

# The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.  
Vol. XXIII., No. 51.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, December 18, 1878.

WHOLE SERIES.  
Vol. XLII., No. 51.

## Poetry.

[The following poetic gem is not new, but too many of our readers it will be well adapted to afford comfort under the trials they have had to endure in the process of the "transplanting" into the other "garden." Ed. C. M.]

### Transplanted.

The gardener came into his garden,  
It was very fair to see,  
And his Lord walked slowly beside him,  
Looking at shrub and tree;

Through borders of odorous roses,  
Through lily-beds, purple and white,  
By thickets enkindled with crimson,  
And arbors that prisoned the light.

Till they came to a tender flower,  
A frail but a beautiful thing,  
That drooped its snow-white petals,  
Like a bird with a broken wing.

"I think," said the gardener, clasping  
The plant with a gentle hand,  
"This flower is much too tender  
For the winds of this lower land."

"I marvel if even with shelter  
'Twill thrive in this coarser earth,  
Where cold dews fall upon it—  
'Tis a flower of priceless worth."

Now his Lord had another garden,  
Its gates were of pearl and gold;  
And its slopes were nearer heaven  
Than this land with breezes cold.

There, never the sun gave languor,  
There, never the east wind blew,  
And the provident care of the Master's  
hand  
Was tender as sun or dew.

His Lord looked down on the flower,  
And his heart went out to its need;  
"Tis just the plant for my garden,  
A plant of celestial seed."

The gardener loosened the fibres,  
Raised the plant for the Lord to see;  
Then the gracious Master said with a  
smile,  
"Give the little flower to me."

And into the gates that were golden,  
And over the fadeless plain,  
And close by the wonderful River of Life,  
He planted the flower again.

And there in a deathless splendor,  
It blooms and brightens to-day;  
And there in an endless, marvelous light,  
It will bloom and brighten alway.

## Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.  
Letter from Switzerland.

(From our own correspondent.)

NEUCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND,  
Nov. 15, 1878.

Attention is being attracted by the sudden recurrence of archaeological discoveries beneath the waters of the Swiss lakes to a remarkable and almost forgotten era of the pre-historic times in Europe. For some months past engineering works on a large scale have been carried on in the Swiss Jura for the purpose of deepening the lakes, basins, and improving the navigation. One of the results has been the withdrawal of a great body of water from the shallower to the deeper areas, so that immense tracts of sandy beach are laid bare. Boats cannot now enter their accustomed harbours, and long sand-flats are seen where formerly good sized vessels were wont to find sufficient draught. At this place, the lake bottom, which has thus become exposed to view, proves to be rich in remains of the strange people who before the dawn of history, erected their wooden villages upon piles, and lived here for centuries in large populous, and prosperous communities. The fishermen at Neuchâtel, not unwilling to make the best of hard times, are placing their services at the disposal of the antiquaries, and the result is being seen in "finds" which seem to equal in interest any recorded. The mysterious eras which archaeologists have agreed to call the "Stone Age" and the "Bronze Age," are again being wonderfully illustrated from the sources

that have proved so prolific in the past. There seems every reason to believe that the search for further remains will yield gratifying results. The number of lake villages which have already been identified beneath the waters at Neuchâtel is more than fifty, and competent authorities are agreed in considering the discoveries as far from complete. The well-known zest of the Swiss archaeologist in so congenial a work seems thoroughly revived, and it can hardly be doubted that a most interesting chapter in the annals of one of the primeval races of Europe has been successfully re-opened. "Few things can be more interesting than the spectacle of an ancient and long-forgotten people rising, as it were, from the waters of oblivion, to take what belongs to them in the history of the human race." Such are the words of John Lubbock, who during the last twenty years, has been carefully watching the discoveries in the Swiss lakes. To-day the wooden piles on which the villages were built may be counted by thousands. In some places they resemble a submerged forest the tree-trunks of which have been suddenly snapped by a storm or an avalanche. Travellers who visit the scene find it hard to believe that these incalculable rows of wooden piers are really thousands of years old, so fresh and unworn do they look as they stand upright beneath the waters. But history is no longer discredited. The ancient race whose weapons, ornaments, manufactured articles of dress, and even kitchen refuse, are found at the bottom of the lakes, have long since taken their place among the European pre-historic peoples. The tale of their existence from the "Stone Age" down to the time when Helvetia came under the Roman rule is amply recorded by the involuntary witnesses of the sites themselves. The animals they kept, the plants they cultivated for weaving and spinning, as well as for food, their querns for grinding corn, and ovens for baking bread, have in recent years been recovered from their watery tomb, in such remarkable profusion as to enable us easily to picture the life and avocations of their owners. So completely did these early Helvetians adopt the waters as their home that their storehouses and their stalls for cattle were all constructed upon the lake. An interval of time which is only measured by thousands of years is shown to have elapsed since the oldest of the settlements were built, yet to-day even the fodder and litter of the stalls are seen to be safely preserved beneath the sunken floors and amid the wooden piles. Sometimes the village is found to have been built as far as two thousand paces from the shore, so that it might be out of the reach of the fiery projectiles of enemies, which would seem sometimes to have been fatal to the wide-stretching village of wattle huts. The implements and other relics which sank into the water when the flooring gave way, have been accidentally treasured up in the lake bed beneath, and the memorials of successive settlements have thus been found lying, to the delight of the archaeologist, in due chronological strata. Eccentric as may seem to our modern ideas this preference for living on the water instead of on the land, it is perhaps still more strange that the habit should have lasted so long. During the Stone Age, the lake-dwelling fashion appears to have spread over the whole of Switzerland. The commencement, it would seem was contemporary with the age of the earliest British barrows and tumuli, and the remarkable shell-mounds or kitchen middens which have yielded corresponding remains on the coast of Denmark; and it certainly lasted until at least the beginning of the Christian era.

