

The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.
Faith by Works.

All power in Heaven and Earth is in His hand,
I call him Father, and enjoy His smile,
Yet vainly might I cry for succor while
I let the foe advance, and idly stand;
In full bright armor let me take the field,
Then God will hear my prayer and be my shield.

He claims the cattle on a thousand hills,
Nay, more, the fulness of the teeming earth,
But dost thou supplicate the Lord in dearth
Of daily bread, while thorn or thistle fills
Thy fields? up, man, let every sod be turned
The Lord will grant and bless the bread
You've earned.

"The poor are ever with you," He hath said,
And ye may do them good whenever ye will;
Ah good confiding brother, dost thou still
Trust to the dictum, "be ye warmed and fed?"

Praying that God or some one else might do
The work which providence assigned to you?

The fields are white, the harvest hands are few,
The gracious Master bids his servants pray.
So well and warmly do the lips obey
We almost think there's nothing more to do;
O from our being's care may self be wrung
Till heart and hand grow earnest as the tongue.

Let's strive and labor, friends, while we are strong,
When weak and helpless, still the heart can pray;
The cloud will glow at night that led by day,
And faith exult in victory and song;
Yes, He who led his people through the sea,
Will guide, support and save e'en you and me.

S. S.

On an Infant

WHO WAS BORN AND DIED THE SAME DAY.

BY RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Thy little life has flowed away
Before the flowing day;
Thy willing soul has struggled and is free;
And all of thee that dieth
A white and waxen image lieth
Upon the knee.

Yes! narrow was the space
Where thy life ran its hurried race,
Like one affrighted by the far-off glare
Of the world's pleasure and alarms,
That from the sin, the sorrow, and the care

Fled to seek shelter in the arms
Of his first Father; and had rest
Upon His breast.
O joy, that on that narrow space
There is no spot of acted sin;
No burning trace,
As where evil thoughts have been.
Thou hast not known how hard it is to kill
The inveterate strength of self-desire,
To quench the smouldering and tenacious fire;
And never did thine unexpanded will
Gather up conscious energies, to move
Against the God of love.

How small the tribute, then, of human pain
The Eternal Wisdom did ordain
Thy migrant spirit should be bound to pay
Upon its way
Unto fruition of the immortal prize,
Purchased for thee by rain of scalding tears
By agony indignant;
By woes how heavier far than thine
Through more protracted years
And deeper sighs.

One evening, thou wert not;
The next thou wert; and wert in bliss;
And wert in bliss forever. And is this
So desolate a lot,
To be the theme of unconsoling sorrow,
Because, thy first to-morrow,
Thou wert ordained a garb to wear
Not made like ours of clay,
But woven with the beams of clearest day,
A cherub fair?

We are amid the tumult and the stress
Of a fierce eddying fight;
And, to our mortal sight,
Our fate is trembling in the balances,
And even it hath seemed
The tempter at the nether scale
Might over Love prevail.
But thy dear Faith can never fail,
Thou art redeemed!
The shadowy forms of doubt and change
Athwart thy tranquil fate no more may range
Nor speak its lucid path
With tokens and remembrances of Death.
Then flow, ye blameless tears, awhile,
A little while ye may;

The natural craving to beguile
This task is yours; with you
Shall peace be born anew
And sorrow glide away.
O happy they, in whose remembered lot
There should appear no darker spot
Than this, of holy ground,
This, where, within the short and narrow
bound,
From morn to eventide,
In quick, successive train,
An infant lived, and died,
And lived again.

Religious.

The following from the *London Freeman* indicates something of the progressive spirit of our English brethren, and the desire for more combined effort in behalf of the churches. There appears to be more desire for hearty christian endeavors to send forth the joyful sound, and less desire for isolation than formerly.

Evangelistic Work.

We are thankful to learn that it is proposed to bring the subject of Evangelistic Effort before the autumnal session of the Union. We trust it will be in a form that shall lead to some practical results. Conference may be gold, but action is diamond. The subject has now been before the churches for a sufficient length of time for opinion to have been formed. And it will be expected of this assembly that something shall be done, and we trust that it will be done with heart and vigour.

It is to be hoped that on this occasion the attention of the brethren will be centred on one special form of the work. Very little difference of opinion now prevails amongst us as to the advantage of sending settled pastors on brief missions amongst the churches. This work is free from all the objections which are urged against specially appointed evangelists, who have their place and their power. But the work, as undertaken in the past by the Baptist Union, and which we trust may be carried on more extensively in the future, is somewhat different. There are pastors who are so situated and churches in conditions in which the visit of a missionary is not desirable. But the visit of a brother who has shown gifts in his own sphere of labor at building up a church, who, whilst judiciously conducting revival meetings, would really assist the pastor with experienced counsel in his perplexities, and who would be careful not to sow nettle-seed amongst the corn, is ever welcome, and at times especially so.

