

# The Christian Messenger.

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## Poetry.

### Faithfulness the truest success.

I would rather have a diamond,  
Light flashing, pure within,  
Than a massive boulder from the beach,  
That foam-crowned oft has been.  
One mossy, scented rose in bud  
Is dearer far to me  
Than the pyramid of coloured flowers  
On a gaudy tulip tree.  
So in the service of our God,  
'Tis not great things He needs;  
His precious stones and fragrant flowers  
Are faithful, loving deeds.  
On every side lie untilled fields;  
God's eye is everywhere—  
Unceasing is the moan of woe—  
His ear lists every prayer.  
Greater and greater grows the need,  
His hand has boundless might,  
Day passes, night is drawing near,  
His heart is infinite.  
He has resolved that right shall win,  
All useless doubting quell;  
Find out what He would have you do,  
And do that little well.

Let others boast the gaudy tints,  
The foam of earthly fame;  
The true, dear Christ He never sought,  
Nor gained the world's acclaim.  
Our restless minds we calm, and seek  
His favour to ensue.  
To make the work that near us lies  
Bright, beautiful, and pure.  
'Tis in the doing lies the worth,  
Not in attainments won,  
Not for success, but faithfulness,  
The Master says, "Well done."  
J. H. COOKS.

## Religious.

### Neander the Historian.

A PEN PICTURE.

Dr. Barabas Sears was a student in Germany in 1834. Whilst there he wrote home to his friends in the United States, letters of great interest. A series of these letters is now being published in the *Boston Watchman*. The following picture of Neander taken from the last one, will be read, we think, with much pleasure. The vividness with which the sketch is presented may well claim for it a work of high art representing the great church historian:

Neander is an original. He is of Jewish parentage, lives with a maiden sister, who manages her own affairs and his too, and even conducts him in his walks, for his sight, which was injured by some accident when he was a boy, is weak, so that he throws back his forehead, draws down his eye-brows and almost closes his eyes, as if he were looking at the sun. His whole appearance is uncouth and clumsy. He generally wears long thick boots, reaching to his knees, outside his pantaloons, and a heavy brown frock-coat, or rather one would say, *surtout*, used as such.

Before he comes into his lecture-room his *famulus* (a student who waits on him) clears the small desk at which he is to stand, being careful always to lay a goose-quill on it. The lecturer comes in; the 400 students hush their bustling noise, and instantly unscrew their ink-horns, stick the steel-pointed end into the pine desk, spread open their Hef (or stitched and ruled papers. The lecture, which is dictated slowly, with long pauses between the sentences, to give time to write, is wholly extemporaneous, and yet is so perfectly accurate and connected as to be fit for the press. The quill, which was laid on the desk, has a kind of magic power. It is held, and the end pressed down hard and twisted, and thus used as a plaything, while the mind is hard at work. The loss of it would disturb the train of thought. No manuscript is used, nor any aid to the memory but a small slip of paper with a few dates and references. Even at home, when reading up his authorities, Neander takes no notes, but simply enters on the fly-leaf at the end of the volume the page, without naming the

subject. All his thoughts are carefully elaborated, and all the language fixed in the mind, and are then laid aside in the memory like chiselled pieces of marble. When the idea is called for, the language comes with it, as a part of it. Hence we students often hear whole passages precisely as they stand in some of his published works. In short, whenever and wherever he repeats his ideas he repeats his exact words. I will tell you more of him from time to time, especially if I ever am favoured with any of his company, socially. He appears to me as if he cared for little but books and impressing his ideas upon his pupils, for whom, in some respects, his regard seems paternal. \* \* \*

Since I last wrote I am becoming rather well acquainted with Neander. I now attend his private *Seminarium*, in reading the Christian Fathers, and it is no small privilege to study these works under the greatest scholar on this subject now living, or as many say, that ever lived. I have now resumed speaking Latin, and I hope to continue the exercise throughout the winter.

### The Everlasting Rock.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

Voices in an adjoining room are singing one of the popular hymns which has for its chorus the lines—

"Upon this solid Rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

In many an abode of poverty, where contentment has given thanks over its homely porridge—in many a chamber of sickness, where Christ has cheered long wakeful nights—over many a casket which held the darling of the household, has faith sung its courageous song, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock!" A believer's foundation is the rock of ages. No "advanced thought" in these modern times has ever invented a resting-place for a human soul; it has been ingenious however, in finding quicksands. God never meant that there should be any other resting place than his own; no other foundation can any man lay than the corner-stone on Calvary. When I take God's Book for my guide, Christ for my Saviour, rest on him for my support, and strive to fashion my poor life after his example, then am I sure that I am built upon the rock. My support is immovable, and I need not lose a moment's sleep from anxiety.

