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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

Farewell.

When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell;
When hands are link'd that dread to part;
And heart is pressed by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell!

When hope is chidden
That faint of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell;
When fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn, and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid farewell.

HEBER.

True Work—its Measure and Motive.

"If ye love Me, keep My commandments."—John xiv. 15.
"So then because thou art lukewarm, neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth."—Rev. iii. 16.
"Whatever you may do, work it from the soul, as to the Lord and not for them."—Col. iii. 23.—Wilson's "Emphatic Diablot."
"Now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

If you've any work in view,
This God's message found to you,
With all your soul now do it.

If for God you've aught to say,
Let there now be no delay,
With all your soul now say it.

If, as life is but a sieve,
You have anything to give,
With all your soul now give it.

If your heart is brought to feel
There's a wound you ought to heal,
With all your soul now heal it.

If you have a debt of love,
Cheerfully, all pride above,
With all your soul now pay it.

If the Saviour you have slighted,
With the world too much delighted,
With all your soul now seek Him.

If your faith, by Christ begotten,
Feels some truth has been forgotten,
With all your soul now grasp it.

If the Cross, as you grow older,
You have shirked, as love grew colder,
With all your soul embrace it.

If to service for the Lord
You stand pledged by your own word,
With all your soul now serve Him.

If, through worldly toil and care,
You have failed in secret prayer,
With all your soul now wrestle.

If you think your lamp is glorious,
Outside beauty all victorious,
With all your soul now light it.

If much truth you do inherit,
Don't forget USE shows its merit,
With all your soul now use it.

Something do then every day,
Something near not far away,
With all your soul, too, do it.

Do it bravely to the Lord,
Leaning on His Strength and Word,
With all your soul now do it.

Brighton.
W. POOLE BALFERN.

Religious.

An Odd Way of Working for Christ.

BY A. J. GORDON, D. D.

During the recent revival in Boston under the labors of Mr. Moody, the following incident came under my observation. I was one evening, as usual, passing down one of the aisles of the inquiry-room, sorting out the inquirers from the Christians and assigning them to the workers. To a person whom I met I put the usual question: "Are you a Christian, sir, or an inquirer?" "I trust I am a Christian," he answered. "Then," said I, "I want you to talk with an inquirer." "Oh! please excuse me," he said;

"I cannot do it; I only came to look on, You must excuse me."

I left him, and immediately behind him I came upon a woman with a little child in her arms. As she afterward told me, she was intensely anxious to find the way of life, and having no one to leave her baby with had brought it with her. I found her truly in earnest for the salvation of her soul, and immediately deeply absorbed in trying to make the way plain to her. But the child was so full of noise and prattle that it greatly distracted her attention, and made it quite difficult for me to deal with her as I wished. Timid Christian sat in front of us, with an ear turned toward us, listening to our conversation; and soon comprehending the situation, he quietly came to us, and, coaxing the child into his arms, carried it away to a retired part of the church, and for nearly an hour entertained it while I talked and prayed with the mother. She gave herself to the Lord, kneeling down, and with great earnestness accepting him as her Saviour, and has lived as happy and assured a Christian ever since as I ever saw.

The timid Christian did such real service, that I could truly salute him as Paul did Urbane, as "our helper in Christ." For, though, he thought himself unable to lead a soul to Christ, he proved himself able to help in the work; by holding the baby while another did it. It ought to be a humiliating confession for any Christian to make, that he cannot direct an anxious soul to the Lord Jesus. If, in his timidity and inexperience, he cannot do it, he certainly is in the way to learn, if he has a mind to undertake and faithfully execute some subordinate service for Christ's sake. Blessed is the man who, if he cannot drive the chariot of the Lord, is willing to gather out the stones from the highway while another drives! and blessed is he, who, not having learned to speak the quickening word that calls the dead soul to life, is ready to obey the Master's command, "Take ye away the stone!"—*The Watchword.*

"What is that to Thee? Follow Thou Me."

There was "trouble in the church" at C—. Jealousy and envy were doing their work, and one sister was very industrious in circulating that if "Sister Blank could not rule, it would soon appear what she would do." Of course in due time Sister Blank heard this, and the old Adam was still sufficiently alive to make itself heard. Self whispered "You have only tried to do your duty, and she has no reason to treat you so;" but, being a person who remembered her influence upon others, she still tried to treat the sister kindly, even though her greetings met no response.

