

# The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.  
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## Poetry.

### A Child's Evening Thought.

All the little flowers I see,  
Their tiny leaves are closing;  
The birds are roosting on the tree;  
The lambskins are reposing.

The sun, where that dull streak of red  
Is faintly glimmering still!  
They say, has gone to seek his bed,  
Behind the purple hill.

And I, through all the quiet night,  
Must sleep the hours away,—  
That I may waken fresh and bright,  
To live another day.

And well I know whose lips will smile,  
And pray for me, and bless me;  
And who will talk to me, the while  
Her gentle hands address me.

She'll tell me, there is One above,  
Upon a glorious throne,  
Who loves me with a tender love,  
More tender than her own.

He made the sun, and stars, and skies,  
The pretty shrubs and flowers,  
And all the birds and butterflies  
That flutter through the bowers.

He keeps them underneath His wings,  
And there they safely rest;  
Yet though they're bright and lovely things,  
He loves us far the best.

For, when the birds and flowers are dead  
Their little life is past;  
But, though we die, yet he has said,  
Our life shall always last.

And we shall live with Him in heaven;  
For He has sent His Son  
To die, that we may be forgiven  
The sins that we have done.

He'll make my heart grow like His own,  
All loving, good and mild;  
For He will send His Spirit down  
And take me for His child.

Then happily I'll lie and sleep,  
Within my little nest;  
For well I know that He will keep  
His children while they rest.

E. S. R. A.  
Saturday Magazine.

## Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.  
Known in the Wilderness.

BY THE REV. J. CLARK.

"I did know thee in the wilderness,  
In the land of great drought."  
Blessed be God for that!  
We were born outside of Eden. Our  
birthplace was a wilderness. The earth  
has been cursed for man's sin. Thorns  
also and thistles spring forth in abun-  
dant, whilst fruits and flowers are few.  
We enter the world as strangers. We  
have no experience till we obtain it at  
a fearful cost. We pass our earliest  
months without a thought. We learn  
slowly. The world is wide, and every-  
thing is fresh and new. Imagination  
draws vivid pictures of human happi-  
ness and greatness, and, lacking in  
judgement and understanding, we ar-  
rive at wrong conclusions. "Things  
are not what they seem." The reality  
of life is scarcely apparent as yet. In  
the early dawn there seems to be a glow  
on all things. The morning light throws  
its enchantment over all around us.  
Everything seems fresh and beautiful.  
Each leaf and spray, wet with the ear-  
ly dew, sparkles in the beams of the  
rising sun. All, all is fair. But the  
beauty fades and the freshness passes  
away. We have only just entered the  
wilderness, and know nothing of its ter-  
rible wildness, nothing of its fearful  
drought. Loving hands are ministering  
to our wants. But time passes, and  
we experience many changes. We are  
urged forward, and we must leave be-  
hind us the fringe of green with which  
the wilderness is girt. Alas! our feet  
are easily torn by jagged rocks, and  
pierced by cruel thorns. Tears flow  
freely. The heart full often aches.  
Strange, dark fears possess us. Ques-  
tions rise to our lips. The dew is gone.  
The sun grows hotter, fiercer. We see

no tracks before us. We awake as  
from a dream. The golden haze has  
vanished. Life is a stern reality. We  
gaze into empty wells, choked by desert  
sands.

We are in a wilderness indeed. And  
yet we are not unknown. From yon  
bright heaven our Father sees us. The  
same eyes which rested on the Babe of  
Bethlehem—on the child Jesus—rest  
on us. The same hand guides us. The  
same God is acquainted with our  
surroundings. He who hears the crash  
of the avalanche, the boom of the ocean,  
and the song of the seraphim hears our  
feeble cries. Yes! He knows us;  
knows us altogether.

Years are passing; we are older now.  
The way is lonely, very lonely. Some  
of our earliest friends are gone. Now  
and then we hail a traveller. Perhaps  
we are led to think that we shall have  
companions all the way. But no! our  
paths diverge. When we are getting  
familiar with some friendly voice we  
cease to hear it. We long for the  
pressure of a loving hand. Some do  
not care to know us; others cannot.  
Our real self remains unknown. The  
wilderness is very dreary; it is a land  
of drought. Water fails us. Our sup-  
plies are gone. Our lips are parched  
with thirst. It is the old, old story.  
We recall the experience of those who  
have gone before us. "They wander-  
ed in the wilderness in a solitary way;  
they found no city to dwell in. Hungry  
and thirsty their soul fainted in them.  
Then they cried unto the Lord in their  
trouble, and He delivered them out of  
their distresses." We are brought to  
our knees; we are forced to pray.  
"Prayer ardent, opens heaven, lets down  
a stream  
Of glory on the consecrated hour  
Of man in audience with the Deity."

