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Poetry.

The Cross.

Quaint though the construction be of the following poem, yet never has the story of the cross been told with more truthful simplicity:

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth
With Spirit meek
The way of truth.
To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven,
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of this Saviour's grace.
For them he bore
His Father's frown,
For them he wore
The thorny crown,
Nailed to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor e'en dare refuse
The Lord thy heart,
Lest He declare,
"I know you not,"
And deep despair
Should be your lot.
Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust in him who there was crucified.

"Faint, Yet Pursuing."

BY S. O. CURTIS.

Trembling soul! what art thou doing?
Rise, though faint, be still pursuing,
Shrinking will not make thee stronger,
Linger by the way no longer.
Victory comes not to the fearful,
Onward then, with courage cheerful.

Wait on him who mighty liveth,
Power to the faint he giveth.
Swiftly now thy path pursuing,
All thy soul its strength renewing,
Far above thy foe's dominions
Thou shalt mount on eagles' pinions.

Suffering soul! God knows thy trial,
Knows of health the long denial.
All day waves of anguish breasting,
Night gives only painful resting,
And he knows how morning breaking
Bringeth but a weary waking.

Now look upward; see him viewing
Thee low fainting, yet pursuing.
He will calm the raging billow
Of thy woe, and ease thy pillow.
Strength, and love, and comfort given,
Cheer thy troubled way to heaven.

Mourning soul! afflictions viewing,
Faint with grief, be yet pursuing,
Though thy heart be dark with sadness,
Christ, the light, shall banish gladness,
And though tears prevent thy sleeping,
Morn brings joy instead of weeping.

Take thine aching heart to Jesus,
Who from all the anguish frees us.
He is home to heaven bringing
One by one thy lost ones, singing
Triumph over sin and sighing,
Victory, victory over dying!

Christian soul! thou know'st the story,
How the cross precedes the glory.
Then thy heaven-sent labor doing,
Often faint, yet still pursuing,
Soon for thee shall glow the dawning
Of eternity's glad morning.

Religious.

The Palace of the Bible.

BY DR. SOMERVILLE.

The Bible may be compared to a magnificent edifice that took sixteen centuries to rear. Its architect and builder is God. Like the beautiful world, the work of the same Author, it bears upon it everywhere the impress of a hand divine. This majestic temple contains sixty-six chambers, capacious, yet in size unequal—the sixty-six books of the Old and New Testaments. Each of its 31,173 verses is a stone, a beam, a panel of the building, which is a temple more glorious far than that of Solomon or of Zerubbabel, with their hewn stones from Lebanon, their pillars of cedar, their doors of olive, their floors, walls, and ceiling overlaid with the fine gold of Parvaim, their holy places their courts, their porticoes, and gates. No portion of this wonderful structure, will

the Lord suffer to be mutilated or defiled. Within the sacred enclosure dwells the whole family of God on earth. The Bible is the home of the redeemed below. When the Lord Jesus was departing from this world, he said, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. That home is the temple in heaven above, whence the entrant shall go no more out, and where Christ's friends abide, as priests to God for evermore. But the Bible is the house of many mansions prepared for Jesus' disciples on earth. Here they have their residence; here they are fed; here they are strengthened, comforted, and blessed; here they are nurtured for immortality. The Bible is not merely the dwelling-place of God's people; it is the chosen abode of God himself. Would you have fellowship with the Father? You will be sure to find him within the precincts of this holy house.

Shall we take advantage of the King's permission, and step inside? We approach by the beautiful garden of Eden, with its innocent flowers, its groves and lucid streams. The first part of the building, that of highest antiquity, bears the name of the chambers of law and justice. These are five in number—the Books of Moses. One of these is a sort of vestibule to the others, and resembles a long gallery, hung with portraits and pictorial scenes of surpassing interest, mementoes of persons and events that had place before a stone of the building was laid—such figures as those of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Sarah, Jacob, Esau, and Joseph; and such scenes as Paradise and the Flood, the departure from Ur of the Chaldees, the tent-door at Mamre, the flaming cities of the plain, the offering of Isaac, Rebecca at the well, the ladder at Bethel, and the governor of Egypt weeping on the neck of his brethren.

Thence we pass through an extensive range of imposing apartments—the chambers of historic record. These comprise the library of the edifice, and in them are laid up the Church's archives for more than a thousand years. These rooms are twelve in number, and stretch from "Joshua to Esther." Then we come to a wide space called the gymnasium of the building, or the saints' exercising ground—the Book of Job. Entering right off this, we find ourselves in the music gallery of the Psalms, the orchestra of the house, where dwell all the sons and daughters of song, with cymbal, trumpet, psaltry, and harp. Issuing thence, we pass at once into the chamber of commerce—the Book of Proverbs; not far from which is the sombre penitentiary, where sorrowful bankrupts and other defaulters may remain for a time with profit—the Book of Ecclesiastes. A little farther on, we open into a tiny parlor in the midst of larger rooms, the chamber of sympathy with mourners—the Book of Lamentations. Interspersed among all these, the eye is regaled with such delightful conservatories of flowers as the Books of Ruth and of the Song of Solomon. And next we come to a noble suite of lofty apartments, some of which are of great capacity, and are laid out with extraordinary splendour. They are seventeen in number. These are the halls of ancient prophecy, which follow in grand succession from "Isaiah to Malachi."