Well, time passed on, and a gentleman and his wife, members of the Baptist Church, moved into the place and went to live with the former sister, and at once the thought arose in the mind of Sister B.: "Well that excuses me from calling on them. I can't go there." Ah! then she discovered there was hardness in her heart towards one with whom she had covenanted to walk in love. The spirit whispered, "Kindly affectionate one to another;" but still she contended against its voice, until at last darkness, deep and dense, settled down over her soul; and in alarm she did what she ought to have done at first—went and told Jesus all about it, and asked His guidance; and clear and sweet came His voice saying, "What is that to thee? follow thou Me." She saw where she had been wrong, and penitent and forgiven she rose from her knees, willing and anxious to go anywhere at His bidding. That afternoon she went and called on the new members, and, although her fears were fully realized as to how she would be met by the lady of the house, still, with a heart full of love to Christ, she could greet her in love, and the "peace of God which passeth understanding" was her sure reward.

A young lady had been for some time troubled in regard to whether she had ever "followed Christ in baptism." She was an earnest Christian, and sought to know her Master's will in all things. The more she studied the more she was convinced that, although sprinkled, she was unbaptized. An aunt, between whom and herself there existed a warm bond of sympathy, said to her: "There are only two parties to this, yourself and Jesus; go and tell Him all about it. Lay down your will at His feet; listen not to the voice of friends; let no one come between your soul and Him." She did so, and clearly saw her path open before her, and although a path which led her away from the church where her father and mother, sister and brother, worshipped, still she was determined to obey, and longed for the time to come when she might be "buried with Christ." Her soul rejoiced in His presence, and all was light and peace.

But one day a thoughtless Christian said to her, "If I were you I would not unite with the church here; matters are in a bad shape, and I would not go into a church which was not at peace." The idea looked very plausible, and she hesitated, and then almost decided to give it up, but how quickly she realized a change! Again clouds gathered around her, and the smile of the Master was withdrawn. Deeply she mourned His absence. Even while she prayed the sky seemed brass above her head. Again she told her aunt her trouble, and she simply replied, "Jesus says, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou Me.' Not my will, but thine. Tell him your trouble, willing to listen and obey." Then she went to her room and alone poured out her soul: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." She arose and went on her way rejoicing to obey, and a few Sabbaths after I saw her, with the very light of heaven shining in her face, follow her Lord down into the liquid grave, and ever since she has never forgotten the lesson learned then.

Oh! how clearly, how plainly His Spirit leads, if only we as obedient children, listen for His voice, willing to follow where he leads the way. We might multiply instances of this kind; we might tell you of those who, resisting the Spirit, determinedly followed self, and thereby grieve Him until He leaves them to darkness and barrenness.

Let us be very careful that we place no stumbling-blocks in the way of others. "It must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh." We may not all see alike, but no faults or failings of others will excuse you or me from doing faithfully and well our part of the work. Jesus says clearly to every one, "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." Can we follow Him in withdrawing from the work? Remember, "forgiving one another, and loving one another as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." And we have a sure refuge, a "present help," in every time of need, and all past experience teaches that if we go to Him, asking only His will concerning these things, we shall—

Drop our burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.
F. J. M.
—London Freeman.

We have been requested by friends in the West to copy the following narrative, written about fifteen years ago, for the *N. Y. Examiner*, and we believe copied into our pages; but there are a great many of our present readers who possibly have not seen it, and those who have will probably be pleased to read it again. Ed. C. M.

The Silent Deacon's Opinion.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

When next summer comes, with its heat and dust, and languor, and the tired spirit, fainting by the way, cries out for the wings of a dove, go up to W—, among the hills made sacred to

nature, where the hurry and anxiety of commerce are unknown, and the silent Sundays are never broken by the whizzing of machinery, or defiled by its smoke and steam. If you have toiled hard enough to deserve rest, you will find it in W—; if not, you will seek it in vain.

It is the most pleasing place in the world; and were it not for the farmer turning his furrows, or casting in seed, you might imagine yourself already where Sundays never end."

Entering the neat capacious church, fatherly and motherly faces meet your eye at every hand, and you will soon forget that you are a stranger.