If any one asks me why I expect to be saved, my simple and sufficient answer is that Jesus died for me, and his blood cleanseth from all sin. All the strength I ever had for life's strain and its wrenching temptations, and trials, all the solace I ever had under the discipline of disappointments, all the hope I have for the dying hour, rest on that everlasting rock. It underlies the Adirondacks.

You cannot build Tahawas or Kearsarge on a sand bank. The massive characters in this world, the holy deeds, the strongest nationalities, the enduring doctrines have all been reared on the granite of the everlasting Word. It is amusing to read some of the impudent essays and criticisms of nineteenth century Rationalism, and to watch their exultation when their powder-blast explodes and throws up a quantity of sand into the air. They imagine that they are undermining "the faith once committed to the saints." One popular author—from whom we might expect better things—has published a prediction as to the religion which is to succeed the religion of Jesus Christ! He might as well describe the luminary which will yet displace the noon day sun.

The best answer to all the skepticism of the day is a personal experience of Jesus Christ, as a living, all-sufficient, underlying power in the soul. If I know Christ, what is it to me that some scoffer, who has never tried him, makes mock of the atonement as "a barbarous doctrine of the shambles," and at heaven as an oriental fiction? His ignorance is no disproof of my actual knowledge. His conjectures are no answer to the

absolute fact that Christ liveth in me. I can afford to pity him as he flounders in the quicksands, and to pray for him, too, that before he dies he may get his weary feet on the Rock.

Reader, I point you to the everlasting rock-bed of peace and strength and joy. You have never felt satisfied with any system you have adopted, or been sure that it would hold in the last trying hour. Worse anxieties are before you. There is a fast coming hour when gold will not buy you a moment's satisfaction, and no philosophy will give you a moment's peace. There is a storm coming that will try your foundations as earthquakes try palaces and towers in Chili or Peru. See to it betimes that you are not on the quicksand. Dig deep and build on Christ. Then you can say or sing the strong assuring words which echo now in my ears—

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil;  
On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

—New York Evangelist.

### Religious liberty in Spain.

Some time ago a Spaniard was condemned to a term of imprisonment for conducting a prayer-meeting. Since his condemnation another Cabinet has been formed, and we are grateful to note that the new Ministers have granted a free pardon to the Protestant pastor. It is no less gratifying to find that prosecutions which had been commenced against Dissenters from the Church of Rome have been abandoned, and that religious liberty is now more than nominal in Spain. The Ministers contend that neither the Constitution nor the Concordat with Rome is violated by this toleration, and they evidently intend to govern without dictation from priests. With equal decision, the Spanish Government has announced its intention not to allow the priests to play the part of autocrats in State day-schools. All this is healthy and promising. With Protestantism in Rome itself and religious liberty in Spain, who can say that the world is not moving? The watchword is onward, and in this respect at least "the former days were" not better but much worse than these. When Spain declares openly that it will not allow any interference of bishops and the Holy See to influence the Government in guaranteeing freedom of worship and in maintaining the independence of schools, there is reason for thankfulness and hope.—Freeman.

### Gladness in Worship.

"I was glad when they said unto me,  
Let us go into the house of the Lord."

It was the house of the Lord and its service apart from its agencies which held that man's heart in such glad thrall; and he doesn't go there for the sake of the priest or the preacher, but to worship the Most High. The priest and the preacher may have taken some minor place, but if he was the man I think of, they could never be primal to him or have the power to draw him there or to drive him away. He went to the Lord's house, not to worship a man, but to worship God; and not to hang on human lips but to hear the Divine word. So I doubt whether he ever took out his watch to see how long that prayer was, because he went to pray, and when the soul is lost in this grand, tender mystery, she knows no difference between four minutes and forty. He went, not to hear the singing so much as to sing; and when praise floods the heart and bears the spirit on its mighty tide, you are not overtroubled about exact accordance of the trumpet and the shawm, whatever that may be. Nor when you make melody in your own heart unto God, are you overtroubled if your neighbour is singing with a mighty fervor through his nose. Such things are all of minor moment to any soul

bound on this high business; and when they either drive or draw us on, they point to deeper and more vital hurts than any they can compass.

