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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

Martha.

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must serve!
Not all with tranquil heart,
Even at thy dear feet,
Wrapped in devotion sweet,
May sit apart!

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must bear
The burden of the day,
Its labor and its heat,
While others at thy feet
May muse and pray!

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must do
Life's daily task-work; some
Who fain would sing must toil
Amid earth's dust and soil,
While lips are dumb!

Yea, Lord!—Yet man must earn,
And woman, bake the bread;
And some must watch and wake
Early, for other's sake,
Who pray instead.

Yea, Lord!—Yet even thou
Hast need of earthly care.
I bring the bread and wine
To thee, a guest divine—
Be this my prayer!

Little Dancing Leaves.

Little dancing leaves
In the garden bower,
Which among you grieves
Not to be a flower?
"Never one?" the light leaves say,
Dancing in the sun all day.

Little dancing leaves,
Roses lean to kiss you;
From the cottage eaves
Nestling birds would miss you—
We should tire of blossoms soon,
If you all to flowers should grow!

Little dancing leaves—
Grasses, ferns and sedges,
Nodding to the sheaves,
Out of tangled hedges—
What a dull world would remain
If you all were useful grain!

Little dancing leaves,
Who could do without you?
Every poet weaves
Some sweet dream about you.
Flowers and grain awhile are here;
You stay with us all the year.

Little dancing leaves,
When through pines and birches
The great storm wind heaves,
Your retreat he searches—
How he makes the tall trees roar!
While you—only dance the more!

Little dancing leaves,
Loving and caressing—
He most joy receives
Who bestows a blessing.
Dance, light leaves, for dancing made,
While you bless us with your shade!
—St. Nicholas.

Religious.

The True Call.

There is danger in the idea, pointed out so clearly in the following words from the *Golden Rule*, that God's call to Christian service is limited in a special sense to certain classes or professions. The field is the world, and every Christian is called to be a worker:

God's providence is something broader and better than that which wholly spends itself with a few theological students and their wives. Divine Providence has been very greatly belittled by thinking of it and talking about it as picking out a young man here, and another there, to put into the ministry, or missionary work; and picking out a young woman here and another there to be the wife of a minister or a missionary, and leaving all the rest of the young men and women to do what they please. Such exclusive stress has been laid upon a call to the ministry, that when a young man is convinced that he has not received such a call he concludes that he is not called to any particular service for Christ. Consequently he goes into business or a profession for himself.

We believe in a call to the ministry. And we believe God just as plainly and just as imperatively calls men to other services of the church and the cause of Christ. God calls men with peculiar financial skill and business taste and ability to go into business for the Lord. He calls doctors and lawyers to go into these professions and prosecute them for the Lord and his cause. He calls mechanics, and manufacturers, and inventors and laborers to prosecute their labors for him. We have made such a din about the call to the ministry that ten thousand men whom the Lord has called to serve him elsewhere have failed to hear the divine voice. Not a few of these have waited to be taken by some divine power wonderfully manifested and compelled to enter the ministry, and since this power did not take them they settled it that the Lord did not want them. Of course they are to be Christians, and be honest, and attend church and give something for benevolent causes, but to devote their entire lives to the service of Christ, to go where they can be the most useful, to do that in which they can be most useful, these are claims which they never feel, because forsooth they have not had a divine call.

The time is coming, or ought to come, when every Christian man will enter upon his pursuit in life and prosecute it under the same motives and principles which are supposed to govern the minister in choosing and following his profession.

We believe in a divine call to the ministry, a call just as sacred as it was ever represented to be, and more than this, we believe that God's Providence and God's Spirit not only takes care for the ministry and missionary, but for all other pursuits whereby the cause of Christ may be supported and advanced. God calls the business man not out of his business, but to do business for him, even as the minister preaches for the Lord. The others professions and pursuits are to be made "sacred" by entering them at the bidding and in the service of God. It is time for the church to stop listening simply to a call to enter the ministry, to stop asking, "Lord wilt thou have me for a minister?" and ask the broader question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" There will be a call to something when this is the spirit. God wants us, and calls us all somewhere.

Worldly Conformity.

Young converts, taking their impressions, as they usually do, direct from the Word of God, are apt to have clear and strong views of the Christian character and of Christian duty. And this is said to be peculiarly the case with converts from among the heathen. A converted Chinese, visiting this country, was deeply impressed with the lukewarm lives of many who were introduced to him as Christians, and with the fact that so many in the church were living very much as the world lives. Adverting to the matter, on one occasion, he said, making at the same time an earnest sweep of the arm: "When the disciples in my country come out from the world, they come clear out!"

