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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

Types of the Saviour.

When the holy tent I view,
And the shew-bread table too;
When the candle-stick for light,
Flashes on my wandering sight,
I behold a Saviour.

Where the perfumed censer swings
O'er the ark, with staves and rings;
Ark o'erlaid with choicest gold,
Precious tokens safe to hold,
I can see a Saviour.

In the crimson blood that flowed
For the debt the guilty owed,
As their sins they each confessed,
With the offering God had blessed,
I behold my Saviour.

In the holiest place
Where I hear the high priest call
On Jehovah, praying low,
"Save thy people, spare their woe,"
I can hear my Saviour.

Blessed be the God of might,
For the veil, the ark, the light;
For the bread, the blood, the priest,
Types whose meaning ne'er hath ceased,
Blessed be the Saviour.

Baby's Shoes.

Oh, those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
Oh, the price was high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet—
That by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hush'd, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they 'mind her for evermore,
Of a father along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babble from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then, oh, wonder not that her heart,
From all else would rather part,
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use.
And whose sight makes such fond tears
start!

W. C. Bennett.

Religious.

Pulpit Elocution.

No. 2.

From Rev. Edward N. Kirk, D. D.,
Boston.

Every preacher would desire so to deliver his sermon as that his meaning should be clearly perceived, and his sentiments deeply felt, rather than to utter it in a manner unintelligible and unimpressive. Every congregation of worshippers would prefer in their pastor a good delivery to an awkward and disagreeable style of speaking. Let two men of equal piety and scholarship be presented to any of our religious societies; the one a man of easy, becoming carriage in the pulpit, of simple, natural, and powerful utterance; the other uncouth in attitude and movement, indistinct and stammering in his enunciation, and wearisome in his drawing tones; can any man in his senses doubt which of the two will be chosen? So, thus far the case is plain. But if we go back of this and observe the finished speaker practicing in the detail of his studies and vocal gymnastics, there we shall find some demurring. Many who admire the orator are averse to the process of discipline which gave him the better style. There is, in other words a prejudice in the community, and among many excellent candidates for the gospel ministry, in regard to elocution as an art to be obtained by study and practice.

In the minds of some the study and practice of elocution is connected, if not identified with the idea of substituting sound and emotion for sense and truth. But if a preacher have not the right things to say, and the right motives and spirit in uttering them, manner can do nothing for him nor his hearers.

Yet for men who are morally and intellectually qualified to preach the gospel, the importance of manner can scarcely be overrated. And to overlook it is a proof neither of piety, dignity, nor wisdom. It is not sufficient for the purposes of electrical power that the battery be fully charged; a good conductor must be added. Alas! how much preaching is in the class of non-conductors. Elocution is indeed vanity and vexation of spirit in a man who has no other excellence; but it multiplies indefinitely the power of him who possesses the solid qualities of the ministry.

If the process of preaching were designed to be mesmeric, and people were to be put to sleep, instead of being aroused in order to instruct and impress them, we might dispense with elocution and the culture it requires. But so long as men are in the body, it will be found requisite for the most effective exercise of the ministry, that a part of clerical education consists in the study and practice of oratory. That necessity is founded on these two facts: that the communication of thought and feeling depends upon the right exercise of our bodily organs, and that those organs are within the domain of the great law which requires the cultivation of the faculties.

In the minds of others, elocution is identified with the ostentatious exhibition of the parts and graces of the speaker. But this is confounding the use and abuse of a good thing. Since there is but one right way of speaking, while there are a thousand wrong ways, the man will do well to learn the right. And if the agreeable impression produced by an agreeable person and manner can conduce to the right impression of truth, the very purity of his desire to do good, should induce him to cultivate his person and manner. There is nothing in the study of elocution peculiarly adapted to awaken vanity, nor is there any more inducement for an eloquent man to make display his end, than for a learned man.

Others fear that they may be tempted to turn their attention in the pulpit to gestures and tones, and thus infinitely degrade their high vocation. This again is a possible, but by no means a necessary consequence. There is no more need of bringing the rules of oratory into the pulpit, than the rules of grammar or rhetoric. Both must be studied, and both must exercise a powerful influence in the pulpit, but neither must be seen there. The greatest orator in an extemporaneous address pays strict attention to the minutest rules of grammar. And the rules of elocution are designed to form the man, to correct bad habits of attitude, speech, and gesture, to make the body in every way the fit instrument for a mind full of noble thoughts and powerful emotions. There may be cases of half-fledged orators or of pedantic speakers shewing off the attitudes and tones and gestures they admire, as mere attitudes, tones and gestures. But all this, we repeat, is perversion, and no more a reason against the study of elocution than against that of Hebrew or rhetoric.

Six Bible Names.

