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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

I'm thinking of Jesus.

"My meditation of him shall besweet."
Ps. civ. 34.

I'm thinking of Jesus my Saviour to day,
The unchangeable Friend I love best;
And when weary and faint with the toils
Of the way,

I lean on His bosom and rest.
I know not what trials the future may
bring,

But my heart has no reason to fear;
I shall not be alone for my Heavenly King
Has said He will always be near.
The clouds and the shadows soon vanish
away,

When a glimpse of His face I can see,
O I'm thinking of Jesus my Saviour to day,
And I know He is thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus, but had He not
thought

Of me first in my folly and sin;
His pardoning mercy I ne'er should
have sought

And peace would have ne'er dwelt
within.

But ah! He had thoughts of compassion
and love,
When He looked on my poor helpless
state,

That made Him stoop down from His
bright throne above
To rescue my soul from its fate.
How great was the mercy that opened
a way

To set poor imprisoned souls free!
O I'm thinking of Jesus my Saviour to day,
And I'm sure He is thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus—without Him I
know

At once I should stumble and fall:
But now when disheartened and weary
I grow

For the help He has promised I call.
I feel that my sins and my follies are great,
Still He gives me the place of a child;
And one day I shall enter the beautiful
gate,

Arrayed in a robe undefiled.
Then more deeply I'll feel what salva-
tion is worth,
And I think that more clearly I'll see
That while I was thinking of Jesus on
earth,
He also was thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus, and O when I
stand

On the happy and beautiful shore.
With all the rejoicing and glorified band,
I shall wish I had thought of Him more.
I shall not regret then that in life's early
days,

I asked Him my weak steps to guide;
But I know I'll regret that so oft from
His ways,
My poor, foolish heart turned aside.
He has borne with my follies for many a
year,
No friend is so patient as He;
O I'm thinking of Jesus, I know He is
near,
And always is thinking of me.

I'm thinking of Jesus, it brightens each
hour,
To think of my Saviour above;
And I know there is nothing can have
any power

To sever my soul from His love.
I'll sing of His goodness as onward I go,
'Twill lighten the cross that I bear;
And Jesus will never cast from Him I
know,

A song from a child of His care.
I have many a trial on earth to endure,
But soon from them all I'll be free;
I am thinking of Jesus, and O I am sure
He'll never cease thinking of me.

H. COLE.

Milton, Queens' County.

Religious.

A Thousand years ago.

BY REV. JOHN ALDIS, CANTERBURY.

Travellers on the Great Western
Railroad between Trowbridge and
Westbury, as they near the latter sta-
tion can scarcely fail to notice on the
green steep hills that bound the view
some two or three miles to the east, a
gigantic, and, on the whole, well-pro-
portioned horse cut in the turf, laying bare
the chalk which is only a few inches
beneath the surface, so that the horse
shines in the distance with almost
snowy whiteness. If the traveller can

spare the time, he will be well repaid
by a pilgrimage to "White Horse Hill,"
as the spot is popularly called, or
"Bratton Castle," as the place is desig-
nated on the Ordnance map.

"Bratton Castle" is almost the south-
western corner of Salisbury Plain, an
elevated chalk table land some twenty
miles across, remarkable for its health-
ful, bracing air, for its seemingly bound-
less, undulating tracts of corn and pas-
ture (which have been compared to the
scenery of Bengal), with here and there
a lonely farmstead nestling amid trees
thickly planted to ward off the winter
blast. Anon you may meet some vast
flock of sheep, tended by a shepherd
lad with his dogs. Yet it is uncertain
whether you may meet with one like the
"Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" whose
trust in God so impressed Hannah
More that she penned the well-known
and widely-read tract bearing this
title. But though the "Shepherd of
Salisbury Plain" is now well-nigh
forgotten, there are in the district relics
of a far more remote antiquity, of which
the memory will not die.

On the east, there are the mystic circles of Stone-
henge; and on the west, the ancient
Danish fort called Bratton Castle.
Truly their stronghold was well chosen!
It possessed excellent qualities which
probably never entered into the calcula-
tions of Guthrum and his comrades.

