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Poetry.

Satisfied.

Not here! Not here! not where the sparkling waters
Faded into mocking sounds as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters;
I shall be satisfied—but O, not here!

Not here, where all our dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know;
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-crossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while mortal robes enfold us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

What! truly satisfied! The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I looked upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending
Saviour and Lord, with thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings ending,
I then shall see Thee and "be satisfied."

Religious.

[The following excellent Essay was read before the late S. S. Convention at Windsor. The writer kindly consented to our request that it might have a place in our columns.—Ed. C.M.]

Sabbath School Music.

BY REV. I. J. SKINNER

Some of the greatest and most startling events in the world's history have been accompanied by music, in some form or other. Long ages ago when darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God "moved on the formless void," and the foundation of the Heavens and the Earth was laid, "the morning stars sang together; breaking the awful silence that had hitherto reigned below, with their joyous shouts and acclamations. As to the words or notes, that composed that ancient song, we are not informed; but we may safely conclude that it was in all respects, appropriate to the sublime occasion.

Again, after the lapse of four thousand years, when there appeared in Bethlehem's lowly manger, the chief corner-stone of the foundation of the Christian Church, a multitude of the Heavenly Host came down, where Shepherds watched their flocks, to celebrate the occasion with the grandest anthem that ever pealed forth upon a ruined world; thrilling with amazement and delight the souls of the Shepherds, and making wild Judea's hills re-echo with its glorious melody, as they with holy voices shouted, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Other and less momentous events have been celebrated with music, where the performers were beings of a lower order than angelic. When the Red Sea, which lay across Israel's path, was divided, and the Lord's Host marched in triumph through, while their enraged pursuers were overwhelmed and destroyed; that victorious multitude, with their leader at their head, halted on the other shore, and looking back upon

the total discomfiture of their enemies, their hearts swelling with grateful emotions, there went up as with one voice from that mighty host, to their great Deliverer on high, this spontaneous burst of joyful acclamation, "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." And as if to make the occasion doubly joyous, the women, with timbrels and dances, echo back the grand and glad refrain, "Sing ye to the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." It was a song of deliverance, expressed in terms most befitting the occasion.

Again, at a later date when the Messiah made his public entrance into Jerusalem, the service of song was brought into requisition. All along the way from Bethphage to Jerusalem, the multitudes that went before, and that followed, rent the air with their loud Hosannahs; and even the children in the Temple, caught the inspiration and mingled their young voices in the continued shouts of "Hosannah to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosannah in the Highest."

These instances among thousands of others, are adverted to at the outset, to show the great prominence given to Music, as a medium through which the Most High God has been pleased to receive the adoration of His people; and the pre-eminent appropriateness of the songs, to the occasions which called them forth.

And, moreover, it is in the light of the almost numberless kindred instances that we are taught to connect with all our engagements for the worship of God, the service of song. And throughout Christendom to a greater or less extent, it is employed as a vehicle of praise.

Having made these remarks in connection with music generally, I will come more immediately to the subject in hand, which is *Sabbath School Music*.

And first, I will venture to affirm without fear of contradiction, that *Sacred Music should form a considerable part of the exercises of every Sabbath School*. Not that I regard music as the principle thing. By no means. Nothing can supercede the importance of the work of imparting Bible Truth; nor should anything be introduced which would in the least, interfere with that work. But I would have music in the School as a powerful agency, which if judiciously managed, will prove an efficient aid in accomplishing the end for which the Sabbath School is sustained, viz., to lead the young to Christ, and bring them to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; which knowledge will make them "wise unto salvation." And I would urge its importance, from the following considerations:

1. Music has power to arrest the attention, and lead the mind in certain directions.

It is a matter of fact, I believe, that in all stages of civilization and barbarism, from the untaught savage to the most highly cultivated and refined, there is in human nature a peculiar susceptibility of impressions under the influence of music. And when its melodious sounds fall upon the ear there is a ready response in the heart, and the mind is always irresistibly carried away, in the direction indicated by the style or character of the music. For instance, how many a youthful soldier has received his first impulse towards a military life, while listening to the measured strains of martial music. And has been led on amid the hardships and dangers of the soldier's life, with a wild enthusiasm, fostered and sustained largely by the same means. And again, how many a gay and thoughtless youth, pursuing his way perhaps to some place of dissipation, has caught the solemn sound of sacred music, proceeding from some place of worship; and has been captivated with the melody, and irresistibly drawn within its wall, where he has been brought under influences

which have resulted in his enlisting under the blood-stained banner, and becoming a faithful soldier of the cross. Kindred instances without number might be brought, showing the power of music to seize and hold with a firm grasp the attention of the young and the old, and carry them withersoever it leads.

