

# The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.  
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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.  
"Where Art Thou?"

BY JESSE CLEMENT.

Hoping still in sins forgiven?  
Striving still the crown to win?  
Eyes still firmly fixed on heaven?  
Battling manfully with sin?  
Double then each bold endeavor;  
Face the foe with fearless heart;  
Christ will nerve your spirit ever—  
Never from your side depart.

Where art thou, O frail confider  
In the God who pledged his aid?  
Drooping, sad, forlorn backslider,  
Of your Father's face afraid!  
See the wounded, bleeding Saviour,  
Wounds for you that bleed anew;  
Turn again and seek his favor;  
See, He beckons still for you.

## Religious.

Should tired people go to Church?

Many of those who stay at home all day Sunday because they are tired make a great mistake; they are much more weary on Sunday night than they would have been had they gone to church at least once; as the time must often drag heavily on Sunday for the lack of something to do and to think about; and the consciousness of having spent the day unprofitably must sometimes add disturbance and dissatisfaction to the languor that follows idleness.

Moreover, these tired people would often find refreshment for their minds and their hearts in the quiet services of the church. They would secure by means of them a change of mental atmosphere, and the suggestion of thoughts and motives and sentiments which are out of the range of their work. For a hard-working mechanic or salesman, or housekeeper, or teacher, this diversion of the thought to other than the customary themes, might be the most restful way of spending a portion of the day of rest.

We happen to know of several cases in which this prescription has been used with excellent results. Those who want to stay at home because they were too tired on Sunday to go to church, have been induced to make the experiment of seeking rest for their souls as well as their bodies, in the sanctuary, for a small part of every Sunday, and they testify that they have found what they sought; that the observance has proved a refreshment rather than a weariness, and that their Sundays never gave them so much good rest when they stayed at home, as they have given them since they have formed the habit of church going.—*Good Company.*

Learn to be Short.

Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, long prayers, and long editorials, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short; time is short; moments are precious. Learn to condense, to abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasure grows insipid and pain intolerable if protracted beyond the limit of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lep off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you desire, and stop. If you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace. Condense two words into one, and three into two. Learn to be short.

A sea captain trading to the African coast was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelisation of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday?" he replied. "Yes, and every other thing they can lay their hands on."

The Divine Remedy for Sin.

BY REV. WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

Not long since, an engineer named James Osmond was running a passenger express train through from Philadelphia to Jersey City. It was one of the swiftest trains and heaviest, such as are entrusted only to the most experienced engineers. As the train was going, a heavy connecting rod of the driving-wheel on the right of the engine broke, and one end of it, swinging upwards, struck the cab beneath the engineer and shattered it to a thousand pieces. The man fell senseless on the engine. He was both burned and scalded. The pain quickly restored consciousness. The engine with its trains was rushing forward with fearful velocity to certain destruction. Inside the long train of cars, men were reading, sleeping, talking, laughing. Inside the long train of cars, women were playing with their babies. The fireman jumped from the tender and managed to escape. The engineer might have escaped as well, but he crept along the side of the engine and with his burned hands got hold of the lever, reversed the engine and applied the air-brakes. Now do you not see that the engineer was the real saviour of that train? that he took upon himself all the terrible death which menaced that whole train, and daring it himself, thrust its greedy, awful shadow back from these men and mothers and little children?

Or take this other more historic story, how one night, after a great battle, when his men were utterly exhausted, the great Napoleon was pacing about the camp and came upon a tired sentinel asleep. Then the Emperor took upon himself the obedience of the soldier, and paced his beat for him until he awoke, and then gave him back his musket. Can you not see how Napoleon took the place of that sentinel, doing his duty and suffering the pain of sleeplessness in his stead, and so kept back from him the penalty for sleeping at his post?

Of course, such instances as these are but the dimmest possible figures of the immense truths wrapped up in the atonement, but they are at least dim figures. I cannot find the doctrine of a substitutionary atonement out of relation and away with the facts of life. I do not find it difficult of belief. To me it seems to mate itself with every noble deed of self-sacrifice, with everything most worthy and most praiseworthy in the best human moods, with every parental pain and service for the child's sake, and tying itself into beautiful analogy with all these, to be itself the utmost and consummate flower of them all.

