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Poetry.

More than Conqueror.

The mighty warrior, strong and wise,
Who takes a city by surprise,
We call a Conqueror.
But e'en some little Christian child,
Who meets abuse with answer mild,
Is more than Conqueror.

The orator, whose subtle power
Has charmed his hearers hour by hour,
May be a Conqueror.
But he who seeks a better part,
And wins to Christ some other heart,
Is more than Conqueror.

One who shall strive for wealth or fame,
May meet success, may win a name—
May be a Conqueror.
But he who counteth all but loss
For Christ, who died upon the cross,
Is more than Conqueror!

And seekest thou great things in life?
Oh! seek them not. In such a strife
Be not a Conqueror.
Act well thy part, though weak and small,
And through the Lord, who loves us all,
Be more than Conqueror.

Read to Sleep.

For three score years and ten,
Burdened with care and woe,
She has travelled the weary ways of men;
She is tired, and wants to go.

So musing one afternoon,
With knitting upon her lap,
She hears at her door a drift of tune,
And a quick, familiar tap.

In flashes a child's fresh face,
And her bird-like voice sounds gay,
As she asks, "Shall I find you a pretty
place,
And read you a Psalm to-day?"

"Aye, read me a Psalm—The Lord
Is my Shepherd—soft, not fast;
Then turn the leaves of the Holy Word
Till you come to the very last—

"Where it tells of the wondrous walls
Of jacinth and sapphire stone,
And the shine of the crystal light that
falls
In rainbows about the throne;

"Where never are any tears—
You see how the verse so saith—
Nor pain nor crying through all God's
years,
Nor hunger, nor cold, nor death;

"Of the city whose streets are gold;
Ah! here it is not my share
One single piece in my hands to hold,
But my feet shall tread on it there!

"Yes, read it all; it lifts
My soul up into the light,
And I look straight through the laden
ribs,
To the land where there's no more
night!"

Rising, she nearer stepped—
How easy it all had been!
The gates had unclosed as the sleeper
slept
And an angel had drawn her in.

Religious.

Let the Reins alone.

A good horseman is unwilling to have any one meddle with the reins when he is driving. This is especially true with him respecting one who does not know much about driving. All the more, if he is driving a runaway, or a kicking, or a balking horse. Still more, if he is driving on a dangerous road. The safety of the passenger demands that he should "let the reins alone."

Becoming a Christian means turning the reins over to our wise, loving Father, for him to drive for us in this life, and the next. How very unwise and unbecoming then for us, after we have so turned things over to him, to meddle with his driving the chariot of salvation. This we do whenever we are not submissive to his will. Our selfishness and slothfulness, our pride and worldliness, are the vicious steeds we could not safely drive, and which we turned over to him when we gave our hearts to him by deciding to serve him. The road is a dangerous one, full of

enticing side-tracks out into swampy places, or up treacherous embankments winding around precipices. Let the reins alone! If we find it hard to do so, let us ask for help, not only to do so but for help to love to do so. Let our minds dwell more in that song:

"Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his power."

All that love and power and wisdom are pledged to drive safely all the journey through.

"All the way my Saviour leads me."

In some business matters we may be tempted to do otherwise than we would be done by. The rein of conscience is gently drawn by the Holy Spirit in the right direction. Let the rein alone, to guide as the Master wills. Some doubtful amusement tempts to gratification instead of self-denial. Memory draws the rein by reminding of the words: "If any man be my disciple let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." Let the rein alone, or you will soon be floundering in the swamps of spiritual death. Slothfulness tempts to slumber over devotion in the closet, at the family altar, or the prayer-meeting, or in church or Sabbath-school work.

If we do not heed the Spirit's warning we shall be waked up by the crash over the precipice, as the roadway of an unworthy profession crumbles down in the darkness. Be especially careful to let the reins alone when God is trying them by afflictions and disappointments. They may seem to be guiding into a blinding storm of tears and disaster. If we set up our wills or temper in the matter, they will do so. If we submit to be driven on God's track, to go his way, we will at last see that instead we were thus guided out into the light. See that this our prayer, "Deliver us from evil," was lovingly, faithful answered. See that thus only it could be answered. Let the reins alone. Pray to be enabled to do so absolutely.
—Presbyterian.

Our Wings.

Man has wings on which he may mount to heaven, though his feet may tread the lowliest pathway—the wings of thought. To the wise man the course of an eagle through the air was a marvellous thing. But the course of a human mind when winged by thought is more wonderful still.

No other creature than man is winged in this fashion. The lower animals have all the downward look towards the dust, which is the goal of their existence. It is man alone, whose spirit came down from God and is summoned to the highest, who can rise in thought and desire above the world of sense, to the realm of the heavenly and divine.

This is man's chief end. "The greatest on earth is man, the greatest in man is mind," and the noblest use of mind is to stretch its pinions heavenwards. Nothing can keep the man down who dares this flight. John Bunyan did not exaggerate, when he wrote in prison:—

"Though men may keep my body bound
By doors, and bolts and bars,
Yet by the faith of Christ I can
Mount higher than the stars."

