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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

"Nobody knows but Jesus."

Nobody knows but Jesus!
'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters,
Die into starry calm.

Nobody knows but Jesus!
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know?

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of this quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy,
That dear ones could not bear,
To know the bitter burden,
They could not come and share;

Whether it seems so tiny,
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble
And seem so real to me;

Either, or both, I lay then
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them, alone with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
To the dearest, truest Friend;
Sweet, for he comes the nearer,
As 'neath the cross I bend;

Sweet, for they are the channels
Through which his teachings flow;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
His heart of love I know.

Nobody knows but Jesus!
It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
It will chime along the way.

Nobody knows but Jesus!
My Lord, I bless thee now
For the sacred gifts of sorrow
That no one knows but thou,
Francis R. Havergal.

Religious.

Persecution in Norway.

We copy the following from the *Missionary Herald*, (April), the monthly publication of the English Baptist Missionary Society. The editor says it had just been received from the Rev. S. J. Sjødhal, of Trondhjem, Norway, and cannot fail to excite the sympathy and prayer of our friends:—

"It is known to you, perhaps, that the laws of Norway are such as to provide a persecuting clergy with means to cast into prison Baptist ministers who admit persons under nineteen years of age into their churches. There are very few clergymen in Norway who would not gladly see all dissenting ministers in prison. Though it is a very clear violation of the simplest principles of justice that dissenters should not be allowed to give membership into their church to persons of eighteen years old, while the Established Church has a right to admit even babes, yet what will you say of a clergyman who commits a poor Dissenter for breaking this law! Very recently a Lutheran clergyman, residing some miles from Trondhjem, has given such an example of zeal in the very same spirit as Saul of old, and I cannot but think it worth while to place this case on record.

"Allow me to give an extract of a letter recently received from our dear brother, Frederick Nilsen, of Vaerdalen. He is a very earnest labourer in our Lord's vineyard, and was educated at the Bethel College at Stockholm. He writes:—

"Last year, in the beginning of October, a young man came to me after the service, and wanted to be baptized

in the name of the Lord. I consequently asked him many questions relating to his conversion, and, after he had answered them all in a very satisfactory way as far as I could judge, he was introduced to the baptized Christians at Vaerdalen, on which occasion he declared his desire to follow Christ Jesus, and to have communion with the Baptist church at that said place. The same day I had the joy of baptizing him in the name of the blessed Lord.

"As this friend is more than nineteen years old, and every other thing was in order, I could not think that this act was anything to persecute me for. However, the 18th of February this year I was called upon to answer my dead before the judge.

"In the accusation read before me it was especially stated that it was at the request of a Lutheran clergyman that I was brought up to the bar. I showed my accusers that I was a regularly appointed minister of my own denomination. I reminded them of what is daily done round all the country and what has been done these twenty-years, without prohibition. All seemed in vain, and I shall soon have to pay a considerable fine for that innocent act done in obedience to the Word of God, or, being unable to pay the fine, I shall have to go to prison for some time, and I believe I will rather choose the latter than the former, for many reasons."

"It is not easy to say what that Lutheran clergyman means by persecuting our dear brother for an act which is in full harmony with both law and custom in Norway. It remains to be seen whether the highest judges of the country will confirm a judgment so unreasonable. If so, I fear there will be a dark period for the Norwegian churches, somewhat similar to that which the Swedish churches endured about half-a-century ago. We have much need to be remembered by all Christians before the throne of grace. Do, dear Mr. Baynes, include our work here in your prayers."

PERSECUTION for following Christ is very much the same, whether it be by Protestants, Catholics, or Pagans. We may here give a case, to follow the above, from a letter lately received by the *Christian Helper*, from Rev. A. V. Timpany, dated Cocanada, Feb. 11th, 1881, which shews what some of the converts in heathen lands are called to endure on their professing Christ:—