The strange people who have been so suddenly brought upon the stage of history had, however, no monopoly of the right of residing in tenements built above the lakes. It might have been thought that so remarkable a custom would be peculiar to the genius or eccentricity of a single race. But there is hardly a doubt that it was often adopted in different parts of the world as

means of safety from common danger. The age of earthworks and castles had not yet arrived, and the lake would often offer a safer home than the land, from the attacks of men and wild beasts alike. According to Herodotus, a Thracian tribe of his own period had found out the advantage of a lacustrine life. "Their manner of living," says this Father of History, "is the following: Planks are fitted on lofty piles which stand in the middle of the lake, with a narrow entrance from the mainland by a single bridge. Every man has a hut on the platform, in which he dwells, with a trap-door leading down to the lake." The historian goes on to describe the arrangements which were made for the cattle and fodder, until a perfect picture of Thracian lake-dwelling is brought before us. But it is unnecessary to go to Thrace for a parallel to the Swiss pile-houses. The lakes and wider rivers of our own country afford instances of a similar habit of life among our pre-historic ancestors. But nothing has yet transpired to equal in importance and interest the old lake villages which are now the subject of ardent research in Switzerland. Much as we have learned in recent years about the strange and interesting people whose traces have been so suddenly revealed, it is probable that still more remains to be discovered. The language and religion, the poetry and tradition of the Ages of Stone and Bronze in Europe would indeed be a contribution to our knowledge of pre-historic man.

LOUIS.

## Religious.

### The Weekly Prayer-Meeting.

BY REV. JOHN SPAULDING, D. D.

"Who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there?"

TWELVE REASONS.

1. *It is a place of rest.*  
Shutting the room-door puts the brakes on business and cares, and the change of employment induces a complete rest to the mind. A dreamy sleep rests the tired muscles, but spurs the tired mind into a more depressing weariness; while an hour of communion with God more completely reverses the wheels of activity, and rests the mental machinery than anything else.

2. *It is a place of healthful thought and vital knowledge.*

Of thought that brings the needy souls into connection with an infinite and gracious supply, and of knowledge unspeakably rich and satisfying. There the soul is lifted up to know God better, and God comes down to fill the hungry soul with goodness.

3. *It is a place for quickening the Christian life.*

The atmosphere is charged with spiritual oxygen. It gives buoyancy to the heart and vigor to the pulse. It is like the breath of spring upon the meadows—opening every pore to receive its inspiration, and pushing every blade and branch into beauty and fruitfulness. All but the dead are there quickened.

4. *It is a perfecting place of character.*

Character, like a plant, is a growth, and can mature only under favorable circumstances. It is also a work of art. The sculptor spends weeks and months in his studio on a piece of statuary. Every blow of his chisel tends to improvement—knocking off a redundancy here, making a prominence or depression there, and gradually rounding out the whole figure into life and beauty. So in the meeting for prayer the Holy Spirit applies truth as his chosen instrument—touching gently here and more severely there, till the character is changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Some of the best specimens in the Christian gallery have thus been formed out of the roughest materials.

5. *It is a radiating point of the power of example on the world.*

One after another the attendants quietly enter the room, out of sight of the giddy and prayerless throng. But they are seen on the way. It is known why they go there. Conscience testifies that they are right. Candor declares them different from other people, and asserts that they are better than others—better in their example, better in their hopes, and better in their prospects. A sober judgment often so justifies their course, that the silent reflex influence of the humble prayer-meeting is more powerful than the most eloquent sermon. It radiates like light from the sun through the rifted cloud.

6. *It is a place of special mutual benefit.*

In the rocky bowl beneath a waterfall pebbles of marble, shale, and sandstone are smoothed and beautifully rounded by attrition. They improve and perfect each other. So in the prayer-meeting, where mind and heart, through the lessons of Scripture, the songs of praise, the fervent prayers, the hallowed associations, the brotherly sympathies, and the heaven-born hopes, joys and prospects, act and react upon each other. Such attrition wears away little differences of temperament, opinion, conduct, and character; reveals most distinctly the essentials of doctrine and practice, and so contributes to the personal and common good as to make all the praying circle one in Christ Jesus.

