

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.
Speak Gently.

Speak gently to the little ones
Let no harsh tones be heard,
"As gentle as my mother's voice,"
Should be a household word.

Speak gently and thy home shall be,
A peace of echoes sweet;
Thy gentle words will be obeyed,
By willing little feet.

And when thy voice has long been stilled,
Beneath the flower-decked mound,
Its winning tones will be recalled,
By every gentle sound.

Thy children kneeling by thy grave,
While falls the bitter tear;
Shall listen to the gentle breeze,
Soft murmuring in the air—

And seem to hear thy voice again,
"Twas pleasure to obey,
That carried precepts to the heart,
And shall with reverence say—

"As gentle as my mother's voice,
Is the voice of the evening breeze,
Whispering 'good night' to shutting
flowers
And singing 'mongst the trees."

Then gently speak, and make thy home,
On earth the dearest place,
And gentle tones will ere recall,
Thy best-loved voice and face.
E. S. C.

May be sung to the tune "Ingle
side," by repeating first verse after last.

Religious.

Forgive your Friends.

It is said again and again that it is the duty of a man to forgive his enemies. That is true. But there is another duty equally as plain and sometimes more difficult—to forgive your friends. Not your false friends; but those who are your true ones, and who have shown their friendship in many ways.

Our friends tax our patience sorely sometimes. They say and do things which it is hard for us to understand. They presume upon our friendship and tease us; they cross our pathway, and they fail when we depend upon them. Out of pure friendship they tell us things which annoy us, and their thoughtlessness inflicts a wound as deep as that which malice itself can make. Sometimes we marvel at the strange conduct of our friends. We are puzzled to explain it, and all that we can do is to forgive. No light word or strange deed of theirs shall break the tie which through years of intercourse was slowly formed.

One day, in a confidential mood, we wrote a private letter to a friend. It contained a defense of our conduct which some enemy had publicly assailed. What does our friend do but print the letter, and then send us a copy of the paper, with a letter, which said, "I deemed it due to you that your satisfactory defense should be published. Pardon me, if I have done wrong." We forgave him, but it was an effort, for we smarted under the mischief which he wrought.

Another friend makes you the butt of his wit. He loves you, so he nicknames you in the presence of strangers. He gives you a good-natured thump. He throws the rays of his wit on your foibles, and raises a laugh in the company at your expense. He pursues that line of conduct until you are driven to calling him to account. Then he is hurt and grieved that you should doubt for a moment the sincerity and depth of his friendship. He would risk his life, he says, to save yours. He says truly; so you forgive him.

Another friend, almost breathless, hastens to meet you. "Mr. A.," he begins, "said in my hearing the other day a very ill-natured thing about you." You beg him to stop, as you do not wish to hear what was said, but you beg in vain. "I am your friend, and must tell you." And so he quotes

a malicious remark, which ought not have been repeated, and which makes you excessively uncomfortable. Then he asks you to forgive him if in his friendly zeal he did wrong to repeat this precious bit of personal gossip, and you forgive him.

But the friend that is the hardest to forgive is he who feels it to be his duty to be your faithful critic, and to tell you of all your faults. He uses no judgment about the matter. His eyes are always open and staring, and his tongue is always moving. He sees something odd about your dress, something awkward in your manners, something ungrammatical in your speech, and you wonder what there is about you that he likes. He is worse than an accusing conscience, and in your loftiest tone you call him to order. "Pardon me for my criticisms," he says, "for they are well intentioned, and faithful are the wounds of a friend." What can you do but pardon him?

Forgive your friends! If you find it hard to do this, O think how often they have forgiven you!—*Methodist.*

The Bliss Monument.

