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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.
Christ All in All.

Christ is the sinner's Advocate,
The Angel of the Covenant,
Author and Finisher of faith,
Alpha, Omega, to the saint.

Bishop of souls and Bread of Heaven,
The Brightness of the Father's face;
Beloved of God, angels and men;
Behold Him, full of truth and grace.

The Covenant and Counsellor,
The tried and precious Corner-stone,
Captain of our salvation too;
A Covert from the wild cyclone.

Desire of all nations here
Deliverer from every foe;
Darkness before Him flees away,
Dead come to life their God to know.

Elect of God forevermore.
Emmanuel, God-with us, then
The Everlasting Father too;
Eternal life, God's Gift to men.

First-born among the brethren,
Begotten first from 'mong the dead,
Fountain of waters to the soul
That feeds upon the living Bread.

Head of the Church by Him redeemed,
The Habitation of the blest,
The Husband of God's chosen Bride,
The Heritage of saints at rest.

The Judge of angels and of men,
The Justifier of the true;
King of the Jews was said to be,
King of the realm of glory too.

Light of the world and life of men;
Leader of all the ransomed throng,
Law-giver now to all His saints,
God's Lamb the theme of Holy song.

Our Mediator on the throne,
The Messenger of God's good grace,
Messiah of the prophets old,
The Morning Star of endless days.

Only Begotten Son of God,
Offspring of David, Israel's King,
Over all blessed evermore,
The ransomed hosts will ever sing.

Prophet of God and great High priest,
Prince of our everlasting Peace,
Propitiation for our sins,
Physician giving souls release.

The Rock and Refuge of the saints,
Ransom which God so freely gave,
The Righteousness of those He loves,
The Resurrection power to save.

Son of God—the woman's Seed,
The Shiloh, Surety, and Shield,
The Sacrifice and Sanctuary,
Sanctification, Sun revealed.

The Truth, to guide in wisdom's way,
Treasure of all that's good and true,
Teacher of men with darkened minds,
Temple of peace and glory too.

Wisdom Incarnate here on earth,
Working the will of God above;
Witness of all most faithful proved;
Word of our God, and God is love.

HAWTHORN.

Miscellany.

The British Constitution vs the
Constitution of the United
States.

There seems to be a growing conviction in the minds of intelligent men in the United States that their constitution is defective in giving weight and effectiveness to the voice of the people; that in several respects the constitution of Great Britain supplies the remedy for many of the evils they endure; that the limited monarchy of England has really less opportunity of exercising arbitrary power than the President of the United States.

The late election has afforded an illustration of an entire change being made in the policy of the government without any convulsion or interference with the industrial and commercial operations of the country.

An editorial article in the *National Baptist* of last week, institutes a comparison of the two countries in several particulars with a very marked bearing towards, and preference for, British Institutions:

THERE AND HERE.

There are some points of comparison between the recent election in Great

Britain and one of our own national elections, that are worthy of note.

The two are alike in the most gratifying feature of them, that they are largely an appeal to the judgment of citizens; the people are called on to decide by whom they will be governed. It is true, the people are not infallible. They may choose badly; yet it is not to be denied that in the long run they get as good rulers as do the nations whose crown goes by hereditary descent.

Our English cousins have the advantage of us in that their election was over in a few weeks, and everything settles down on the new basis. With us, the election begins months before the Conventions; and the canvass goes on; business is disturbed; everybody is kept at white heat; passions are excited till after the first Tuesday in November. With the rapid transmission of intelligence, there is no doubt that our people are well prepared for the election now as they will be in the fall.

It is certainly an advantage in the British system that the defeated government goes out of office at once, and the new Government, which reflects the views of the people, comes in. With us, a President is elected in November; he does not take his place till March following. In the meantime, the old President has little or no moral power; he can adopt no plan; he really "lags superfluous on the stage." And this is yet more truly the case of the House of Congress. The complexion of Congress may be changed a year before the change becomes effectual. Suppose the next election should change the majority in the House of Representatives, the new House would not meet, ordinarily, until December, 1881. This seems to us a mistake.

Probably the most important point at which the English system of election is superior to ours, relates to the Civil Service. The late election in Great Britain was not an ignoble, selfish struggle for spoils, salaries, offices. It was a contest for principles, for fundamental differences of opinion. And it is a noteworthy fact that in England the tone of politics has been growing more elevated and purer for years, while with us, we fear that the tendency is the reverse. Where 100,000 men know that their salary depends on the party in power keeping in, and where 500,000 or 1,000,000 people hope to get a salary if their party come in, the strife must be fierce, unscrupulous, debasing. It will be so, until there is a thorough reform in the Civil Service, and promotion is made on the ground of merit alone. In the Post Office of New York City, Post Master James has introduced the Civil Service Reform as far as practicable, and with the best results.

