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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

Indian Summer.

An autumn sun, a golden haze,
The first of bright October days,
In a calm radiance shining;
A meadow, stretching broad and green,
And on its breast in silver sheen,
A ribbon streamlet twining.

Swift running from its mountain source,
It leaps the downward rocky course,
In haste to leave the shadow.
It winds the valleys, dimly seen,
It threads the mountains wild ravine,
And drops into the meadow.

So softly taken to its breast
What wonder that it loves the rest,
Its ocean home forgetting?
With dreamy murmurs creeps the tide,
And now who saw the spot could chide
Its lingering and regretting.

Nature lies quiet, with hushed breath,
That life most glorious in its death
Its hectic flush is showing;
A crimson tint on wood and hill,
A golden light and all so still,
So wondrous in its glowing.

In brighter robes than those of May
The fair Year burns her life away,
As if, for Summer mourning,
Like Eastern brides she sought the fire,
And perished grandly on his pyre,
Exulting in that burning.

Calm skies above, fair fields below;
The sunshine sleeps, the waters flow
With effortless outgiving,
And with a thousand happy things,
My heart, too, lies at rest and sings,
The joy, the joy of living!

Caroline Seymour.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Although the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces have not now any missionary to the Karens in Burmah, yet a large amount of our labors have been expended upon that people, and having in former years sown the seed by the hands of beloved brethren and sisters, as well as by the native preachers sustained by our churches, we may from time to time rejoice together with those who are now reaping of the fruits. The last *Missionary Magazine* gives, from the pen of Mrs. Thomas, the following interesting account of the last:

HENTHADA KAREN ASSOCIATION.

Thursday and Friday, March 6 and 7, were the days of our Associational meetings, and were crowded full of the most important work. I think it was the unanimous opinion, that two days are too short a time to get through properly with such an amount of business.

We were encouraged by the reports from the churches, and especially by welcome tidings that people are breaking away from heathenism in a number of localities. Baptisms reported for the year, 141; of these 52 are new converts from heathenism, and the remainder are from Christian families. The present membership of our churches is 1,950.

We had hoped for the presence of Mr. Packer and Mrs. Ingalls, but in this we were disappointed. I was the only member of the mission there. Mau-po was chosen moderator, and filled the place better than Karens usually do.

These meetings were held at Saitalau, one of our Eastern villages, and occasioned me a long, hard journey across the country and back again.

THE TEOLOGOOS.

A letter from Mr. Clough, who writes from Ongole, Aug. 18, 1879, says:

Well I am home again, and I need not tell you that I am glad, and thank God for his many mercies. My neuralgia is gone, and my nerves feel much more quiet than when I left Madras, the 13th of May. I hope and trust I now have strength enough for another good long pull at mission work. May God so order it!

Brother and Sister Boggs have done well since I went away. They are in good health, and have won golden opinions, so far as I can hear, not only from the Christians, but from the heathen also. They are, I think, the right

couple in the right place. I trust that Brother Price will be here soon. Please send him at once: he cannot be here too soon.

Our native assistants, preachers, village teachers, and "helpers" come into Ongole on Saturday. They never were so long at one time away from Ongole. But the five-month's absence has done most of them good, made them feel more self-reliant,—all but one: a brother whom we greatly loved has fallen into gross sin. As I pen these lines, all the preachers and teachers, and some others, are sitting in council on his sad case.

The preachers give a very encouraging account of the Christians. As we expected, here one, and there two or three, have fallen away, and walk no more as becometh Christians; but the great mass are sound to the core, and others are still believing.

Our girls' and normal schools are in a flourishing condition. The former numbers sixty-nine girls and women; and the latter, one hundred and two men, youth, and boys. Mrs. Boggs has taken the girls under her care.

Sunday School Centenary.

The following is the full text of the invitations sent out from England to the different Sunday school organizations to send delegates to attend the Convention to be held next year in honor of the one-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Sunday Schools by Robert Raikes:

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

56 OLD BAILEY, LONDON, E. C.
May, 1879.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,

The committee of this Union has for some months been occupied in considering the most suitable method of celebrating the centenary of the establishment of Sunday Schools in England by Robert Raikes, in such a manner as shall best tend to the promotion of their prosperity, and the increase of the benefits already conferred through their instrumentality, under the blessing of God, upon the populations of this and other lands. This celebration, it is intended, shall take place in the year 1880; and we have much pleasure in informing you that committees of kindred institutions have cordially agreed to co-operate. The principal feature will be a Universal Convention of Sunday School workers and friends from all parts of the world, extending over the week commencing Monday, June 28, 1880, and similar in character to that held here in 1862, to which many of us look back with great pleasure. To this Convention we now very heartily invite representatives from your Society, who will be cordially welcomed, and we shall be glad to receive, as early as convenient, the names and addresses of the friends you have appointed to represent you on this important and interesting occasion. In addition to the Convention, we are making arrangements for gatherings of Sunday scholars in London and its suburbs, including one large meeting at the Crystal Palace; a musical festival by a Sunday School choir, in the Royal Albert Hall; local meetings of teachers and friends, as well as of scholars in the provinces; and a visit to the city of Gloucester, which was the birth-place of Robert Raikes, and the scene of his earliest labors in the Sunday School work. It is also intended that the unveiling of the statue of Robert Raikes, which is now in course of construction, and which is paid for to a large extent by the Sunday School children of England, shall form a part of the ceremonial.