Thence we pass to the portion of the edifice of more modern construction, and enter four spacious chambers of peculiar beauty. These are of marble fairer than e'er was taken from the quarries of Paros, Pentelicus, or Carrara—chambers one does not know whether to admire more the simplicity or the exquisite finish. At once the walls arrest us. On them we see, not golden reliefs of palm-trees, lilies, pomegranates, and cherubim; but four full length portraits of the Lord, of the building himself, drawn by the Holy Spirit's inimitable hand. These are the books of the four evangelists. Stepping onwards, our ears are saluted by the loud sounds of machinery in motion; and entering a long apartment, we find

ourselves face to face with wheels and shafts, and cranes, and pinions, whose motive power is above and out of sight, and which will bring on changes all the world over. This is the chamber of celestial mechanics, the great work-room of the building—the Book of Acts. Leaving it, we are conducted into the stately halls of the apostolic epistles, no fewer than twenty-one in range. The golden doors of fourteen of these are inscribed with the honoured name of the apostle to the Gentiles; those of the seven others with the names of James and Peter and John and Jude. Within these halls the choicest treasures of the Lord are stored.

And last of all we arrive at that mysterious gallery whose brilliant lights and dark shadows so curiously intermingle, and where in sublime emblems the history of the Church of Jesus is unveiled fill the bridegroom come—the grand Apocalypse.

And now we have reached the utmost extremity of the building. Let us step out on the projecting balcony, and look abroad. Yonder, beneath us, is a fair meadow, through which the pure river of the water of life is winding its way, on either side of which stands the tree of life, with its twelve manner of fruits, and its beautiful leaves for the healing of nations; and in the distance, high on the summit of the everlasting hills, the city all of gold, bathed in light and quivering with glory—the new Jerusalem, its walls of Jasper, its foundation of precious stones, its angel-guarded gates of pearl—the city that needs no sun, nor moon, "for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof."

The Scriptures and Future Punishment.

The public utterances of certain religious teachers, at home and abroad, and the comments of certain journals upon these utterances have directed attention of late to the doctrine of future punishment. It will be well for the cause of truth, we believe, if men, in their examination of the grounds of the general belief of evangelical Christians in reference to this doctrine, are directed to the Word of God. Here not a few have made a fatal mistake. In consideration of this subject they have not asked, What do the Scriptures teach? but they have opened their minds to objections urged upon speculative grounds, and finding in them a foundation for their own hopes, they have rejected the doctrine of future punishment as though Christ had not uttered the solemn words which have given this doctrine a place in the creeds of Christendom.

This was in a measure true of the late Dr. Tholuck. Early in his career as a theological instructor, he was inclined because of certain inferences drawn from the love and mercy of God, to adopt the doctrine of ultimate universal salvation. At length, however, he was led to search the Scriptures. There he found certain passages which seemed to be in harmony with his inclinations; but he found still other passages which spoke of eternal punishment, as Matt. 24: 41, 46, 1 Thess. 5: 3, Judge 7, also that which refers to Judas, Matt 26: 24, and especially that which speaks of the in against the Holy Ghost, Matt. 12: 32. Accordingly in 1837, referring to his former views, he wrote, "Mature reflection on the sin against the Holy Ghost has made me since abandon the idea of the final restoration of all men; for what Christ says concerning it seems too clearly to imply a degree of opposition against holy truth, which leads to eternal unhappiness." Here was a man of keenest intellect, who took up the investigation of this subject with a desire to disprove the eternity of future punishment. But he was honest with himself in his investigation. He was in search of truth, and having examined the teachings of the Scriptures in reference to this doctrine, as a candid interpreter of the sacred Word he abandoned his earlier views as untenable.

It seems as though a like result must

follow every such intelligent examination of the Word of God. Let it be remembered that in reference to this doctrine we have especially to do with the teachings of the Saviour. Indeed, we need only consider the testimony of the great Teacher, who spoke in language difficult to be misunderstood, if we would learn the solemn lesson which the Scriptures contain concerning the future state of the finally impenitent. In many ways Christ sought to impress this lesson on the minds of men. Everlasting punishment he placed in opposition to everlasting life. Both he set forth as fixed, eternal states of men, fixed at the judgement. As to this life, except in the case of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, the state of the wicked is not fixed. In that case it is fixed because the sinful nature is fixed; for the passage, according to the most approved reading, teaches that the blasphemer against the Holy Ghost "is guilty of eternal sin."

