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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.
Too far away.

"And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee."

J. G. WHITTIER.

"Too close!" and can we ever draw
too near,
Close pressing from the ills that throng
us here!

Drawn by the wondrous sweetness of
that voice
That bids the weary one make rest his
choice!

Too far away where shadows gather
round,
In deeper darkness, lonely, may be found;
But not "too close," ah, no! that can-
not.

When Christ has paid our debt and set
us free.

Far, far away where gloomy phantoms
reign
Groping through paths of care, and sin
and pain;

With weak hands, tottering steps and
weary moan,
Striving to lift our burdens all alone.

Too far away to know our sins forgiven,
To hold sweet converse with our Lord
in heaven!

Too far away to touch Him in Life's press,
Or learn the "healing" of His seamless
dress.

To feel His strong eternal love again,
Fold in between us and the years of pain:
O, not too near, that may not be our plea,
But this—"Dear Saviour draw me nearer
Thee!"

Too near to Thy great loving heart, O God,
Even tho' Thou draw me by affliction's
rod,

So near Thy holy will shall be my sun,
So near I dare to say "Thy will be done."

Never "too close can we, dear Lord,
abide
Even to the pressing of Thy wounded
side;

Even to the clasping of Thy riven hand
That sets an open door between us and
The Better Land.

DAME DURDEN.

Hantsport, Nov. 6th, 1878.

Religious.

Christ hid in God.

As we look over His career, how
can we describe its serenity and com-
posure except in these words: "God
hid Him in the secret of His presence
from the pride of man, and kept Him
secretly in a pavilion from the strife of
tongues." How the strife of tongues
ragged about Him all His life! From the
time when Herod and the scribes de-
bated where He was to be born, that
they might murder him, down to the
day when the people cried, "Crucify
Him," and mocked Him as He hung
upon the cross; in the days when the
crowded synagogue at Nazareth rose up
and clamored for His blood; in the day
when the Pharisees gathered around
Him in the temple and poured their
subtle questions fast upon Him, to try to
drive Him to a foolish word; in the
day when the disciples came to a quar-
rel in His very sight about their poor
ambition to be greatest; in these and
countless days like them, he lived right
in the midst of the strife of tongues.
But, close to His Father always, clear
in His own duty always, and always
trying to help men so earnestly that he
was not capable of being provoked by
them, He was completely apart from
all the strife, he was hid in the secret
of His Father's presence. We cannot
but be struck with awe when we think
what that phrase, whose beauty and
significance we have partly understood
as it applied to us, must have meant to
Jesus. Our closest communion with
God is so distant compared with the
perfect oneness between Him and His
Father. We run into the shelter of the
divine life, just creep across the thresh-
hold where no trouble can pursue, and

stand thankful and trembling there.
We hide ourselves behind the robes of
the Eternal Mercy, and thence look
out in an assurance, that is fearful still,
upon the danger which cannot touch
us there. But he, from the very heart
of the Eternal Being, looks out on sin
and its weakness, looks out on goodness
and sees its strength. We cannot
know His peace. It must have been
so absolute. There must have been
such a pity in His heart when they tor-
mented Him, when they tied Him to a
column and scourged Him, when they
nailed Him to the cross at last, and all
the while where looking to see Him
give way and tremble, and all the while
the soul which they thought they were
reaching and torturing was far off, beyond
their reach, in the secret of God's pres-
ence, hid in God. It was as if men
flung water at the stars and tried to put
them out, and the stars shone on calm-
ly and took no notice of persecutors, ex-
cept to give them light."—Brooks.

God's Love.

