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Poetry.

Imitation.

BY CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

Where shall we find a perfect life whereby
To shape our lives for all eternity?
This man is great and wise; the world re-
veres him,
Reveres, but cannot love his heart of stone;
And so it dares not follow, though it fears
him,
But bids him walk his mountain path
alone.
That man is good and gentle; all men love
him,
Yet dare not ask his feeble arm for aid;
The world's best work is ever far above him,
He shrinks beneath the storm-capped
mountain's shade.
Oh, loveless strength! Oh, strengthless
love! the Master
Whose life shall shape our lives is not as
thou;
Sweet Friend in peace, strong Saviour in
disaster,
Our heart of hearts enfolds thine image
now!
Be Christ's the fair and perfect life whereby
We shape our lives for all eternity.

The Road to Slumber-Land.

What is the road to Slumber-land? and when
does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms
when the sun is sinking low,
He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to
the music of "lullaby."
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold,
under the evening sky,
A soft little night-gown clean and white; a
face washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out the silk-
en, golden hair;
Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoe
and the stocking free;
Two little palms together clasped at the moth-
er's patient knee;
Some baby-words that are drowsily liped to
the tender Shepherd's ear;
And a kiss that only a mother can place on
the brow of her baby dear;
A little round head which nestles at last
close to the mother's breast,
And then the lullaby soft and low, singing
the song of rest.
And close and closer the blue-veined lids
are hiding the baby eyes,
As over the road to Slumber-land the dear
little traveller lies.
For this is the way, through mother's arms,
all little babies go,
To the beautiful city of Slumber-land when
the sun is sinking low.

MARY D. BRINE.

Religious.

The Emotional Church-Member.

The true piety of the emotional church-member is seldom really doubted; however much we may wish it were of a different and more practical type. It is however, complimented, when complimented at all, at the expense of his good sense and sound discretion. Such expressions of confidence, for at best they are nothing more, invariably contain a qualifying "if," or "but," which goes far to neutralize their force. "A good, conscientious man and a Christian undoubtedly, but—" is the way they usually run.

The trouble with the emotional brother is that he is volatile and unreliable. He effervesces, swizzes and collapses, like a glass of soda-water. We never know what he will think or do next. He will be sure to have some new idea, and to be at something new, before long, but what the novelty and the work will be the finite mind cannot imagine. He seems to be, and he is fond of work, provided it is work of which he is fond. We can never tell a week ahead in what direction he may pull, or whether he will conclude not to pull at all. There are times, though they come rarely, when his quiet and orderly working for several days, and perhaps for several weeks, leads us to hope, in spite of past experience, that divine grace has finally conquered, after what, humanly speaking, has been a hard fight. We begin to hope against hope that the emotional brother has the "unstable-as-water" business and will hereafter give himself to earnest work in the Scriptural and regular line. But before these self-congratulations

and without premonition, the brother thinks he gets some new light and the new story is repeated. He jumps the track and pulls sidewise in a vigorous effort to drag off everything with him and cause a general smash. He would do so if his efforts were not counteracted by steady and straight-ahead pullers, whose emotions are kept under the control of common-sense and Christian principle.

Of course the emotional church-member is a one-idea man. I mean by that that though he has a thousand different ruling ideas in a comparatively short time, his head seems too small to contain more than one—and that not a very large one—at a time. We might endure this and learn in time how to manage the man, and make something of him, if the temporarily dominant idea were really worth anything and would only stick long enough to be developed. But, nine times in ten, the idea, is impracticable or unscriptural. That it doesn't last long would be a good thing if it could be succeeded by something better and more permanent—of which there is no hope. After all, it matters little what may happen to the dominant fancy of the emotional brother. If it is bad, it doesn't stay long enough to do much harm; if it is good, it is too transient to be of any use.

The emotional church-member generally has little respect—much too little—either for the old paths or the old work and the old way of doing it. He detests plodders and plodding. He dislikes what he calls "running things in the old rut." He takes to novelties in religion, and in the religious life, as naturally as a young duck does to the water. He is captivated and thrown off his balance (such as it is) by theories which carefully avoid the head and appeal solely to the feelings. This is especially true if they promise, as they generally do, "short cuts" to superior attainments in the religious life, such as "the rest of faith" and so-called "sanctification" of the mis-named "Higher Life." The result is a very limited and almost imperceptible growth in grace.

Some of the hobbies of the emotional church-member—and he is always riding one—would be comparatively harmless if judiciously ridden. But he is never a judicious hobby-rider. He always rides in the wrong direction and entirely outside of the lines of useful labor. Once mounted he rides furiously and regardless of consequences to himself and to the church. His driving is always "like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously." The protestations, entreaties and warning of his brethren are unheeded, and if the end is not destruction it is solely because divine grace is stronger than his uncontrolled emotions.