And how many have there been whose lives have been imprisoned in the narrowest lot, and chained to the most mental drudgery, whose thoughts have been above the stars. There have been many, too, who have grown weary and footsore in the pilgrimage—lamed by infirmities—tottering with frailty. If they had only feet, surely there were an evil case. But faith has given them power to stretch their wings and mount to where Jesus is sitting expectant in the heavenly places. We can work harder than they; but they can soar higher and help us upwards. And sometimes when under the force of circumstances the youths have fainted, and the young men have utterly fallen, it is the disabled veterans who have surmounted all, and kept up the heart of the church above her troubles. Who has not also heard of those whose hearts were in heaven by faith, while their

bodies were in a sort of hell of torturing fire, and all surrounding profanity and malignity, like Jesus the Captain of the martyrs, whose mind was in a heaven of divine forgiveness while the revilers swarmed around the cross, on which His body was nailed? This is the greatest achievement which God has yet wrought in the soul of man. Our supreme hope is that we shall yet rise in person to be for ever with the Lord; our supreme attainment is to rise thither now in thought, affection and desire. This is our grand strength and joy amidst the struggles of life, that there is a real sense in which we have "wings like a dove" which can bear us far above the windy storm and tempest.—And just as it is this faculty which proclaims our superiority to every other creature, so it is by stretching them heavenwards that we can realize the supreme value of the wings of the soul, and develop their power.

How few there are indeed, who use their wings for the purpose for which they were given. How many whose pinions have been broken by sorrow, cut by the subtle art of evil, or paralysed by disuse; and surely it is no exaggeration to say that there are many who are like flies imprisoned in the honey pot of pleasure, or like birds caged in utter worldliness. And yet, is there no man doomed to this? The poet has said:

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man."
But no man is condemned to be so "mean a thing." For every Christian heart there is a place in the heavenly places with Jesus Christ, where his life may be hid with Christ in God; and there are the means for taking him to it. Indeed we have no alternative. We must rise. We must either rise superior to the world, or the world will rise superior to us. Our hearts must be in the heavenly storehouse, or become the prey of the moth, the rust, and the corruption, which make havoc of all that the earthly treasury contains. If we do not conquer the world it will conquer us; and there is no way to conquer it but to get above it.

And it is not really so hard for the soul to soar, when it is faith that makes the venture; easier, indeed, than it is to walk with folded wing along many a toilsome pathway. For God is ever providing assistance for those who are ever looking for it. What power is there for example, in prayer, to refresh the flagging wings of the soul! Truly has it been defined as "*Ascensus mentis ad Deum*"—"the climbing of the mind to God"—for it often seems absolutely to wing our thoughts and desires, so great is the stimulus which it imparts to their upward flight. All holy truth and noble lives lift us upward; and even the troubles that are naturally most depressing have an elevating influence, so that the soul can sing,

"Nearer my God, to Thee, nearer to
Thee,
E'en though it be a Cross that raiseth
me."

It has been truly said—I think by Coleridge—that while in the times of peace the Church extends her borders most widely, it is in the year of persecution that she rises highest, in purity and consecration. And this is also true of the soul. But there is no time in which the Church may not rise to the height of her Master's hope, to follow His imperial policy; and none in which the heart of a Christian need be contented to be lower than his Lord.—*Scottish Baptist Magazine.*

The Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by two ladies and a gentleman of her suite, has paid a visit to Canterbury Cathedral. The verger who conducted the Duchess and party over the building, had not any idea whom he was guiding, until after they had gone the round. Indeed it is understood that the Duchess and her suite were asked to withdraw from the north aisle, on the plea that no one was allowed to remain in that part during Divine service—a request which was immediately complied with.

Woman is the Sunday of man.

For the Christian Messenger. Luthardt's Apologetical Discourses.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE
"CHRISTIAN MESSENGER," BY PROF. D. M.
WELTON.

Fifth Discourse.

MAN.—VI.

In the world of animals a new world comes upon the stage, the world of sense and instinct and sensuous feeling and desire. But this world of sense and life of sensuous feeling and impulse are present in more beautiful harmony in man. What in the brute-world is distributed in one-sided insulation among individuals, is in man united in a complete whole. He is the higher antitype of the brute—but raised to the sphere of intellectual freedom. All his senses, his inclinations and feelings, of however sensuous a nature they may be, are spiritualized, ennobled, not subject to constraining necessity or blind passion, but raised to the sphere of freedom.

They have lost nothing of their strength and vivacity, and have moreover ceased from being ruled, and have become rulers. It is this spiritual power of mastery over them which ennobles and poetically transforms them.