On one of the highest points of the
plain, some 700 feet above the sea level,
the air is to many persons far more
invigorating than breezes from the sea.
It overlooks a richly-wooded and fertile
valley which stretches away for miles,
bounded in some directions, by distant
hills. But the strength of the position
doubtless attracted the Danes more
than its natural beauty. On two sides
the approaches are almost perpen-
dicular. Yet in no part were the bold
adventurers content with the natural
fortifications, but defended their chosen
position with huge earth-works, digging
trenches and casting up mounds, which
to-day are in some places 15 feet high.

In the most assailable parts these are
in double and even triple rows, so that
altogether the camp was very secure.
Here strangely clad and armed Danes
encamped and watched, and hence they
descended into the plain beneath, to
seize the corn and the cattle of the
poor oppressed Saxons. Now the
silence is only broken by the plaintive
cry of the plover, the warbling of the
lark, the tinkling of the sheep-bell, or
perchance the merry laughter of a van-
load of excursionists from Trowbridge
or, if the breeze be high, there is the
strange melancholy sound of the wind
among the million spires of the grass.

What a strange contrast where now the
grass waves and luxurious flowers bloom,
and corn is cultivated, crowds of war-
riors encamped and marched and ca-
roused.

This is an age of centenaries, but we
do not often have millenaries. How-
ever, let me remind your readers that
it is exactly a thousand years since the
interest of Bratton Castle culminated.
Alfred, justly styled the Great, began
to reign A. D., 871, and after harass-
ing and unequal conflicts with the in-
vaders his fortunes were brought to the
lowest ebb in A. D., 878, when the
monarch in disguise lurked in the for-
est a few miles below, allowed the im-
mortal cakes to burn on the hearth whilst
engaged in great thoughts as to how he
might free his Fatherland from the
heathen oppressors. Perhaps it was to
Bratton Castle, certainly to the neigh-
berhood, that he wended his way dis-
guised as a harper, and entertained his
enemies with his songs, whilst he made
careful observations as to their condi-
tion. Like Gideon under similar cir-
cumstances, he found the intruders care-
less and at ease. He rallied his scat-
tered adherents, who now possessed the
courage of despair. He attacked the
Danes as they lay in fancied security
in the valley hard by, and having routed
them there, he besieged them in
Bratton Castle, whither the survivors
retired, and where, reduced by hunger
they soon submitted to the conqueror,
who treated them with great clemency.
This great victory was commemorated

by the White Horse with which we be-
gan, measures 160 feet from tail to ear,
and which is carefully preserved to this
day. It is interesting as you walk on
this memorable spot to reflect that there
the fate of the nation was decided, that
there the whole course of English history
received a new direction. This was
in A. D., 878, exactly 1,000 years
ago.

What a vast period of time it seems
to us! And what mighty changes have
taken place while these everlasting hills
remain but little altered! How many
kings of different houses have sat upon
the throne of Britain! What progress
has the nation made in material
and intellectual resources, in liberty
and law! And whilst the religious
history of these thousand years has been
on the whole very dark, yet some pro-
gress has been made since these heathen
Danes were baptized wholesale as a
condition of making peace with Alfred.

There have been centuries of awful
darkness, but there has been the glorious
Reformation; there have been periods
of lethargy, but there have been seasons
of revival and grace. On the whole
in the review we learn the wisdom
of the counsel given by Solomon,
"Say not in thy heart, the former days
were better than these, for thou dost
not inquire wisely concerning this."

Yet how slow the progress has been!
"But beloved, be not ignorant of this
one thing, that one day is with the Lord
a thousand years, and a thousand years
as one day." So wrote the apostle for
those who on the one hand were hard-
ened, and on the other hand discouraged,
by the Lord's delay. And we may
gather this lesson from this past millen-
nium. "The Lord is not slack concern-
ing His promise, as some men count
slackness; but He is long suffering to us-
ward, not willing that any should perish
but that all should come to repentance."