In Great Britain, except a score or so of the highest officials, no change follows an election. Not a post-master, not a custom-house officer, not a constable is displaced. Each of them knows that if he does his duty, he will be retained; and that when disabled by age he will be retired on a small pension. So, he has every motive to do his work well; and he is content with moderate wages. Here a man knows that his continuance depends on his efficiency as a worker at the caucus and at the polls. He knows that the time is short, and he makes hay while the sun shines.

There is another consideration of great moment in this connection. When a President is elected, he has, first of all, to give his mind and time to distributing the offices. About two months after each inauguration, we have the announcement that "the President is sick, being worn out with attending to persons seeking office." After the office-seekers are satisfied, (if that time ever comes), then the President and Cabinet can give a little time to governing the country, to making treaties, to protecting the lives of citizens, to caring for the national interest all the world over.

Mr. Gladstone, the moment the Cabinet was made up, could give his time to the great work of serving Eng-

getting the army out of Afghanistan on the most honorable terms possible, talking plainly to the Turk, and in general, caring for the welfare of the hundreds of millions of British subjects.

And so of Parliament. Our members of Congress are harassed to death with looking after clerkships and post offices for their friends, or for those who claim their help. The Member of Parliament has nothing to do with any such wretched business. He can give his time to the service of his country.

Again, in Great Britain, the Prime Minister, who is really the ruler, is compelled to explain his measures in Parliament, and to advocate and defend them against the attacks of the ablest men in the Opposition. This is no child's play. It requires a man of first-class ability. Hence, each party puts forward its ablest man. It would not do to put a man forward merely on the ground that he is available and that not much could be said against him. Everybody knows how it is with us. The man who can be elected is sought first; afterward, the man who can govern. Harrison and Pierce were put in because they could be elected; not because they were competent.

Systematic Giving.

Many of you have heard of the elder in the church, cited by Lewis Tappan. "After one of the severest snow storms ever known in the city, a committee appointed to solicit aid for the suffering poor called on him. He said, 'I must do something. Please call to-morrow.' They called. The old man took them out on the sidewalk, looked at the sky and the vane, and said, 'The wind has changed; I guess they can stand it,' and left them. 'He died,' says the narrator, 'not long after, leaving upward of a million dollars, chiefly to his son.' And he asks, 'Does not the Word of God say of such, 'Thou fool?' This is, indeed, an extreme case; but it shows to what length of avarice a heart may go. And the same spirit, in a measure, is too often cherished. I knew a pastor a few years since who visited a parishioner, a professed Christian, during a severe illness, when he expressed perfect rest in God and obedience to his will. The man was worth thousands and hundreds of thousands. He recovered; but in the grief of the pastor and the astonishment of his friends, that same man would sit afterward in the sanctuary, and with the utmost complacency, put into the contribution box a one dollar bill.

Now the gospel aims a deadly blow at such a spirit. Let it have a free course and it will break it up. A spirit of benevolence will break down false excuses for not giving by forestalling avarice and selfishly chosen positions. Worldly business is not by any means worldliness, but how easy in it men become worldly. What more common thing to-day than for men in comfortable circumstances, men who will not essentially curtail in their style of living, to embark in huge enterprises, lock up their available funds in a plan for future position, hire money year by year if need be, and run the risk of greater gain by and by, and make all an excuse for withholding? I draw no fancy picture. Now we have no more right to leave the Master out of our account in such a plan than we have to leave our wives and children out. Christ is to go as the pervading power into every enterprise. Self-imposed burdens with only self in the account will not stand with God.

Who will dare say that God, in these frequent failures and calamities of the day, is not teaching our business Christian men to lay up treasure where "moth and rust do not corrupt," and where thieves do not break through and steal?"—*Rev. M. Burham.*

One crack in the lantern may let in the wind to blow out the light; one leak unstopped will sink the ship and drown all on board; one unguarded point will cause ruin of character; one sin cherished will destroy the soul.

Nothing but Blossoms.

OUR MAPLE TREE AGAIN.

By Mrs. M. A. CASTLE, TORONTO.

Leibnitz said that nature never leaps. He was right, and so are we when we say that nature did leap last night. For days we have been watching our maple tree, the swelling of the great conical buds, with a full determination to see it shake out its myriads of blossoms, but it eluded our most vigilant scrutiny, and to-day what a wonder, from buds to blossoms in a night! Nature's adroit fingers are more than a match for our dim eyes. Human nature sometimes does just the very same thing. More than one man has awakened to find himself covered with glory and the world has stood amazed. Vital forces accumulate in the dark. The dull student, the clerk, the weaver, the engine-driver, the briefless barrister writes a book, a poem, makes a discovery, borrows an umbrella and finds himself great! The nice eye of nature sees the process; we see only the blossoms. The fable of the wizards and wand is true. Emerson tells us that society does not love its unmaskers. Nature has no unmaskers. Her most intimate friends cannot undo her secrets. Linnaeus may spend a lifetime studying her ways; Bryant sat near her heart for more than half a century; but her deep secrets are locked to both science and love. Herein lies her chief attractiveness. Man peers and prys, probes and delves to unravel mysteries, which, if unraveled, would cease to charm, and never satisfy. The fact is there is nothing so unsatisfactory as satisfaction. Could man conquer the world, he would but sit down and weep. When the north pole and the farthest star have been fairly captured, astronomers and navigators will fold their eager hands and wish for another and another star. And were the ways of men and trees found out clear to the faintest throb of life, Plato and Linnaeus would not be satisfied. The calculus may weigh the heavens, and the lens melt it out with a span to human eye, but these problems of life elude the closest scrutiny of the mind's acutest lenses. Our tree keeps its own secrets; and we do not want them to-day. What it has revealed over-fills the soul. This beauty and melody—what cadence so perfect, what harp-strings so musical as the twigs and the silk strings of these blossom stems.