In all our churches, we need more of this spirit, more on the part of Christians, of this coming out, *entirely* out, from the world, and being separate from it, so that all shall take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus, and shall see that, like Enoch, they are walking with God, and so letting their light shine that all may see they are consistent, exemplary, spiritual Christians, living above the world while they are in it, and so honoring their divine Lord and Master. Some few in our churches do this. But it is a sad fact that many so live that they are scarcely known as church-members but by their going to the communion table; and the power of the church is weakened, and the Saviour dishonored by their worldliness and want of consecration in his service.

But there are not two standards either of truth or duty for the professed

followers of Jesus; one for missionaries and ministers and a few spiritual Christians, and another for the great body of professors. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." And to all, the command is to "come out from the world and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing," if they would have God receive them, and they be "the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." "Be not conformed to this world," in its principles, or maxims, or customs, or its spirit, but "be transformed by the renewing of your mind." This is the only safe rule for all who would call themselves the followers of the Saviour. —National Baptist.

"Behold, God is my Salvation."

This is a fact so glorious, so stupendous, that we may well be called upon to behold and admire it. God was angry with us and justly. He threatened us, and righteously. We deserved nothing at His hands but punishment, and on the principle of the law we could expect nothing but wrath. But, behold, God is our salvation! This flows purely from His love. It is the effect of His free, sovereign, and distinguishing grace. To save us, He sent His Son to make an atonement. To save us, He sent His Holy Spirit into our hearts. To save us, He was determined, and in saving us he rejoices. Our salvation is a gift conferred, a work wrought, a change effected. No one could accomplish our salvation but God, and He has done it. Our God is our Saviour. "He will save, He will rest in His love." Do we know God in this glorious character? Have we felt our need of an Almighty Saviour? Have we thrown ourselves into the open arms of Jesus? Has He spoken peace to our hearts by His blood? Has He shed abroad His love within us? Let nothing satisfy us, but the inward witness of His Holy Spirit, that God is our salvation. —Rev. James Smith.

"Giants in those days."

BY JOHN PEDDIE, D. D.

We often hear the statement that great men have perished! The honored names of history are heroes of by-gone ages? And it is true that those "who dwell apart and shine as distant stars," grow less in number with every dying year. But may not this change have come about by that *levelling up* process of Christianity so powerful and prevalent in our time? They tell us "there were giants in those days!" What of that? It is easy to be a giant in all that makes one great when the people around him are pigmies. A man of small stature will look large amongst dwarfs. The hollows of human life used to set off its heights. There are loud lamentations on the part of some over the comparative decay of eloquence and statesmanship in our country. No orators, they claim, so noted in our day as the fathers and founders of our Republic were in theirs! Yet in this fact, if we look deep enough, we will find the grandest feature of our nation's growth and progress. It is our crowning glory that striking superiority can scarcely be reached in a land that for years has been turning almost every farmer and mechanic into a statesman, and every school boy into an orator. We can well afford to lose the mountain peaks of mental greatness, when a universal intelligence causes them to vanish by "elevating the valleys." If we have no towering hills of rank and station, blood and birth, we have nothing lower than the ever rising plane of a broader brotherhood and better manhood, and from our humblest trades and callings men arise to meet the demands of all great emergencies, to guide with strong and steady hand our ship of State and form and set all laws of social life and order.

This thought will explain the disappearance of the *distinguished good*. Our century is not adding names to the calendar of special saints. It is burdened with the better work of making

grace and goodness a world-wide possession. We boast no more our Augustines or Bernards. But piety as pure and hearts as consecrated as theirs have not perished from the earth. They have ceased to be so marked because they have become so general. The religion of these men was radiant and resplendent contrasted with the corruption and darkness of the church of their times. Like white lilies they lay on the bosom of a slimy swamp. To make individual lives as marked now, God must allow their filthy surroundings to continue. But Christ says— "No! Let the marshes be dried up—though the lilies go with them." And, lo! to-day, where loveliness once looked fair as blossomed on the breast of loathsomeness, we find a bed all covered with common though none the less beautiful flowers. —Good Work.

