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Poetry.

Christ was Weary.

He was weary—Christ the Master—
As the morning met the noontide;
On His journey, then, He tarried,
Resting Jacob's well beside.

He was weary—Christ Immanuel—
As in human form he trod
Sunny vales and lonely mountains,
Canaan's consecrated sod.

He was weary—Christ the Saviour—
As he bore on earth the sin,
That the ransomed might with rapture
Enter pearly gates within.

He was weary—Christ Messiah,
Types and shadows, solemn feasts,
Haste a way, behold the dawning
Of the Day-star in the east.

He was weary—Lord of glory—
Though the angels from on high
Would have left the mansions heavenly
Had he bidden them draw nigh.

He was weary—Christ Anointed,
Laid His kingly sceptre down,
That the white-robed conquering thousands
Might take up a harp and crown.

Christ was weary—Christian pilgrims,
Will you murmur by the way,
Or grow faint, because life's burdens
Are so heavy day by day?

A few days you may not number,
Then among the saints and blest,
You shall dwell with Christ the Risen,
Where the weary are at rest.

Religious.

The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston.

Nothing demonstrates so strikingly the intellectual vigour of New England as the brief career of the Rev. Joseph Cook in Boston. A couple of years ago, an absolutely unknown man so far as public fame goes, he began to talk on religion and science to the Young Men's Christian Association. A room was provided for him; and at noonday this strange prophet lifted up his voice to a handful of listeners. But the handful grew, successive removals to larger rooms proved insufficient to meet the demands of eager hearers, until to-day Mr. Cook speaks in the Tremont Temple, in Boston, at noon, to three thousand people, and numbers are turned away for want of space to stand in. His audiences are as uncommon in quality as they are huge in dimensions. No other place in the world could furnish such a crowd. Beside him on the platform, you will see Whittier, the poet; Edward Everett Hale, the novelist; Wendell Phillips, the greatest orator in America; half the heterodoxy of Boston, the wearers of Theodore Parker's somewhat threadbare mantle; the apostles of free-thought and free-speech; the champions of aggressive science; and then, crowded in with these, the rank and file of orthodox Christianity. The platform is only a fair sample of the entire audience. Yet there is no opposition; there is applause; there is what the reporters call "profound sensation"; there is the occasional "Amen"; but to judge from the newspapers, Mr. Cook carries his audience with him in respectful attention if not in ready acquiescence. Now, to understand how much this means, one must understand Boston, and unless, like Whateley's, one's forte were science and one's foible omniscience, to do that would be impossible. You must spend a day or two in Boston to know with any approach to accuracy what self-complacency means. I never saw self-satisfaction worth the name until I saw Boston. From Bunker Hill clear away to Dorchester Heights reigns the sense of finality. Boston-common is not only the hub of the universe, but the universe exists for the sake of the hub. No man is ever forgiven for removing from Boston unless he goes away at the expense of the Government, or in a coffin; and he who is born in Boston, so goes the proverb, does not need to be born again. Yet this perfectly self-satisfied people, who have the finest schools, the finest common, the finest bay, and the

finest sense of their own importance in all America, crowd to listen to one who hits hard and does not wear gloves in the combat. Now for two years he has been pounding away at the darling weaknesses of Boston, while, to her infinite credit be it spoken, she has maintained him handsomely and listened to him earnestly all the while. Mr. Cook has been, I believe, a student in Amherst, Harvard, and Yale. I heard him thank God, here in New Haven, that he struck no theological root in Harvard, no literary root in Yale. He has travelled much, and has become familiar, on the spot, with German thoughts and thinkers. In person he is broad and big, a thick-set man, with tawny hair, a square-cut, massive face, and a deeply-labouring countenance. He has a voice of thunder, and yet can suit his tone to a most telling whisper. He thinks as he stands before his audience, and the process registers itself all over a frame which becomes at times almost as convulsive as Dr. Johnson's.

His style is simply accidental to his subject. One forgets, in listening to him whether his sentences are rounded or well-balanced. At times he is epigrammatic. "Everything," he said when I heard him, "could not be put into a four years' course, which was much fuller now than an egg is of meat, and often so full that it won't hatch." In number, he declared, the newspapers of this country were like the reptiles of Egypt, and many of them were their lineal descendants. The French Revolution breaking out he compared to "the softest chimney in all Europe taking fire." "The two most typical things in New England," he says, "are the college bell and the factory chimney." "You can never bridge the chasm between capital and labour here," he remarked in his last lecture, "by a kid glove. You can never bridge it with the bayonet. In the old world it has been bridged by the bayonet on the Continent, and by the kid glove in England. But in New England, the only bridge that will cross that chasm is popular, scientific, aggressive, deadly Christianity, laid on the buttresses of the Sabbath and the common schools." As an extreme sample of his rhetoric I will quote entire a vigorous disclaimer of the caricatured orthodoxy, from his lecture of last week:—

