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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger. The Little Sleeper.

BY JESSE CLEMENT.

Few the days the fair one numbered,
Ere was closed his lustrous eyes,
And he calmly, sweetly slumbered,
Like a cherub from the skies.

From the body, frail and sickly,
In the solemn hush of night,
Stole the spirit soft and quickly,
Back to native realms of light.

Still the sweet one,—none could waken,
Dreamed and smiled when night had
Fled,
Knowing not the soul had taken
Wings and back to heaven sped.

Folded on his heavenless bosom,
Slight his ivory hands were pressed,
And thus slept the angel-blossom,
Truant from the land of rest.

To my Dog "Blanco."

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which loved and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand,
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility,

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine!
—Scribner's for August.

Religious.

Dean Stanley's Funeral.

BY DR. CUYLER.

A week ago yesterday, after the second service in Westminster Abbey, I went through to the door of the Deanery, to inquire after the Dean and leave a message for him. No one felt any uneasiness about him, and a few moments previously Canon Farrar had told me he was doing well. Just as we reached the door a bulletin was posted up, that unfavourable symptoms had set in and grave apprehensions were entertained as to the issue. "Ah!" said Newman Hall to me, "our good friend the Dean is going to die." The next night, before the clock struck twelve, he was dead.

The whole nation was shocked and saddened to the heart; for on many accounts Dean Stanley was the best-loved man in the Church of England. He was the personal friend of the Queen, the tutor of the Prince Royal, the advocate of the cordial fellowship among all denominations, the most simple, modest, and affectionate great man in the realm. His genius everybody ad-

mired, but his pure, sweet character everybody loved. So, for a week past great preparations have been making to give to the good Dean's remains such a burial ceremony as should bespeak the nation's affection and be worthy of the guardian of the great Abbey. The services really began yesterday morning, with an eloquent sermon by Canon Farrar, in which he extolled the moral courage of the Dean in standing by his honest convictions. In the afternoon I found the choir at the Abbey packed, and the adjoining transepts also. Presently Dr. Vaughan, the Dean of Landaff and preacher in the Temple Church, ascended the pulpit so long occupied by Stanley. Vaughan and Stanley were classmates at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and their intimacy was very deep and cordial. It was a very trying occasion for Dr. Vaughan, and when he announced that he would preach on the very text that Dean Stanley had selected for his next discourse there, he was very much overcome. It was a text for the hour: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The famous preacher of the Temple is a fine, manly speaker and his style is almost perfect; so the discourse was a model funeral tribute. He happily said that Stanley had given perpetuity to Dr. Arnold's fame by writing his biography, and to Dr. Arnold's system of teaching by a living illustration of its beauty. Dwelling on the certainty of immortality, Dr. Vaughan exclaimed, with impassioned fervour: "Oh! what a wanton waste it were, if such an intellect as Arthur Stanley's were destroyed!" The discourse was heard with deep emotion, and when it was through, many of the audience, doubtless, said to themselves: "There stands the man to be the next Dean of Westminster." Probably he or Canon Farrar will be appointed.

To-day, at four o'clock, the funeral service took place. Around the Abbey a vast multitude had assembled; not merely attracted by curiosity, for the Dean was a great favourite with the working classes. Thousands had applied for tickets of admission, and by the kindness of Canon Farrar and the timely attentions of one of the subordinates I secured an excellent seat in the front of gallery over the Poet's corner. It commanded a view of the whole ceremonies. Immediately below me was the tomb of Lord Macaulay, with its well-known inscription: "His body rests in peace and his fame liveth forevermore." Sir Charles Trevelyan, the biographer of the great historian, was among the group of mourners. Beside Macaulay lie Campbell and Dickens, and upon them looks down the statue of Shakespeare.

The crowd in the Abbey was prodigious. Many of the guests climbed upon the monuments to witness the ceremonies. After long and patient waiting, we heard the funeral anthem pealing through the nave, and presently the procession entered. It contained the foremost living men in England. The heir to the throne marched in and occupied the pew of his old tutor, who was lying in the coffin before him. Upon the coffin were wreaths of "immortels," and white flowers from the Westminster School boys, and a handful of lilies from the Queen herself. The venerable Archbishop of Canterbury was in the line, and Cardinal Manning, and Lord Houghton, and Tyndal, and Browning, and the Bishop of Peterborough. The coffin was borne by the same hands that carried the Dean's beloved wife, Lady Augusta, to her burial, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. It was set down before the pulpit in which the Dean had stood a few days before.