And amid all the changes that
have taken place during these thousand
years, as generation after generation
has been swept away, even as the flow-
ers have bloomed and died on the
earthworks of the Bratton Castle, whilst
the earthworks themselves have re-
mained, we are reminded for our
comfort of the glorious eternity
of our God, to whom this thousand
years has been but as one day. As we
are reminded by Moses, the man of God
in his prayer, "Thou turnest man to de-
struction and sayest, Return, ye children
of men. For a thousand years in Thy
sight are but as yesterday when it is
passed and as a watch in the night." But
"from everlasting to everlasting
Thou art God." And a life of faith
makes us partakers of Divine immor-
tality. We shall live when Salisbury
Plain and Bratton Castle shall be no
more. "He that doeth the will of
God abideth for ever."—London Baptist.

Two Recipes for Church Mem- bers.

(Translated from "Der Sendbote.")

It is to be hoped that the reader will
never try these recipes; for their opera-
tion, oftentimes, is more rapid than
could be wished. But it is well
to know what their influence is likely
to be on a church and on its pastor.

1. HOW TO RUIN A CHURCH.

1. Do not pay the minister's salary,
or at least be sure not to pay it punc-
tually, although you have promised to
pay him a definite time. Still, do not
pay at all, or only so much as you find
agreeable. Pay no attention to the
Master's principle, "The labourer is wor-
thy of his hire." In due time you will see
the church come to nothing.

2. Neglect your duty as a church-
member. Regard your membership as
only a post of honour, and not as an ap-
pointment which you have from God,
like Aaron and Hur, to stay up the pas-
tor's hands.

3. Do not go to the prayer-meeting;
it is an old-fashioned institution, un-
suited to the present enlightened age.

4. Do not attend public worship regu-
larly or only in fine weather.

5. Do not pray for the church.

6. Pay nothing towards the expen-
ses of the church, or only as little as
possible.

7. Try to discourage your minister
as far as you are able.

8. Take no religious papers for they
cost something.

9. Let your children stay at home, or
go to church only when they choose.
Do not require them to go to the Sabbath
School, for they might become Chris-
tians and be a strength to a church.

10. Give little or nothing to benevo-
lent causes.

11. Do all in your power to create
division and suspicion among the mem-
bers.

12. Be like Demas, who loved this
present world.

These directions, wholly or even par-
tially followed, will ruin any church.

2. HOW TO DISCOURAGE OR REMOVE A MINISTER.

1. Attend public worship only
occasionally, and always be late. Do
not sing. If you sleep during the ser-
mon so much the better.

2. Mark every defect, while you are
awake in church, both in the ser-
mon and in the preacher. Criticise
every defect in the presence of your chil-
dren and friends. Speak to them freely,
and take care to have your criticisms
reach his ears.

3. Find fault with his labours. Speak
of him in every company as deficient
in capacity to be a leader of the church.
Let him know that he shall not have your
help, because he is sustained by Mr. A. and
Mr. B., because your advice was
not asked, or because a certain plan
was not your own.

4. Tell the minister the faults of his
members, and repeat to him their criti-
cisms on himself.

5. When he visits you make him feel
like a stranger in your house. Tell him
how entertaining a companion his pre-
decessor was, and how much you miss
him.

6. Never go to the prayer-meeting;
it is the minister's business to pray for
the church and for the unconverted.
Why should a Christian be forward to
do too much good?

7. Make his salary as small as pos-
sible. A minister ought not to live in
luxury; it is only for private Christians
to spend money for costly dresses and
finery.

8. If he spends his time in his study
and is regularly in his pulpit, complain
of him for not visiting strangers; if he
is ever called away or has to take a
small journey, then complain that you
can never find him at home.

9. Do not pray for your minister, al-
though it is a Divine command.

10. Never give your minister a pres-
ent, although he is poor, and the Lord
has blessed you with abundance.

11. If you have cause to call his at-
tention to anything, do it in an offen-
sive way, so as to injure his feelings.

12. As it is difficult for him always
to be at home, or always among his
people, and yet always to be prepared
for the pulpit, either way you will find
a chance to complain of him. Tell it
to every one, and remark that the peo-
ple are generally dissatisfied with him.

This course, persevered in has already
in many cases proved successful in dis-
couraging a minister, abridging his in-
fluence and driving him from his
post, and perhaps to an untimely grave.