Nothing but blossoms. Only for beauty—not for fruit nor even for acorns—Dr. Burrows says he is glad some things are just to be beautiful. Beauty is the poetry of the world. God has written His whole creation full of it. He who dwells in an attic, and whose only possession is a six-by-ten glimpse of the upper air, will find in that narrow view a sunbeam, a fleecy, floating cloud, and an evening star.

If the blossoms are not for fruit, can we call them fruitless when they feed the soul. That is what they are made for. Let savans weigh, measure, and analyze beauty—dissolve it in the crucible of logic and reason—our ignorant eyes prefer to be led captive by the ecstasy that breathes in the breath of this bloom, the spirit that pervades—the intimations of an Eternal Presence that thrills through this, and "Forever through the world's material forms."

After the winter blasts of care have blown freezingly through the soul, how this warms and freshens! Into the chilled heart, now "the sap creeps up with a ripply cheer." Life is not all winter; sunshine and blossom fill up more than half the years. Man may have more than an annual spring. When snows lie deep on the roof and winds are wild, hearts may blossom. Heads may be hoary as the branches of this tree, but the life is full of the freshness of youth. We have all seen it.

"These in flowers and men are more than seemings.

Workings are they of the self-same powers, Which the poet, in no idle dreaming, Seeth in himself and in the flowers."

It is easy to live to-day; hearts seem

true, and mankind good. We forget the pang of disappointed friendship, its averted face and loosened grasp. The world of man may forsake us, the world of nature never. Her heart has no malignity, no malice; it is warm in the coldest winter, and full of the wine of joy to-day and free to all.

"There is no price set on the lavish summer,

And June may be had by the poorest comer."

Just as tree and profuse are the intellectual, moral, and Christian graces, Character needs deep roots and strong branches, but the graces of humanity should cover it, as flowers and leaves do this tree. If a man is stiff, and dry, and hard, he has missed, in some way, the gracious influences that would produce flowers. Light, and song, and bloom are the off-spring of warm atmospheres; he lives in a moral winter all the year around, and misses the luxuriance of manhood.

Last fall, when our tree cast off, with lavish extravagance, her gorgeous foliage, she seemed to die; the bare branches creaked and groaned in the winter blast; but now she stands fresh as the first tree in paradise. This is a book prophetic, wherein we read our selves; a second *Logos*, reiterating that the sublime promise to man, This mortal shall put on immortality." Life lives, it changes form, but lives from life to life:

"The lily dies not, when both flower and leaf
Fade, and are strewed upon the chill sad ground;
Gone down for shelter to its mother-earth,
T'will rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance round.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live;
Star, stream, sun, flowers, the dew-drop,
and the gold;
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,
Hastens to put on its purer, finer mould."

TEMPERANCE.

The death of the Hon. George Brown is a great Temperance lecture, shewing how the use of intoxicating drink endangers the life of the greatest men as well as the most despised. But for drink the murderer would have been a useful workman, and a blessing to his associates, and to his family, instead of occupying a felon's cell, as he does to-day, and Mr. Brown might be living yet for many years.

There is plenty of honorable work still to be done in the Temperance Reform.

Here is a statement which we find in an exchange. We know not how nearly true it is. If true, it is exceedingly significant:

"Among the applicants for admission to the inebriate asylums at Birmingham were eight judges, thirty-nine clergymen, two hundred and twenty-six physicians, three hundred and forty merchants and thirteen hundred rich men's daughters.

A workingman at Manchester, England recently made a very effective temperance address in the public square. In his hands he held a loaf of bread and a knife. The loaf of bread represented the wages of the workingman. After a few introductory remarks he cut off a moderate slice. "This," he said, "is what you give to the city government." He then cut off a more generous slice, "and this is what you give to the general government;" then with a vigorous flourish of the carving-knife he cut off three quarters of the whole loaf. "This," he said, "you give to the brewer." By this time only a thin slice remained. He set aside the greater part of this to the "public house," and had left only a few crumbs; "and this you keep to support yourselves and your families." The response of his auditory of fellow-laborers shewed that they keenly appreciated the force of his illustration.

The shocking statement is made that fifteen thousand women are brought to the work-house in New York City every year, through whiskey.