

# The Christian Messenger.

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## Poetry.

### The Blessed Exchange.

My heart I brought unto the Lord,  
Broken and full of sin;  
He healed me by His touch of love,  
Washed me, and made me clean.  
He gave me gladness for my pain,  
For darkness gave me light;  
I came with sighs and sorrows filled,  
I left him with delight.

I brought him sickness and disease,  
He quickly gave me health;  
I came with poverty and rage,  
I went away with wealth.  
I was a beggar at his door,  
Deserving not His aid;  
But when He saw my lost estate,  
A rich man I was made.

I came a rebel to my King,  
Worthy of death and doom;  
I feared a prison was my lot,  
Instead—He gave a home.  
I thought to hear His angry voice,  
To see His righteous frown;  
But loving kindness smiled on me,  
And blessed me with a crown.

I came with trembling to His feet,  
Dreading the griefs of hell;  
But heaven rose before my view  
In light ineffable.  
I heard the angels sing for joy  
Over a lost lamb found,  
And then I knew that love Divine  
Has neither depth nor bound.

Such goodness drew and won my soul,  
It made me wholly His,  
I would not for such wondrous grace  
Dare bring Him less than this.  
My time, my strength, my purest thought,  
I lay upon His throne,  
And know, from kindness in the past,  
He will my service own.

WALTER J. MATHAMS.

### A Call.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.  
Have you ever been in our mission school,  
When the worn old benches were crowded full?

Have you looked on the childish faces there,  
That are crossed already by lines of care?

In front of the door, the narrow street  
Is trodden hard by the children's feet;  
And every nook of the dim old room,  
Is bright with their faces, and still they come.

Far in the depths of their wistful eyes,  
A questioning thought like a shadow lies,  
A shadow of hunger, and cold and pain,  
And childish hopes that were hoped in vain.

O, white is the field, and the laborers few,  
But it calls for a love that is warm and true;  
Shall we win these lambs to the Saviour's fold,  
By a careless lesson or precept cold?

To-day a beseeching cry goes forth,  
From end to end of the wailing earth,  
A cry from the children, tender and sweet,  
The homeless children that throng the street.

Shall we dare to-day to have heard in vain,  
That passionate cry of wrong and pain?  
Shall we dare hereafter in shame to say,  
We knew the need—and we turned away?

## Religious.

### Something we know.

"It is fearfully warm to-day," asserted Alice Quigley, with a strong emphasis upon the "fearfully," one morning, as she threw herself lazily upon the lounge in her sister's pleasant sitting-room in the country. "Tell us something we know," laughingly retorted Anna.

It would be a queer world if every body would set a seal upon their lips, and never say anything that was already known. Silence would reign upon the face of the earth for the space of many days. The power of speech would doubtless be lost if the organs of speech are to be used only to convey the knowledge and information that we have evolved from our own consciousness. It might be no very great misfortune in many cases, but the free use of the tongue is the safety valve that protects from many ill-known and unknown. We need to be told a great many things that we know. It is possible to know that Jesus is the only way to heaven and eternal life, and rush

heedlessly into that bottomless pit which the old translation and also the new of the Scriptures call hell. We need line upon line and precept upon precept, until we are compelled to come into the ark of safety.

It is possible to know that intellectual culture is not only desirable but attainable, while we stand unconcernedly with folded hands upon the threshold of the temple of learning. "You have taken your destiny in your own hands, and we will see what you will come to," I once heard a weak woman wail because her ward wanted to know something more than simply how to read, and perhaps how to do a little counting. Do we not all make our own lives? Are not our destinies placed in our own hands by a tender, loving Father?

We know that there is some special earth work for us during our earth life. We know that this life is short, and that we ought to be up and doing while it is day. We sadly need to be told that we must not sit around in the shade, and let all the opportunities for giving cups of cold water pass unheeded. We need to be stirred up by way of remembrance, that we may abound in good works. We need to be reminded that the world wants more

"Little words of kindness,  
Little deeds of love,"  
and that it is our bounden duty to add to the common stock.

Ah! there is much we know that we need to be told. Sad indeed will it be, if when the great day of final reckoning comes—and it does come sooner or later to all—sad, if when it comes we are condemned because of something we know.—*Pres. Banner.*

### The Wooden Judge.

BY MISS A. M. FIELDS.

The Chinese sometimes make an idol the umpire in a dispute. When there is neither testimony nor evidence whereby an ordinary magistrate can decide the case, the suspected person may go before a god; and there invoke a curse upon himself, if he be guilty. If no evil follows, he is held to be innocent. Of course it often happens that in the court of these wooden Judges the hardihood of the guilty enables him to evade punishment, and the misfortune of the innocent subjects him to condemnation. Sometimes the god appears to inflict chastisement, and afterward the injustice of the judgement is discovered, whereupon the god becomes very unpopular, until some other accident shall re-establish it in the confidence of its worshippers.