7. *It is to the preacher and pastor a living source of encouragement.*

When other earthly springs run dry, this is unfailing. Sometimes he takes the spiritual census of his flock, and finds worldliness, wickedness, and weakness everywhere. He reviews the matter and manner of his pulpit and pastoral duties. He finds that he has honestly aimed at preaching important and appropriate truth, and at fidelity in and out of the pulpit. He turns the glass of scrutiny upon himself; upon his motives, his desires, his acts; and while he wonders that God ever put one so incompetent into the ministry of the gospel, he dares not wish himself out of it. Yet he feels discouraged. He looks heavenward. There is always encouragement above. He looks earthward, and the only spot where he can thank God and take courage is in the meeting for prayer.

8. *It is the place where the divine command is obeyed, and its great reward secured.*

"Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is," &c. Heb. 10: 25. "In keeping of them"—the commandments—"there is great reward." Psalm, xix. 8-11.

9. *It is the threshold of the door of salvation.*

Ever since the day of Pentecost it has been the prelude and pledge of revivals of religion. A revival is related to a prayer-meeting as a stream is related to its fountain, or an effect to its cause. And so it must ever be so long as it is a principle in God's government to grant special blessings in answer to special prayer.

10. *It is a place where the lamps of piety are replenished with holy oil, and kept burning bright; where the work of grace wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit is renewed and strengthened and confirmed, in the process of completion.*

A church without a prayer-meeting is a wintry graveyard at midnight: dark, cold, cheerless, and dead. And an individual, unnecessarily, and willingly without, is a fit candidate for the undertaker's services.

11. *Scriptural examples warrant such meetings, and illustrate their value.*

Whether held by the river side, where prayer was wont to be made, and where the Lord opened the heart of Lydia a seller of purple, or in the house of Mary, the mother of John, where many prayed successfully for the release of Peter from prison, or elsewhere, social prayer has ever been a great power for good; and it is forever true that "the Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all who call upon Him in truth."

12. *It is the place of Jesus' appointment for His people:*

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name." The appointment of two or three or more thus to meet is also the appointment of Jesus to be there. Thomas doubting may stay away, or reluctantly attend, but once there, with sense and faith confirmed, he will be no longer faithless, but believing, and will go away exclaiming, *My Lord and my God!*

"When life's bright scenes are all forgot,  
Its golden visions passed away,  
Memory will linger round the spot  
Where kindred hearts have met to pray."

The best part of the people of the United States hold Queen Victoria as high in esteem as do the people of this Dominion. They are evidently gratified at the reception given to the Princess Louise. The following from the Boston *Watchman* is a good index of how they regard her coming here in the capacity of the wife of our Governor General:—

### A Queen's Daughter.

Our good friends of the Dominion are rejoicing at the arrival of their new Viceroy and his wife, the Princess Louise, a daughter of Queen Victoria. We extend to them our congratulations on an event of which they are justly proud.

It is not simply the arrival of the Queen's son-in-law and the Queen's daughter that inspires their rejoicings, but the recognition of their political importance involved in the appointment of such distinguished persons to reside among them, the one as their chief ruler, and the other as his assistant in all those social observances on which political power so much depends. The event, if not itself an era in the history of Canada, is a proof that her rapid growth in population, in culture, and in material power, has attracted the attention and awakened the interest of the statesmen who govern the British Empire.

The Marquis of Lorne succeeds a ruler whose popularity in Canada is boundless, and on this account his position may be somewhat difficult; but he is credited with good sense, and we doubt not that he will discharge the duties of his high office not only faithfully, but to the satisfaction of his people. His reception has been all that he could desire; all classes have united to give him a royal welcome; and the friendly and even enthusiastic disposition they have manifested is a favorable augury. We can foresee nothing adapted to mar the pleasure with which they have welcomed their chief executive and their Queen's daughter. May both continue long in the high station to which they are called. May all health and happiness attend their residence on our continent. May their people be as happy through out the period of their sojourn as now at its commencement. And when they depart may they be regretted as sincerely as they are hailed on their arrival.

We cannot help having sympathy with the fierce rebuke of Robert Hall at the pity whose chief virtue seems to be to look ugly and behave stupidly. After one of his grand sermons he was dining with a friend, and was as playful as a kitten, making all gleeful around him. One of the profession, who had the conception that stolidity was piety, rebuked him, saying, "Mr. Hall, you shock me. You preach like an angel, but out of the pulpit you have the levity of a sinner." "Is that your honest opinion of me?" said Mr. Hall. "Yes." "Well," said he, "there is a marked difference between us." "Yes," said pious stolidity, "I hope so; what is it?" "Well," said Mr. Hall, "you have your foolishness in the pulpit and I have mine out of it."

The hat worn by Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Austerlitz has just been sold in Paris. Documents proving its genuineness accompanied it.