"For me, I had rather, my friend, go back to the Bosphorus, where I stood a few months ago, and worship with that Emperor who lately slit his veins and went hence by suicide, than to be in name only an orthodox believer, or in theory to hold that there is but one God, but in imagination to worship three Gods. (A voice, Amen.) I am orthodox, I hope—(laughter)—but my first concern is to be straightforward. I purpose to be straightforward, even if I must be orthodox. (Laughter, and applause.) Reverse the orthodoxy of straightforwardness; and when that justifies you in doing so, but only then, reverse the straightforwardness of orthodoxy. (Applause.) Mohammedan paganism yonder contains one great truth—the Divine unity; and I never touch this majestic theme of the Divine trinity without remembering what that single truth, as I heard it uttered on the Bosphorus, did for me when I knelt there once in a mosque with the Emperor and with the peasants, with the highest officers of state and with the artisans, and saw them all bow down and bring their foreheads to the mats of the temple, and heard them call out, from the highest to the lowest, as they prostrated themselves: "Allah el akbar!" "God is one, and God is great." So prostrating themselves, they three times called out "Allah el akbar!" and then remained silent, until I felt that this one truth had in it a transfiguration. I affirm that I had rather go back to that shore of the azure water which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and omitting the leprosy of Mohammedanism, take for my religion pure theism, than to hold that there are three Gods with three wills, three sets of affections, three intellects,

three consciences, and thus to deny the assurances of both Scriptural and scientific truth, and make of myself the beginning of a polytheist, although calling myself orthodox." (Sensation.)

This sensational rhetoric tells in two directions. It attracts and it repels. It brings the crowd to listen, but it instinctively and inevitably arouses suspicion in the minds of the more thoughtful. If Chalmers and Irving could have been shaken together the result might have been Cook. But this suspicion, although reasonable, dies away as one listens, and more effectually still as one reads. His command of reason is masterly. He is carefully read in scientific research. He understands how to use his microscope. He quotes Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin, not as a preacher would, but as a professor. His lectures on Huxley was one of the most delicious and well-deserved pieces of witty sarcasm that I remember. His style may be rhetorical but his method is not. A long string of well-considered theses is nailed up, as it were, before his audience, as Luther nailed his up to the church doors. No one insists more steadily on accurate definitions. I see that his course of lectures on science and religion is advertised for publication, so that we may look for the battle to be carried into wider fields than (tell it not in Boston!) even a Tremont Temple audience can offer. At present he is discoursing, and has been for several weeks past, on Theodore Parker, and it is to be hoped that this series will be carefully revised and printed. Apart from their controversial value, these lectures seem to me to contain the most exquisite portraits of true spiritual religion, as well as vivid scenes from history, allusions to personal adventures, pictures drawn direct from nature, and vigorous delineations of famous men of all ages. Mr. Cook calls himself a flying scout in the hosts of orthodoxy; his freedom from a pastoral charge or a professor's chair allows him to give all his time to the work which he has made specially his own; and it is not likely that, so long as he continues to do it in such a masterly manner, he will accept any of the handsome offers which are continually made to him to settle down in any one church, or over any one college. He is the Franctireur of Christian apologetics.

T. HARWOOD PATTISON.
—London Freeman.

Heaven for you.

The Jews have a saying that the manna tasted to each one precisely like that which he liked best. The old legend is proved true of the "hidden manna" of the Bible. Every man, philosopher or boor, poet or hod-carrier, who has tasted of this good word of God pronounces it "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," more than meat and drink. Here is a proof of the Divine origin of the Bible which can never be evolutionised away. Just as the sun scatters its universal splendour and bounty down upon all manner of clean and unclean, graceful and ugly things, so the Word of God sheds its light and comfort upon all classes and conditions of men. When one is feeding sparrows he crumbs the bread very fine; so God has broken the truths of revelation exceeding small. The comprehension of a child, though small and feeble as a sparrow, can pick through and live by them. The disclosures of heaven to men are a touching proof of God's thoughtfulness in behalf of every one of his children. A future blessedness is revealed. But how shall it be made attractive to men differing so widely in taste and aspiration and condition? Milton's heaven would be purgatory to his kitchen-maid. Think of a model politician landed in Baxter's Saint's Rest! What would a coal-heaver do with himself in Michael Angelo's heaven? Where would many of us appear in the heavens of Isaiah, or St. Paul, or St. John? We know that here the music that is ravaging to you is mere noise to

your neighbour. The painting that fascinates and inspires you is a meaningless blotch to him. You differ from him through the entire range of your endowments, soul, body, and estate, well-nigh as much as if you were inhabitants of different stars. Yet you are both looking forward to heaven. "The land that is very far off" lies along the horizon of your imagination in dim splendour, drawing your thoughts and wishes with subtle attraction. The same is true of your poor ignorant neighbour. He, too, comforts his soul with the reflection that in that land lies his "inheritance, incorruptible, undimmed, and that fadeth not away." Even now in dream or vision he walks over estates of glory which he holds in fee-simple. Yet the vision that awes and inspires you passes by him as the idle wind; and you would hardly care to set foot upon his estates of glory. Now, God has met this manifoldness of human condition and aspiration by a revelation of heaven quite as many-sided.

