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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Beyond."

BY G. WEED.

Friend, standing here upon time's shore,
Where you might oft hear ocean's roar,
Dost know there is land lying o'er,
Beyond the wave.

Now think a moment, tell me true,
If on a ship with noble crew,
You sail to make the passage through,
To yonder shore,

Then on the passage waves run high,
And winds blow wild with clouded sky;
The ship is foundering by-and-by,
From stress of gale,

The captain seeing danger near,
Calls all his crew the boats to clear,
Then calls each passenger Draw near,
Take boats for life.

Now you refuse to heed the call,
The boats are manned, there's room for
all,
The captain shouts Now overhaul,
And launch to sea.

What think you now, would be your
fate?
A sinking ship, alas! too late!
The chance is gone, for none dare wait,
With such delay.

But stop! the lifeboat's drawing nigh,
Some one on board must hear your cry,
A Saviour heard your breathing sigh,
Will you be saved?

Then look to Jesus. He alone,
Has made your case just as his own,
As Mediator did atone
For you with God.

Religious.

"The Weeping Saviour:

AN ARGUMENT FOR MISSIONS AND
PATTERN FOR THE MISSIONARY."

was the subject of Dr. Landel's sermon preached on the occasion of the Baptist Home Mission Anniversary. A brief extract or two will be read with interest and profit:—

REALITY OF THE SINNER'S DANGER.

The Saviour's tears attest the reality of the sinner's danger. The clear recognition of this is the mainspring of such evangelistic efforts as this society contemplates, and there is all the more reason for our dwelling on it from the fact that a spirit is now abroad—a charitable or catholic spirit it claims to be—which is fitted to repress the revival of evangelistic zeal, which we now happily witness, and to take all pith and heart out of the Church's efforts for the conversion of the world, and, in fact, to dry up entirely those feelings by which throughout all ages, such efforts have been sustained.

UNSCIENTIFIC VAGARIES AND OVERWISE RELIGIONISTS.

Scientific men, we think, err greatly, recklessly violating their own principles, and leaping to a conclusion in the most unscientific manner, when, having found the beginning of life in the protoplasm, or primordial cell, they attributed to matter the power of spontaneous generation, or as one of them announced from the seat of authority, "all the possibilities and potentialities of life." This conclusion, as the result of subsequent investigations, they are already compelled to abandon, the authority referred to having recently declared "that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life." This confession, after the declaration as to the potency of matter, which so startled the religious world, must be somewhat mortifying, one would say, to him who makes it, and may convince religious people who are apt to be thrown into a flutter by every unscientific vagary which scientists may choose to propound, that true science is much less hostile to religion than they are apt to suppose, and

that creation contains footprints of her Creator which science with all its atheistic leanings, is unable to obliterate. It is a fine thing to be charitable, and to make all men, however unscriptural their belief, praise our liberality. But for all that our charity becomes a foolish and a dangerous thing when it presumes to be wise above that which is written.

The history of missions shows that in order to the sustained effort which toils on through weary years without sign of success, there must be the recognition of the danger to which the souls of men are exposed, and of a possible glorious deliverance through the means employed for that end. Still more unfavorable to evangelistic effort, and fitted to unstring the sinews of those who are engaged in it, is the now prevalent, soft-hearted sentimentalism which assumes that because they are repugnant to itself the threatenings of Scripture cannot be true. The misery they describe, it is thought, is too awful to be endured, and the most solemn warnings, are, in consequence, as little regarded by many, as if there was no such thing as suffering in the universe. To a large extent even Christian men, who believe in the Lord's goodness, are apt to leap to the conclusion that the future condition of the lost will be less awful—I do not say than the representations of orthodoxy, but less awful than the Scriptures legitimately interpreted would lead them to conclude.

SOME RECENT CRITICISMS CRITICISED.

In view of His tears we cannot but regret some recent utterances, which, because of the source from which they have come, have been received with a degree of approval to which their intrinsic importance does not entitle them. The utterances themselves may, indeed, be technically true, but the impression they have produced in some quarters is to our knowledge essentially false. When the statement is broadly and sweepingly made that there are no such words as *hell* and *damnation*, and *eternal* as applied to punishment, in the New Testament, it can be argued in its favour that the word *hell* is Tartarus, or Gehenna, Hades, and that the word rendered *damnation* means sometimes judgement and sometimes condemnation and that the word rendered *eternal* means age-long; and it may further be argued that because the words in question have come to bear a too harsh significance, they ought not to be used. But it cannot be denied after all that what they represent means something awful and it ill behoves the Christian teacher to speak in such a manner as to leave the impression that there is nothing behind them, and to lead men to say exultingly, as we have heard them say, that it is something to know that there is no *hell* or *damnation* or *eternal suffering*. When it is said that there is no such word as *hell* in Scripture, it should also be said that it is difficult to find a word of meaning which will serve as an equivalent of the original, and as representative of the thing to which it is applied. Whether there be a *hell* or not, there is a place and state to which our translators have applied the word, because they could find no one more suitable. There is a *Gehenna* fire into which the wicked are cast, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; there is "outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth," to which the wicked are consigned; there is "a lake burning with fire and brimstone"; there is a Hades where men are tormented in flames. On the wicked, God "rains, snares, fire, brimstone, and an horrible tempest, and that shall be the portion of their cup"; there is "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, on every soul of man that doeth evil." Whether there be *damnation* or not, there is certainly condemnation, and no one can say that that means anything less awful. It is associated with the wrath of God; for he "that believeth not is condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth on him." And *damnation* cannot be anything worse than that may imply.

