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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Saviour.

He came,
But not in gorgeous robes of state arrayed,
Nor robed in splendour like an earthly king,
No cringing vassals bowed before His feet,
Nor did the world with acclamations ring.

He came,
Not clad in garments radiant as the sun,
Nor riding in a car of amber flame,
No seraph forms stood near in dazzling white
Sealed in each brow with the Eternal name.

He came,
Not to the mansions of the rich and great,
A guest of princes, decked with many a gem,
Born of a Virgin, pure and undefiled,
And in a manger laid, at Bethlehem.

He came,
The silent earth, in sleep's oblivion wrapped,
Trembled not, nor felt sin's heavy load,
Wept not, for guilt which brought Him here
To die.

He came,
One bright Star, wandered through the deep
blue sky,
Calm and serene its pathway through the air,
In voiceless eloquence its radiance spoke,
Of a Redeemer's love, of a Creator's care.

He came,
One strain of music floated down from
Heaven,
Soft Zephyrs wafted it o'er the quiet earth,
And angels clad in golden glory flew,
To spread the glorious news of Jesus' birth.

He came,
The Eastern Magi, led by that bright Star,
Find the Redeemer, and before Him bow,
A helpless babe, yet, by the Almighty hand,
Divinity is written on His brow.

He lived,
Without a home, or place to lay His head,
Lowly and meek, before the world's proud
scorn,
Earth's weary wilderness His feet have trod,
The crown of thorns, His godlike brow has
worn.

He died,
Not as the warrior on the battle field,
With victory's wreath of fading laurels
crowned,
Alone He suffered, and alone He died,
No faithful followers, dauntless, stood around.

He died,
Earth's strong foundations trembled, and the
sun
Shrank into midnight darkness—horrid,
And the night wept, in pearly drops of dew,
And o'er a guilty world the breezes sighed.

He died,
Ere the Redeemer closed His eyes in death,
Love, mighty and immortal, burned within
His soul,
And He spoke pardon on His dying breath.
ALICE SHARLAND EMMS.
Sussex, N. B., Dec., 1880.

"Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led Thee."

Hark! to the echoing footfalls
Of the departing year,
Hasting along with eager tread,
Now far away, now near;
Stay, for a farewell greeting,
Ye almost vanished days,
Bathed in the softened radiance
Of sunset's golden rays.

Stay, for we would remember
The changeful, shadowy way,
The night of weariness, and then
Sweet rest at break of day;
The storm, and distant thunder,
The rainbow, and the calm,
The trembling moan of pain, and then
The glad thanksgiving psalm.

The meetings of the vanished year!
So precious and so brief,
The loving welcome given, and then
The parting hour of grief,
Yes, we remember all the way
The Lord our God hath led,
Both joy and sorrow from His hand
Have mingled blessings shed.

Some, for this precious Master
Have willing service spent,
Toiling and sowing, yet their days
Have passed in sweet content;
Others, enthralled by self and sin,
Have followed pleasure's train,
And drank from outer treacherous cup,
Only to thirst again.

Some count their household treasures o'er,
The same unbroken band,
While others mourn the loved and lost,
Gone to the silent land;
Youth, in life's radiant morning,
Has passed the golden gate,
And there are suffering ones, who still
At its closed portal wait.

Oh earth! thy mysteries are deep,
We tremble as we gaze,
And stretch the hand of faith to Him
Who rules, and guides, and saves;
Remembering thus, we close the page
Upon the dying year.
Father above! the untrodden path
Leads home, if Thou art there.
December, 1880. F. M.
—Olive Branch, Montreal.

Religious.

Culture by Astronomy.

BY REV. H. W. WARREN, D. D.