Listen to these words from Professor Henry, late of the Smithsonian Institution. They are among the last he ever wrote. He was no dreaming sentimentalist, he was no loose thinker, he was a keen-eyed man of science, he was an adept in searching facts and estimating them. He would not have been at the head of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, had he not been. This was what he considers the facts of the human life and conscience: "In my own mind I find ideas of right and wrong, of good and evil. These ideas then exist in the universe, and therefore form a basis of our ideas of the moral universe. Furthermore, the conceptions of good which are found among our ideas associated with evil, can be attributed only to a being of infinite perfection like that which we denominate God. On the other hand, we are conscious of having such evil thoughts and tendencies that we cannot associate ourselves with a divine Being who is the director and governor of all, or even call upon him for mercy, without the intercession of one who may affiliate himself with us."

These, then, are the ideas which Professor Henry declares to be scientific. God holy; man sinful; chasm between the holy God and the sinful man; that chasm to be bridged only by an intercessor affliating God with us. Where can you see such intercessor bringing God and man together, standing for man and yet satisfying

God? Only at the cross can you see him—man himself, and taking upon himself man's death and dying it, and so honoring the law and expiating sin; and yet also God himself—bringing God and man together. Here, then, may I see the divine remedy for sin in the blood of the divine Victim who was human, and therefore, in him humanity met the doom of guilt; who was divine, and who, therefore, could sustain and exhaust the doom.

Captain Hedley Vickers, smitten under a sense of sin, came to his table one morning, broken-hearted and crying out, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" As he said the words, he chanced to glance at his Bible, which lay open before him. Suddenly his eyes rested on that Scripture: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Then," said he, "it can cleanse me from mine;" and, instantly believing, he was filled with joy and peace. From that hour to the time when he fell in the trenches before Sebastopol he was in peace. Ah, Hedley Vickers, you could get peace nowhere else because you could see the remedy for sin nowhere else save in the blood of the cross.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Book of Remembrance.

If the earthly history of some of our brethren were written down; if a faithful record were kept of the way they spend their time; if all the hours of idle vacancy or idler occupations were put together, and a very small amount of a useful diligence deducted, the life of bird or a quadruped would be a nobler one, more worthy of its powers and more equal to its Creator's end in forming it. Such a register is kept. Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words and wasted hours, they chronicle themselves. They find their indelible place in that book of remembrance with which human hand cannot tamper, and from which no erasure save one can blot them. They are noted in the memory of God. And when once this life of wondrous opportunities and awful advantages is over, when the twenty or fifty years of probation are fled away, when moral existence, with its facilities for personal improvement and serviceableness to others is gone beyond recall, when the trifier looks back to the long pilgrimage, with all the doors of hope and usefulness, past which he skipped in his frisky forgetfulness—what anguish will it move to think that he has gambolled through such a world without salvation to himself, without any real benefit to his brethren, a busy trifier, a vivacious idler, a clever fool!—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

FROM AN ESSAY BY REV. EDWARD JUDSON IN THE *MAGAZINE*, ON THE QUESTION, "How may a pastor interest his people in foreign missions?" we quote the closing sentence. It is given as an incentive to missionary work: "The grand culmination is not far away. Have you not noticed how, in the early spring-time, after the long waiting and preparation, there comes a day when the verdure seems literally to spring up? Isaiah says, 'As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.' So, in autumn, there comes one day when the leaves seem to suddenly agree to drop from the trees all together. The lark shakes her notes together as she nears the ground. In a piece of music, how often are we thrilled with the grand finale! All nature is instinct with this law. So may there not come a time when a nation shall be converted in a day? Brethren,—

"We are living, we are dwelling,  
In a grand and awful time,  
In an age on ages telling,  
To be living is sublime.  
Hark! the waking up of nations,  
Gog and Magog to the fray!  
Hark! what soundeth! Is creation  
Groaning for its latter day!"

It is a poor speller who does not keep an i to business.

The Gain of Sunday Rest.

Of course, I do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days. But I very much doubt whether at the end of the year, he will generally have produced more by working seven days a week than by working six days a week; and I firmly believe that at the end of twenty years he will have produced less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference between a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigor, and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily and mental decrepitude. Therefore it is that we are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labor one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plow lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as the work which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigor.—*Lord Macaulay.*

PORRIDGE AND PRAYERS.—Dr. Guthrie was in Amsterdam in 1867 at the Evangelical Alliance Congress in that city. The doctor gave an account of his Ragged School to a vast audience, chiefly composed of foreigners. Many were able to follow him, though he spoke in English, and their astonishment was indeed great. Even the undemonstrative Dutch were aroused by his stirring appeals, and their enthusiasm ran to a high pitch when he closed by saying:—"Now, if you mean to take this work in hand, and try and rescue these forsaken ones, mind that you provide plenty of soap and water. Begin by washing and scrubbing them well, that they may know, it may be for the first time in their lives, the feeling of being clean. Then feed them with a bountiful meal of milk and porridge; and then prayers! Porridge first, mind; prayers afterwards." The people fairly shouted as they listened to this quaint but sensible advice from the eloquent Scotchman.