Our Father hears us. "He satisfi-  
eth the longing soul, and filleth the  
hungry soul with goodness. He turn-  
eth the wilderness into standing water,  
and dry ground into watersprings."  
And yet we may not tarry.  
"We are strangers and pilgrims on  
the earth." We "seek a better country,  
that is, an heavenly." Our path is  
homeward. We march across trackless  
wastes. There is nought but barren-  
ness around. We hear no sound  
of rippling water. The palm trees have  
faded from our sight. The sand is hot  
beneath our feet. We get discouraged.  
Weariness overtakes us, and we are  
about to give up in despair. Our eyes are  
dim. We know not what to do, or  
whither to go. But we are not for-  
gotten. There is One who remembers  
us. "He knoweth our walking through  
this great wilderness."

"O is there a thought in the wide world  
so sweet,  
As that God has so cared for us, bad  
as we are,  
That He thinks of us, plans for us, stoops  
to entreat,  
And follows us, wander we ever so far?"  
Yes; He knows us well. "If any  
love God, the same is known of Him."  
He knows our wants. He knows our  
dangers. He knows our sorrows. We  
may not know one another; but God  
knows us, and great is His love to-  
ward us. He is thinking about us; we  
may cease to be anxious. Only let us trust  
Him fully, and serve Him faithfully.  
The shadows fall. We pitch our  
tent. Darkness settles down on hill  
and vale. We think of Him who spent  
whole nights in prayer, and in our  
hearts we say:

"Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us,  
All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread the earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go."

We compose ourselves to rest. We  
sink to slumber. In our dreams we  
are startled and affrighted. We wake  
at the flush of dawn and hear the rush  
of departing wings. Around our tent  
are numerous footprints. There has been  
a conflict. Desert hordes have been  
seeking for our treasure and our lives.  
They have been beaten and driven away  
by our invisible Protector. Portions of  
spoils are left behind, and we keep them  
as mementos of our deliverance. Now  
we know the meaning of the sound we

heard on waking. "Because thou hast  
made the Lord, which is my refuge,  
even the most High, thy habitation,  
there shall no evil befall thee, neither  
shall any plague come nigh thy dwell-  
ing." "The angel of the Lord encamp-  
eth round about them that fear him,  
and delivereth them." The Angel of  
the covenant, whom we delight in, has  
fought our battle, and we are safe.

God has known us in the wilderness.  
We resume our journey. The day is  
long. But "we are journeying unto  
the place of which the Lord said, 'I  
will give it you.'" We are travelling  
homewards, and the distance is lessen-  
ing every day. The thought of this  
makes the heart glad. Again, and  
again do we rest beneath the shadow  
of a great rock in a weary land. Again,  
and again does the Lord "give waters  
in the wilderness and rivers in the des-  
ert, to give drink to His people, His  
chosen." He "giveth the true bread  
from heaven." Christ's words are ver-  
ified: "He that cometh to Me shall  
never hunger; and he that believeth  
on Me shall never thirst."

The world knoweth us not. The  
Lord knows us and comes to us even  
in the wilderness. Our hearts burn  
within us while He talks to us by the  
way. A wilderness with Christ is better  
than a paradise without Him. One sun  
is brighter than a thousand stars. When  
our hearts are engrossed with those we  
love we are scarcely conscious of the  
flight of time or the roughness of the  
way. The Saviour's presence is often  
felt. He is always near; yet at times  
we cannot see Him, because our eyes  
are hidden. It will not be always so.  
We shall see Him clearly soon. He  
knows how much we need Him. Notwith-  
standing our poverty, our ignorance, and  
unworthiness "He is not ashamed to  
call us 'brethren.'" We are passing  
through the wilderness. We are almost  
home.