The dedication of the memorial at Rome, Pa., July 10th, to one who has left to the people so rich a legacy of music, consisted in services appropriate for their simplicity. The day was most propitious, rains of the previous day having purified the atmosphere and laid the dust, so that the beautiful village nestled among the hills seemed never so charming. At two o'clock it was estimated that 10,000 persons were on the grounds, while 2,500 vehicles waited in the streets and suburbs. Mr. Moody told how the funds for the monument were raised by over 500,000 scholars in over 3,000 Sunday schools of the United States, Canada, England, Scotland, and Ireland. His personal tribute to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, and his allusion to the two orphan children, were very tender. Mr. Sankey followed with a few remarks, and sang "Hold the Fort," the audience joining in the chorus. Short addresses were made by Mr. Whittle, Rev. Geo. A. Peltz and Dr. Vincent. The dedicatory address by Dr. Pierson, of Detroit, was listened to with close attention. At the close of Dr. Pierson's remarks, Mr. Moody stepped forward and silently unveiled the monument. The monument is entirely satisfactory to the originators of the enterprise. In the audience were the children of Mr. Bliss, his mother and sister, and the parents and brothers and sisters of Mrs. Bliss, and personal friends from all parts of the country.

Wycliffe Commemoration.

The 500th anniversary of the issue of the three bulls from Rome against John Wycliffe was recently celebrated by a numerously attended public meeting in Exeter Hall, convened under the auspices of the British and Foreign Christian League and Systematic Benevolent Society. The Bishop of Meath (Lord Plunket), who presided, said Wycliffe was a reformer before the Reformers, a translator of the Bible before those to whom that title was usually given, a statesman of great wisdom, varied learning, dauntless courage, and true piety. The Rev. Dr. R. G. Cather, the secretary, in the course of a statement respecting the object of the meeting, said he had heard Mr. John Bright, M. P., speak of Wycliffe as "the greatest man in English history." The Rev. Canon Farrar, in moving the first resolution, paying homage to the merits of Wycliffe as a scholar, patriot, divine, statesman, and philanthropist, said they owed Wycliffe a debt of gratitude on three grounds—first, his repudiation of the doctrine of transubstantiation at a time when it was held in its grossest and most material form; secondly, his rejection of sacerdotalism; and, thirdly, his discouragement of auricular confession. He also connected the "Caxton Celebration" with that commemoration. The Rev.

it was adopted. On the motion of the Rev. Arthur Mursell, a resolution was afterwards passed declaring it to be desirable that public meetings, preceded by preparatory sermons on the same theme, should be held in the great centres of population throughout the kingdom.—*Freeman.*

SPURGEON.—The lengthy descriptive reports published in the local and Glasgow papers of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching campaign in the North of Scotland show that he has been making good use of his time, and enjoying his holidays in a way that would be considered pretty hard work for most pastors in full harness. During the Saturday previous to his visit to Oban, people from all parts, far and near, flocked into it from Easdale, Benderloch, Kilmiver, and other district villages to hear him, and long before the hour of meeting (half-past six p. m.) on the Sunday large crowds had assembled. Punctually at the hour appointed Mr. Spurgeon made his appearance, looking somewhat fagged, and as he ascended the platform he was heard to say that "he was not at all up to the mark." The place selected for the gathering was the slope of the Oban Hill adjacent to the Free Church, and overlooking the spot where only three days before a good and worthy man, Professor Keddie, dropped dead. In front of the speaker's platform the scene presented a beautiful picture. On a gentle slope were gathered the large mass of people, while immediately behind, the hill rose like a huge wall clothed in the richest verdure. Mr. Spurgeon appears from the published reports to have spoken with great earnestness and to have favorably impressed his hearers. All the other churches in Oban were closed in the evening, with the exception of St. Columba and St. John's Episcopal. When, too, Mr. Spurgeon preached at Fort-William on the Saturday, the banks and public offices were closed during the service.—*Baptist.*