The Women of India

It must not be supposed that the women of India are generally unhappy; that they regard themselves as slaves; that they long for independence; that they protest against seclusion; that they hanker after knowledge. They are too feeble-minded and apathetic to be conscious of degradation, too wedded to ancient customs to repine under absence of freedom or want of education. They esteem it an honor to wait on their husbands. The necessity for privacy, and the undesirability of a woman's learning letters, are ideas so intermingled with their earliest feelings—so interwoven with the whole texture of their moral being—that they have become cherished customs with the women themselves. They are more than customs; they are sacred religious obligations. So far from submitting to these restrictions from compulsion, no respectable woman would, as a rule, show herself in public, or allow herself to be taught reading and writing, or any feminine accomplishment, even if permission were accorded to her. She has no conception of any benefit to be derived from a knowledge of letters, except for the promotion of female intrigue; and she would prefer to be accused of murder than of learning to dance, sing or play on any musical instrument. She loves ornaments, but she regards ignorance as her truest decoration. She considers herself disgraced by sterility of body, but glories in sterility of mind. Education, music and dancing are supposed to go together, and are to her badges of a life of infamy. When a sister is observed imitating a brother's first childish attempts at penmanship, she is peremptorily ordered to desist, and that, too, by the women of the household. —Prof. M. Williams.

Sabbath One Hundred Years Ago.

No railroads, no carriages, no wagons, but everybody riding horseback—men, women and children—the father in the saddle, the mother on a pillion behind him, with the baby in her arms, and a small boy behind the mother on the horse's rump, holding on by the crupper; that was the way our grandfathers and grandmothers went to meeting on Sabbath one hundred years ago. There were no roads, only paths through the woods. The farmer had carts and sleds, but it is not easy riding in a cart bumping over stones, pitching into holes; so they rode horseback—dismounting at the horse-block in front of the meeting-house.

Many of the people were too poor to own a horse and were compelled to walk to meeting. They put on their best clothes, carried their shoes and stockings in their hands till near the meeting-house, when they wiped the dust from their bare feet, and put on their stockings and shoes, that they might appear decent and respectable in the house of the Lord.

Many of the meeting-houses in the country towns were large, square, barn-like buildings, with galleries on three sides, and a high pulpit with a sound-

ing board—a sort of canopy made of wood, hanging over the pulpit, to send the minister's voice out to the congregation. The pews were square, and the seats were hung on hinges. When the minister offered prayer the people turned up the seats and stood; when he said Amen they let them down with a bang, like the rattling of guns in battle. The meeting-houses were very cold in winter, for there were no stoves. The people thumped their feet, curled their hands in their mittens, turned their coat collars and mufflers above their ears, and shivered through the long prayers and longer sermons, from first to last, up to seventeenth, inference, practical observations and lastly.

There was no Sabbath-school at noon. In winter the people went into the neighboring houses, the women filling their foot-stoves with coals, then eating their luncheons of gingerbread, doughnuts and cheese, the men smoking their pipes in the kitchen and warming themselves before the great fires blazing in the wide-mouthed chimneys.

In summer they gathered beneath the old trees at noon, and talked of what was going on in the world. The boys roamed the orchards, hunting bird's nests and tasting the ripening apples. They knew all the best trees. The girls went into the neighboring gardens and looked at the bachelor buttons, holly-hocks and sweet-williams, and gathered sprigs of caraway to eat during the afternoon sermon.

They understood very little of the sermon, but the singing was glorious. All the good singers of the congregation sat in the singers' seats—soprano, counter, bass and tenor. The counter ran very high and there were few who could sing it. The leader sounded the key on a pitch pipe—each part joined in *fa, sol, fa*, the leader beat time—not down, left, right, up, but dropping his hand and then his wrist, then raising wrist and hand, singing fuguing tunes, in which one part chased another like children at play, but all coming out together at the end.

When the meeting was over the people hurried home to kindle their fires, raking open the bed of coals on the hearth, sometimes to discover that the fire was out; if so, they rekindled it by striking a flint against a piece of steel throwing a spark upon tinder, or by taking down the old flint-lock gun and flashing powder in the pan. One boy whom I knew was greatly astonished when the gun went off with a bang! He did not know that it was loaded.

It was a long time to supper time and boys and girls were hungry as bears before the mother could get it ready. After supper was ready all hands sat around the old fire-place and recited the catechism, beginning with "What is the chief end of man?" father, mother and all taking part.

If it was long to supper time, it was still longer till bed-time. There were no Sabbath school libraries, no papers filled with pictures, no newspapers, nothing to read except the Bible, catechism, and the primer with its pictures, and the rhymes accompanying them:

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

Xerxes the great did die
And so must you and I.

Everybody was glad when it was time to go to bed; for, take all in all, Sabbath was a tiresome day for boys and girls.

Although tiresome, the boys and girls who refrained from playing because it was the Lord's day; who learned the catechism because they had to, although they could see no sense in it; are they who have done great things for the world—building churches, schools, colleges, carrying the Gospel and a Christian civilization to heathen lands. Through the instruction obtained in these old meeting-houses, and around the blazing fires in their humble homes, those boys and girls one hundred years ago have given a mighty uplift to the world, and men and women everywhere are happier and better for what they have done for the human race. —Congregationalist.