There is no department of astronomy to which you can come without finding your minds trained with exercises and enlarged by attempts at comprehension. Take the single matter of speed. We used to have the standard of speed a mile in 2:40; we have left that a long way, and the horse now is nothing that makes that speed; he ought to come up very near to 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, a tolerable speed we think, but it is little. We go to the steamer into which we have packed the forces of five or six thousand horses and it dashes through the water at twenty miles an hour, keeps up the speed under favorable circumstances, day after day, and night after night. There is the speed of the train—a mile a minute—and it seems to daze us as we look out seeing the fence posts almost close together, and the telegraph poles succeeding in quick succession. But these speeds are nothing. Rise to the speed of a rifle ball, the first second, two thousand feet gone over! that is little. Stretch your minds to the swiftness of the car on which you have ridden since you drew your infant breath, and it is a thousand miles a minute as the train goes! Set up your telegraph posts along the space where our car of observation whirls among the worlds; set up your telegraph posts—not ten rods apart, put two miles apart, and as the world whirls by you, they are solid and close together as my fingers are before you. Such is the speed of the railway in which we are all embarked; and that is little compared with other speeds. I do not bring them before you simply to call their numbers, but to invite your minds to an enlargement, and to show that in all these studies every man fails to reach that which is the truth. But he grows thereby, nevertheless. There are worlds that fly seventy times as fast as a rifle ball, and these are only the initial speeds to which astronomy introduces a man. The light that glints over our eastern hills and comes flooding the world in glory, creating it afresh, as if God had said once more, "Let there be light," that travels a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, it could go around the world in a minute! In a second! O, poor speeds! It can go the distance of around the earth in the eighth part of one second! Eight times around while you count one! No man appreciates it; and yet he is trained into handling, dispensing, and measuring even the seemingly spiritual efflux of the divine nature, who has said of himself, God is light!

Take another department, and you come to the thought of distance. I will only give you a few distances. You know something of the distance from here to your home. Did you ride it wearily in a hot and dusty day, and seems it to you far? Have you ever crossed over the great round back of the broad ocean, day and night, and night after day, till it seemed as if the world on the other side had sunk beneath the sea, and you were journeying round and round a watery world, hung like a dew-drop in space? The distance seemed awful especially if you were sick. But that distance is comparatively little, only three or four thousand miles.

Why we never have a neighbor in the skies—excepting the moon, and that is too cold to be called a friend—within thirty millions of miles! And this glorious sun in the heavens! We collect its distance very easily into a few syllables; but stretch your mind by a comprehension of the distance, and start a train from Chautauqua this morning upon a straight line towards the sun at express rates. Put on that

train a little child. The train flies on and leaves the world behind. The child grows up into youth, youth changes into manhood, manhood matures into old age. Seventy years have gone by, and he has not reached the sun. Take another life, to take that one's place. When it fills out threescore years and ten, and another childhood, another youth, manhood, and age go by, and the train that never stops for stores or water, or to cool its glowing axles and finds no depot in the great space, has not reached the sun yet. Take another life. Another childhood, youth, manhood and old age, and then another one, and one besides, and when 350 years have gone by, five periods of man's whole life, that train that started when you and I were here has not yet reached the luminary in the sky. It would have travelled during all the period of our colonial and revolutionary and centenary history, and yet not have arrived at the sun. That distance becomes only the standard of measurement, the golden rod with which we measure the city of our God. The distance from the earth to the sun is the unit of measure. After that and we talk no more of miles, nor of thousands of miles, nor of millions of miles, but so many distances of the earth to the sun, as it were the mere inch or foot-rule with which we measure in the heavens.

We have some idea of the size of this sun of ours, but suppose when we speed away, were the locomotive made to run over the track six thousand years and reach Neptune, the sun would still be bright in the heavens, would still be clear, only very much diminished; but we may speed away over such distances that the sun itself is utterly lost. Nay more; speed away till the stars, between which infinite distances seem to lie, shall have drawn together, and millions of them cover a space not larger than the hand's breadth in the distances through which we have fled. Such distances, altogether beyond comprehension, are a mere invitation for man to grow and rise and increase in power, and render himself capable of that dominion to which he has been invited, and for which God has made him.