Mr. Spurgeon has another volume in the printer's hands—a second series of "Lectures to my Students." Judging from a sample of the contents given in the current number of the *Sword and Trowel*, it deals in the same racy manner as its predecessor with subjects of practical interest, and possesses also the additional advantage of illustrative engravings. A chapter on "Pulpits" hurls some heavy blows, with true Spurgeonic vehemence, at these preacher-spoilers. Mr. Spurgeon thinks that, remarkable as are the forms which pulpits have assumed, according to the freaks of human fancy and folly, they had probably reached their very worst some twenty years ago. "What could have been their design and intent it would be hard to conjecture. A deep wooden pulpit of the old sort might well remind a minister of his mortality, for it is nothing but a coffin set on end; but on what rational ground do we bury our pastors alive? Many of these erections resemble barrels, others are of the fashion of egg-cups and wine-glasses, a third class were evidently modelled after cornbins upon four legs, and yet a fourth variety can only be likened to swallows' nests stuck upon the walls. Some of them are so high as to turn the heads of the occupants when they dare to peer into the awful depths below them, and they give those who look up to the elevated preacher for any length of time a crick in the neck. No one in erecting a pulpit seems to think of the preacher as a man of like feeling and senses with other people; the seat upon which you are to rest at intervals is often a mere ledge, and the door-handle runs into the small of your back, while when you stand up, and would come to the front, there is often a curious gutta-percha bag interposed between you and your pulpit. This gummy depository is charitably intended for the assistance of certain deaf people, who are, I hope benefited; they ought to be, for every evil should have a compensating influence. You cannot bend forward without forcing his contrivance to close up,

and I for my own part usually deposit my pocket-handkerchief in it, which causes Dr. Angus seconded the resolution, and the deaf people to take the ends of the tubes out of their ears, and to discover that they hear me well enough without them. No one knows the discomfort of pulpits except the man who has been in very many, and found each one worse than the last."

The Baptists of the Pacific Slope.

A letter appears in the last *Examiner and Chronicle* giving a racy account of the opening of a New Baptist Church edifice in San Francisco, which is a little out of the common order of things:

Sunday, the 5th of August, was a Baptist field-day, a sort of first meridian in the historical geography of California Baptists, for on that day the Metropolitan Temple, the most elegant and spacious church structure in California, whether we consider its exterior finish or its internal arrangements, was dedicated to God and man. Two years ago the pastor, Rev. Dr. I. S. Kalloch, was called to the Coast, and found the Baptist camp-fire burning low. The building was inadequate to the wants of a great and vigorous city, and the members were not all marching shoulder to shoulder. They trusted in God, but they did not keep their powder dry. He rallied, consolidated and directed the scattered forces, and by the blessing of God the triumph crowned the work. Dr. Kalloch found a man, that man Deacon Isaac Lankershim, first a child of the household of Abraham, last a devout believer in Jesus of Nazareth, who advanced the means, unburdened with conditions, to erect the Temple that, as it now stands, has cost \$200,000. When they do princely things here, they are done in a royal way.

The building is on Fifth street, and little David could have thrown a stone from the door of the United States Mint, and broken a Temple window. Thus the church and the world are set side by side. It is no sequestered nook, but a peopled place in the midst of a thronging, jarring city. The fact is recognized that it is yet the church militant, and only when it becomes the church triumphant will it be withdrawn from the world and obey the command to come up higher.

From the noble vestibule you pass by broad and elegant stairways into the main auditorium, which is a harmonious wedding of beauty and use, 75 feet by 125. Over the main floor is the great semi-circular gallery, opening out like an immense fan, where twelve hundred people can be seated and no sharp elbow vexing anybody's fifth rib. From the platform, a sort of quarter-deck for "the old ship Zion," nineteen feet by forty-two, the view is grand indeed. Before you, is a room with eighteen hundred elegant painted iron chairs, with perforated backs and seats of wood, and divided by five aisles, that altogether suggest some strange tropic flower in full leaf and blossom. Forty-five feet above you are two sunburners, huge lilies of light, and all around the walls tasteful chandeliers and jets. The windows of stained glass, through which the broad outer day is sifted, enhance the effect of the exquisite frescoes and emblems upon wall and ceiling. Behind you will stand the great organ of the Pacific Coast, costing \$12,000, and built in San Francisco, whose melodious thunders will roll grandly through a building whose acoustic properties are next to perfect. The occupant of every chair can hear every tone and see every object upon the platform, if he is neither blind nor deaf. To W. H. James, the superintendent, the achievement of this success is due.