If you would avoid these unhappy
consequences, always be on your guard
against these evil-practices, as most in-
jurious to yourself, dear reader, and
ruinous to the church. The word of
Jehovah is, "Touch not mine anointed,
and do my prophets no harm." (1
Chron. xvii. 22; Psa. cv. 15.)

The Wesleyan Methodists and the
Primitive Methodists in Ireland, who
have been separated 62 years, have
just reunited. In 1816, the year of the
division, the one included 28,500
members; it now numbers even less,
there being but 26,000.

Punch asks, "Why is the man who
does not bet as bad as a man who does?
Because he is no better."

Temperance.

What a Picture did.

One of the lady workers of Cincin-
nati not long since distributed some pa-
pers which contained a well known se-
ries of temperance pictures.

Two months afterwards she was
stopped on the street by a German wo-
man, who told her the following story:

"You shoost stop von minute vile I
tells you vot is mine heart. You came
von day to mine stall in the market, you
give mine old man a paper, and you
gives me a paper."

"Ven I goes to mine home mine
children dey cries for dere dinner, I
says, 'You shoost keep still, and I will
give you von paper, a voman's give me
in de markets.' So dey spreads a pa-
per on de floor, and dey keeps up dere
beels, and dey looks hard at the pic-
tures. Vile I gets mine dinner, dey
visper. Mine little boy he say, 'Dat
is pap mid de bottle! dat little boy vot
hides 'hind his mudder's dress is me,
ven I'm skeered at pappy, and de baby
is Helwig, cause dat is shoost de vay
he hides 'hind his mudder's ear when
papa's drunk.' Den he say, 'Mudder,
vat dat voman do mit the table?' I
says, 'De temperance voman wants de
man to sign de pledge, and he says he
drinks no more beer or whiskey; den
his wife and children be no more fear-
ed of him.'

"Dey looks hard at de picter, den
dey whispers and dey say, 'Mudder,
will pappy look nice like the udder pic-
ter, would he signed the pledge?'"

"Und I says, 'Yes, children, your
fadder would look shoost like dat if he
goes no more to saloons.'

"Mine old man den he comes home
to his dinner. He loves his chil-
dren when he is sober. Mine children
den see he no drunk, so dey runs to him
mit de papers and they say, 'Pappy,
dat is you mit de papers, bottle, and
dot voman is mudder, and de baby that
hides 'hind mudder's ear is Helwig.
Pappy von't you go to de temperance
voman mit de table, and den you look
shoost like dat nice man mit de cane,
and Helwig he vill look shoost like dis
baby vot tries to shump out of his mud-
der's arms and is so glad to see his pappy?'"
Mine old man he gets mad, and he
slams de door and he goes off. He
comes home to supper and he says de
first ting, 'I hates de temperance, I
hate temperance, and he no speak to
de children, and they be so skeered.'

"After supper my old man he makes
de children go to bed und he smokes,
und he scolds, und he gets mat he no
goes to the saloon, like he always does
all his life mit me."

"Ven it was bed time mine old man
he lay down his pipe and he says 'Old
voman, I's no been good to you; I gets
drunk no more; I goes no more to sa-
loons; mine heart is sick mit vat mine
children say. I loves mine wife, I love
mine children ven I gets no drunk.
Den I put mine apron to mine eyes, und
mine old man he kiss me, und mine old
man he cries. Den we stand by the
childer's bed, und mine old man he kiss
me, und he kiss the children, und he
says, 'Mine heart is so sick all de day
mit what de children says to me.'

"I tell you I love dat little paper,
mine heart is so glad dat you gives it
to me. I folds it up soost so nice und
I puts it mit a handkerchief round, und
I puts it in mine underdraw in mine
bureau, mit mine children's things vat
died."

It is proposed in Chicago that col-
leges and schools shall have a
Professor of Current History and Busi-
ness News, whose duty it shall be to
teach students to understand all the
news of the day's as given in the daily
papers. Each day's news, it is proposed,
shall be read and discussed, any points
in it which are not thoroughly under-
stood being explained by the professor.

Captain Mayne Reid, who used to
write so many exciting stories for boys,
is raising sheep in England.