Other plans are in progress, including the raising of a "Sunday School Centenary Fund" for the establishment, extension, and improvement of Sunday Schools in England and on the continent of Europe, and for assisting in the erection of Sunday School buildings and class-rooms, by loans without interest.

Any attempt to estimate the benefits which have been conferred by the Sunday School which may justly be con-

sidered one of the greatest Christian agencies of modern times would be utterly futile. Eternity alone will reveal how largely the religious training of the young, by this means, has advanced, not only the spiritual, but the moral and social welfare of the nations; myriads of those who are now in the presence of the Saviour, amongst the brightest jewels of his crown, have been gathered from the classes of our Sunday Schools, and we are assured that multitudes of those yet remaining amongst us, will be impelled by a sense of personal obligation and gratitude to unite in the celebration of an occasion so unique. We desire to make this celebration a grand success, and hope that we may soon hear that you enter warmly into the project, and that you will unite with us in the way we have indicated.

With our warmest fraternal greetings, we are, dear Christian brethren, your affectionate fellow workers,

CHARLES REED, *Chairman*

WILLIAM GROSER, *Honorary*
AUGUSTUS BENHAM, *Secretaries*
FOUNTAIN J. HARTLEY,
JOHN E. TRESIDDER,

Hospital Christians.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CYLER, D. D.

It requires no profound skill to detect the cause of Brother A's spiritual dyspepsia, or, Deacon B's palsy, or poor Mr. C's fractured character, or Madame D's hasty decline. All these Christian professors are out of the field of active usefulness and healthy enjoyment by their own fault. How can a church-member be healthy who never works for Christ? How can his digestion be good when he rarely touches his Bible, and crams himself with secular newspaper and peppery works of fiction? How can a man's faith be strong when he rarely enters his closet? How can his pulse of benevolent sympathy beat warmly while he is squandering hundreds on his luxuries and begrudging an occasional dollar to the Lord? If the eyes of any of these dyspeptic and diseased professors happen to light upon this paragraph let me say to them: Friends! you are sick by your own fault, and you must be restored by your own efforts. Christ is your physician but you must use the remedies he enjoins. At present you are about useless to your pastor, to your church and to your Master; if you die as you are, you will be ashamed to ask a place in heaven. You must get well. But how?

1. You need a change of diet. Instead of a surfeit of newspaper and novels and other spiced condiments give your starved soul large daily rations of the bread of life. When a colporteur asked a rough backwoodsman if he had a Bible in his house, the man rummaged on an upper shelf of a cupboard until he found a few torn leaves of a Testament. 'I declare, stranger!' said he, 'I do need some more Bible, I did not know we were so near out!' What this illiterate frontiersman put so roughly is literally true of too many Christian professors. They are sadly 'out of Bible,' and not only of that, but of all the sound, devotional reading which can elevate and invigorate the soul. Nothing will give tone and sinew to your enfeebled piety like a thorough study of God's Word. All strong Christians are large and hungry feeders on the Bible. Good biographies also are bracing.

2. You need a better atmosphere. Several fever patients were once cured by simply carrying them out of the fetid atmosphere of a quarantine building, and laying them in the pure open air. You have breathed quite too long the unwholesome atmosphere of Christless resorts. The ballroom and other haunts of evening dissipation are as unfavorable to a Christian's health as the heated air of Mammon's crowded marts. One of the most godly merchants I am acquainted with says that he never dares trust himself in the hot excitements of the day's business without a good hour with the Bible and with

God in his closet every morning. He never misses either his church or prayer-meetings. Hundreds of young Christians soon contract a "malarial fever" from deserting the prayer-room and plunging into a round of evening gaieties. The church hospitals are overflowed of this class of emaciated professors.

2. You also need exercise. Never will you recover your appetite for God's work and ordinances—never will the flush of spiritual joy mantle your countenance until you have laid hold on self-denying work. An hour by the bedside of some poor sufferers in a garret—another hour or two in mission-school every week—a pull at temperance work or some other uphill enterprise of benevolence, will give tone to your piety, and muscle to your prayers. Such Christians as Moody, and Burnell, and Henry Jessup, and Sarah Smiley never know what spiritual dyspepsia is. You are dying of close confinement and laziness. The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure of selfishness—is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on. When you have had a few months of healthful Bible-diet and Bible-duty, you will feel a glow of delight in your whole soul. Already your master is calling you—"Arise, take up thy bed, and walk!"