AWFUL SIGNIFICANCE OF SCRIPTURE WARNING.

Let it be admitted that much of the language of Scripture is not to be literal interpreted—that admission does not divest it of its awful significance. The fire may not be literal, and the worm may not be literal, and other things may not be literal,—we have no conception that they are. We do not suppose that literal fire or literal worms have any power to touch the spiritual part of our nature. But, whether literal or not, when so applied they mean something, and that must be a terrible something which such figures are employed to represent. Can it indeed be other than a terrible something which is involved in the soul being lost; disordered in itself and cut off from its proper relation to God and the universe; at enmity with Him and exposed to His righteous indignation? It should be remembered that to sin is to suffer, sooner or later. It is to plunge a poisoned dagger into one's own breast. It is to let loose a herd of unruly passions that they may riot in, and lay desolate, the fair garden of the soul. It is to kindle in one's own heart the very flames of hell. "It is not always," so you say. Not, we admit, in the results which immediately appear. For in the present life these results are in most cases greatly neutralised by the various objects which divert the attention of the soul from its own state, and the gratification which from various sources is ministered to different parts of our nature. But, even here and now, cases are met with in which the terrible effect of sin becomes manifest through the thin veil by which it is usually concealed, and glimpses are afforded us of what is the natural, and will sooner or later be the actual, condition of a guilty soul. Oh, if men could see what I have sometimes seen, they would not think lightly of the suffering which is the natural consequence of sin.

HOW CHRISTIANS SHOULD FEEL AND ACT.

The Saviour's tears showing how we should feel and act towards perishing men. If He may be taken as our pattern, the spirit in which this society should seek the objects which it contemplates is one of deep and tender sympathy. The misery of perishing men, stirring the deepest fountains of feeling, should move us to benevolent and self-denying efforts for their welfare. The spirit which the Saviour breathed on this occasion was that in which His mission originated. The spirit led Him not only to shed tears over sinners, but to lay down his life for their sakes. Is there any reason why He should not be our pattern in this. His Divinity, indeed, renders it impossible that, in some things we can be as He was. But these are not his moral feelings. Compassion is possible to the human as well as the Divine. The Saviour's tears sprang especially from the lower side of His two-fold nature. He had taken upon Him our nature, that he might be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, and capable of sympathy with us. And it is as the sympathizing brother, no less than the compassionate God, that He is now presented to our contemplation.

LOVE IN ACTION.

How becoming such compassion is!—more worthy of His approval than either a sound creed or strict ceremonial observances, the Lord, shows when he tells of the poor man who fell among thieves on the way to Jericho, and was left wounded, and naked, and half dead. The first to pass that way was the lordly priest, full of sacerdotal dignity, swollen with self-importance as one accustomed to come between God and His fellows. From this office it might have been expected that he would be forward to help the unfortunate victim of lawless violence; and, probably, the poor man's hopes were raised when he saw him drawing nigh. But the priest thought more of his own comfort and convenience than the distress of the wounded and dying man. It would be embarrassing to him, no doubt, to have such a man on his hands. A le-

vite was the next to pass. He, too, was an ecclesiastic, although not a dignitary like the priest. His calling was to do Temple service. Less might be expected of him than of his superior; but if officialism has not ousted out every feeling of humanity, he may render some little service to the sufferer, such as his inferior ability admits of, and his inferior office suggests. He actually does more than the priest. He came and looked, but that was all. A third appears, but there is nothing to be expected from him. He is a Samaritan, one of mongrel people with whom the countrymen of the wounded man have no dealings. Of a different race and a different religion, it is not likely that he will show him any pity when his own countrymen and co-religionists, whose office, moreover, laid them under special obligation to help, have left him to his fate. And yet this man of whom so little was to be expected, without asking any question either as to his nationality or his religion, performs towards him a true brother's part.