Suppose a meadow in which a mil-
lion daisies open their bosoms all at one
time to the sun. On one of them,
while it is yet a bud, a little stone has
fallen. At once crushed and over-
shadowed, it still struggles bravely
against all odds to expand its petals like
the rest. For many days this effort is
continued without success. The tiny
stone (a mighty rock to the tiny flower)
squats on its breast, and will not admit
a single sunbeam. At length the
flower-stalk, having gathered strength
by its constant exertion acquires force
enough to overbalance the weight and
toss the intruder off. Up springs the
daisy with a bound; and in an instant
another floweret is added to the vast
multitude which in that meadow drink
their fill of sunlight. The sun in the
heaven is not incommoded by the addi-
tional demand. The new-comer re-
ceives into its open cup as many sun-
beams as it would have received although
no other flower had grown in all the
meadow—in all the earth. Thus the
sun, finite though it be, helps us to un-
derstand the absolute infinitude of its
Maker. When an immortal being,
long crushed and turned away by a load
of sin, at length, through the power
of a new spiritual life, throws off
the burden, and opens with a bound to
receive a Heavenly Father's long offer-
ed and rejected love, the giver is not
impooverished by the new demand
upon His kindness. Although a thou-
sand millions should arise and go
to the Father, each would receive as
much of that Father's love as if He
alone of all fallen creatures had come
back reconciled to God.—William Ar-
not.

Not a Hundred Dollar Man among
Them.

Two church members were talking
recently of a revival in the church to
which one of them belonged and to
which a large number had been added,
confessing Christ. The question was
asked, "Are many of the new believ-
ers reliable as pecuniary aids to the
church?" The answer was, "No, there
is not a hundred dollar man among
them," spoken as if detracting from the
importance of the work because
they were not in possession of worldly
means. We are told that but few of
wealthy shall be saved, that it is easier
for a camel to pass through the eye of a
needle than for a rich man to enter the
kingdom of heaven. Yet we have
been compelled to notice with regret
this feeling of preference manifested by
the church in seasons of extra labor as
well as in times of less activity. Great
exertions were made for the conversion
of some wealthy person, while the
poor, but anxious seeker was left to
struggle on alone or with but little at-
tention. Choice seats for the preferred
class, while the others were placed
where they would be most of the way.
Among Christ's disciples there were
no hundred dollar men. Poor fisher-

men with no gold to give, but who gave
their lives to the service,—an offering
far more acceptable. The church needs
money as one of the instruments in sav-
ing souls, to be used as a means, not an
end. If we labor for the conversion of
souls and the labors are rewarded by
the ingathering of those who have no
means, it is well. The Lord will
through these, provide such means as
are necessary for the support of His
cause. The greatest amount of assistance
to the church does not come from
those who have the most wealth.

The church receives more service
from an active, faithful, praying, poor
man, whose voice is always heard in
the prayer circle, whose daily life is
for Christ, and who gives cheerfully
the little that can be spared from his
daily earning, than from the wealthy
member who is only seen at the Sab-
bath services and makes his donation
in a bargaining way. Besides, most
of those who follow Christ enterprising
and without means, but great promise
of strength has that church which is full
of young members even though they
are poor. Some of them will grow in
worldly wealth, with years and grace,
and they will be useful with what God
has given them. The rich man of this
year may be the poor man of next year.
We cannot tell what even a day may
bring forth. The position we occupy
here does not affect the value of the
soul. The Master will raise up out of
the flock men to the demands of the
cause as the case may require. The
work will not cease because there are
no hundred dollar men among the on-
verts.—Charles B. Parsons.

Biblical Knowledge.