By the foot of the coffin the most conspicuous figure was William E. Gladstone. He was called away before the Service was over, and hastened to the House of Commons. (The pilot cannot leave the helm while the ship of state is off that Irish lee shore.) The funeral music to-day was solemn and sublime. Its rich strains swelled and rolled among the lofty arches with prodigious grandeur. Then the deep tones

of the "Dead March" were heard, and the procession formed again. The body of ARTHUR STANLEY was taken up and tenderly carried over those historic stones, which he himself had trodden so often and so long. He was to be laid among the great in his death.

With slow and measured tread, they bore him past the tomb of Dryden. Old Spenser and Ben Jonson, and the author of the "Elegy in a country Churchyard" were sleeping close by. A little further on, they passed the tomb of Edward the Confessor. The heir to the Confessor's throne was in the procession, and the descendants too of many a great warrior who laid in silent stone effigy on those monuments. Gradually the line passed on and on among the columns, until it entered the door of Henry the Seventh's Chapel and disappeared from my view.

As I looked at the dark-palled coffin, with its weight of flowers, vanishing out of sight, I felt a peculiar grief; for the Dean had been to me a very kind and beloved friend. I had broken bread with him in his hospitable home; I had enjoyed with him a memorial visit to the Jerusalem Chamber; and on his last day in America he had gone with me to the tomb of my own beloved child in Greenwood. A gentler, sweeter, and more unselfish heart I have seldom known, and no man has been laid to his rest amid more sincere lamentations in all this realm for many a year than Arthur Penryn Stanley. Of him, too, it may be said that his body sleeps in peace; but his name doth live on forevermore.

The Decay of Heathenism.

We often read in correspondence from heathen lands, of the decay of heathenism: but it is not safe to judge of the rate of this decay by the number of temples which may be found in ruins; for, while it is esteemed a work of some merit to repair a temple, much more glory is gained by building a new one. Many of the ruined idol houses, which may be found in India and China, are replaced by temples recently erected. It is evident, on the other hand, that the progress of Christianity in pagan lands is not limited to the number of persons brought into the visible church. There are large numbers of those who believe in the truths of Christianity, but who never make an open profession of their faith; and there are many significant indications that the whole mass of heathen superstition and error is becoming in an increasing degree penetrated with beams of Christian truth.

Just how much encouragement ought to be drawn from this last fact is uncertain. Many are disposed to regard the least approach toward Christianity in the disciples of false religions as a reason for great joy and hope. The Brahmo Somaj of India, the "Inner Law" disciples among the Buddhists of Burmah, and the movements among the disciples of the Shinto religion in Japan, all caused by contact with Christian teaching, are cited as proofs that the heathen in those countries are gradually coming round toward Christianity; and the hope is held out that such movements will ultimately result in bringing over those persons affected by them to Christianity pure and simple.

This hope is based upon the idea, that the nearer a person gets to Christianity, the more likely he is to become a Christian. In actual experience it is doubtful if this can be relied on as a general principle. Our pastors at home find that the members of their congregations most difficult to reach are often those who seem to be very nearly Christian in faith and life. The young man who kept so many of the commandments, but felt his need of something more, was a singular experience in Christ's ministry, and is not common in Christian work to-day. Such persons are so good that it is not easy for them to see that they need to be better.

It is not yet proved that the opposite is the case in the work abroad. Much encouragement has often been expressed by missionaries on various fields at

movements of leaders of religious thought among the heathen, which seemed to point towards Christianity. It is, no doubt, too soon to say that such movements will not result so favorably for true religion as many have expected; but it is certain that they have thus far been of little benefit to positive Christian work. The Brahmo Somaj has received great attention from Christians in India and all over the world, and it has been thought to be but a stepping-stone from Brahminism to Christianity; but now its most famous leader seems to be plunging into a fanaticism more hopeless than that from which he started, and the elements of Christianity which have been received only emphasize the terrible blasphemy of his position.

On the other hand the great gains of Christianity in heathen lands have hitherto almost uniformly come from those who had little to expect if they should depend on themselves in religious matters. The great additions in the Tinnevely district in India and among the Telugus, are from the lowest classes of society, as well as those from among the Karens in Burmah. It is true of the success of our missionaries, as well as of the apostle, that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called." A deep consciousness of sin, and a heartfelt need of a Savior, still furnish the best openings for the grace of God; and, while we may take courage at every evidence that the darkness of error is being dispelled by the light of truth, the most reliable testimony is found in the thorough and radical conversion of the heathen to our Lord Jesus Christ.—Baptist Missionary Magazine, September 1881.

The Palestine exploration.

