

The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

The following tribute was sent us several weeks since, with the P. S., by which it is prefaced:—

P. S.—The enclosed seems as if it might have been intended for Dr. Tupper in the first. I could not resist the temptation to send it to you. I would like to see it in the *C. M.* as a tribute to the memory of Dr. Tupper.
S. B. K.

A Tribute to the Memory of the late Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, D.D.

BY MRS. M. A. W. COOKE.

Another good man gone—our loss his gain.
Not seeking great things in his own behalf,
But earnest in the service of his Lord.
The little stream on which his life-bark launched
Swelled to a mighty river, broad and deep,
Bearing salvation's tidings through the world.
Honest and earnest, meek, yet resolute,
And diligent in the great cause he loved,
His lamp of burning into midnight's hour,
And jealous of himself and no one else,
Lest somehow he should wound his Master's heart,
And make it bleed afresh—such was the man.

And so the years went round. The seasons changed,
The nations changed, and men's opinions changed;
Standards of things that seemed like granite once
Became like sand.
Impressed by every footfall as it passed,
But he we mourn changed not, save that his path
Grew bright and brighter to the perfect day.

But he has gone; and still do cavillers say
Religion's naught, and those who follow it
Are proved no better men than they themselves?
But no, the case is clear as noonday's sun
Such lives give infidelity the lie.
Behold the man! tell how it came to pass
That thus he acted—walked and talked with God,
And lived above the world while in the world.

Was the stream higher than the fountain here?
Departed friend,
The church of Christ will miss thee; in thy sight
Her stones and dust were precious, and her sons,
Though outcast and forgotten by the world,
Were dear to thee, because so dear to Him
Who wears their names engraven on his hands.
"Thy high endeavor, and thy glad success,"
Head, heart, hands, conscience, substance, life itself,
Were all for her; so grief becomes her well.

Thy home is desolate,
The venerated presence there no more;
Thy friends, companions in thy labors here,
Miss the good words that cheered them on their way.
But thy works live, and breathing, speaking still,
Do valiantly for Christ.
Thou didst not live in vain, or die in vain.
And who can tell thy joy?
Eye hath not seen, nor ear of mortal heard,
Nor heart imagined the saints' "welcome home."

Religious.

Open Air Preaching.

This mode of presenting the gospel to men, is perhaps, more in accordance with primitive preaching, than our more orderly and quiet practise of its proclamation from the pulpit on the Lord's Day, in a comfortable house of worship. In this climate, the latter is doubtless better adapted to any lengthened discussion, and with our church-going people, there is, perhaps, less need of men going out into the highways and

hedges, and so "compelling" men to come in to the gospel feast.

Nevertheless it should not be forgotten that there is a vast number of people, more especially in the larger towns, who but seldom, if ever, attend the sabbath services, and who never "go to meeting" in the week-day, and yet, they are all alike on the way to a condition of everlasting happiness or woe, just the same as the best and also the worst men and women living. We perceive by one of our London exchanges, that steps are being taken for a more vigorous prosecution of this mode of awakening men to a consideration of the claims of Christ. A meeting was held a week or two since, presided over by the venerable Lord Shaftesbury, for the purpose of considering this matter. Our contemporary refers to this meeting, and its chairman, as follows:—

"Naturally keen-sighted, and able to draw upon the life experience which extends back through two generations, the Earl of Shaftesbury, at the meeting alluded to, threw himself very heartily into the subject, speaking in a strain which was well calculated to extend his own enthusiasm to the audience. Unless we misunderstand him, his lordship's special interest in this subject, is stimulated by the belief that, as a Christian nation, we have not done what we ought in the work of proclaiming the Gospel in the open air. It has been given over too much to beginners, to stragglers, and second or third-rate hands, when it should have been strongly supported by the tried and the best men in the camp. If we admit this, we shall commend the forcible way in which the Earl contrasted the little the church had done in one direction with the immense sums expended on fine buildings and ecclesiastical paraphernalia—money well spent in one sense, but having little bearing on the actual work of conversion. 'If they had spent one-third of the sum in sending missionaries all over this land,' remarked his lordship, 'adopting the primitive way of spreading the Gospel by open-air preaching, England would not have been standing, as she now was, upon the brink of a precipice.' While disparaging no denomination which is really trying to accomplish its mission, Lord Shaftesbury speaks with the authority of a man who has a profound acquaintance with the moral maladies afflicting the working-classes, and with the prejudices which perpetuate those afflictions. It is also obvious to everyone who knows anything about the subject that there are myriads of our industrial population who, if they are ever to be brought into the church at all, will need to be brought in by some such gentle force as open-air preaching represents. Their own inclinations will not take them, neither will they readily bite at the bait of flaming placards announcing 'special services.' Subjects of stark ignorance, bigotry, and superstition hold a firm grasp of their vacant minds, and by skillful treatment alone will they allow their prejudices against entering respectable places of worship to be overcome; nor will they suffer themselves to be caught by being treated as big children who want their ears tickled and their imagination excited. The cure for their moral and physical ills is the Gospel; if that will not turn them nothing will; and on that account we may deprecate all deviations from the earnest, straightforward method adopted so successfully by the leaders of the revival in the last century. What three or four great preachers then accomplished might certainly be repeated now if only as many men of corresponding calibre would go forth to hold up the Gospel among the people. Human nature is the same; its wants are just as urgent; but the Gospel is as potent a healer as it was of old.