"Last Sabbath ought to be a red-letter day with us. Josiah, the native minister, baptized, in our baptistery, close to the chapel, a caste man and a caste woman. For the caste man we can make no claim, but that the Lord sent him to us to be baptized. He is a matriculant of Madras University, and has long loved the Saviour. He learned of Christianity in the Free Church College in Madras, and found Jesus one day ten years ago, while sitting and reading some Christian hymns under a tree in his father's garden. Twice before this he has tried to carry out his purpose to become a Christian. The first time he attempted to do so he was violently restrained by his people, and after a time they got him married, hoping to entangle him so that he could not break caste, and become an open Christian. The plan succeeded for years, but more than six months ago he tried again, and was nearly killed by his heathen relatives and their friends. He was knocked down in the street and carried like dead to his father's yard. There he was put down and confronted by his father, who brought a large Bible and told him that he must swear on it never to again attempt to become a Christian. To which he replied, 'You may kill me, but what you ask I will not swear, nor yet promise.' The father then smote him on the mouth with the book, and broke off one of his front teeth. They tried to get him to eat food, but this he would not do for fear that it was poisoned. He did not eat until he had food from some friends he could trust. They

kept him shut up for three weeks, and guarded him. Thinking him cured they relaxed their watchfulness, and he came away by steamer from Madras, and was baptized here. He told me, 'I would not get my father punished, and if I tried again in Madras to get baptized, it would have been prevented.' Christ said, 'If they persecute you in one city flee ye to another,' and this I have done, for baptized I would be."

He does not know whether his wife will come to him or not. It has been a literal fulfilment in his case of the command of the Saviour to leave all.

Hid.

Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Beckoning me to come and take a seat close beside her, Mrs. Everly went on to tell me what a good day she had been having, though so one knew that any of her days were ever anything else but good days. But she had been thinking, since family prayers in the morning, when the parable of leaven hid in the meal was read, of the words, "Hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."

"Why," she exclaimed in joyous earnestness, "if I was a preacher I would only want one word for my text, 'Hid.'"

Now it happened that Dr. Golden was sitting just on the other side of where I had been, listening, and had heard every word, but as I looked up and caught his eye he only smiled, but the text was lodged in his heart, and the morning as he went to his study and looked over that part of his sermon which he had written the day before, he saw much of self in it, much of a desire to please men, even those whom he knew were not following God closely. His place was a prominent one. His church was large, but now that the Week of Prayer was past, all seemed too busy, with offices and merchandise, to think of unsaved souls. The pastor himself had almost concluded that he would now finish that lecture, the writing of which was interfered with by the revival of last winter. But now he saw that this would be to make himself more prominent, and not to leaven the mass of worldliness about him. There must be power somewhere to effect this but he knew it was not human might or power that would avail. Then came the cry from his soul, "Hide me, O my Saviour, hide." And when the Sabbath came, and he stood before his people, they forgot to note his appearance. The story he told seemed a new one, Christ crucified seemed to stand before them, crying to those who found only weariness in the world, "Come unto me and I will give you rest;" saying to the doubting, "Look, handle me, and be not faithless, but believing." And one who had found the way of the transgressor had heard him saying, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven."

Mrs. Everly rejoiced over the token of answered prayer, and the most joyous note of her song still was, "Hid, hid." True, no one thought of counting her in when the select ones were sought who composed the "best society" in Solon. She was only a little mother who went on quietly from day to day discharging household duties. But she always found time for the prayer-meeting and she never seemed to know whether it stormed or not. The sun that governed her life was in her soul, not in the sky above her. She was hid in Jesus, who is the light of the world, and his light shining through her reached many a lost one. Her cheerful face, her daily walk, went further to convince them of the reality of religion than many a logical argument and so the leaven of righteousness worked in the meal of worldliness with which she came in contact.

Her husband was not cast in the same mould. His Bible was not discovered. Some of its leaves were much worn in his attempts to find out who Noah's carpenters were, and whether, after all, they had not fitted up a spare room for themselves in the

ark. To be sure, his proof seemed to rest in a large measure upon the Greek meaning of some unpronounceable names in the Pentateuch, but his series of articles were almost ready, which he intended should be published in the great *Inter Weekly*, and then how people would be astonished that such a light had been so long hidden!

He would join in when the rest sang, "Let me hide myself in Thee," but his thought would rest in the passage about the women's keeping silence in the churches, and all the while the meek woman at his side was speaking volumes to those about her, just by letting Jesus shine through her, not that she had no words for her Master, but she listened to hear His voice before she spoke.

Others might sing,

O, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet.

with a countenance that seemed full of fear and pain, this crushing would hurt so! But Mrs. Everly could not find a song more full of comfort. "Only to lie at His feet"—"only"—why, right there flows the life-giving fountain, and He will wash me, and then use me. His chosen vessel, O, what joy!—*Christian at Work.*

BAPTISM: WHAT IS IT?

The *London Freeman* in discussing Baptism, to which we referred last week, says:

Men want baptism without being baptized, discipleship without self-denial; but they must want. The combination they seek is a contradiction in terms or in fact.