Say these names over a good many times, until you can remember them, and the order in which they are given: Adam, Enoch, Abraham, Solomon, Christ, John. Repeat them again and then learn the following bit of Bible chronology.

1. From the time Adam was created until the time Enoch was translated was a thousand years.
 2. From the time Enoch was translated until the time Abraham was born was a thousand years.
 3. From the time Abraham was born until the time Solomon dedicated the temple was a thousand years.
 4. From the time Solomon dedicated the temple until the time Christ was born was a thousand years.
 5. From the time Christ was born until the time John died was a hundred years.
- Thus is the Bible history of forty-one hundred years divided—

"The Lord's gone."

I was trying to give my little two-year-old some idea of God. Of course he could have no conception of the omnipresence of the All Father; so in reply to my question, "Where is the Lord?" I encouraged his answer, "Way up high, in de sky." This he delighted in giving, often adding, "Let taudie do up in de sky and see de 'ord." But one day he was a little out of sorts, body and spirit. He leaned on the window-sill, looking thoughtfully out upon the lawn, and, to my question, "Claudie, where is the Lord?" he made no reply for a moment, then turning, gave me a searching, rather sullen look, and said, emphatically, "Der Lord's gone; der ain't any Lord."

How like the moods of us older ones when life goes wrong with us! It is easy to get away from God as far as a sense of nearness is concerned. When we give up that sweet patient trusting, which brings with it such blessedness, and try to walk alone, we feel, as we deserve to, the hidings of a Father's face. Though it is our privilege constantly to hold sweet communion with our Lord, yet by neglect of duty and coldness of heart we may cut off our communications with our Heavenly Father, walking in darkness and feeling that he is far from us. Let us rather abide in his presence, drawing hourly nigh unto him, never for a moment listening to the language of the tempter when he would whisper, "There ain't any Lord."—F. S. J.

Railroads in Prophecy.

When Daniel, alluding to the last times, predicts that "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," and when Isaiah speaks of the people coming "on swift beasts to the holy mountain, Jerusalem," commentators tell us that the word translated "swift beasts" rather signifies "carriages," or "swift carriages;" and many think the reference is to the rapid modes of modern travel by railways and steam-cars—for they say the Hebrew word *Kirkaroth* refers not to animals, but to carriages or rapidly moving machines of some kind.

Sir Isaac Newton, in his book on Daniel, says, it is not only possible, but necessary to the fulfilment of prophecy, that the means of rapid communication between nations should be greatly extended; and gives it as his opinion, that such would be the advancement of science before the last day, that men would be able to travel at the rate of forty miles an hour; and he bases his opinion, on the statements and fulfilment of prophecy.

Voltaire takes up this idea of Newton, and gives the following sneering comment upon it. He asks, "What do you think Sir Isaac Newton says? Why, he actually predicts, that the time will come when people will travel at the rate of forty miles an hour! Just see into what absurdities the studies of the Bible can drive a great and gifted mind!"

So little then did that seem a possibility, which now is an every day occurrence. Then the very idea of travelling forty miles an hour seemed utterly absurd. Now our cars go not only forty, but at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and ere long we may see them going a hundred, or even more!

Getting Married.

BY DR. JOHN HALL.

It is very unfortunate for many that a subject so practical and important as marriage is often spoken of as if it were a mere jocular incident in human life. The opportunity to fill young minds with just and pure ideas concerning it is partially lost, and from the habit of treating matrimony as a comedy it is sometimes turned into a horrible tragedy.

Marriage has its social side. Persons rise or fall, or are kept from rising or falling, in a great measure, by the companions for life whom they select. Mr. Small would never by himself have

amounted to much, but he had the good fortune to marry a capable, energetic girl, and the result is the Small family stand among the foremost in the town.

Marriage has its prudential side. When the young people set out in disregard of the principles of honest living, they lay the basis of many a bitter sorrow. When self-denial, forethought, and careful calculation are made at the beginning, and even overmastering affection is made to bend to practical wisdom, they have laid a foundation for safe future prosperity. Tom Fawcett was desperately in love with Miss Greer, but he knew just how much it would take to "set them up," however modestly. He told her his ideas and plans; he got a savings-bank book; she kept it for him; it was a salutary check on any little extravagances to which she might have been tempted. Mr. Fawcett is now a bank president, and Mrs. Fawcett keeps four domestics, and makes every one of them keep a savings-bank book.

Marriage has an intellectual side. A man with a handsome face and figure, but without brains or any wish for knowledge, makes it hard for a wife of average capacity to maintain the "looking up" attitude. On the other hand, a refined and educated woman with an active mind lifts up a man who has inherent force, though perhaps, without early advantages. A wise young fellow ought to say to himself, "When that hair is less thick and glossy, when that cheek is paler, when that eye has less lustre than now, will there still remain a mind that will stimulate and strengthen mine?"