We should go wide away from the mark, however, were we to suppose

that the people known as the working classes proper are the only ones who absent themselves from the house of God. Those who do so really belong to all classes; and whether the hard-handed sons of the workshop and the warehouse really outnumber their betters of the counter and the office may be doubted. * * *

As everybody who can spell common English is not an author, so the ability to stand on a chair in the street and pour out words does not constitute an open-air preacher. Those masters of the art, Wesley and Whitefield, possessed the power of adapting their utterances to the character of their hearers and their natural surroundings. So truly was this the case, that some curious pictures might be drawn showing the demeanour of the great preachers under different circumstances. Whitefield, hushing to silence the ribald Whitsuntide mob of Moorfields, and then commanding the tearful and rapt attention of the miners of Bristol, stood forth in two characters. The same remark applies to Wesley, as we see him at one time repelling the charge of Beau Nash at Bath, and at another pouring out his heart and soul to a vast appreciative concourse in Cornwall. These men knew how to conform to the ways of the people and how to seek them out in their common haunts. What we want is that modern preachers of similar powers shall, as opportunities occur, go forth and do likewise.

It may be well for us to think afresh if there are not opportunities occurring from time to time for such free proclamation of the Gospel invitation, and of attempts being made in many localities to do the work of the true Salvation Army, as the Christian Church ought always to be.

The Vanity of Popular Fame.

Around us we see a class of men which, more than any other class, desires popularity, and less than any other secures it. In these people we recognize qualities which are seemingly commendable, yet about them there is something repelling. Why this should be, we cannot produce a satisfactory reason. It may arise from the fact that the apparently good acts which they perform are but the whitewash to conceal their ill natures beneath. If we examine into the nature of these persons we will find that they are supremely selfish—that their desire for popularity is prompted by this selfish self-love. They are not men of generous impulses, but of cool and painstaking calculation. If they make a gift it is for a purpose. A policy that has its centre in self, over-rides all their actions.

The majority of men and women who are desirous of popularity are not prompted by good motives. Their object is not to do good nor to make the world better. They are not willing to remain patiently in their sphere of action until the world seeks them out. They strive to gain popularity for the sake of a name; to be known; to be talked about; to be lionized is their ambition. It is notoriety that has charms for them, not public duty nor public responsibility. All this is utterly selfish—utterly contemptible. A surpassing overweening desire for popularity, for the sake of popularity, demonstrates a nature which will subordinate public to private good. Such characters, we often see occupying positions in political cliques and legislative assemblies. We do not deny that to be praised on account of a reputation honestly won through the faithful discharge of duty, is a boon worthy of being cherished. An ambition to be deserving of public honor is a legitimate motive of a noble mind. But applause sought for its own sake, a public life entered upon for the rewards of fame is, one of the lowest and basest things in the world.

All positions are furnished with their little-great men, who are pushing

and groping amidst the busy throng of life to make themselves seen and heard. "Patriot," "philosopher," and "poet" are shouted by the crowd in the ears of the puny pedant who attempts to reverse the action of natural law, or of the miserable jangler in verse. "Where was there ever so much merit seen?" "Our age possesses great intellectual wonders." To such music as this these aspirants march on swelling and blustering.—*The Acadia Athenaeum.*

Robert Moffat and his Mother.