OUR TREATMENT OF SIN AND SINNERS.

So, dear brethren, are we bound both by the teaching and example of our Lord to cherish a sensitive regard for the welfare of our fellow-men. Of course, we have to blame them for their wrong-doing. We must beware of taking sides with the sinner as against his Maker. We must recognize the justice of the Divine judgement, and not quarrel with the sinner's doom. It is not ours to steel our hearts, as if we could not be expected to care for those with whom we have so little in common, or to put on Pharisaic airs, almost scorning to touch them with our dainty fingers, and saying, in effect, "Stand by for I am holier than they." We, too, have sinned as well as they, and we have been saved while they are not, it is grace that hath made us to differ. It needs but the quickening of their spiritual nature to prove that, like yourself, they are allied to angels. Their soul came from God, and when made to feel the power of the Gospel it will return to God again. Only let it commence an upward flight, and there is no limit beyond which it may not pass. Spreading the strong wings of faith and love, it will emulate the seraph's flight, and take its place by the throne of God. Angels will welcome it into their ranks as a companion not unworthy to stand by their side. For that soul—fallen and degraded as it may be now—that soul is in point of nature, and capability, and possible destiny, a brother of angels, and a child of God. Such souls are not to be regarded with contempt, nor with indignation merely, but with mingled pity and respect—pity for what they are, respect for what they have been, and may yet again become. We must feel and act towards them as our Master did, when He sat down to eat, and in various ways associated with publicans and sinners, recognising a son of Abraham, in Zaccheus the robber, and a daughter of Eve in one of the most abandoned of her sex; and when the prospect of what awaited even His murderers moved Him to tears. Instead of turning coldly away from them, or haughtily frowning on them, we must seek to find out the most susceptible part of their nature, and make our appeal to that. And we may hope through the Divine blessing to be successful in the greatest works which mortals can attempt.

The Gospel is good tidings of great joy unto all people. And good tidings of great joy are tidings which impart joy to those who hear and receive them as true. It is a question of great importance for us to-day whether the Gospel we preach be of that nature? It is fitted to give a man joy in God the moment it reaches him, without setting him to do something in and for himself as the condition of that joy? Does it tell him that about God which there and then is fitted to make him glad in God—must make him glad if believed, because of what it tells of the Divine feelings towards him? Of one thing we may be certain, and that is that the representation of God, which

is satisfactory to us because of the conclusion we have formed of ourselves, will not necessarily prove equally satisfactory to those whose position is entirely different from ours. We love God and praise Him, because we believe ourselves to be the objects of His peculiar favour. He has chosen us and forgiven us, and we are now on the way to heaven. Good reason have we, therefore, for feeling grateful to Him, and thinking and speaking well of Him.

Said an old woman to a friend of mine, who was making known to her the Gospel: "I have always thought that God Almighty was a better being than many people made Him out to be." And in that saying I am persuaded you have an explanation of much of the unbelief of the present day, and a sad testimony to the defectiveness of much of our preaching. When men can paint something too bright for the sun, then may we be afraid of saying too much of the Divine love. As yet, no language is strong enough adequately to describe it. No figure can fully set it forth.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the heavens of parchment made,
Were every stock on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

This is the message which we have to publish in the ears of perishing men. It is the thing which belongs to their peace, but is now hid from their eyes. And had we only hundreds of messengers to go forth bearing this message, and proclaiming it as with one voice throughout the length and breadth of the earth, correcting their false views of God, and casting out of them the devil's lie—that God is not so kind to them as He might be—and were it corroborated by our church members, each in his own sphere, giving a correct representation of the Divine character, and saying to his neighbour, "Know ye the Lord," I am persuaded that we should witness the commencement of a new era. Oh, may that which has been devised be carried out on a scale commensurate with the urgency of the need, and the grandeur of the aim! "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountains; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of England, Behold your God!"

The London May Meetings.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In our last we noticed the Anniversary of the London Baptist Union, and, that on the morning of the 1st Inst. the friends of Baptist Foreign Missions took Breakfast together as preliminary to the meetings of the Society during the day.

The speaking afterwards was largely in reference to the evangelization of Africa to which so much of public attention has of late been called. This dark land is now being made the theatre of missionary effort by several of the great Societies.

The chairman after speaking of the country and people generally said:

My Christian friends, there is a river—call it the Tar, the Congo, the Luaba, the Livingstonia, or what you will—whose banks teem with populations and tribes to whom the glad tidings of great joy are utterly strange—whose homes and hearts have never been visited by the saving and sanctifying influences of the Gospel of Christ. To us, in happy contrast, "there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God," and adopting the paraphrase of the poet of the sanctuary—
That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
I ask you to co-operate with us in