Let us carefully avoid the errors of the emotional church-member. Properly directed and restrained the emotions give symmetry and beauty to the Christian life. Uncurbed they make that life unsymmetrical and unprofitable both to ourselves and others.—*Christian Weekly.*

Hungry for the Gospel.

"I'm sick of these speculative, scientific, or anti-scientific sermons; I'm hungry for the gospel!"

Such were the words of a highly intelligent and devoted Christian lady, as she came out of church on a late Sabbath morning. They were uttered, not with sharpness or severity, but in a tone, as if her soul was indeed hungry and she was mourning that it had not been fed.

The minister had been preaching a sermon (or rather delivering a discourse) on "the conflict between science and religion" (science and revelation, we suppose he meant). It was thoughtful and logical, and gave evidence of careful study. But it savored more of the head than of the heart, and in it there was not one word of man's sinfulness or dependence, or of Christ and salvation through him. Not one in ten

if one in fifty, of his hearers knew or cared about the conflict of which he spoke, or believed there was any such conflict; or if there was, they were well satisfied that revelation was right, and that time in its progress would clearly show it. If Christians, they had come to the house of God to be instructed, to be fed with divine truth, to be impressed afresh with some doctrine of the gospel, or roused and animated anew for fidelity in some duty. If in trial and sorrow, they had come for comfort; if in doubt or perplexity, for light from on high; if weary and worn with the cares and anxieties of life, to be pointed for rest and strength to the compassionate Saviour. Or, if still impenitent, they may have come with longings and aspirations for higher and better things than the world could give; at any rate they were here in the house of God, where a message from the cross might have reached them, and might have been so applied by the Holy Spirit as to have led them to thoughtfulness and to the Saviour of sinners. And yet the whole hour had been taken up with a scientific discussion; a discussion suggesting objections to many of which they had never before thought, and very likely not giving them a satisfactory answer; to some, perhaps, confirming or awakening doubts; and for all wasting an opportunity of earnestly pressing the calls of the gospel of Christ.

No wonder she said "I am hungry for the gospel!" No wonder she went away sorrowful. She went in a teachable and prayerful spirit, hungry for the bread and thirsty for the water of life, and she heard only speculations on science, or at best an argument against error, a discussion that might have been proper and even important in a ministerial circle, or as a lyceum lecture, or in some theological review, but which, to a great mass of Sunday hearers, had nothing to feed the soul, to quicken the divine life, to draw the soul nearer to the Saviour—nothing that came from the spiritual experience of the speaker, nothing that spoke to the spiritual experience of the hearer.

It is said of Grossner, the celebrated German preacher, who was the means of converting thousands to Christ, that his simple and constant theme was, Christ and him crucified, the work of Christ, the love of Christ, the invitations of Christ. And this is what the people want, and what would fill our churches—not great sermons, or splendid sermons, or philosophical and scientific sermons, but plain and earnest and instructive sermons about Him who has said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto me." "Go and teach the nations," was the divine command; and three times the Saviour said to Peter, "Feed my lambs," and "Feed my sheep." And what we need constantly and everywhere need, is to be fed from the divine teachings of the gospel, to be instructed in those great and yet simple truths which unfold God's will, and enlighten the mind, and quicken conscience, and shape character, and kindle devotion and animate hope and deepen spirituality, and encourage for duty, and draw the soul nearer to Christ as a Saviour and a friend. In all our congregations there are multitudes who are hungry for divine truth, for the truth as it is in Jesus. Let them never from the house of God be sent hungry away.—*American Messenger.*

Your Calling.

Do you wish to know your calling in life? Look both within and without. See what you want and what other people want of you. Neither is a complete guide; both together are next to infallible. You are to begin within. The natural and gracious tastes with which you are furnished, and the aspirations kindled in your soul, are presumably on the line of Providence. You need to be sure it is a real and permanent interest—not a temporary flame; that you have a genuine love for that line of work, and that it grows upon you with increased familiarity. With this inner fitness and aspiration

there may come no immediate outward opening. No public may be prepared for the new prophet, especially if your calling be in an exceptional line on which the people themselves are to be prepared. But ordinarily the inward movement will find a response in the outer world; Providence will answer to the cry of the heart, and what you earnestly desire to do will become possible to you in the unfolding of life's scroll. Intense desire to travel a certain road will never yield to slight obstacles. Try and try again; but if after long trial no avenue opens, you may take it for granted that Providence does not call in that direction.—*Zion's Herald.*

Magnificence of Ancient Rome.

