach under which their cause had fallen; the congregations shrank and faded; and to-day a handful of faithful ones are seeking by safer methods to build again the ruined walls.

Dr. W. M. Taylor, in his fifth lecture on "Preaching," to the Yale students, declared that the clamor for brevity in sermons is a sad omen for the churches. "No great theme," he said, "can be treated in fifteen minutes. Therefore brevity means the banishment of doctrinal instruction and systematic exposition—and, as a consequence of that, spiritual dwarfs, and a piety from which manhood had disappeared."

WHO MADE IT.—Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise and godly man, was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked:

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," said Sir Isaac; "it happened here."

The gentlemen looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

A Scotch clergyman who was a hard laborer on his glebe, and when occupied in cultivating it, dressed in a very slovenly manner, was one day engaged in a potato field, when he was surprised by the very rapid approach of his patron in an open carriage, with some ladies whom he was to meet at dinner in the evening. Unable to escape in time, he drew his bonnet over his face, extended his arms covered with his tattered jacket, and passed himself off as a scarecrow.