"My Father's house on high!  
Home of my soul how near,  
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear!"  
No drought yonder. "A pure river  
of water of life, clear as crystal pro-  
ceedeth from the throne of God and  
the Lamb." We who have rested  
by the shades of Elim shall rest ere  
long beneath the tree of life. We  
who have wept together and prayed  
together in our state of exile, shall  
walk and worship together in our  
Father's house. Yes, we shall know  
each other there. And will not He  
who has known us in the wilderness—  
known all our tears and trials, all our  
terrible conflicts and unutterable yearn-  
ings—will He not know us when we  
reach His bright abode? Will He,  
our FATHER, not know us all, His  
children when they are gathered home?  
Will He not own each child? Surely  
He who knows us on earth will know  
us in heaven. He who knows us in  
our weakness, toiling and battling  
every day, will know us when the vic-  
tory is gained for ever and He reads in  
every countenance a likeness to His  
Son. We shall see.

### Baptists and the American Bible Society.

#### AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT.

NEW YORK, March 14, 1879.

To the Baptist Ministers and Churches  
in the United States:—

We have an interesting and impor-  
tant statement to communicate to  
you. On the invitation of Nathan  
Bishop, LL.D., for eighteen years a  
member of the Board of Managers of  
the American Bible Society, a confer-  
ence was held in this city on the 5th  
inst., to learn and to consider facts af-  
fecting the relations between the said  
Society, and the Baptist denomination.  
It is known to you that in 1838 a  
large number of Baptists withdrew  
from co-operation with the American  
Bible Society for the reason that the  
Board of Managers had adopted the  
following rule:

In appropriating money for translat-  
ing, printing or distributing the Sacred  
Scriptures in foreign languages, the  
Board of Managers shall encourage only

such versions as conform in the princi-  
ples of their translation to the common  
English version, at least so far that all  
the religious denominations represented  
in this Society can consistently use and  
circulate said versions in their several  
schools and communities.

In a late revision and re-construction  
of the By-Laws of the Society this  
article was entirely omitted, and for  
reasons which affect equally the  
Society's relations with all the evangeli-  
cal denominations. These By-Laws  
as they now stand were unanimously  
adopted by the Managers; and the  
above-mentioned special rule having  
been omitted, there is now only the  
following general provision:

The Committee on Versions shall  
have charge of all translations of the  
Bible, published or distributed by the  
Society; they shall recommend measures  
for securing new versions or new revisions  
of old versions in foreign languages;  
shall examine new versions presented  
for the consideration and adoption of  
the Society, especially in regard to their  
catholicity and the fidelity of their trans-  
lation; and shall recommend such as  
they approve for the use of the Society.

This Committee on Versions is com-  
posed of one member from every denomi-  
nation co-operating with the Society,  
and the Baptist member of it  
is the Rev. Howard Osgood, D. D., of  
Rochester.

The Conference was in session nine  
hours, and heard the reading of every  
act taken by the Board of Managers  
from the year 1828 to the present time,  
that could in any way concern the in-  
terests of our own denomination. The  
result of a most thorough examination  
of the facts and a full discussion of them,  
was a unanimous conviction on the part  
of the Conference that there is now no  
obstacle in the way of the co-operation  
of Baptists with the American Bible  
Society in its work at home and abroad.

This welcome state of things—in  
precise accord with the original position  
of the Society—has arisen, as we be-  
lieve, through the overruling providence  
of God, and it brings before our minis-  
ters and churches a most interesting  
question as to whether the time has not  
now come in which Baptists can most  
efficiently and economically do their  
home and foreign Bible work through  
the American Bible Society. No So-  
ciety can hope to have the same abun-  
dant facilities and means to supply the  
home and foreign demand for the Scrip-  
tures; and while, in our distinct sphere  
and ways, we maintain and propagate  
the distinctive principles and practices  
of our denomination, we see no reason  
why Baptists should not unite with all  
evangelical Christians in giving the  
Bible to the world without note or com-  
ment.

It is not expected or desired that  
there should be any other denomina-  
tional action in response to the com-  
munication now made to you than that  
churches and individuals decide for  
themselves whether they will give the  
American Bible Society their sym-  
pathy and co-operation in the Bible work.

The object of the undersigned has  
been to ascertain the facts and lay  
them before you.