Man is therefore the higher antitype of the brute, because there is in him withal another principle, which lifts him far above the province of the highest brute-life: man has a rational soul, that is, he is a personality. This is something specifically new in the entire circle of organic life. A world of faculties and powers of a spiritual kind is joined in man, which roots itself on the one side in a sensuous organism, and on the other unites in an inner point, in which this whole life forms an inner unity with itself, in I. This fullness of gifts and powers which lie, as it were around this I, forms the complete organism of the same, the many-membered instrument, which by the I is wielded. This I is moreover beyond this, the Master that rules in the perfection of free power and self control. In I man is himself, and from it outwardly he makes himself known. The essential expression of this I is conscious thought and free will.

Man has thought. It is somewhat divine in man that he has thought. The brute has feelings, ideas, instincts, &c.; but thought, in the true sense of the term, has man only. It is thought that lies at the ground of all being. For it is God's eternal thoughts which have found their realization in the world. It is accordingly somewhat Godlike in man that he has thoughts to which he is able to give a realization. Hence man has a language also. For his speaking is the outward phenomenon of his thinking. Thinking is the inner speaking of the mind which embodies itself in words. Brutes speak not because they think not. Their language is only an expression of general sensation, because their soul-life goes not beyond sensation, while man thinks. His thinking moreover has not simply an individual signification, he carries universal truths in his thoughts. Logical truths are universally valid. Herein man rises above his individual life of mind to the joint life of mind, he lives this joint life contemporaneously with his own intellectual life, he thinks it and expresses its essential laws in logical truths. But man thinks not only these formal laws of the universal intellectual life, but also the essential truths of the same, the universal ideas of the true and good and beautiful. Man recognizes and reflects upon the world of ideas, whose source is in God himself, and which have realized themselves in this sensuous world—a proof that his home is not simply this world, but the higher one beyond. He thinks of eternity, he thinks of God, the highest thought—a proof that he is formed for eternity, that he is formed for God. So man's thinking ascends from the lowest to the highest plane, and in all this it remains itself, and preserves its unity: man thinks of himself, and hereby demonstrates his own being as a fact of his consciousness. Man places him-

self in this consciousness: it is a kind of creative act—in it his resemblance to God may be seen.

Man has thought—thought of God, and thought of himself. This is one side of his likeness to God. The other is that he has a free will. The brute has instinct, man has a will, that is, it is not something foreign, not simply an influence from without or from his own nature that leads him to decide, but his action finds its ultimate starting point in himself. He carries in himself a point of freedom which no influence from without, no excitation of his own nature, and were it also the strongest and most passionate, no force of individual peculiarity, no power of custom controls and leads him to will and act thus or so, so that he could not act otherwise; but how greatly soever external circumstances or inner excitement or impelling motives may influence man—it is still finally the man's own purpose which determines the event. That he can act arbitrarily proves, indeed, his freedom—which remains the same, even when he is led and determined in his action by motives and circumstances. For it is not these circumstances and motives which will for him, for then his willing and doing would be only the form in which the law of necessity would be executed, but it is an act of his own free self-determination, that his will adapts itself to circumstances, and does not shun them. The last thing ever is that he resolves, decides: it is not that he must, but he will, and there is no *must-will*. He can in a particular case not will, he can otherwise will as he will, he can choose. Willing, means being free in his decision, and this freedom is also power to do otherwise, the power of choice. Upon this rests all accountability and moral imputation. For I can also omit what I do, I can do what I omit; my act is my own free decision. Herein man resembles God. For the highest thing that can be said of God is that he is master of himself. So also man by way of resemblance is master of himself through his will.

Now the principal thing in this free will is power of will. It is also the great thing we stand in need of. It is not enough to have thought, to be fertile in genius: we must also have a will, must be strong in will. Weakness of will is a misfortune, and when it is characteristic of an age or a race, a public misfortune. "Only in will is counsel."

For will is power of action; and in truth only that is life which is action. We must cultivate and develop force of will. This is doubly necessary in times like our own, when "waness of thought" enfeebles life, and an unceasing critical method of contemplating things, fastens like a corroding rust on the metal of the will and takes away all its sharpness and energy; or the fickleness of the thirst for intellectual pleasure causes it to fly asunder and robs it of that collection which it requires for powerful action. But it is not enough to have simple strength of will; we must possess our own will, will that does not give up and abandon itself unresistingly to influences from without or from within, to the tendencies of the time, to the opinions of the day, or even to the might of its own nature; but we must be ourselves and remain equal and true in our willing, that is, must possess character. For character is a fixed, firmly impressed self-evidence in willing and acting. But the main point is the right moral quality of character: that in it the truth of man's conformity to God may appear and have expression. This only makes character really moral and Godlike. There can be character in evil as well as in good. We may wonder at the former, but can only love and trust the latter. There is an idea in moral personality and it realizes itself in character. The highest idea which man can realize is the divine. This conformity to God is the truth of character. Herein human personality, is perfected. Man then, as he consists of body and soul, as a corporeal and spiritual organism, occupies a double position: he sustains a relation