2. Again, *Sacred Music has a subduing and softening influence on the heart*, thereby fitting it for the reception of Divine truth. The adamant is often melted. The avenues to the heart, hitherto bolted and barred, are opened, and the heart itself is forced to yield, under the sweet and mellowing influence of song.

Imagine some poor way-worn wanderer in a strange land, his long absence has nearly obliterated from his memory, all traces of his once happy home. He has toiled for gold and failed. He has sought for pleasure in the haunts of dissipation, and been disappointed. Pressed down with a load of anxious care, and perchance a heavier of guilt, he knows not what to do or which way to turn. Friendless and alone, he seats himself by the way-side, angry with himself and all the world, he is ready to yield himself to despair in this world and in the next. And while brooding over his forlorn and wretched condition, there comes from some distant dwelling with open windows, floating on the gentle breezes, the last dying strains of the old familiar song of "Home, sweet Home." It falls upon his ear like some unearthly melody, and away down in the depths of his heart, there are awakened long slumbering memories of the past. He is carried away on the wings of that familiar old song, to the home of his boyhood. The fireside, the well-spread table, the merry song and laughter, the family Bible and morning and evening prayers, all rise up as if by magic before him, and he is there again listening to the prayers and admonitions of his sainted father and mother. He is overpowered and subdued. Out of the deepest depths of that broken heart there comes up the publican's agonizing cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." From that moment he becomes an altered man, and the whole purpose of his life is changed. His thoughts are turned in the direction of the Heavenly home, and he pursues the narrow path leading thereto. Ask him after he has been millions of ages in the Home above, how he came to be there, and he will carry you down to that wretched road-side, and point you to that cottage window, from whence issued those heaven-inspired strains that awoke in his hitherto obdurate heart, the memory of bygone days, and let in those rays of light, which guided him up to his God and to Heaven.

A case in point is recorded of a wounded Scottish soldier, who lay in one of the hospitals of Edinburgh. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told that he must die. He had a contempt for death, and prided himself on his fearlessness in facing it.

A rough and wicked life with none but evil associates had blunted his sensibilities and made profanity and scorn his second nature. To hear him speak, one would have thought he had no piously-nurtured childhood to remember and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so. A noble and gentle hearted man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind enquiries, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered him spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid him no attention or respect. He bluntly told him that he did not want any religious conversation. You will let me pray with you, will you not? Said the man at length. No, I know how to die without the help of religion. And he turned his face to the wall. Further conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence, he began to sing the old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every congregation in Scotland:

"Oh mother dear, Jerusalem
When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice and the words and melody were sweet and touching as he sang them. Pretty soon the soldier turned his face again. But its hardened expression was all gone. "Who taught you that?" He asked when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child and used to sing it with her, and there were tears in his eyes."

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping, and with a hungry heart, he listened to the Christian's thoughts of death, and in his last moments turned to his mother's God and the sinner's Friend.

There was a power in the music to open his hitherto hardened heart when all persuasion and entreaty failed. And, humanly speaking, but for that song just at that time, his soul would have been eternally lost.

3. *Sacred Music has an elevating tendency*.

While it arrests the attention and softens the heart, it lifts the whole being to a higher level. No argument is necessary here. The sentiment will find a ready response in the hearts of thousands, who have experienced its elevating power and influence. In the public congregation, in the prayer-meeting—the social gathering, and even in the family, it has been the means of drawing away the thoughts and affections from the low and grovelling things of the earth, and placing them on higher and holier objects, leading the whole soul up to those fields of enjoyment far higher and purer than the most perfect of this world's pleasures.

Now, if the foregoing sentiments in reference to the power of music be correct—and I am conscious that I have only touched the margin of the subject—then it must be admitted by all, that employment of such a potent agency in the Sabbath School is not only desirable but indispensable. I do not know to what extent music is employed in our Sabbath Schools generally, but I think it may be said safely, that in many Schools it is sadly neglected, and that in but few perhaps, has it received that attention which is desirable as an instrumentality for good.