The ground floor has spacious lecture and Sunday school rooms, four elegant stores, a library, and the office of *The Evangel*, the Baptist organ of the Pacific, and—last but not least—a completely equipped kitchen and pantry, with all the modern improvements for multiplying indefinitely the five loaves and two fishes. It has been lately discovered, though it was known in the

Saviour's time, that Christians must eat; that a comforted stomach is a good thing, as also is a quite conscience.

It hardly need be added that there is water everywhere, for the Temple is the sort of church that goes by water. With good air, good light, a cheerful home-like look, and nothing to offend you, this is about the only church edifice I ever saw, where a man could be content to abide all the week without getting the blues.

Do you remember having fallen asleep at evening meeting in your childhood, being locked in, and then awaking to the hysteric terrors of the dreadful emptiness and darkness of the meeting-house? Well, if you should happen to be a child again in the Temple, you would have nothing to fear, but could just bide the night out in patience.

You return from your wanderings through the building with the feeling that the church is ready to run itself. Nothing seems to have been forgotten in the admirable structure. The choir is one of the finest in the city, and there is also a full Temple Band, that can discourse sweet music when required. What with the rental of the stores and offices, and the great auditorium for all befitting entertainments, a revenue will be derived that will go far toward rendering the Metropolitan Temple peculiarly a self-sustaining institution.

OLD-TIME "MEETING-HOUSES."

I recalled the gloomy, cheerless, unwarmed edifices, in the Eastern winters when woollen stockings, foot-stoves and the love of God were supposed to make all frost-proof; and the pulpit that was either a swallow's-nest or a grain-bin. Ah, the earthly courts of the Lord, with Baptist janitors, fifty years ago, the courts with their right-angled seats and their resounding floors, were a sort of wooden penances that everybody did because they had to do them.

WHAT WAS SAID AND DONE.

Dedication-day, like nearly all the days in California at this season, was sun-bright, and at an early hour the crowds came thronging in. Every chair went into eclipse, the aisles were obliterated, the walls were set around with standing auditors as with statuary. The whole was inlaid, a sort of mosaic-work of humanity, like seed in the disc of a sun-flower, and about three thousand of them at that. The scene was wonderfully solemn and impressive. The lower floor was a vision of eyes, say a thousand pairs, rising one above another, but the gallery was a high wall of human faces rising and retreating to the boundary of the auditorium, and at times that wall was as still as if it had been laid up in mortar. Upon the platform were representative Baptists from California at large, and clergymen enough from all denominations to fill two or three "upper chambers." They were there from "the wild where rolls the Oregon," from Illinois, from Colorado, from New York:

The morning service began with the Anthem, "I was glad," reading of the 94th Psalm by Rev. C. A. Bateman, the Halleujah Chorus from the Messiah by the choir, the prayer of dedication by the Rev. James French, of Denver, the Dedication Hymn, words and music original. The Rev. Dr. Kalloch then delivered a brief address, in which he set forth the distinctive feature that the Temple is the people's church, that a bonanza king lacks wealth to buy a seat in it, that its privileges are free as the common salvation. It was an address full of grandly-commanded emotion. He was followed by the Rev. Messrs. J. Hyatt Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and A. J. Frost, of San José, Cal., in able and pertinent addresses.

The services in the afternoon, in the presence of another three thousand, consisted of music by the choir, reading of the 126th Psalm by Rev. Dr. Lyman Chase, prayer by the Rev. T. K. Noble, and an able discourse by Dr. J. Hyatt Smith of the seven golden candlesticks."

The evening services crowned the interest of the day. Long before the hour the Temple was packed, and over