Said a poor washerwoman, who had toiled to death at her hard task, when asked what she would do when she got to heaven, "I will turn down my old tub and rest! Thank God, he has said there remaineth a rest to His children." Those who "have more than heart can wish" little dream what deep significance lies in that promise for millions of our fellow-men. But what shall the strong and unwearyed anticipate just that which will fill to the uttermost their aspirations. Let the musician think of oratorios that come up before God like the sound of many waters, and of choruses of untold thousands "harping upon their harps," and of angels whose conversation ever flows in tones of the trumpet. Let the artist think of that sea of glass mingled with fire. He who has seen the sun go down in the sea has caught a hint of what that may be. Let him think of that landscape in heaven. The river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God. And in the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, is the tree of life, yielding her fruit every month in the year. I have a sister who I am sure knows every turn in that river. The man of large forces, accustomed to organise and bear authority, skilled in questions of state, mighty in battle, let him think of those great hosts that go forth in unbearable splendour to execute the will of God upon the earth. Let him look into the transcendent problems pertaining to this world, which are unrolled in the Apocalypse; the overturning of kingdoms; the saving and destroying of nations; the sending of famines and plagues. Let him think of the "principalities, and thrones, and dominions, and powers," into whose society he is to be ushered. The activities of heaven, if we will but look at the vast outlines of revelation, we shall see are something stupendous both in range and magnitude. Let the thinker strive to imagine himself busy with the angels endeavouring to look into the mysteries of God. Let the sick remember, "There shall be no more pain." Let the man acquainted with grief remember that "all tears shall be wiped from their eyes." Let the man whose soul is stained with sin, whose memory is stored with bad histories, whose imagination is haunted with foul pictures, remember that "former things have passed away." Let the soul that is hungry and thirsty for it know not what consumed with vague, unspeakable longings, remember it shall be satisfied when it wakes. And when we all, according to our various conditions and aspirations, have exhausted our imagination standing on the utmost verge of reason and revelation, let us remember that God's word still overarches us like the heavens. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." This is better than all pictures of golden streets, and walls of precious stones, and living rivers, and thrones

and temples, and armies and resplendent hosts. How can a soul fall without this universal range of God's revelation? Beginning with those gentle worlds that sound like the still, small voice of a father to a sick child, "I will wipe all tears from your eyes and take all pain away," up through all possible activities, and riches, and splendours, and mysteries, till we stand under the empyrean of these illimitable words: "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him." When you get heaven it will be heaven to you.—*Id.*

An Episcopal Baptism.

The *Market Rasen Mail* reports the baptism by immersion of a young woman in the parish church on Easter Sunday. The local journal says:—"It appears that our Vicar (the Rev. W. Talbot-Hindley,) in his parochial ministrations, was made acquainted with the case of a young woman who had not been baptized, but who was wishful to receive the holy ordinance, if it could be administered in the mode which she firmly believed to be the right one, viz., by immersion. This the reverend gentleman, after consultation with the bishop of the diocese, expressed himself willing to make arrangements for, supposing his parishioner was willing to avail herself of the parish church for such a purpose. Ultimately, it was arranged that the service should take place at Easter—that season of the Christian year during which the baptisms formerly were so frequent, and which is so suggestive of the parallel between our Lord's resurrection and the baptized rising to newness of life. Meantime, with the co-operation of the churchwardens, a font had been specially provided, measuring six feet in length, three feet in depth, and two feet nine inches in width; this, suitably draped with muslin hangings and furnished with steps for ascent and descent, was placed as near as possible to the vestry which was given up to the use of the catechumen. The fact of the baptism being about to take place had not been publicly announced, it being considered best not so to do; but still it became so far known, that a goodly congregation was assembled in the church at 3 o'clock. The vicar said the prayers, and after the second lesson proceeded to the font. She who was to be baptized, shortly afterwards emerged (simply dressed in white) from the vestry, and the baptismal service was then commenced."

Ancient Baptistries.

Ravenna, one of the most ancient cities of Italy, was built upon wooden piles in the midst of a marsh, and it is owing to this fact that many of its ancient buildings are now sunk far below the present level of the city. The Baptistery, or "St. Giovanni in Fonte," is supposed to have been founded by Bishop St. Orso or St. Ursus about the year 380, and to have been repaired and ornamented with mosaics by Archbishop Neo or Neon A. D. 430, who dedicated it to St. John the Baptist. Like many of the baptisteries of the early Christians, it is octagonal in shape, while its interior has two ranges of arcades, the lower resting on eight columns of different marble capitals placed in the angles of the building. The upper, twenty-four in number, are different in size as well as in the style of the capitals. The cupola is adorned with well-preserved mosaics of the fifth century, representing in the centre the Baptism of Christ in the Jordan, and in the circumference the Twelve Apostles, each with his name, while below are emblems of the Gospels, bishops, thrones, etc.

The mosaic representing the Baptism of Christ has been cited by pedobaptists as a traditional proof of the early practice of administering the ordinance by pouring. But, since the original picture only dates back to the middle of the fifth century, and from the fact