Marriage has a moral side. Harry Bell admired his "girl" but he did not respect her. There was nothing wrong about her, but he did not in his heart do honor to her principles. She dazzled others, she fascinated him, he was proud of her in society. But that was all. When he had his home and his wife in it he did not keep away the men whose looseness or coarseness would shock a good woman. Wit might be wicked, but she enjoyed it if it was witty. So his tone was not kept up, but let down; and, unfortunately, the "boys" are bad, and the girls are not turning out well." It might have been different if Mrs. Bell had set up a higher standard of goodness.

Marriage has a personal side. A little high temper, a little dull moroseness, a little looseness of the tongue, a little—a very little—jealousy of disposition, may be the ruin of two lives that ought to be happy as one. Dear Edith was a lovely girl, but her girl friends knew that she had a temper of her own; and, unfortunately, now that she—temper and all—is Charlie's, he knows it, likewise. He is most cautious in her company. A man who carries about a bag of gunpowder needs to avoid sparks. She might blow him up. On the other hand, Dick Brown is, in many respects, a nice fellow, extremely precise in manner, but so jealous that his wife's own relations are watched, snubbed, and at length driven from his house by him, lest they should gain the affections of his wife. He has in various small ways "cribbed, cabbined and confined her," till a sprightly, warmhearted girl, with frank manners and an honest nature, is changed into a restrained, timid, hesitating woman. It is pitiable to see her sidelong glance at him, that she may find out whether, unobserved, she may cordially receive an old friend of her childhood. Dick might scold her sideways all the evening, if she showed too much warmth.

These and many such matters are little thought of by too many young persons, and hence, the "incompatibility," the "unpleasantnesses" and quarrels, ending too often in separation. The union was formed under the influence of admiration, or self-love, or ambition, or sordid gain, and it was not happy. Ah, Mr. Looker, you may buy gold too dear.

There are cases in which marriages not abstractly wise are yet robbed of their evil in a good degree by prudent friends. A young girl becomes inter-

ested in some one, commits herself, and when he comes to ask permission of her parents to address her, every one knows that it is of no use to refuse. She will have him whether they like it or not. The parents are reflecting, self-controlled persons. They say to one another, "This is not the wisest choice that poor Mattie has made, but she has made it and we must make the best of it." So he is brought to the house; arrangements are prudently made for them; he is conciliated, influenced, guided. His respect and confidence are secured, so that instead of standing on his insulted dignity and defiantly employing his power, he becomes ambitious to win the esteem and affection of his wife's "folks," so he is lifted up and saved. The relations of young married people can do much to make or mar them.

There is a curious felicity some have in the circumstances of their marriage, which gives them a good "send-off." They do not surprise any one when it is announced. People say it is just the thing. They do not run about the town, telling everybody of the "catch," but they cement the friendship of many years by timely confidences, which say informally, "I wish you as one of my friends to know it." Their wedding is nice, there is no meanness, and no "splurge." Her own minister, who has long known her, watched over her and shares in her hopeful satisfaction marries her, and his voice trembles a little as he says, "The Lord bless you!" He feels as if giving his own child to another's custody, and the bridegroom knows again from the very tones of the clergyman that he would be bad and base beyond expression if he held lightly that sacred trust. Quietly and naturally the young couple settle down into their new life, forgetting no civilities, taking no on airs, and provoking no criticism. They are beginning as they mean to end.

Members, or not Members, of the Church.

A few years ago, the pastor and elders of a certain Pedobaptist church—Congregational, I think—were troubled in spirit by the fact that a portion of the young members of the church were in the habit of attending dancing parties. After due consideration it was resolved to discipline them, and they were accordingly summoned for trial. It so happened that these young people had been "sprinkled into the church" when infants; but having never taken any part in the church, were surprised that they were subject to the discipline of the church.

The day of the trial came, and the young people were all present. As the pastor was about to take the chair and open the meeting, one of the young men arose and inquired if it was true that they were members of the church. The pastor assured them that they were members of the church and subject to its discipline. "Then," replied the young man, "I move that brother A. (naming one of their own number) take the chair."

It was seconded and carried, the young people being in the majority. The young man rose again and read a paper, stating that they had been received into the church while infants and unconscious of the fact, and many of them had never learned until a few days since that they were considered members of the church, and closed by preferring charges against the pastor and elders for their unfaithfulness in permitting them to grow up in ignorance of their relation and duties.

The charges were sustained, and the officers of the church were excluded. Everything remained at a dead-lock for two or three weeks, when a committee from "the church" waited upon the pastor, and told him they did not wish to be too severe, and that it was an absurdity to consider them as members of the church; and if the officers would let them alone, they would meet rescind their action, and restore them to membership, which was agreed to. The story carries its own moral.—Ex.