M. B. ANDERSON, Rochester, N. Y.  
EDWARD BRIGHT, New York.  
JOHN A. BROADUS, Louisville, Ky.  
WM. A. CAULDWELL, New York.  
ALVAH HOVEY, Newton Centre, Mass.  
JAS. M. HOYT, Cleveland, O.  
EDWARD LATHROP, Stamford, Conn.  
J. N. MURDOCK, Boston, Mass.  
HENRY G. WESTON Upland, Pa.

Could not be present, but expressly con-  
curs in the Statement:

J. L. M. CURRY, Richmond, Va.  
G. W. NORTHUP, Chicago, Ill.

Miss M. A. Paull, of Plymouth, has  
been informed that to her has been  
awarded the prize of £100 offered by  
the United Kingdom Band of Hope  
Union for the best tale on temperance  
specially adapted to children. There  
were several hundred competitors.

Rabbah said, "Men should be careful  
lest they cause women to weep, for God  
counts their tears."

## TEMPERANCE.

### "Tobacco Losing Favor."

Some few weeks since I read with  
much interest an article taken from the  
*S. S. Times*, with the above heading.  
Having just returned from one of our  
religious gatherings, it reminded me of  
what I saw on my way home. While  
waiting at one of the railroad stations  
for the coming of the train, I saw two  
of our prominent brethren walking up  
and down the platform amid a cloud of  
smoke. Said another brother near me:  
"See brother—puffing away at his  
cigar; how is that for a D. D.?" The  
brother was one that I had long known  
and respected, yet somehow or other I  
found my good opinion of him lessened by  
what I saw.

Soon after, speaking of this scene to  
another brother, he said, "I heard a  
most excellent sermon at the vineyard  
Camp Meeting, but soon after seeing  
the brother who preached it pass-  
ing along smoking his cigar, I felt  
grieved, and could not think of him  
and the sermon as I did before."

How many there are who are thus  
shorn of their power for good! Mem-  
bers in our churches are complaining  
of "hard times," and giving but little  
to benevolent purposes, while contin-  
uing the use of this expensive habit.  
They are spending more money for to-  
bacco than for all church purposes. Is  
this right? Brother, if the habit is  
fastened upon you, ask God to give  
you grace and strength to triumph  
over it. C.

Watchman.

### Voluntary Madness.

One of the best definitions of drunk-  
enness was given by the philosopher  
Smeed. He said "Drunkenness is vol-  
untary madness." A drunken man is  
a self-made madman. A madman, ac-  
cording to Webster, is one who is "rav-  
ing or furious." Such a man has no  
right to liberty when he is drunk, for,  
in his raving fury, he may do great  
damage to himself or others. If he is  
in the habit of getting drunk, his lib-  
erty should be restrained, to keep him  
sober. His place is in the mad-house.  
His confinement should be repeated  
every time he gets drunk, and length-  
ened upon every repetition, to teach  
him, if possible, sobriety. A drunken  
man should not be permitted to vote.  
He is unfit to do any duty devolv-  
ing upon the citizen; especially is  
he disqualified to take part in the  
government of the county. He should  
not be permitted to hold property, or to  
dispose of it. Contracts made by  
drunken men should be legally void.  
Habitual drunkards should have guard-  
ians appointed to manage their es-  
tates; for the benefit of their wives  
and children, and they should be pro-  
vided for as wards.

VEGETARIANISM.—The "Garden of  
Eden," a lodge of the "Order of Dan-  
ielites," a society pledged to total ab-  
stinence from flesh, alcohol, and to-  
bacco, lately held a *conversations* at the  
house of Lieut. Richardson, 40, Brun-  
swick-square. The virtues of the regi-  
ment adopted by the brethren, on the  
score of economy and easy digestion,  
were enthusiastically dwelt upon; and  
in the course of the proceedings Lieut.  
Richardson said that some people  
seemed as though they had got  
throats made of cast steel, by the way  
in which they swallowed things into  
which they would hardly dare put  
their finger, and it must be remem-  
bered that the skin of the throat was much  
more delicate than that of the finger. He  
believed that it was in a great measure  
owing to the consumption of hot foods  
and liquids that the teeth were so liable  
to decay. His own diet cost him from  
6d. to 8d. per day, and upon this he as-  
serted he did not live sparingly, but  
obtained plenty of nourishment.

If a word spoken in its time is worth  
one piece of money, silence in its time  
is worth two.