The other morning a gentleman and his wife were in such haste to reach a railway train that they were obliged to omit family worship. The next time they sat down to read, the mother remarked, that the first chapter of Ephesians was the place.

"No, mamma," said one of the little girls, "it is the second chapter; we read the first chapter after you were gone."

The children were all under ten years old, but they had conducted family worship in the absence of their parents. How many older boys and girls are ashamed to do their duty under such circumstances!

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.—James A. Froude has lately published a review of John Bunyan, in which he says of the Elstow Tinker: "In the language of the time he became convinced of sin, and joined the Baptists, the most thorough going and consistent of all the Protestant sects. If the sacrament of Baptism is not a magical form, but is a personal act, in which the baptized person devotes himself to Christ's service, to baptize children at an age when they cannot understand what they are doing, may well seem irrational and even impious."

The king of Congo, in Africa, is said to have given a warm welcome to the Baptist missionaries, and it is reported that he has been baptized.

A water spout—A temperance oration.

Shod for the Road.

"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." Deut. xxxiii: 25. There is a general correspondence between these blessings wherewith Moses blessed the tribes of Israel before his death, and the circumstances and territory of each tribe in the promised land. The portion of Asher, in whose blessing the words of our text occur, was partly the northern rocky coast and partly the fertile lands stretching to the base of Lebanon. In the inland part of their land they cultivated large olive groves, the produce of which was trodden out in great rock-hewn cisterns. So the clause before my text is a benediction on that industry—"Let him dip his foot in oil." And then the metaphor naturally suggested by the mention of the foot is carried on in the next words: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass," the tribe being located upon a rocky sea coast, having rough roads to travel, and so needing to be well shod. The substance, then, of that promise seems to be—strength adequate to and unworn by exercise; while the second clause, though not altogether plain, seems to put a somewhat similar idea in metaphorical shape. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," probably means the promise of power that grows with growing years.

So, then, we have first the thought that God gives an equipment of strength proportioned to our work—shoes fit for our road. God does not turn people out to scramble over rough mountains with thin-soled boots on; that is the plain English of the words. When an Alpine climber is preparing to go away into Switzerland for rock work, the first thing he does is to get him a pair of strong shoes with plenty of iron nails in the soles of them. So Asher had to be shod for his rough roads, and so each of us may be sure that if God sends us on stony paths, He will provide us with strong shoes, and will not send us out on any journey for which he does not equip us well.

There are no difficulties to be found in any path of duty for which he that is called to tread it, is not prepared by Him that sent him. Whatsoever may be the road our equipment is calculated for it, and it is given to us from Him that has appointed it.—*Rev. Alexander McLaren.*

THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN have, within these sixty years past—the date of their address is 1792—sent missionaries to various heathen nations, and have discovered a zeal for the propagation of the Gospel which ought to provoke in all other denominations of Christians a godly imitation. Their success has been remarkable among the Greenlanders, and in the Danish West India Islands. They have also sent missionaries among the American Indians, and the Esquimaux on the coast of Labrador, who have been hopefully owned for the conversion of souls; and have attempted to preach the Gospel to the Tartars, and to the Hottentots, to which last people they are about to renew their mission again. We are informed that in the year 1788 they had in their societies nearly 15,000 converted heathen. At the end of 1879 the Moravians reported:

Mission stations.....	96
Missionaries.....	327
Communicants.....	25,843
Total in congregations.....	73,170

Their missions are in the West India Islands, Greenland, Labrador, North America, South Africa, Australia, and Central Asia. The Moravian Society, as at present constituted, dates from 1722, and its member ship in Europe and America a few years ago was less than 20,000. The number of communicants at mission stations is larger than the number of communicants in the denomination with which these stations are connected. This cannot be said of any other Christian Community.

Men like to give in the sunlight and to receive in the dark.