We have some idea of power; we know how far a man can walk in a day; how much he can lift. Then we have an idea of a horse's power, what that amounts to; and we rate great engines by so many horse-powers and so the steamer, 450 feet long, breasting the fury of a northern hurricane, and treading the mighty waves under foot, is actuated by five or six thousand horse-power. But oh, how little is that! Take the power of the great earthquake, it heaves up the section of a continent, shakes down the vast city, brings the sea careering over the land and dashes it into its place again; the power that lifts mountains, and yet it is only the initial figure, the a, b, c of power which we are invited to investigate, the mere hints of that which is all about us and on every side. The great worlds are held, constantly carried at the speed I have noticed, so steadily that a babe never is waked in the night by a jar, nor a bird unnersted from the bough by the trembling of the swift speed. The great worlds are kept through centuries and the thousands of years, by power. This world receives only one two thousand millionth of the power exercised by the sun. We see the trees growing; we see the world held by gravitation; the storms brought over the earth, and the millions of tons of water carried over the mountains, watering the earth, and the Niagaras, because the sun carries more rivers all the time in the upper air, the other way; because we receive only one two thousand millionth of the power of the sun; every point in the great dome above, around us and below us, is quivering with as much as exercised here upon the surface of the earth; and away in the heavens there are suns two hundred, four hundred, a thousand times as large as our sun, a million and a third times larger than our earth; it whirls winds and storms a million times as great, its gravitation and tempests a million times as powerful, and suns beyond count, larger by far than our own

sprinkle the heavens till we can't count them, and invite our astonished souls to enlarge themselves with some strain and effort and discipline, in striving to comprehend the vast power that is above us.—*Chautauqua Lecture.*

A Nova Scotia Scotchman in Ireland.

It is pleasant to find friends speaking well of our country, after going to other places, and remembering the pleasant experience of years spent in this Nova Scotia of ours.

J. Scott Hutton, Esq., the former Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Halifax, in giving an address at the St. Andrew's Anniversary, at Belfast, the other day, was pleased to say:—

To-night in the pleasant and thriving capital of one of the smallest, but not the least important, of the Provinces of Canada, by the shores of one of the most splendid harbours in the world, where the entire British Navy could ride out in safety the fiercest storm, I see—"in my mind's eye, Horatio"—a band of leal-hearted Scotsmen engaged in the congenial business of celebrating our National Festival.

And among the countless societies scattered the vast extent of the American Republic, none will be found more loyal to the traditions of their country and race, or more enthusiastic in their patriotic aspirations and greetings on this auspicious night, than that which hails you in my unworthy person, as the North British Society of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Nova Scotia! methinks I hear some one exclaim, with an involuntary shiver at a name, unfortunately too often associated in the popular mind with fog and snow, and the rigours of an Arctic winter. Yes! My benighted friend—NOVA SCOTIA!—New Scotland—a land scarcely less precious to me than Old Scotia itself—the scene of the best and happiest part of my life; endeared by a thousand associations—by the ties of living friendships and the dust of the sleeping dead—to me—a land of bright skies, warm hearts and hospitable homes—the land of the Mayflower, fit emblem of the tidy little Province, sweet as our Scottish Daisy blooming amid the snow—the Acadian Land, the land of Evangeline—a land of brooks and streams which would have gladdened the heart of old Isaac Walton—of lovely lakes nestling in silent woods, or embosomed amid Cape Breton's noble hills, wanting only the poet's spell to contest the honours with Loch Katrine or Loch Lomond—a land of fertile dykes and wooded upland—of smiling valleys bright with the scent of apple-blossoms—a land of "honest men and bonnie lasses," especially the latter, for the "fair daughters of Acadia" bear the palm of all the ladies I have seen.

Yes! well do I know dear little Nova Scotia—better indeed than I do my native Scotland.