In the circular letter of the Mon-
mouthshire English Baptist Association,
the writer, the Rev. W. Rees says:
—Biblical knowledge is an element of
religious power in which, we fear, a
vast number of the members of our
churches, and more especially the
younger portion of them, is sadly defi-
cient. In fact we have a pomy ap-
prehension that the taste for the study
of God's word, and meditation in the
law of the Lord, is at a very low ebb
amongst many professing Christians
and signs are not wanting in the evil
which we deplore is still going. We
cannot help remarking that the lack of
Bible knowledge in the churches is
very plainly to be seen from the nature
and quality of the preaching; which is
most appreciated in many arters and
by many people. It is no sound ex-
pository preaching, able and thoughtful
enunciation of the cardinal truths of
the Gospel, that we find to be most
keenly and attentively listened to; but
the anecdotal and sensational discourses
is most in favor among an increasing
number now-a-days. It is the strong
meat adapted for the strong that the
preacher often feels himself obliged
to impart; but milk for babes and herbs
for the weak. Far be it from us to
speak lightly of the babes Zion, or in
any way to disparage the work of
feeding them. But we cannot think
that Zion at present has an undue
proportion of babes, and too many
spiritual weaklings, to be a strong
and vigorous state of which it is
necessary to prosecute a defensive and
aggressive work it has to do for the
Master. Truly many in the churches,
it can be early said, "For when for the
time ought to be teachers, ye have need
to teach one another the principles of
the oracles of God; and become such
as have need of mind not of strong
meat." In order, then, to have an
increase of religious piety, we would
with all earnestness, plead for an in-
crease of religious knowledge.

"I go through my work the need-
le said to the idle boy, but not till
you're hard pushed," as Job said to
the needle.

It is better to preach whole gos-
pel of Christ in a humble, than to
preach a partial gospel in a gorgeous
temple.

A Literary Curiosity.

A SERMON IN WORDS OF ONE SYLL-
ABLE ONLY, BY A MANCHESTER LAY-
MAN.

"All Thy works shall praise Thee O
Lord; and Thy saints shall bless thee."
—Psalm cxlv. 10.

He who wrote the Psalm in which
our text is found, had great cause to
bless and praise God; for he had been
brought from a low state to be a great
King in a great land; had been made
wise to rule the land in the fear and
truth of God; and all his foes were, at
the time he wrote, at peace with him.
Though he had been poor, he was now
rich in this world's goods; though his
youth had been spent in the care of
sheep, he now wore a crown; and though
it had been his lot for a long time to
hear the din of war and strife, peace now
dwelt round the throne, and the land
had rest. But great and good as these
things were, they were but one cause
of the praise in those grand old
Psalms that he wrote, and which have
so long been a source of joy to the
church of God. He who first wrote
the words of our text felt that all these
things had come from God, who gives
all that is good in this world, and that
praise was due to Him at all times; but
he felt too, that in the sight of God he
was still poor; that in the view of the
world to come, he was still a fool; and
that he could not by his own strength,
quell and put down sin, his first and
great foe, that kept up a war in his own
breast. He knew the plague of his own
heart; he felt how prone he was to
break God's law; and that this was sin;
and that the end of sin was death. God
had shown him this; and had He shown
him no more than this, we should not
have had this Psalm of praise to speak
from: for to be rich, to be wise, and
to be a king in this world, will bring no
joy, nor peace, nor praise, if a sense of
sin lies on the soul. But God did not
leave him here. God does not, nor
will He act in this way. God had
shown him that in due time He would
send His own Son to this world, who
would take on Him the form of man.
He who wrote the word of the text
had felt that Christ the Son of God
would die for his sins. The thought
of this made his heart full of love and
praise; and he wrote a great deal to
show good men to the end of all time
how much cause there is to praise and
bless God. How glad we in this
age, ought to be, that God put it in his
heart to write so much and so well to
the praise of God; and how we ought
to prize that Book in which these
Psalms are found and which God has
kept so long for our use. Our text forms
part of a Psalm sung by one who felt
that God had been good to him at all
times and in all ways. Let us try to gain
some good while we dwell for a short time
on this part of God's Word.

The text states two truths, on each
of which we will say a few words.

1. "ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE
THEE."

