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Poetry.

The Pilgrim.

AN APPEAL.

The way is dark my Father! cloud on cloud
Is gathering quickly o'er my head; and
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered; Father take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The day goes fast my Father; and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral
band
Encompass me. Oh, Father take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child.

The way is long my Father! and my soul
Lings for the rest and quiet of the goal:
While yet I journey through this weary
land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take
my hand,
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father many a
thorn
Has pierced me, and my weary feet are
torn
And bleeding mark the way. Yet thy
command
Bids me press forward. Father take my
hand,
Then safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

The throng is great my Father—many a
doubt,
And fear, and danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go, alone. Oh, Father take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child.

The cross is heavy. Father, I have borne
So long and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father take
my hand
And reaching down
Lead to the crown
Thy child.

THE RESPONSE.

The way is dark my child—but leads to
light;
I would not always have thee walk by
sight.
My dealings, now thou canst not under-
stand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead safely home
My child.

The day goes fast my child, but is the night
Darker to me than day. In Me is light:
Keep close to Me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall banish. I will take thy hand
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child.

The way is long my child, but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last when thou
shalt stand
Close to the gate, how I did take thy hand
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child.

The path is rough my child—but oh how
sweet.
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that
land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest,
With me shall rest,
My child.

The throng is great my child but at thy
side
Thy Father walks, then be not terrified
For I am with thee; will thy foes com-
mand
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child.

The cross is heavy, child; yet there is One
Who bore a heavier one for thee—My Son,
My well beloved; with Him bear thine
and stand
With Him at last; and from thy Father's
hand
Thy cross laid down,
Receive thy crown,
My child.

God makes the earth bloom with
roses that we may not be discontented
with our sojourn here. He makes it
bear thorns that we may learn to look
for something better beyond.

Speak little, speak the truth; spend
little, pay cash.

Religious.

"Recreations in Astronomy."

BY H. W. WARREN.

As but comparatively few are likely
to have the opportunity of reading this
excellent work, we copy some passages
from it, which we doubt not will be
enjoyed by all our readers:—

APPEARANCE OF THE HEAVENS.

During all the ages, there has been
one bright and glittering page of loft-
iest wisdom unrolled before the eye of
man. That this page may be read in
every part, man's whole world turns
him before it. This motion apparent-
ly changes the eternally stable stars in-
to a moving panorama, but it is only so
in appearance. The sky is a vast, im-
movable dial-plate of "that clock whose
pendulum ticks ages instead of seconds,"
and whose time is eternity. The moon
moves among the illuminated figures
traversing the dial quickly, like a second-
hand, once a month. The sun, like a
minute hand, goes over the dial once a
year. Various planets stand for hour-
hand, moving over the dial in various
periods reaching up to one hundred and
sixty-four years; while the Earth, like a
ship of exploration, sails the infinite
azure, bearing the observers to differ-
ent points where they may investigate
the infinite problems of this mighty ma-
chinery.

This dial not only shows present
movements, but it keeps the history of
uncounted ages past, ready to be read
backward in proper order; and it has
glorious volumes of prophecy, reveal-
ing the far-off future to any man who
is able to look thereon, break the seals,
and read the record. Glowing stars
are the alphabet of this lofty page.
They combine to form words. Meteors,
rainbows, auroras, shifting groups of
stars, make pictures vast and signifi-
cant as the armies, angels, and falling
stars in the Revelation of St. John—
changing and progressive pictures of
infinite wisdom and power.

FORCES OF THE SUNBEAM.

Heat associated with light has very
different qualities from that which is
not. Sunlight melts ice in the middle,
bottom, and top at once. Ice in the
Spring-time is honey-combed through-
out. A piece of ice set in the summer
sunshine crumbles into separate crystals.
Dark heat only melts the surface.

Nearly all the heat of the sun passes
through glass without hindrance; but
take heat from white-hot platinum and
only seventy-six per cent. of it goes
through glass, twenty-four per cent. be-
ing so constituted that it cannot pass
with facility.

The heat of the sunbeam goes through
glass without any hindrance whatever.
It streams into the room as freely as if
there were no glass there. But what if
the furnace or stove heat went through
glass with equal facility? We might
as well try to heat our rooms with the
window-panes all out, and the blast of
winter sweeping through them.

CELESTIAL MEASUREMENTS.

Man's finest mechanism, highest
thought, and broadest exercise of the
creative faculty have been inspired by
astronomy. No other instruments ap-
proximate in delicacy those which ex-
plore the heavens; no other system of
thought can draw such vast and certain
conclusions from its premises.

We have been placed on the outside
of this earth, instead of the inside, in
order that we may look abroad. We
are carried about, through unappreci-
able distance, at the inconceivable ve-
locity of one thousand miles a minute,
to give us different points of vision.
The earth, on its softly-spinning axle,
never jars enough to unsettle a bird or
wake a child; hence the foundations of
our observatories are firm, and our
measurements exact. Whosoever studies
astronomy, under proper guidance
and in the right spirit, grows in thought
and feeling, and becomes more appre-
ciative of the Creator.