I have traversed its length and breadth—driven through its lonely woods—coasted along its rocky shores from Cape Sable almost to Cape North, wandered over its pleasant meadows, climbed its hills, not like "Caledonia's, stern and wild," yet with a beauty and charm of their own—descended its exhaustless coal-mines hundreds of fathoms deep—seen something of its other sources of mineral wealth, its gypsum, its iron, its copper and its gold—of its shipyards, echoing the carpenter's axe and hammer, in many a creek and bay all round its 1000 miles of seaboard—of its shipping, sailing every sea, averaging a larger tonnage per head of its people than any country of its population. I have mingled with its people in town and country, in village and hamlet, in fishermen's hut and backwoods shanty, enjoying a generous hospitality unexampled elsewhere in my experience, and never to be forgotten "while memory hold her seat."

But I am allowing myself to be carried away with recollections of the

past, and must not trespass too long on your patience.

Nova Scotia, however, is not so well known as it deserves to be, although occupying geographically the foremost position in the chain of the Canadian Provinces, and I gladly seize the opportunity afforded me to-night of saying a good word for a land I love so well. Few of our colonies have been more intimately associated in history and population with Scotland, and few, if any, deserve a more honourable place in the regard of patriotic Scotsmen. Nova Scotia bears throughout its borders, especially in the eastern section of it, indelible marks of the presence, energy and enterprise of the Scottish race from which so many of the people are sprung.

I have heard more of the Highlander's vernacular in one month in Cape Breton than in Scotland during half a life time, and have travelled a long summer's day there without hearing the English tongue. My own claim to the title of Scotchman seemed to be regarded as doubtful by the good people of that part of the country simply because I was ignorant of Gaelic. They thought he must be a poor Scotchman indeed who was not acquainted with that divinest form of human speech!

Nevertheless I consider myself a double-distilled Scotchman. I was almost going to say, a native of two Scotlands, the Old and New; at least, I am a freeman of both—almost equally allied to both—the *perfidium ingenium* Scotorum softened perhaps with a dash of the milder genius of the younger land—and, so far entitled to speak on their joint behalf.

And, if I might venture to extend the scope of my representative character, I would ask you to believe that to-night the Scotch Societies throughout America respond in warmest tones to your greeting—from Nova Scotia the land of the Mayflower—from New Brunswick, "where stands the forest primeval with its murmuring pines and its hemlocks"—from the beautiful isle of Prince Edward lying snugly sheltered in the arms of the great St. Lawrence Gulf—from the ironbound coasts of Newfoundland, the oldest colony of the British Crown—from Quebec, "the pride of Old France"—from Ontario, the premier province of the Dominion—from Manitoba, the youngest of her sisterhood—away along the Saskatchewan Valley over the rolling prairies of the North West, the boundless wheat-fields of the future, across the Rocky Mountains, and to the shores of the far Pacific—and from the Scotch citizens of the noble Nation stretching its northern boundary continuous with the line of the Canadian Dominion—from all these comes one grand chorus of fraternal greeting, swelling, rolling across the ocean to the shores of Belfast Lough, for *St. Andrew's Day and A' wha honour it!*

A PLEA FOR CHEERFULNESS.—One of the most lamentable facts in this work-a-day world is the extreme paucity of bright, cheerful, sunny natures. Seat yourself in the cars or boat, and scan closely the physiognomy of each individual that enters, and you will observe that fully ninety per cent, wear a look of care and lugubriousness; watch carefully all those with whom you mingle every day, and you find the result the same.

Now why should this be? We hold there is no good and adequate reason for it. Some, you may retort, had sickness at home; some are in financial distress; others have a multiplicity of troubles, constantly throwing shadows over their minds. But hold! When did a long face, a lugubrious countenance, a sour visage, ever help in any degree to mitigate or make beautifully less, trouble of any description? Away with such sophistical reasoning! Why should people burthen themselves with troubles and trials in the distance as thousands are daily doing.

"If evils come not, then our fears are vain. And if they do, fears but augment the pain."