But of especial force is the passage, Matt. 25: 46: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Canon Farrar, in a recent discourse in Westminster Abbey on eternal punishment, said that the word everlasting is one that ought not to stand any longer in our English Bibles, and that it will not stand in the revised version if the revisers have understood their duty. We have no doubt that the revisers are doing honest work, nor have we any doubt that the word everlasting will have a place in the new as well as in our present version of the Scriptures. Canon Farrar would have men believe that by scholars the word has already been banished from the Scriptures. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Take, for instance, such an interpreter as Meyer, the best exegetical scholar of our century, and we might add, of any century. He was by no means an advocate of our evangelical faith; but in his interpretation of the Word of God he endeavoured to be thorough and candid. What does he say in reference to Matt. 25: 46? He says, "The idea of eternity in reference to future punishment is not to be set aside, but stands exegetically fast by reason of the 'eternal life' to which it is opposed, and by which is meant the endless Messianic life." Precisely the same word is used by the Saviour in both clauses, and not two different words, as our English version of the Scriptures seems to indicate: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." If punishment is not everlasting, the life of blessedness also is not everlasting. It is impossible to limit in the one case what is not limited in the other. With Meyer agrees Weiss in his *Bibliche Theologie*. He says: "The Messianic judgment decrees eternal punishment, which forms the antithesis to eternal life." And this is the view of the best biblical scholars, even of those who are not especially friendly to evangelical views. The man, therefore, who thinks the word 'everlasting' should be stricken out of our English Bibles, is not likely to find men of his own way of thinking among those here and in England who are engaged in preparing a revised translation of the English Scriptures.

We repeat, the only question is, What did the Saviour teach? For ourselves, we cannot see that there is any room for doubt. Certainly no plainer words could be uttered than those we have quoted. "These are solemn in themselves, but have an added solemnity as spoken by the tender, compassionate Son of God.—*Zion's Advocate*."

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection of itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the lonely night, the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

Treasures in Heaven.

BY REV. C. WOODSWORTH, D. D.

"Treasures—treasures in heaven!" Hear ye that, O poor mortal man, whose fairest things on earth these thieves are stealing, these fires consuming! "Treasures in heaven!" "Treasures for the body! Is thine eye blind? Is thine ear deaf? Is thy flesh wasted with disease and pain? O, then it is only to fall asleep, at eventide, in the shadow of the grave, and in yonder sphere of a higher life, amid scenes of ineffable perfectness and beauty, 'thou shalt wake up in the very likeness of Christ, satisfied forever.'"

Treasures in heaven for the intellect. Is your mind uncultured, and your thoughts feeble? Then yonder, as a child at the great Father's feet, you shall hear lessons of infinite wisdom, such as no mortal ever learned, "and know as you are known," and be satisfied.

Treasures in heaven for the heart. Have you lost friends? Is your home forlorn, and your life desolate, because of forms, words, footsteps, that return no more? Then look up from the grave's black shadows, to the radiant shapes that go by, behind the half-parted veil. You can almost see the beloved forms—almost hear the dear voices. And when that veil parts, and those clouds dissolve, ye shall walk with them in white robes, and be satisfied.

"Treasures in heaven." God alone can tell us what it means, and he has told us. Behold our simple emblem—a mighty market-place, and "a merchandise better than the merchandise of silver." Yes, and Christ has told us, even better in his blessed parable of the pearl. Behold that wise, spiritual merchant. He has heard of a jewel of inestimable price offered on sale in a distant emporium, and he sold his poor, pitiful earthly all and went forth to obtain it. He weighed anchor from the shore of a sinful life, and stood out for eternity.

At first view, it may be, the venture seems foolish, and as we see that mortal bark tossed by wind and waves, yea, sometimes fearfully laboring with tempests as the lightning's glare and the hurricanes roar, our hearts sadden as for an imperilled voyager, and we lift up our voices in recall, and cry, "Come back! O! come back again!"

But the scene changes. We look again, and behold the battered bark has crossed the ocean, and there is a vision of blessed islands reposing in eternal sunshine; and there are rare trees of fadeless green, and flashing palaces of immortal life, and we hear words of joyous welcome, and a cry of exulting triumph as the adventurous bark casts anchor for eternity. Like an angel dream of heaven it rose upon my vision, and then it faded away. But as I turned me to this poor mortal shore again, to the smaller and meaner things of this carnal world—this sinful life—I said, "I will go after; I will see what this great thing meaneth." Let other men load their poor barks with stubble and coal and clay, and go heading along these mortal shores for the silver that perishes; but for me, I have heard of islands of the blest that rise far away in the boundless seas; I have heard of a "pearl of great price," so large, so lustrous, so ineffably pure, precious, perfect, that its price is beyond the ransom of an empire—of a universe; a pearl that now on the brow of a risen spirit will make heaven more glorious; a pearl that may be sought—may be won; and I will seek it, and sell all and buy it. I will trade no longer with the sellers of dust and ashes; I will have traffic with no meaner commodities than divine grace here, and divine glory hereafter. O, our bark is on the sea, and our sails unfolding to the heavenly wind. Come with us, come with us, and we will do you good."

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must himself pass, for every man hath need to be forgiven.