

# The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.  
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## Poetry.

### "And they saw His Star."

Saw you never in the twilight,  
When the sun had left the skies,  
Up in heaven the bright stars shining  
Through the gloom like silver eyes?  
So of old, the wise men watching  
Saw a little stranger star,  
And they knew the King was given,  
And they followed it from far.

Heard you never of the story,  
How they crossed the desert wild,  
Journeyed on by plain and mountain  
Till they found the holy child?  
How they opened all their treasure,  
Kneeling to that infant King,  
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
Gave the myrrh in offering?

Know ye not that lowly baby  
Was the "Bright and Morning Star,"  
He who came to light the Gentiles  
And the darkened isles afar?  
And we too may seek his cradle,  
There our hearts' best treasures bring,  
Love and faith and true devotion,  
For our Saviour, God, and King.

### The source of Beauty.

Guido the painter toiled and sought  
To place the ideal beauty in his heart,  
Upon his canvas, and he failed, but  
wrought,

Such wondrous sweetness by his art  
As made men marvel and wish to see  
His models whence he drew so faithfully.

A moment Guido paused, then took  
A coarse, low fellow from the street;  
Then while, diverted, they with laughter  
shook,

With rapid stroke and pencil fleet  
He drew a face with holy look,  
With tenderness divine, with sadness  
sweet,

"The beauty's in the heart," said he,  
"And 'tis no matter what the model  
be."

## Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

### "Wonderful."

"His name shall be called Wonderful."

740 years before the Star appeared in the East, the angel appeared to Mary, was this prophecy given. In the midst of a spiritual darkness that might be felt, this promise must have been eagerly grasped, and its fulfilment longed for. His government was to be with justice, and of its increase and peace there should be no end.

His name was to be called "Wonderful," and was He not rightly named? Wonderful in His birth! He was the King of glory, the Creator of the universe, yet He veiled His Godhead, and was born of a woman. A herald was sent to prepare His way, but the nation had no room for Him, a manger received Him. But while earth took no notice, all heaven was moved at His coming; angels sung at His birth, and one of the stars He had Himself created guided the wise men to where He lay.

His life was wonderful. Follow Him from earliest childhood as in the quiet home at Nazareth He was "subject to His parents," or in the busier walks of life, as He went about doing good. Healing the sick, raising the dead, or teaching the people; it was all the same; the world had never seen such a wonderful life. How gently He dealt with the sinful, how slow to blame, how quick to see the least spark of good in a human soul and to fan it into a flame. It was His meat and drink to do His Father's will, and how He watched for opportunities to speak peace to the troubled, to bind up the broken hearted, and to satisfy the longing soul. No matter how tired and wearied Himself, none that came were ever turned away.

Wonderful in His character! Never were such gentleness and firmness, such patience and love, such dignity and sweetness seen before.

Wonderful in His love! It passes knowledge. Higher than the heights of Heaven, it yet reaches down to redeem from hell. So strong that nothing

can prevail against it; nothing separate from it; so broad, it embraces all!

Wonderful in His death! "He saved others, Himself He could not save." Mocked and scourged and spitted on, every indignity that was possible heaped upon Him. His hands which had fed the hungry, and only been raised in blessing, now nailed to the cross. His feet, always ready at the call of suffering, now pierced with nails. His Father's face hidden from Him. His last words, "It is finished," cried with a "loud voice" proclaim that He is not worn by disease, but that He dies in the full strength of His manhood. He gives His life!

"O Wonderful! around whose birth hour  
Prophetic song, miraculous power,  
Cluster and hum like star and flower,  
Those marvellous rays that at Thy will,  
From the closed Heaven which is so  
chill,

So passionless, stream'd round Thee still,  
Are but as broken gleams that start,  
O Light of lights from Thy deep heart,  
Thyself, Thyself, the Wonder art!"

And still His people find that this name expresses much in reference to Him which they cannot put in words. Standing beside the cross, and reverently gazing upon Him, we see that it was for us, and while we cannot fathom the mystery, low at His feet we yield Him our all.

"His name shall be called Wonderful." Wonderful in the daily life, as He guides every step of the way; bearing them in His arms over the rough places; gently leading beside the still waters, or unfolding day by day the riches of His grace. And this will be His name in the New Jerusalem as soul after soul recounts the story of His faithfulness and love.

The days are hastening on. We have but a little longer on earth to tell the story. We may not come into His immediate presence as the wise men did of old with gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, but we may give Him what He loves, first ourselves, and then with the devotion of loving, grateful hearts minister to Him in His poor. There are sad hearts to be comforted, darkened homes, into which the light of His presence has not shined. Little ones to be clothed and fed—His little ones—shall we do it at this season, during the Christmas and New Year's rejoicings? Not daring to speak of denying ourselves, when He gave His life, but gladly and rejoicingly, let us lay our gifts upon His altar. A.

### Fiat justitia et ruat cælum.

We think surely that Bro. Manning is entitled to give an explanation of his words which seem to have been either misunderstood or misinterpreted, we could not, therefore, see the justice of refusing him a hearing, although it might not be exactly in accord with our own views. Again we say—"Let justice be done, though the heavens fall."