Several years ago, when the Nestor of African missions was in his seventy-sixth year, I had the great pleasure of spending a long evening with him. The veteran had addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting that evening, but his work, instead of exhausting, seemed only to have put him in good spirits. Story after story, illustrating racyly the power of the Gospel, delighted his hearers, and, among others these: "When I was home the first time—that is, in 1840—I preached in Newcastle, and was going home from church with the minister's wife. We met an old man, dressed like a minister, to whom she spoke and introduced me; but I did not catch his name. He seemed anxious to talk, but the lady said, 'Come to tea, and you'll have more time to talk to Mr. Moffat;' and he said with a strong Scotch accent, 'Weel, I'll see.' Sure enough, when tea-time came, there was the old man, very frail and worn-out looking. He was sitting at one end of a long sofa, and I at the other, and he began to say, 'Your name, Mr. Moffat, reminds me of a worthy woman that used to come to my church long ago when I was minister at Caronbridge. She was a very godly woman, and she always brought her son with her, a boy with a curly black head. They came into my house sometimes for books and tracts. It's long since I left, near thirty years; but her name was Moffat, and hearing your name has put me in mind. I wonder what has become of her curly-headed boy by this time.' My heart was too full to let me speak a single word, so the old man said it all over again, thinking I was deaf. By this time I had got back my tongue, and said, 'You cannot be Mr. Caldwell?' I think I never saw anybody more astonished than the old man was when he found I was the curly-headed boy. I had to tell him the shape of his house and of his garden, and where the potatoes grew, before he seemed quite sure; and then he talked of my mother." Some one suggested that probably the man who had done so much for Christ in Africa, and was then handling the proof-sheets of a corrected revision of the Sechuana Bible, owed his conversion to his mother. "It was this way," said Dr. Moffat. "When I was leaving home for Warrington to work as a gardener, my mother asked me to give her a promise. I wanted to know what I was to promise; but she would not tell me, and still insisted that I would promise. I was very leath to do a thing I did not know; but I loved and trusted my mother, and so, at length, I promised. 'Well,' said she, 'you'll read a portion of the New Testament, and pray for a blessing on it every day and wherever you may be.' I kept my word to my mother, and it was some time after that I was brought to the saving knowledge of Christ." "And did you then devote yourself to the mission work?" some of us asked. "No, that was later. I had gone in from the place I was working at to the town of Warrington to buy a book on a Saturday night, when I saw a placard about a missionary meeting. It was an old placard; the meeting was past; but it fixed my thoughts. I went to the minister whose name was on the placard, and after I had knocked I would like to have run away. He introduced me to the London Missionary Society, and two years later (1822) I was sent out." Eighteen twenty-two and eighteen eighty. How much between!—*Sunday at Home.*

A scene of extraordinary interest occurred on a recent Sunday evening at Dr. Armitage's church in New York. After an appropriate and interesting sermon by the pastor on the double kinship of Christ, Matt. 12: 50, "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother"—Rev. H. M. Sanders, of Yonkers, baptized his mother, brother, and sister. Nothing could have been more touching or impressive, and it was made all the more so by the fact that in addressing the usual question to each of the candidates while in the water, he used the Saviour's own words, "My mother," "My brother," "My sister." The holy ordinance again became a symbol illustrating the double kinship Christ creates in families. We have not before heard of a case in which a son administered baptism at the same time to three persons so closely related to him. The congregation was very large, and the sympathy of every heart was touched. After the public exercises, a large and interesting prayer-meeting was held.—*Ex.*

For the Christian Messenger.

Similitudes.

"Make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am." Ps. xxxix. 4.

Did you ever watch one plaiting straws, and think how like the weaver's fingers were to time, the straws to human lives? How they jostle one another as the nimble fingers push them back and forth from side to side, rising and falling, now above and now beneath their fellows. How many useless moves they make. And how confused, how dizzy, tangled up they seem while being woven; and although this confusion still keeps up, and each new length takes up the dizzy motion of the last, yet how steadily and surely there grows out of it a firm and shapely whole according to the pattern in the mind that guides the work. How small a place the longest straw, the one that rattled most while being woven, takes up in the braid. How much hidden each one is by those its woven with. How much alike the greater part of them seem when the work is done; and yet how plainly can be traced the course of one that bore a different colour from the rest. And, as the plait advances, some are broken off with only a turn or two across the piece, while others hold out much longer and are folded in course after course till they have left behind the most of those that started with them. But one by one, and with but a straw's length of difference at the longest, they all drop out and others take their places as the work goes on.

How like the wretched picture is to life? Yesterday we gathered in the churchyard to lay a babe to rest—today an old man leaves us. And what the difference? Some will say—"that one fell a tender shoot all fresh and beautiful beneath life's morning sun, and this one when the winds at sunset were sighing through the withered boughs and gathered moss of age." Yes, that one had just been folded into the world's long braid of lives when it snapped and left a weeping place; while this one staggered on course after course till most of those who started with him had been left behind. What the difference? 'Twas a straw's length after all.

How short the longest life appears when looked at from the farther end! And how deceived we always are until we reach that point and from it see our course complete.

Life is a telescope through which we view ourselves. The youth just starting on the race with eager hopes, and beating pulse, and garments cast aside, pauses a moment, and, on tiptoe, glances into the larger end, and sees the old man dimly and faintly in the distance far ahead; and then, all heated with his haste to outstrip those with whom he runs, stops not to look again until an old man, weary, feeble, broken with the race—he lays him down and gazes through the other end, and starts to