Stuggishness of Christians.

BY REV. GEO. DANA BOARDMAN, D. D.

We profess to belong to the Lord Jesus Christ and that the highest wealth is to live with him, and in him, and for him. But, alas, how thoughtlessly, how loosely, how nervously we live in reference to those everlasting treasures, to win which we have professed before God to be willing to suffer the loss of all things else, and even count them but dross. We, like worldlings, are alert for worldly opportunities; but where is our alertness for the Father's business? Suffer me to be plain. For example; we are not so poor but that we can spend thousands of dollars for ourselves, on our secular ventures, on places of business, our homes, our jewelry; but we are too poor to spend more than a few scores of dollars on our Lord Jesus Christ and his kingdom. We are not so busy but that we can go to the concert and the lecture and the opera; but we cannot command the time to come to the prayer-meeting. We are not so delicate but that we can go out of a stormy day to meet a business engagement; but our health is too precarious to jeopardize it by keeping a church engagement. We are not so tired but at the close of a busy day we can endure standing and being jostled by the hour at a crowded social entertainment; but we are too exhausted to spend a Sunday afternoon in the Bible school. But let me be just: for there are noble exceptions. Thank God, there are a few who really are the sons of light giving to Christ and his Church all that they ought to give of their money and time and strength. But it is not so with the vast majority. Where do we see in professing Christians as a body that sleepless vigilance, that unwearied diligence, that keen and far-reaching foresight, that exhaustless enthusiasm, that all-absorbing devotion to Christ and his cause, which we see exhibited every day by thousands and thousands of worldlings all around us in their pursuit of earth's bubbles? Two professing Christians meet each other on the street. Both profess to have been bought with the precious blood of the Lamb of God. Both have been baptized in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, in that very vowing before God and angels and men, to devote their all in advancing the kingdom of Him who has laid down his life for them. Both profess the expectation of meeting each other at his judgement seat, and entering on their celestial patrimony. And yet during their few minutes colloquy on the street, the chances are a hundred to one that not a single word will be uttered about

the heavenly property in which they have professed to have invested their all, but instead thereof random allusions to the last news from Washington, or the last quotation for this stock or that commodity, or, miserable to say, the last scandal. Oh! it is a melancholy, most painful spectacle, to see Christ's followers, professing to be pilgrims and foreigners on the earth, and seeking the better country, even the heavenly, yet eagerly joining with men of the world in laying up for themselves only earthly treasures. Verily, the Lord spake what is mournfully true when he said:—"The children of this world are for their generation wiser than the children of light." Would God, that we had something of that enthusiasm of the Divine Nazarene which prompted his friends to lay hold on him saying:—"He is beside himself!"

Divisions of Modern English Faith.

Archdeacon Denison, who thinks much and writes sharply, thus distributes the present forms of religion in England:—

1. High Church. Subdivided into apostolic succession party, and sacramental party.
2. Low Church. Subdivisions:—Mere hatred of Romanism. No ultimate Church authority. Bible only. Preaching before sacraments.
3. Broad Church. Subdivisions:—Rejection of apostolical succession. Moral life without doctrine.
4. Establishmentarians pure and simple. Acts of Parliament believers.
5. Without. No Church. Comprising the *oi pollio* of Dissent.

All this subsists with an actual absence of respect for any authority applicable to the religion of Christ, save a man's own will and pleasure.

All this co-exists with a professedly National Church having power to decree rites and ceremonies, "with the near prospect of Disestablishment and Disendowment; with a head, *de jure* the Sovereign, *de facto*, the House of Commons; with courts of law pretending not to define doctrine and discipline, but doing it in every instance; with a Judicial Committee allowing Heresy, disallowing Truth; altogether a state of things showing that the Church of England has fought its battle and lost. The Archdeacon's summary is worth noting.

Experience proves the Bible true.

Puerile would it have been for the world to have risen in consternation when Barnum succeeded with his movable wax figures, in such perfect imitation of the human race, and cried for fear of the extinction of the race. They looked like men, moved like men, opened their eyes and mouths like men, and yet were only wax. Scepticism looks (sometimes) like truth, and yet is simply an ingenious lie. The true soldier of Jesus should as soon fear scepticism, as a man one of those wax figures. Is it not time for Christians to rise above the atmosphere of doubt, and walk in the light of God? We never doubt whether there is a sun when it shines on us and makes us warm. We can never doubt the existence of bread when we are eating it. He who feels the life of God gets beyond the reach of philosophic questioning, which is the very atmosphere of the age. Brethren, you will not question whether prayer is a reality if every day you receive answers to your petition; you will never doubt the atonement of Jesus Christ or his Deity, if sin is your daily grief, and Jesus your abiding companion. You will look the scoffers of the age in the face, and say to them, "Our eyes have seen, our ears have heard, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life."

Let ministers lead their flocks to these heights and glorious results will follow.—*Central Baptist.*

God scourgeth with a whip made out of our own sins.