The last Quarterly Statement presents several features of peculiar interest. Lieutenant Conder, on visiting Jerusalem, lighted upon a discovery which may be of great importance. On a previous occasion he had been led to the theory that the crucifixion of our Lord was not on the site assigned to it by tradition, but that it took place on the north of the city, at a hill above what is called "Jeremiah's Grotto." This, according to Jewish tradition, was the ancient place of public execution. On walking from the north-east corner of Jerusalem he was struck by the appearance of the hill, which was singularly like a skull. The site is peculiarly fitted for a place of execution by its commanding position. "From the summit the eye roams over the city walls, over the greater part of Jerusalem, while on the west the ground rises beyond the intervening valley like a theatre. There is hardly another spot near Jerusalem so fitted to be the central point for any public spectacle."

Lieutenant Conder on this visit first noticed an indisputably Jewish tomb immediately west of the knoll. "It has only recently been opened," says Mr. Conder, "and has not yet been described, I believe by any visitor." "The doorway is much broken, and there is a loophole or window 4ft wide on either side of the door. The outer court cut in the rock is 7ft square, and two stones are so placed in this as to give the idea that they may have held in place a rolling stone before the door. On the right, or north, is a side entrance leading into a chamber with a single loculus, and thence into a cave, some eight paces square, and 10ft high, with a well mouth in the roof." The chamber within the tomb entrance is reached by a descent of two steps, and measures 6ft by 9ft. From either side wall, and from the back wall, is an entrance 20in wide, and about 5ft high, leading into a side chamber. A passage runs in continuation of each entrance for 4ft, and on each side is a bench about 2ft wide, and 2ft high. A similar bench occurs at the end, the whole width of each chamber being thus 5ft, its length 7ft 2in., and its height from five to six feet. Each would contain two bodies lying beside the pas-

sage, but there would scarcely be room for three. In addition to these three chambers there are excavations on the floor level, in the further corner of the central chamber. They are about 5ft square, with narrow entrances, and were scattered with human bones at the time of my visit." Mr. Conder adds, "It would be bold to hazard the suggestion that the single Jewish sepulchre thus found is indeed the tomb in the garden nigh unto the place called Golgotha, which belonged to the rich Joseph of Arimathea; yet its appearance, so near the old place of execution, and so far from other tombs in the old cemeteries of the city, is extremely remarkable."

The Rev. C. W. Barclay gives an interesting account of a discovery of the stone of the mouth of Jacob's well. A few feet from the opening generally shown he found, on clearing away some debris, a large stone 3ft 9in. in length and 2ft 7in. in breadth, with a circular carved aperture about 18in. in diameter. He says, "It is impossible to describe our feelings as we gazed down the open well and sat on the edge on which doubtless the Saviour rested, and felt with our fingers the grooves in the stone caused by the ropes by which the water-pots were drawn up." He found the well to be 67ft deep and 7ft 6in. wide. It is worthy of note that the Samaritans call it Beer Jacob. Not "Ain," a well of living water, but "Beer," a cistern or well in which rain-water is stored.

The new expedition has commenced operations. The discovery of the sacred city of the Hittites, called Kadesh, is important. Lieut. Conder found the country east of the Jordan in such a disturbed state that he could not commence the survey of the north in the first place as originally intended, but has changed his plans and proposes commencing in the south. He accordingly rode through Western Palestine to Jerusalem, making several interesting discoveries by the way.—Freemen.

A remarkable movement is in progress among the Aboriginal Indians of British Guiana. Forty years ago a young man commenced work among them, and waited five years for his first convert. The converts have since become a thousand. Two or three years ago an Indian family from the Upper Potaro river came from their distant home to know more about the gospel, concerning which they had heard somewhat. They have, as a people, often pleaded for a teacher. A missionary has recently been sent among them, who baptized 1,398 of the natives of the Potaro and neighboring tribes, amongst whom were persons who had come two weeks journey, and were living on quarter rations rather than go unbaptized. The missionary of the Propagation Society, writing to the Bishop says: "In all the history of ancient and modern missions, hardly ever, I conceive, has a case been known where so many at a time, with so little of worldly advantage to tempt them, have voluntarily sought for admission into the Christian Church."

Psalms xxv. and xxxiv. are alphabetical acrostics, the verses beginning with the successive letters of the alphabet; but they continue for several verses after the alphabet is completed. Professor de Lagarde suggests that the acrostic continues giving, by its first letters, the names of the authors, which would be Pedael and Pedaiah.

The Baptist Weekly says: "Prof. Pepper, of Crozer Seminary, is both witty and wise. We know of few men more ready in repartee, and in punning he has no equal. On one occasion, when a student at Newton, Dr. Hovey, in announcing him for a class exercise, said: 'We will vary the programme and have a little spice. I call on Bro. Pepper.' Not disconcerted, Bro. Pepper said at once, 'I'm happy to speak, seeing my friends all mustered about me.'"

We take less pains to be happy than to appear so.