The following vivid pen picture is from "The Old Roman World," by John Lord: "If anything more were wanted to give us an idea of Roman magnificence, we would turn our eyes from public monuments, ceremonial games and grand processions; we would forget the statues in brass and marble which outnumbered the inhabitants, so numerous that one hundred thousand have been recovered, and still embellish Italy, and would descend into the lower sphere of material life—to those things which attest luxury and taste—to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living and rich furniture. The art of working metals and cutting precious stones surpassed anything known at the present day. In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in crockery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics, signet rings, cameos, bracelets, bronzes, chains, vases, couches, banqueting tables, chariots, colored glass, gilding, mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, silk robes, potteries, all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of Thuga root and Delian bronze were as expensive as side-boards of Spanish walnut so much admired in recent great exhibitions. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan and China. Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass cutters could imitate the color of precious stones so well that the Portland vase from the tomb of Alexander Severus, was long considered a genuine Sardonyx. Brass could be hardened so as to cut stone. The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. His beds were of silver and his tables of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture for his bedroom. A banquet dish of Drusus weighed five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Drusus were of gold. Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Sandals were garnished with precious stones. Paulina wore jewels when she paid visits, valued at \$800,000. Drinking cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare woods. Sofas were inlaid with tortoise shell, and covered with gorgeous purple. The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes, and were adorned with precious stones. They ransacked the earth and the seas for rare dishes for their banquets and ornamented their houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups from Bithynia, marble from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious or rare or curious in the most distant countries. The luxuries of the bath almost exceed belief, and on the walls were magnificent frescoes and paintings, exhibiting an exhaustive productiveness in landscapes and mythological scenes, executed in lively colors.

But these were not all. The most amazing wealth and the loftiest taste went hand in hand. There were citizen nobles who owned whole provinces; even Paula could call a whole city her own. Rich senators, in some cases, were proprietors of 200,000 slaves. Their incomes were known to be \$6,000 per day when gold and silver were worth four times as much as they are now.

A Fire Drill at Sea.

The following animated description of a scene on board the U. S. steamer Pennsylvania on the 14th ult., we copy from the *Christian Standard*:

"Our ship has ten life-boats—five on each side of the deck. They are each about eighteen feet long, five feet wide and three feet deep. Each is kept constantly supplied with a keg of fresh water, lashed in its place securely; with a water-tight compartment always full of fresh sea-crackers; and with a full supply of oars ready for use. They each rest on an iron frame-work above the ballustrade at the edge of the deck, and can be readily thrown outward and downward until they hang just outside the ballustrade and even with its top rail, ready for passengers and crew to step into them and be lowered in an instant into the water. Underneath each of these boats lies a separate apparatus called the life-raft. It consists of two large logs, if you name them by their appearance, about twelve feet long and two feet in diameter, lying four feet apart, with an open frame-work of plank, filling the space between and holding them together. The logs are not wood, but solid masses of cork. In the midst of the connecting frame-work are two water-tight compartments, one filled with bread, and the other with drinking-water. Capt. Harris had some of them opened for us, and gave us some of the bread to try, which we found good and sound. On these rafts, when in use, the passenger is expected to sit or lie as best he can, and it seems quite certain, that as long as he does either he cannot sink in any storm. They are lashed to the deck, to be cut loose when the ship is about to sink, or to be thrown overboard if desirable.

Now for the fire-drill. At half-past four this afternoon the bells rang out a fearful fire alarm. The passengers were in the secret, and on deck to witness the scene. The instant the bell sounded there began to pour forth from the officer's and seaman's gangways four streams of men, running with all their might. As they rushed forth each man took his station, which he knew from previous drills and personal instruction. Within less than a minute ninety men, four times as many as we had seen before, were on deck, and distributed, a group at each boat, a group at each of the four fire-hoses, a group with axes on their shoulders ready to cut anything at word of command, the captain on his bridge amidships, and an officer with a speaking trumpet at each end of the ship, facing him. Before we had time to comprehend all these movements—sooner than a common steam fire-engine could get out of its engine-house—four large streams of water were playing, each from a hose long enough to reach any part of the ship. In another moment or two the boats began to drop to the gunwale, and we were almost tempted to complete the performance by jumping into them. In the meantime the stewardess was at her post at the head of the saloon, ready to stop and calm any frightened ladies, while the stewards and cabin-boys were at the foot of the gangways to prevent any passengers from passing out until the word should be given.

When the imaginary fire was extinguished, at the word of command all things were promptly restored to position again, and the little army of men and officers disappeared from the deck, except those on watch, almost as suddenly as they had appeared. I concluded that this ship, which I already regarded as almost proof against water, was certainly proof against fire. I was not surprised to learn that the owners of it take out no fire-policy.

A drill such as I have described occurs on every trip, so as to keep the men in perfect training; and an officer passes through the ship every half hour, both day and night, to see whether all is well.

When is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.