Some one may ask, Do all God's
works praise Him? Do war and strife,
pain and want, praise God? Do death
and all the ills that flesh is heir to
praise God? Does man, poor, weak,
frail man, with all his sin, praise God?
Yes; strange though it may seem, all
these do now, or shall at length, praise
Him; for God will take care that all
things shall praise Him. To look round
and see the sin, and pain, and death on
on all hands, some of us may
at times doubt the strict truth of this;
but the eye of Faith can see that "the
wrath of man shall praise Him." But
those things that do not now seem to
praise God, are in one sense not God's
works. God did not make one thing
that was not good; and the things that
in our view are not good, are man's
works or the fruit of them. God has
told us in His word what His works
are. Let us look at them. At first
this earth was dark and had no form,
and was void. God said, "Let there
be light! and there was light." This
was the first day's work: God saw it
and said it was good. Then God made a
space in which man, when he was made,

could live and move, and air which he
could breathe.—This was the next day's
work: God saw it and said it was
good. Then God brought the earth to
shape, and made the sea, and the dry
land, and said, "Let the earth bring
forth grass, and herbs, and fruit," for
the use of man; and it was so,—this
was the third day's work: God saw it
and said it was good. Then God made
the sun, and moon, and stars; to be for
signs and for days, and years; and to
rule the day and the night,—this was
the fourth day's work: God saw it and
said it was good. Then God made the
fish, and the fowls, and beasts of all
kinds, for the use of man. But God
kept the best work for the last day.
On the sixth day, God made man, for
whose use all else had been made. We
may with truth say that the sixth day's
work was the best; for it is said; God
made man like God. All these six
days' work are good. They all show
how wise and good is that God in whom
we live and move, and they all praise
Him day by day. All things that God
has made praise Him, from the least fly
that is born one day and dies the
next, to the huge bird that lives more
years than now fall to the lot of man.
All praise Him, from the least fish that
swims in the sea, to the great whale
whose strength is not known. All
praise Him, from the mounds in which
are shown the strength and skill of the
ant, to the high hills that cast forth fire
and smoke. All praise Him, from the
small sand on the sea shore, to the
vast mountains whose tops are out of our
sight. All things praise God; from the
stars that give light by night, to the
sun that that gives light by day.

But how much more would have
been the praise of all God's work, if
man had not come in with his works to
spoil the works of God. Man, though
made at first like God, fell from his
first state, by sin. God gave him a law,
and told him to keep it. God said,
keep this law, and live—break it, and
die. Man, at this time, could keep
this law or break it, at his own will;
that is, he had what we call free will,
and a bad and vile use he made of it,
for he chose to break the law which was
like Him who made it—wise, and just,
and good. Thus did man to keep his
first pure state; but God's word did not
fail, for in that same day death came
on all. God had told him it would
be so, and yet he chose to do that which
has brought sin and death, war and
strife, pain and want, on all that have
since been born. Man has had since
the fall to gain his bread by the
sweat of his brow. A curse came on
the ground for his sake; which now,
for the first time, brought forth weeds
and thorns in the place of fruit and
herbs. A curse came, too, on the
beasts of the field, which were all fit to
be of great use to man; now they
were wild and fierce, and would not let
man rule them as they did at first. In
fact, a curse came on all for the sake of
the sin of man.

But the great curse is, that man lost
by the fall, his choice to do good or ill.
He lost his love to God by sin. His
will is now all in that way which leads
from God. Man left to his own will
now hates God,—hates His ways, His
word, and all His laws, and would, if
he could, take the throne from Him.
All that he can do, or all that God will
let him do in this way, he does; for all
that he can touch, he spoils and taints
with sin. What a state sin has brought
man to! What a wreck man has made
in the world! and yet how good God
still was. In the same day that man
fell from his first state, which was pure
and good, God told him in due time He
would send His own Son to this world,
who would take on Him the form of
man and die for the sins of man. Some
one must die for sin, else God would
not be just to His law, which must be
kept, if not by man, by some one else
for him. In due time—which was God's
time—Christ His own Son did come,
and did die on the cross for the sins of
man, and all those—from the first man
that God made, down to the last man
that shall be born—to whom God shall
give grace to take His Son's death in