When I hear men and women say they cannot go to church because the prayers are too long, or they don't like the singing, I have to ask myself the question whether the objector goes to the Lord's house to worship or to be amused; and if there was a man there who had some word to say touching the life that now is, and that which is to come—a man who could make God's truth luminous and penetrate the heart with it, and leaven the life. There would be no question of this man's unfitness to say that, were he as homely as Abraham Lincoln, or spoke with the voice untunable of John Foster, or was as ungraceful as a jungle of right angles. All the better if the outward grace answers to the inner; but Paul had none of that, if we have got the true tradition, yet he was as the sun, and the rest as stars, and so the people answered to his light and fire. How easily the man might say, "There is only one man I care to hear, and if he is not going to speak in the house of the Lord I am going to stay home. I know all the ins and outs of his mind, to be sure, the turn of his thoughts and its limits; but I like this best, and another man might be as a fountain of living waters to me in the opening of new truth, I would rather nourish my discontented content for the old." The grand business on which this man of my text was bound, when he turned his steps from the home to the temple, was to worship God—to sing praises to the Most High—to pour out his heart in prayer, and hear some word which would be to him as the bread of life—to be made strong for duty and brave for battle, and patient to bear burdens, and hopeful in dark days—to find joy in the depths of sorrow, and nurse his heart on the mighty truth that the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are not seen are eternal—to grow ever more human and considerate, and catch glorious visions, and follow divine examples; and when this was the main motive there could be no hindrance in the minister or the ministry, or any narrow or petty grounds. He was a man who, with a wonderful broad sympathy, and with a sure instinct for the central thing—which is always the bread and never the baker, always the water and never the pitcher—and so he cries, "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord.'" There was never a whisper that he either wished to be drawn there or driven away, for reasons which must, in the very nature of things, lie merely on the surface.—Robert Collyer.

### Religious Equality at the Cambridge University.

The two great Universities of Cambridge and Oxford belong to the nation. They are not, and ought not, to be ever considered the property of any religious sect. The Church of England has claimed them, and at one time had sufficient influence to close them practically to Nonconformists with principle. The Commissioners of the University of Cambridge have just published the statutes they have prepared. These are now brought to the form in which they will be laid before Parliament. It is true they may even yet be altered but, practically, they may be considered as so far settled. It is interesting and remarkable that in the proposed changes there appears to be an immense advance in recognition of the principle of religious equality. The Universities were endowed for the nation at large, and it is a shame that youths of principle should be prevented having a full share of the good things intended as rewards for learning. Undoubtedly, at college, as elsewhere if a man will have a conscience he must be prepared to pay the price of the luxury. But, so far as possible, we would have the Universities to be

schools for true honour, conscientiousness, and real nobility of spirit, as well as learning. A youth who believes in the grand principle of the Free Churches may even now go to Cambridge, and although he may feel at some disadvantage if he maintains his hold on those things he has surely believed, yet may take a good degree, and, if deserving, obtain a share of the many good things that *Alma Mater* has to bestow on her successful sons. Should these arrangements become law, he will have a fairer opportunity still.—Freeman.

### The Lengthening Days.

Welcome, thou early light;  
Most cheerfully we greet thee,  
And turn from dark, long night,  
Gay traveller; to meet thee!  
Thou com'st with rosy hue  
To tint the ragged mountain,  
To robe the heavens in blue,  
And strew with gems the fountain.

Nature awakes to life,  
The air is full of voices,  
And man in busy strife  
At thy return rejoices,—

Hope springs up in the heart  
When earliest rays are glowing,  
Its shadows all depart  
In scenes of thy bestowing.

SARAH GOULD, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

A Churchman writes in one of the papers about St. Paul's, London:—We saw there such a procession of garmented priests and choristers as would have been all sufficient to form a most sensational scene for the boards of a theatre. Indeed, we would go so far as to say that the service, as it is now carried out at St. Paul's Cathedral, is more in harmony with a part operatic and part dramatic display than anything else that we know of. As for religion or piety having anything to do with the manner of conducting the services at St. Paul's, it would be an insult to minds having any ordinary amount of intelligent discernment to tell them they have.

In his address to the people at the ordination of his successor in Chicago, the Rev. Robert Collyer said, "Seldom find fault with your minister, but when you do, don't tell him on Monday, then he feels blue; don't tell him on Tuesday, he is just pulling out; don't tell him on Wednesday, he is getting ready for his sermon; don't tell him on Thursday, he is writing it; don't tell him on Friday, he is finishing his sermon; don't tell him on Saturday, because he is getting rested for Sunday; and if you don't tell him before Saturday night, you never will tell him."

Mr. Carlyle has bequeathed his Dumfriesshire estate to the University of Edinburgh for the founding of bursaries in the University Faculty of Arts.

Many houses and bridges have been swept away and much damage done to other property by an avalanche at Bristen, in Switzerland. Over a space of two miles the ground oscillated as if shaken by an earthquake. The inhabitants being warned betimes, no lives were lost.

The best government is not that which renders men the happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy. Ch. P. Ducloux.

### If and If.

If all the pity and love untold  
Could scatter abroad in coins of gold,  
There would not be, on the whole round earth,  
One hungry heart nor one wretched hearth.  
And, oh, if the kind words never said  
Could bloom into flowers, and spread and shed  
Their sweetness out on the common air,  
The breath of heaven would be every where!  
MARY ANNE DE VREE.