Imagine yourself inside a perfect

sphere one hundred feet in diameter,
with the interior surface above, around
and below studded with fixed bright
points like stars. The familiar constel-
lations of night might be blazoned there
in due proportion.

If this star-sprent sphere were made
to revolve once in twenty-four hours,
all the stars would successively pass in
review. How easily we could measure
distances between stars, from a certain
fixed meridian, or the equator! How
easily we could tell when any particular
star would culminate! It is as easy to
take all these measurements when our
earthly observatory is steadily revolved
within the sphere of circumambient
stars. Stars can be mapped as readily
as the streets of a great city. Looking
down on it in the night, one could trace
the lines of lighted streets, and judge
something of its extent and regularity.
But the few lamps of evening would
suggest little of the greatness of the
public buildings, the magnificent enter-
prise and commerce of its citizens, or
the intelligence of its scholars. Look-
ing up to the lamps of the celestial
city, one can judge something of its
extent and regularity; but they sug-
gest little of the magnificence of the
many mansions.

WHAT THE SUN DOES FOR US.

The sun warms us. It would convey
but a small idea of the truth to state
how many hundreds of millions of cubic
miles of ice could be haled at the sun
every second without affecting its heat;
but, if any one has any curiosity to
know, it is 287,200,000 cubic miles of
ice per second.

We journey through space which has
a temperature of 200° below zero;
but we live, as if we were, in a conserva-
tory, in the midst of perpetual winter.
We are roofed over by the air that
treasures the heat, floored under by
strata, both absorptive and retentive of
heat, and between the earth and air
violet rays grow and grains ripen. The
sun has a strange chemical power. It
kisses the cold earth, and it blushes
with flowers and matures the fruit and
grain. We are feeble creatures, and
the sun gives us force. By its light
winds move one-eighth of a mile an
hour, the storm fifty miles, the hurricane
one hundred. The force is as the
square of the velocity. The sun car-
ries off the miasma of the marsh, the
pollution of cities, and then sends the
winds to wash and cleanse themselves
in the sea-spray. The water-falls of
the earth turn machinery, because the
sun lifted all that water to the hills.

THE DELICATE BALANCE OF FORCES.

If the water became more dense, or
if the world were to revolve faster, the
oceans would rush to the equator, bury-
ing the tallest mountains, and leaving
polar regions bare. If the water
should become lighter in an infinites-
imal degree, or the world rotated more
slowly, the poles would be submerged
and the equator become an arid waste.
No balance, turning to 1:1000th of a
grain, is more delicate than the poise of
forces on the world. Laplace has given
us proof that the period of the earth's
axial rotation has not changed 1-100th
of a second of time in two thousand
years.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE STARS.

The heavens signify much more to
us than to the Greeks. We revolve un-
der a dome that investigation has infi-
nitely enlarged from their estimate.—
Their little lights were turned by clumsy
machinery, held together by material
connections. Our vast worlds are con-
nected by a force so fine that it seems to
pass out of the realm of the material
into that of the spiritual. Animal feroc-
ity or a human Hercules could image
their idea of power. Ours finds no
symbol, but rises to the Almighty.—
Their heavens were full of fighting
Orions, wild bulls, chained Androme-
das, and devouring monsters. Our
heavens are significant of harmony and
unity; all worlds carried by one force,
and all harmonized into perfect music.
All their voices blend their various
significations into a personal speaking,
which says, "Hast thou not heard that

the everlasting God, the Lord, the crea-
tor of the ends of the earth, fainteth
not, neither is weary." There is no
searching of his understanding. Lift
up your eyes on high, and behold who
hath created all these things, that
brought out their host by number, that
calleth them all by their names in the
greatness of his power; for that he is
strong in power not one faileth."

A French Nobleman's Experience.

A few years ago, a French nobleman
came to England, laboring under an
extraordinary depression of spirits,
which he could not get rid of. He came
to consult an eminent physician, who
devoted himself especially to the treat-
ment of diseases of the mind.

The Count was a man of wealth, as
well as of rank, surrounded by every-
thing that could make life enjoyable.
Beloved in his family and esteemed by
his friends, his cup seemed to run over.
But was he happy? No; for, strange
as it may seem, a deep gloom hung
over his spirits, which neither the
charms of the happy family circle, nor
the important duties of public life could
dispel.

His friends became much alarmed
on his account, and by their advice he con-
sulted various medical men. They recom-
mended him change of air and scene,
baths, music, company. He tried all,
but in vain. His melancholy increased
rather than diminished, and serious
fears were entertained that his reason
would give way, and that he would
have to exchange his home for a luna-
tic asylum.