Amongst the other advantages of this effort may be considered its effect upon those ministers who are sent forth. "Do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry," was the precept of the apostle to a settled pastor. It cannot be questioned that some of our brethren are singularly gifted in this respect. Possibly it might be found that others, who at present have shown but little of this power, and who imagine that they have no ability in this direction, might on trial prove themselves more adapted for evangelical work than they imagine. There are scholarly, cultured men who read thoughtful discourses to select congregations on the Lord's-day, who are not aware of their untried abilities, and are actually keeping a talent wrapped in a napkin. It is not for want of heart, for they envy the gift in others. We should like to see some such before a country audience, laying aside their great care for originality of thought and accuracy of verbiage, and telling out from the heart the Gospel they love. In many cases there would arise the consciousness of an unexercised power, and their hearts would be full of gratitude for success.

There are brethren who are "sons of thunder"—men who are singularly endowed with a measure of the Holy Spirit which makes them remarkably successful in winning souls. Such men ought to be used to the utmost. If they are willing to go forth, every effort should be made for their encouragement. There are such men, there are

churches needing the services of such men, there are men of means who would gladly contribute for so good a work. The present is the occasion. The effort should be undertaken with spirit, and dependence on God for His blessing, which alone can give success.

We need to be reminded at times of this. The blessing is not to be upon experiment, but upon work undertaken in faith. The time for preliminary experimenting is past. The results shown are most gratifying. Of course, there have been failures. The Spirit of the Lord is a free Spirit, and we have no right to assert that He must follow our lead. Great successes are reported. Souls have given evidence of having been born again. Churches having enjoyed the visit of certain brethren have been so convinced of the advantage that they have at their own churches arranged for a repetition. If after the reports of showers of blessing there be any facts on the other side that should make us pause, let them be boldly stated. Unwise men may have been sent forth, injudicious arrangements may in some places have brought about failure. We do not say we know of such cases; but, *a priori*, we expect them to occur. The question is: Is this a good scheme with certain human imperfections? or, Is this an unwise scheme with certain benefits? If it be the latter, let it be fairly said so and abandoned. If the former, let it be carried on in energy and faith.

Just now we are not bringing in the multitudes as we ought. When at Pentecost the Holy Ghost descended on the disciples, the grandest effect was not the miraculous appearances, not the wonders seen in the gathering of the disciples, but in that they went forth with new method and new power for the conversion of men. We believe in the Holy Ghost. We pray that He may be with us when we meet. Should He bestow the "tongues of fire" when assembled, the evidence and value would be found in that afterwards "men would be pricked to the heart." Nor would a miraculous manifestation be so true a blessing as some hallowed impulse which should result in such evangelical zeal and effort as He would make effective to the ingathering of souls. The end of the story of Pentecost is, "And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved."

The Prayer of Faith.

Some of our readers have had their minds much exercised on the statements made in connection with the name of Dr. Cullis, of Boston, and we doubt not they will be glad to read what Dr. C. says on the subject. He was, a week or two since, in Montreal, and in St. James' Street Methodist Church, gave some account of his experience and work, as follows:

"To every man his work"—"all things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive."

"I shall have to say much about my own experience to-night, but I trust that you will ascribe the work and the glory to our Master the Lord Jesus Christ, without whose aid no such work could be done. I shall take for my text a part of the 34th verse of the 13th chapter of St. Mark, 'To every man his work,' because it was God's message to me which led me to begin the work to which he called me, and of which I propose giving you some account to-night. The Lord has a definite work for every man here to-night to do, and no man should rest or cease praying until he has found out what that work is, and has begun it. I started life as a business man, and was tolerably successful for a time, during which I lived what is called

A GOOD MORAL LIFE.

I was taken sick, however, and for five years I could not speak above a whisper. Before this I did not understand the good news of Christ crucified for sinners, and I knew nothing of that

personal salvation as preached from our pulpits. But during that time I became a Christian. Just when I was converted I cannot tell, for unlike some of you I never knew the hour or the day. I was compelled to give up business, and so studied medicine, graduated and practised for three years, when a great sorrow came upon me. I then consecrated myself, all that I had, all that I might have, all that I was and all that I might be, to God. I was then twenty-six years of age, and twenty years have passed and I have never for a moment forgotten that promise. One day I came across the words of my text and they seemed to be a direct message from God to me. I used to give money and time to good objects that came in my way, but I wanted some personal work to do that would engage my attention, so now I said,

LORD, WHAT IS MY WORK?