Yonder, in the square pew, sits Deacon Lee; you would know he was a deacon if he had not told you. Some men are born deacons—what a pity some should enter the holy office who are not. Deacon Lee was not a native of W—, but went there to till a farm left him by an aged relative some twenty years ago—about the time Deacon Bell died, leaving a sad void in the church and the parsonage—for he was a pillar in Zion, and a strong arm to his pastor. After seeking long to fill his place, the minds of the church settled on the new-comer, who by his solemnity, piety and zeal, seemed created for the place. He was a man of few words, rarely ever talking, so that the boys called him at first "a glum old man." But they soon changed their opinion; for he set apart a tree of summer-sweetings and one of bell-pears for their express benefit, as they went to and from school, and surprised them by a fine swing, which he hung for them in his walnut grove. So the verdict of that and of each succeeding generation of boys was that although the deacon never talked, he was a kind and genial man, and a lover of children. Every boy, for twenty years back, has been his shepherd, his watchman, or his assistant farmer; feeling it a high honor to hitch his horse on Sunday, or to drive his manure-cart on Monday; and all because they saw, through the thick veil of reserve, that love burned and glowed in his heart.

Deacon Lee's minister trusted in him, and the church felt her temporal affairs safe in his hands, and the world honored his stern consistency.

There was a serpent in Eden, and a Judas in that thrice-blessed band who walked and talked with our Redeemer on earth, and who saw his glory mingled with his humanity; why, then, need we wonder that one man, subtle and treacherous, hid himself in the verdure of W—, crawling out only to deceive God's people with a kiss, till ready to spring upon them with his poisoned fangs? Upright, faithful and earnest as were the people, they were not proof against flattery and deception. There came among them one quite unused to their unostentatious way of serving God, and ambitious, as he said, "of seeing them make some stir in the world." We know from God's Word that "one sinner destroyeth much good," and yet we are often annoyed at the wide results of one man's evil work in the church. One may sow tares which a hundred cannot pluck out; and therefore it becomes God's children to stay the enemy in his first efforts.

He who aimed at the life of the gospel church in W— was "dead, while he had a name to live." He scorned many of the humble ones whose crown is waiting them on high. He hated the humbling doctrines of the Cross, and desired to see man glorified and exalted; he rebelled against the "iron bars," which he chose to call the bonds of love which separate God's chosen and obedient ones from the world that lieth in wickedness. He declared that the Millennium could never dawn till all Christians were as one—by which he meant that, for the sake of union, right must yield to wrong—as if he were of the number who loved and longed for the appearing of Christ! He began stealthily to sow his seeds among the younger and weaker of the flock, and when he saw the first token of their taking root he grew

bald, and began to cast them in on the strong, high hills. But here he found resistance; the soil which had borne such rich harvests of grace repelled his seed from its bosom; and he came to the mad resolve to assail the deacon, and try how he would receive it. If he, with his piety, zeal and influence opened his bosom to it, the end was easily attained. The minister was not worthy of consideration in the matter—ministers are so readily put out of the way if they do not yield to ungodliness. If he proved a dead sentinel, he would not molest him; if alive and jealous of his Master's honor, one bullet would settle him forever.

In pursuance of his "liberal views" and his deep laid plan, our valiant reformer rode up and fastened his horse before the unpretending dwelling of Deacon Lee. Ushered into the neat "keeping-room" to await his coming from the harvest field, his restless spirit was almost awed by the silence which reigned there. The tall clock in the corner, with its ever-sailing ship, ticked painfully loud; and even the buzzing of the few flies on the panes annoyed him. He suffered much the same oppression as do those who wait long in a silent, darkened room, the coming of a minister to a funeral. He wished for, and then dreaded the good man, being not quite sure of a warm reception. He had just decided on a clandestine flight, when the door opened and the deacon entered, as calm and neat, as if toil had never ruffled his spirits or soiled his garment. After the usual greetings, and a dead awful pause, the visitor began—think of the wiles of Satan!—by lamenting the low state of religion, asking the good man why this church had enjoyed no revival for three or four years! What cared he for God's set time to visit Zion? He was far more deeply interested in the opening of a new stage-road to the summit, and in getting up stock in the projected hotel there.

"Now what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisting in asking.

The Deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and, after a little thought, frankly answered, "No, I don't."

"Do you think the church are alive to the work before them?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler in Zion, and taking courage he asked:

"Do you think Mr. B. a very extraordinary man?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think his sermon on 'Their eyes were holden,' anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold, after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked, "Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and 'hire' another?"

The old deacon started, as if shot with an arrow, and, in a tone far louder than his wont, shouted, "No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest, not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them!"

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked, "What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in his right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the paws