To the Editor of the Christian Messenger.

The enclosed was sent to the Christian Visitor and refused publication. I should not ask the use of your columns, except to show your readers the spirit which controls your New Brunswick contemporary.

It does seem just a little too bad, when a letter appears in your columns and an unrighteous twist is given to its words by the editor of another paper, and when explanation is given, and a request made for its publication, then to be coolly informed that none is needed. Verily we have fallen upon strange times, and have to do with very strange men.

Yours truly,  
J. W. MANNING.

To the Editor of the Christian Visitor.

HALIFAX, Dec. 5th, 1881.

In the Christian Messenger of Nov. 16th, I wrote as follows:—

"The sturdy and vigorous protest from the Baptist Church in Fredericton, against the action of certain brethren in St. John, who are attempting to start an Academy for New Brunswick, is

timely, and this should be followed up by as vigorous a protest from the Governors resident in that Province. Let not even a suspicion be felt that any one of them is conniving at such a movement. The time for action has come. Two of the Governors residing in Fredericton have shown their disapproval; but it has been in connection with the church of which they are members. It would be fitting for them and the others to unite in an appeal to the churches of New Brunswick for their co-operation in resisting this hasty, and ill-advised move on the part of a few. And if that does not stay the high-handed proceedings, let the Board of Governors at their next meeting do the same thing and follow it up with something more than words."

In the Christian Visitor of the 22nd Nov., occurs the following characteristic comment on the above paragraph.

But when a Governor of Acadia College, Rev. J. W. Manning in the Messenger holds a threat over the heads of New Brunswick Baptists in these words, "Stay the high-handed proceedings, or we will follow it up with something more than words." (Italics Mr. Manning's). We ask what does he mean by such language? Is it fists or law he means by "more than words"?

Neither, Mr. Editor,—"Law"—I shall leave to him, who has threatened to call in its aid—"Fists"—to yourself who have first suggested this method for Christian men to settle their differences of opinions. I had hoped that by this time you had learned a "more excellent way."

What did I mean? Simply this—that after the Board of Governors had protested against this "high-handed proceeding" on the part of a few brethren in St. John (not of the New Brunswick Baptists as you still persist in saying), and their protest is disregarded, then, by delegation or otherwise, they shall appeal to the churches in their respective Associations to discontinue this "ill-advised move." This was all I meant—simply that words should be followed by action—that you, sir, and others working with you might be led to see that your course was perilling the highest and best interests of our Denomination in these Maritime Provinces.

Yours, &c.,  
J. W. MANNING.

### Opinionated Religionism.

The following from the Living Church we find copied into a Church of England paper, and we believe it is as true as if we had taken it from a Baptist paper:

"A Rev. Mr. Somebody has said that 'In the great day of account the Judge of quick and dead will not ask men what they thought about baptism or to what Church they belonged,' etc., and this very original remark is immediately quoted in the religious weeklies with approbation and evident satisfaction. It seems never to occur to the mind of the ordinary preacher that pert remarks of this sort are as silly as they are rash and irreverent. Who told the Rev. Dr. Somebody that the Judge of quick and dead does not care what men think about baptism? On what authority does this glib preacher set aside with one wave of his hand the words of Scripture? Jesus Christ will be the Judge of quick and dead. Nothing is more certain than that he does care about what 'Church' they belong to. He came to set up a Kingdom. He sent out the seventy to announce it. He commissioned a ministry to go everywhere preaching, teaching, baptizing—that is, receiving men into the Kingdom; He said expressly, 'He that believed and is baptized shall be saved.' When men said to the Apostles, 'What shall we do?' they said, 'Repent and be baptized.' Yet preachers and papers presume to tell men that 'in the great day of account the Judge of quick and dead will not ask men what they thought about baptism or to what Church they

belonged.' The impression intended is that these are matters of no importance; that the Saviour does not care what we think as to these things. He does care. Why should He have said all that He did about the Kingdom of God if it be of no importance? Why have enjoined baptism, it is that about which it does not matter what we think? In the future as in the past, rash and irreverent men will no doubt presume to know what God thinks and what He will do. Still it might be supposed that they would not contradict Scripture, and the very words of our Saviour.

### What She Could.

My washerwoman had finished her day's work, and I had given her her money and seen her tie it up in the corner of her coarse cotton handkerchief, and still she lingered. She rolled and unrolled the little bundle containing her apron, and looked with a dissatisfied air at the paper I had given her to wrap it in. I wondered what could be the matter.

"That was a wonderful good paper you gave me last week," she said, at length. "My father used to take that paper when I was a girl and lived at home. I can't never get out to meetin' in the forenoon, what with the dinner and the baby; and my man ain't no hand to go. But he read that paper out loud to me all the forenoon, last Sunday, and though I couldn't hear it quite all, bein' so busy, I heard enough to know it was wonderful improvin'; most as good as a sermon. I prayed in my heart that the Lord would make it a means of good to Sam, and I'm sure if it only just kept him at home, 'twould be worth while. If 'tisn't askin' too much, could you give me another?"