Some twelve years ago, a man took passage in a boat running between Swatow and Kit Le, cities forty-two miles apart. It was in the time when clan feuds and piracy rendered travelling very unsafe; and the passenger handed his money, a parcel of fifty dollars, over to the owner and captain of the boat for secure keeping. The captain, as was his custom with valuables committed to his care by his passengers, put the money away in his own cabin, which was in the stern of the boat, and had no entrance besides a trap door, upon which the captain stood when steering his vessel. When the boat reached its destination, the passenger came to get his money, but it was not to be found. As the captain was responsible for the loss, it behooved him to discover the thief. As he had not been away from the door of his cabin during the whole journey, and as no one but his bowman had the right to enter, or had been seen to go into his cabin, he at once accused the bowman of the theft. The bowman declared himself innocent, and in the altercation that ensued, offered to go before a certain renowned idol and invoke a curse upon himself, if he were guilty. The captain acceded to this proposal, and agreed to acquit the bowman, if the god did so. So they went, with many interested spectators and with offerings, to the temple; and the bowman swore that he was guiltless, invoking the god with imprecations, and calling upon it to make him break his

leg as he passed out from the temple, if he lied. Surely it so happened. As he passed out from the temple, he stumbled over the stone door-sill and broke his leg. His guilt was supposed to be proven; and great fear of this idol fell upon the bystanders and those to whom they made their report.

But, on returning to his boat, the captain, rummaging in his cabin, found the parcel of fifty dollars in an obscure crevice, where he had put it when he left Swatow. He returned to his bowman, acknowledged the wrong done him, paid for a doctor and medicines till the leg was healed, and trusted the idol no more.

Yet he could not believe in Him of whom he "had not heard," and he could not "hear without a preacher."

### Baptists in Russia.

The following is a translation of part of a letter which appeared in a Russian newspaper, the *Novaya Vpameya*, written from Vladkavkaz:—"The numerous Russian Disenters are powerful and dangerous adversaries to the reigning religion, and they have found a rich soil for propagating their faith. The Baptists, who have quite recently transplanted themselves here, cause more agitation and disquietude to the Russian clergy than any of the rest. Strong by their sincere devotion to religious principles and leading an exemplary life, they are, indeed, a 'thorn in the side' of the Orthodox ecclesiastics. Having appeared at Vladkavkaz and being officially acknowledged as 'not pernicious,' they began to spread among the people tracts of an entirely moral character, costing only a copper each, and stamped with the diocesan seals. The clergy of this town were quickly aroused, and began to spy out heresy in these little books, bearing these titles: 'The Road to Salvation,' 'Lizzy, the Poor Singer,' 'What will it cost,' 'The Publican and the Pharisee,' &c. The most energetic of the priests went to the places of sale and took them away in large quantities; in fact, in armfuls. To their great regret, however, the police refused to confiscate books which had been allowed by the Censor. The spiritual fathers then tried to persuade them that the seals and signatures on the books were forged, but, of course, this innocent invention had no success. It was consequently necessary to propose other means for wresting from this pernicious propaganda of the Baptists, and the Orthodox clergy determined to have recourse to the customary 'disputes,' and at the first experiment they received a complete overthrow. The speakers on the Baptists' side adroitly placed the question on ground upon which they were perfectly secure. 'Compare,' said they, 'your morality with ours.' Discussions placed upon such a ground were not convenient for the Orthodox Church, and the local clergy, perfectly understanding this, determined to find an 'outsider.' Such as one—viz., 'a missionary'—was found, and reports of the coming dispute with a preacher of God's Word were soon spread abroad on the other side of the River Teberik.

One fine day, on the other side of the river, where the Baptists lived, a large crowd, composed both of the Orthodox and of Disenters, was gathered together. The local Archpriest kept himself in the background, and awaited the result of the impending debate. Quite unexpectedly, however, the chief of the police appeared on the scene, having been informed of the unusual concourse of people. As far as one could notice, the representative of the police, generally speaking, had nothing to say against meetings of this kind, but he required to have previous notice about them, in order to be able to take measures in case of disturbances. The meeting, however, was dispersed. But in a week's time another of a similar character was held in the cathedral square. It was a larger meeting than the former one, and the Archpriest again stood in the corner, as if washing his hands of what took place, and, some

distance away, on a little mound, one could see the figure of the 'missionary' speaking to the people. It was very difficult to force one's way up to him, and likewise to catch the sense of his discourse. The dress of the preacher consisted of a garb something between a priest's dress and that of a peasant. He wore a soft hat, like the priest's. His sermon was not very long, and again the chief of the police made his appearance and requested to see not only the 'missionary,' but also his passport. This document clearly proved that the 'missionary' was simply a 'novitiate,' and had been expelled from two monasteries for immoral conduct. The same day he was sent away from Vladkavkaz."