Just at this juncture, an intimate
friend advised him to go to England
and consult the above mentioned physi-
cian. To this he willingly assented,
and before many days had passed he
was seated with the doctor in his study.
Having put the usual questions to him,
the doctor, after a most patient and
careful examination, said: "There is
nothing wrong with you, sir. I can
find nothing in the state of your system
to account for the melancholy of which
you complain."

"That is strange," said the patient.
"This depression of spirits endangers
my reason. Do, doctor, help me, if
you can."

"Perhaps an inordinate ambition
may have something to do with it."

"No; I have no desire for great
things. I am in the position just suited
to my tastes and wishes."

"Some family trouble or bereave-
ment?"

"No doctor; peace and love reign
in my family, and my circle is un-
broken?"

"Have you any enemies?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"What subject most frequently oc-
cupies your thoughts?"

"You are approaching a matter
which I hardly like to speak of, doctor.
I am a sceptic, and the ceremonies of
religion are in my view as repugnant
to common sense as its mysteries are
to reason. I do not believe in revela-
tion; and yet I must confess, one of its
dogmas haunts me like a spectre. I
try to persuade myself that it is the re-
sult of a disordered state of the brain;
but yet my mind is continually occu-
pied with it."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

"A vision of the last judgment is
constantly present to my mind. The
end of all things seems to have come,
and the great white throne is set up.
There is one seated on the throne whose
look of stern justice terrifies me. I
hear him call me in a voice like thun-
der. I try to escape from his penetrating
glance, but heaven and earth have dis-
appeared, and I am left alone. Doctor,
can you understand, what that means,
alone—alone in the presence of perfect
purity—alone under the scrutinizing
eye of one who reads me through and
through? Every moment I expect to
hear the awful words: 'Depart from
me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire,
prepared for the devil and his angels.'"

"What makes you fear such a sen-
tence?"

"Well, in the eyes of men my life is

deemed irrefragable, and not without
reason. I have less to accuse myself
of than most of my acquaintances; but
in the presence of such dazzling glory
—such spotless purity—my very best
actions appear black and hideous. That
eye searches out the thoughts and in-
tents of my heart; so that not a single
act of my life is pure in his sight. I
feel guilty and condemned, and long to
find some spot where I can hide from
his presence."

"Is that what causes the melancholy
of which you complain?"

"I suppose so. This terrible vision
is always before me. I cannot get rid
of it. Sometimes I think it is only im-
agination, the effect of a depressed
state of the nervous system, and when I
get strong it will pass away. But then
again the thought forces itself upon
me—What if, after all, it should be a
divine truth—a scene in which I must
in reality some day appear? My mind
gets bewildered with these conflicting
thoughts, and I look and long in vain for
deliverance. This is a humbling con-
fession for a man of my views, doctor."

"I have by me an old book, which
contains a remedy for your disease,"
said the doctor, with confidence, as he
turned to his book-case and took down a
book, which bore the marks of frequent
use. He turned over a few pages, and
then handing the book to his patient,
he requested him to read aloud the lines
to which he pointed.

He read as follows:

"Who hath believed our report? and
to whom is the arm of the Lord re-
vealed?"

Doctor—"The unbelief which the
prophet complained of two thousand
six hundred years ago, exists in our
day. Who among the millions in our
so-called Christian countries believes this
report?"

"For he shall grow up before him
as a tender plant, and as a root out of
a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeli-
ness; and when we shall see him, there
is no beauty that we should desire
him."

"Of whom do these verses speak?"

"Of the Lord Jesus Christ, God's
only begotten Son, whom he sent into
the world, that by his propitiatory
death he might make atonement for
sin."

"He is despised and rejected of
men; a man of sorrows, and acquaint-
ed with grief; and we hid as it were
our faces from him; he was despised,
and we esteemed him not."

"That is indeed true; we have not
esteemed him."

"Surely he hath borne our griefs,
and carried our sorrows; yet we did
esteem him stricken, smitten of God,
and afflicted."

"Here again the prophecy has been
fulfilled."

"But he was wounded for our trans-
gression, he was bruised for our iniqui-
ties; the chastisement of our peace
was upon him; and with his stripes we
are healed. All we like sheep have
gone astray; we have turned every one
to his own way; and the Lord hath
laid on him the iniquity of us all."

"What does that mean, doctor?"

"That the Son of God took the sin-
ner's place and bore the punishment
due to the sinner. He became the
willing victim, and God laid upon him
the iniquity of us all, and with his
stripes we are healed."

"What! did the Son of God take
my place and die for me?"

"The Lord hath laid on him the
iniquity of us all."

"If that be so, there is no punish-
ment for me."

"The chastisement of our peace
was upon him."

"Is it possible, doctor? What divine
beauty and simplicity! The guiltless
dies for the guilty!"

"Read on a little further."

"He was oppressed, and he was
afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth."

"He gave up his life as a ransom for
me."

"He was taken from prison and
from judgment; and who shall declare
his generation? for he was cut off out
of the land of the living; for the