"Within two or three weeks a man walked into my office and asked me if there was any place that a poor consumptive might be taken where he would receive proper care and attention. It was an interesting case, the man was well educated, and had been a rich merchant, but misfortune came upon him both of a business and domestic nature, and now he was without a home and dying. After thinking for a time I had to reply that there was no institution for such cases. The man was a perfect stranger and I never saw him again. But the answer to my prayer had come through him and I said to myself, 'There is my work.' But how to start the work was the puzzle to me, as I was without means. I had heard of the work of Francke in Germany and of Muller's work, and I thought what could be done at Halle and at Bristol could surely be done in America. Why cannot I do the work in the same way? Satan said, you have not got faith enough. Francke trusted and why should not I. I took the Bible between my hands and holding it up before God I said that I would

BELIEVE EVERY PROMISE

whether I understood it or not and since that time, seventeen years ago, I have never doubted a promise. I then read, 'All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' I, therefore, determined to pray for help. With the exception of one or two friends to whom I had mentioned it, nobody knew anything of the work. I prayed and I received \$1. After praying for a whole year, all that I received amounted to thirteen dollars and sixty cents. I never lost faith and I did not get tired praying. At this time we were in the midst of the civil war, and it appeared a bad time to start any such work, for everything was growing very costly. I started the work, however, when prices were up at the tip top notch, sugar sold for thirty cents per pound, and everything else in proportion. I went to look at some buildings, and at last came upon a suitable one, which was offered me at \$400 per year. I took

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO PRAY OVER IT, and then I went back and told the proprietor that I would take the house, but he said that he could not rent it to me for an hospital, because his sister, who lived just across the way, did not like having an hospital so near; but he would sell it to me and then, as it would be out of his hands, he would have no more control over it, and I could use it for any purpose I liked. But I answered: 'I have no money.' Oh! said the proprietor: 'that does not matter—you can have your own time and I will have a mortgage on the place.' After some calculation I found that I could purchase the house at the terms offered, and then if I was not able to pay for it, the interest on the mortgage and other expenses would come to \$50 less per year than the rent I had made up my mind to pay, so I bought the house. Well, we opened this home for poor persons sick of consumption, the staff consisting of a matron, a colored boy and myself, and we

COMMENCED WITH ONE PATIENT. Patient after patient came, however,

until we had ten in all, and the house was all full. Before the close of the year we had taken another house, that adjoining, and the first house was paid for. We were soon in need of more accommodation, so I commenced praying for the house adjoining the last one we had purchased, but it was occupied by two old maiden ladies who would not be disturbed, so I prayed for the one across the road, but I did not get it. Remember that if the Lord takes anything from us, it is only that He may give us something better. The Lord is as kind to His children as they are to one another. He did not give me the house on the other side of the road, and I learned to thank him he did not, for He did better for us than we could ask or think. Directly at the back of the house and facing on another street was a good house, and the owner of this house met me a short time after and said to me, "Doctor, do you not want to buy my house? You can have it for \$4,500." It was just the thing; I saw that at once. We would have two places connected, with a large yard between, and it would be a great deal better than to have two places separated by a street. I told him that I would take his offer. Just the night before the day on which we were to complete the bargain I went to the safe in the house to put in one hundred dollars which I had received, when I found that it was empty,

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS WERE GONE

—had been stolen. It was a blow that seemed to crush our scheme for extending our work. We suspected the colored boy who had been dismissed for dishonesty, and the detectives were informed and they found him down in Virginia with a key of the safe but no money, and he was sent to the State prison for five years. We did not give up the idea of taking the other house, but prayed, and in less than a fortnight we had received \$3,500. You ask where the money came from, and all that I can answer is, from God in answer to trustful prayer. During the sixteen years that the work has been going on

I HAVE NEVER MADE AN APPEAL TO ANY ONE,

and never wrote a newspaper article, or published our needs. These gifts came in sometimes in large sums, oftentimes in small ones, now \$1, then \$100 and often only a few cents. I can give you some illustrations of how gifts came in answer to prayer. One day we had no dinner for our patients or ourselves, and we had no money to buy one. We prayed for a dinner. I came into town that day—my family lived in the country—and at the door I met the matron, who said, 'You don't know what a nice dinner we have had sent in to us.' And it was a nice dinner; there was a roast of beef, vegetables of different kinds and other things. Another time, when we had four houses—for we had bought the house adjoining the one last bought, thus completing our block—crowded full of patients, no room to spare, and no bedding but what was in use, we were asked to take in a girl who was dying of consumption in a damp cellar, with nothing but a settee to lie upon. It was a piteous case, but where were we to put her? There was a bay window, and we determined to put her in it. We had an unused bedstead and a mattress, which we put in, but we had no comforter, no sheets and no money. We could pray however, and we did. Fifteen minutes after, the bell rang and a bundle was handed in, which had come sixty miles from the country. When it was opened we found that it contained two comforters. I remembered that he had promised, 'And it shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' One day I had a certain sum to make up, and had on deposit in the bank within twelve dollars of the amount required, but then I had not a dollar to add to it. I thought I would go down to the bank and see that the amount was just as I thought it, and found it to be so. I prayed there and