### Immersion in the Church of England.

The following is from the *Oswestry Advertiser*:—"Baptism by Immersion in the Church of England.—On Sunday last a ceremony which caused much interest to the parishioners took place in the parish of Gwyddelwern, near Corwen. Amongst the candidates for confirmation at Corwen on the 14th of September were two young persons who had never been baptized, and their parents being Baptists were most anxious, as were also the young persons themselves, that the rite should be administered by immersion. The vicar, the Rev. T. W. Vaughan, wrote to the Bishop of St. Asaph on the subject, and his Lordship replied, 'If you are satisfied with the candidates for Holy Baptism there can be no objection to your administering the rite by immersion if you can make suitable arrangements.' About two o'clock in the afternoon crowds of people were to be seen wending their way to the place prepared for the ceremony, which was in a brook near the church. Soon afterwards the vicar, accompanied by the candidates, together with their sponsors and friends, arrived, and immediately the beautiful service appointed in the Prayer Book for the 'baptism of such as are of riper years' was proceeded with in Welsh."

### James Garfield

began with being successful at the age of four years, when he gained his first prize. It was a copy of the New Testament given to the best reader in the primary class.

A story is told that when a lad he was present at a lecture given by Professor S. Brainerd, who was at the time a teacher of "object lessons" in the public schools of Cleveland. The subject of the lecture was the advantages of education and industry under the free institutions of the United States. By way of illustration he picked out young Garfield and remarked, "This boy, if he will only devote himself to study and take advantage of his opportunities, may yet be President of the United States."

When a student at Hiram he was so poor that he had to lie in bed while his one suit of clothes was darned. When he betrayed his vexation, "You should not care about such small matters as that," said the landlady, who gave him board and lodging in exchange for the tuition of her children, "you will forget all about that when you come to be President." If true, we do not see that this reveals any prophetic foresight; every lad of genius occasionally obtains the approbation that some day he will be President.

After he left college he continued to be a severe student. After the war, on one occasion he was visited by a friend in Washington who found him with a truck-load of books. On asking what he was about, Mr. Garfield explained, that by way of recreation he was reading up all he could find on the subject of "Horace" in the Congressional Library.

Mr. Garfield had a fine personal appearance: "Blessed with a robust constitution, inherited from his hardy ancestors, and strengthened by the out-

door life of his youth, he had rarely a day's illness until he was struck down by his murderous assailant. His appearance was striking. Fair complexioned, with a fine head and pleasing countenance, set off by a figure rather taller than ordinary, the late President was a man calculated to attract attention." He was more than six feet in height, with broad shoulders, a massive head, and a robust muscular frame.

### Behold the Lamb of God.

Now you shall see the full weight of sin pressing upon "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Every morning and every evening there had been a lamb sacrificed in the tabernacle as the type and emblem of this Lamb of God who was yet to come. A pretty little innocent lamb that a child might fondle was brought up to the priest, and its warm blood was made to flow in pain, and it was offered as a sacrifice upon the altar. But now He comes,—the last of all lambs, the first, too, the real lamb, the Lamb of God, of which the others were but types. Him they took, silent, passive, submissive, and nailed him to the cross. There He hung in the glare of the sun till the torture of tender nerves in his hands and feet produced such fever in his flesh that he said, "My strength is dried up like a posherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death." Such was the dissolution of his entire frame, it seemed as if he had no longer a solid body; it was melted with bitter pain. There he hung, men jeering him, till at last the sun could bear the sight no longer, and veiled his face; the earth could no more endure to be the stage for such a tragedy, and began to rock and reel; the very dead were stirred, though they could not slumber in their graves while such a deed was done, so tombs were opened and many arose. Oh, it was a wondrous spectacle. Those that saw it smote upon their breasts, and went upon their way. It was the Son of God bearing, that we might never bear, His Father's righteous ire." Say, then, beloved, have you ever seen this sight? Have you so seen it as to sing with our poet,—

"My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And knows her guilt was there?"  
Do you trust Him? Are you believing Him? His cry from the cross is, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Have you so looked? If so, then you have had the preliminary sight; and I pray God so to strengthen the eyes of your understanding, that you may gaze more intently on this vision of the Apocalypse,—"The throne of God, and of the Lamb."—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

### Clerical Oratory.

Why do not our preachers study oratory? As preachers, not pastors, their business is to work a certain effect, and all helps to its production should be a part of their education. I presume I shall not be misunderstood to mean the effect of displaying self, and winning admiration for personal gifts. What the true preacher seeks to do is to inform the intellect with Christian truth; to stir the heart, and thereby influence the will of his hearers. Half the sermons annually preached are, so far as human insight goes, a waste of labor and breath. Two things partly account for this: one is that a majority of the men set to preach are out of their real vocation—good pastors they may be, but fit preachers they are not; another is that those with more aptitude for preaching do not yet understand the means to be employed to attain their object.

Sometimes the preacher has some misconception of the needs of human nature, and knows that the truest truths fail to move when put before men in a dull dry way; perhaps he does his best to acquire a good style, and succeeds