We had all finished reading the last religious weekly, and as I had had that very morning occasion to use some papers in packing away furs and woollens to keep them from moths, I had rather thoughtlessly appropriated that. A twinge of conscience was felt at the time, for I commonly try to put good newspapers in the way of somebody's reading after I am done with them. It was some trouble to get it for Mrs. O'Hara, but I went up to the attic, opened the great cedar chest, and substituting a daily for it, brought it down to the poor woman.

"I'm afraid I've made you a heap of trouble," said she, looking disturbed and uncomfortable as she took it. "I wouldn't have asked, but I thought like enough you'd just as soon I had that as the other, if you knew I wanted it."

"To be sure I had!" said I. "You shall have it every week in future." She smiled, as she wrapped it round her apron, and said in a meek way:

"I ain't able, you know, to take it myself, with all I have on my shoulders, or I would, and not trouble nobody." She went away gratified, and I took care, afterward, to save my paper for her every week. Often in the intervals of her work we talked over some of the subjects of interest we had found there, for though illiterate, she was a Christian and a woman of excellent sense. Well enough I knew "all that she had on her shoulders." Her eldest daughter was an idiot, her aged mother a partial paralytic, and her husband, though trained by religious parents, was addicted to strong drink. The money that went out of his wages to indulge this appetite, she was obliged to make up by washing. To do this, and care for the feeble and the little ones in her home, she toiled early and late. One day I spoke to her of the work of the missionaries in Africa, and the great opportunities for doing good which that new field offers.

"It just harrers me up to read about the missionaries, and how the fields is all white, and so few a-respin' of 'em," she replied. "If I could give even a little, but you see I can't. I don't see how Sam can read it so cool. I most wish he'd skip it sometimes. If I only had money do you s'pose I'd tighten up my purse-strings and turn away my

face? I'd jest rejoice to send 'em a good round sum."

"There is something you can give," I said. "Never you wish that Sam would skip any, but when you are longing to give, lift up your heart to the Lord and ask him to bless the missionaries and help on their work. If you give a prayer, it may do more good than some people's money. I would put in a penny, if I could do no more, whenever I got the chance. One leaf of the Bible with the Holy Spirit's blessing on it might lead a soul to God, and that soul might lead others, and a penny will pay for more than one leaf."

"So it will; cheap as books are nowadays!" said she with a happy smile. "I'm glad I had this little talk with you. I have my health, and earn my own money, and I know I can spare one cent now and then."

She went away smiling and grateful. One day, weeks afterward, I had occasion to go to her house.

"I want you to look in here a minute," she said motioning me away from the family into the bit of a bedroom where she slept. When we were alone, she drew out from a hidden corner a small bag made of striped ticking.

"That's my missionary bag," said she. "I've saved five cents out of every washing and put it in there. So little we never missed it, but you see it counts up to quite a sum. Thirty-five cents! I shouldn't have thought I could give that much, but here 'tis, and nobody the worse off. Thank the Lord that I've got it to give. I want you to take it to meetin' for I can't go to-morrow, and I hear there's to be a collection."

I took the money, and as I dropped all those five-cent pieces into the collection next day, I wondered if any like sum was given at anything like the same cost.—Watchman.

### Late Explorations in Palestine.

The committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund continue to prosecute good work. According to the latest information received in connection with the survey of Eastern Palestine, it seems that Lieut. Conder has taken his surveying party back to Jerusalem for the winter, bringing with him the results of his first campaign across the Jordan. After the preliminary work of reconnaissance and measuring the base-line was accomplished the survey was commenced, and up to the present 500 square miles have been successfully accomplished. Over 600 names have been collected; more than 200 ruins have been examined; some 400 cromlechs have been found; and plans, sketches, and photographs have been taken. Among the sites explored are Heshbon, Elealah, Madaba, Baal-Meon, Nebo, and Pisgab, the hot springs of Callirrhoe, Rabbath Amman (where the party remained for a fortnight and made a special survey), and the Jordan Valley. Lieut. Conder reports that he has found the place of the worship of Baal Peor and the site of Bamoth Baal; that he has an important suggestion to make as to the "bedstead" of Og; that he has discovered the method by which the enormous stones used at Arak el Emir were brought up from the quarries; that he has found a Sassanian building at Amman, which seems likely to illustrate in an interesting manner the architecture of the Kubbetes-Sakhra at Jerusalem. As regards inscriptions, the party have found none of importance; only two Greek inscriptions being reported, and fragments of others. A Roman milestone, with a Latin inscription, was found. A considerable number of Arab traditions have also been collected. The party are now engaged in reducing their observations into shape at Jerusalem, and we shall doubtless receive the results in due course.—London Baptist.

Courage is necessary to success in Christian work. About the most worthless set you can find is a lot of taint-hearted Sunday-school teachers.—D. L. Moody.