II. We now come to the question as to the kind of music that should be used in the Sabbath School. And here I would remark that the importance of *appropriateness* should be held steadily in view. It will be readily conceded, that a certain style of music might be very suitable for some occasions and be quite out of place for others. For instance, that sublime hymn, "Before Jehovah's awful throne, &c," rendered by the time-honoured tune of "Old Hundred," though beautifully grand in "the great congregation," would not be at all appropriate for a Sabbath School. But more outrageously inappropriate for such occasions are too many of those sentimental pieces often published, tacked on to the tune of, "Buy a broom," "Fishers hornpipe," or "Yankée Doodle." But I think it will generally be admitted that S. School music should combine *simplicity with purity of thought and style and be full of Christ*. And in order to insure this, great care should be taken in the selection.

The number of publications under the head of S. School Music is legion. And every now and then appears some new book, professing to supercede all the previous ones, but it is to be feared that many of those works are published more with a view to popularity, and pecuniary advantage than to real adaptation to the wants of the Sabbath School.

Although these books are extensively used, yet to my mind at least they are open to serious objections.

1. Many of those tunes are too difficult for children to master, and the poetry adopted is much above their comprehension in Scotland:

The Christian Messenger.

Halifax, N. S., October 8, 1879.

THE EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition has been the great subject of interest in Halifax, during the past week. It being the inauguration of the handsome new Exhibition Building, and the finely adapted grounds, rendered the occasion one of no little interest to our city, and we may perhaps add to our province. One could not fail to be struck, on approaching and entering the spacious structure, with the fine adaptation of what was before an unsightly waste, to the purposes which it is now destined. It seems to be just at the right place, and the building just what is suited for the purposes it is intended, and so much more convenient to the city than is seen in most other cities. And as many thousands of people have been here and had the opportunity of seeing everything about the Exhibition, we shall find it difficult to choose from the vast amount that we might say about it, what will give those who have stopped at home an idea of the great show, within the space we usually appropriate to these matters. But for the frost we had a few days previously our Public Gardens would have afforded much pleasure to our visitors, as they have of late done to the hundreds of people who have visited them almost daily. From the opening day the weather resumed its summerlike character, and gave our friends the opportunity of coming and enjoying their visit, without the inconvenience that is felt when it is cold as it has been in some seasons at this time of year.

On Tuesday morning a sharp clap of thunder, and a heavy shower for a few minutes nicely laid the dust and refreshed the vegetation so as to add greatly to the pleasure of walking or driving about the city, and its suburbs.

On Tuesday afternoon a goodly assemblage of the leading gentlemen and ladies of the city, the army and navy, and quite a number from various parts of the country, gathered on and around the dais, on the western side of the Exhibition building, for the opening. His Worship the Mayor gave, as follows,

THE INAUGURAL SPEECH.

We shall now proceed with the inaugural ceremonies of this, the Provincial Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition of 1879, which is held in this city by consent of the Central Board of Agriculture and with the approval of the Local Government, both being necessary to that end; and I take this opportunity of thanking the gentlemen who compose these Boards for their ready acquiescence in the application submitted to them by the City Council. I trust it may be found that we have acted up to its terms faithfully and honorably, and that we have shown a proper appreciation of the interests committed to our care. This is our maiden effort in the matter of exhibitions, and I, therefore, claim for it that generous consideration which is usually extended to first attempts. All previous exhibitions held in Halifax have been organized by, and under the immediate auspices and control of the Local Government, who with the inexhaustible coffers of the Provincial Treasury at their back, (hear, hear), have had comparatively little pecuniary responsibility. With us it is different. We are more or less tied down, so that the undertaking assumes something of the risky character of a speculation. Nevertheless it is one into which we have entered with good heart, wishing to keep pace with the "spirit of the times" and endorsing in this practical manner what we believe to be the growing sentiment of the people of Nova Scotia in regard to the principle of Annual Exhibitions. May I not say that it is asserted very practically here to-day in a manner which leaves no doubt of its popularity, and which must convince all who witness and all who read of the scene before us, that it is the declared wish of the people that these displays and competitions shall be of yearly occurrence in our Province. In this we are daily following the example set us by the larger Provinces, and if we may judge by the frequency of

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