"There's not much in a name," it is said. Yet "modes of baptism" has done much mischief. There are no modes. Baptism as an act, is immersion into the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Whether we may put in its place sprinkling, or pouring, or any other application of water is a question that may be raised. But these are not modes of baptism at all. Modes of professing faith, of consecration to God, of uniting with a church, they may be; but they are not baptism. Something will be gained if we drop the word modes, and then recognize the fact that baptism is baptism, and nothing else is.

When the Archimandrite of the Greek Church visited London some years ago, the question of the closer union of that Church and the Anglican Church was discussed. "Two things," said he, "are essential if there is to be closer union between us. Your doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son must be given up; and then all the members of the Anglican Church must be baptized." He held, in short, with all the Eastern Churches, that sprinkling is not baptism. Up to the time of the Commonwealth the canons of the English Church teach the same thing. They forbid sprinkling as an unauthorized abridgement of the ordinance. For hundreds of years, immersion was the custom even of the Roman Catholic Church, though since the fourteenth century convenience has substituted sprinkling for baptism in most districts of Western Europe.

Baptism, symbolizes the washing away of sin, not one stain in one part of our nature, but the pollution of the whole. It unites us with Christ in what is the likeness of His death, and it unites us with Him in newness of life and in the likeness of His resurrection. Risen with Christ, we are exhorted to seek the things that are above. Several times in the New Testament we are exhorted to be holy on the ground of what we are; and several times on the ground of what our baptism implies. Change the ordinance, and all these passages are stripped of their meaning. Every time we read them our children will mark how empty they have become, and what liberties we have taken with a plain command. We never know what mischief we introduce when we change the ordinances of the Gospel.

Francis Ridley Havergal.

On the third day of June, 1879, Francis Ridley Havergal, one of the purest, sweetest spirits which ever dwelt in a house of clay, passed from this world to her everlasting home in heaven. It would seem to be preposterous to say that she died; for such as she "never see death." She was the daughter of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, the author of very much of our sweetest Church music. She inherited from her father a very superior musical talent, and was not only a very fine singer, but, also, a musical composer. She wrote a number of very very beautiful hymns, such as, "I gave my life for thee," and many others in "The Ministry of song," and "Songs of Peace and Joy," and she composed the music as well as the hymns. She was a frail and delicate child, often hindered in her efforts to obtain an education by severe and protracted illness; and yet she acquired knowledge with remarkable facility. This was especially true of the languages. She was an excellent French, German, and Italian scholar, and read her Hebrew Bible and her Greek Testament with great ease and profit. She was a most thorough Bible student and seemed to have much more than an ordinary insight into the deep meaning of the divine word. In her later years she frequently gave Bible readings, which, from the brief outlines furnished in her biography, must have been models of simplicity; careful research, and clear conceptions of the truth.

In the year 1873, she received a little book from a friend, entitled "All for Jesus." It presented before her mind a richness and fulness of Christian experience to which she had been hitherto a stranger. She knew how clearly she had been saved at first—how she had for many years loved the Lord, and delighted in His service; but she now saw that there was a fullness in Christ, and an earnest longing took possession of her heart to "know the length and breadth and depth and height of that love which passeth knowledge." She had been walking so long on the border line of this promised country that it was with little effort that she passed over into its rich and joyful experiences. A friend wrote to her "on the power of Jesus to keep those who abide in Him from falling, and of the continually present power of His blood to cleanse from all sin." Her faith at once grasped the truth, and, believing, she entered into rest. She wrote at once "I see it all, and I have the blessing." This was on Advent Sunday, Dec. 2, 1873. Speaking of this a short time afterward to her sister, she said: "I saw it (the blessedness of true consecration) as a flash of electric light, and what you see you can never unsee." There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other. You know how singularly I have been withheld from attending all conventions and conferences; man's teaching has, consequently, had but little to do with it. First, I was shown that 'the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and then it was made plain to me that He who had thus cleansed me had power to keep me clean; so I just utterly yielded myself to Him, and utterly trusted Him to keep me."

This experience tallies well with that of Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Mortimer, Lady Fitzgerald, and many other elect women of Methodism. She, however, clearly recognized, as they did, that purity is not maturity; that sanctification, even entire sanctification, is a progressive work; that there may "be a renewal of the surrender, and a fuller surrender, even long after a surrender has once or many times before, been made." This blessing, she testified joyfully, had "lifted her whole life into sunshine, of which all she had previously experienced was but a pale and passing April gleam compared with the fullness of summer glory." In this clear light she walked to the close