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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

The Angel of Patience.

Beside the toilsome way,
Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers
unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly day by
day,
Longing in vain for rest,

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast
meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and
flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,
A look of firm endurance, true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her
face—
So pure, so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse
fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Whispering softly, "Wait!"

"Patience!" she sweetly saith—
"The Father's mercies never come too
late;
Gird thee with patient strength and
trusting faith,
And firm endurance—wait!"

Angel, behold, I wait!
Wearing the thorny crown through all
life's hours,
Wait till the hand shall open the eternal
gate,
And change the thorns to flowers.
—Presbyterian.

Religious.

"I Press On."

When I read about the martyrs I
feel ashamed. How very few men and
women are in dead earnest like Paul.
I love to look at Paul, and never do it
without thinking, that perhaps it would
take about a thousand Christians now-
adays to make one like Paul. Did Paul
compromise when he received those
forty stripes save one? The Jews have
beaten you five times now, Paul. What
are you going to do? Do? Do you think
these light afflictions, which are but for
a moment, move me? I am pressing
forward to the prize; these stripes do
not hinder. Then they stoned him with
those cruel stones until they thought he
was dead. Don't you think, Paul, that
you'd better go down into Arabia awhile,
until this opposition has blown over? No;
I must press forward. Yes, but it is costing
you so much—that cruel scourging. Don't
you think you'd better be careful? You
know it makes the Jews mad to tell them
about Jesus, the one they crucified. What
are you going to do? Do? I press forward.

Satan got his match when he got
Paul. In Philippi he and Silas were cast
into prison. He thought he had a call
to go down there. In a strange land,
and in a prison! They sang praises, and
the prison-doors flew open. I am afraid
Mr. Sankey would not sing praises as he
does now, in Paul's dungeon. He is among
false brethren. We hear no complaining
about stripes, and no looking back. He did
not have ministers sitting on the platform
behind him to back him up. There was no
despondency, no gloom. He takes his pen
and writes, "Light affliction—it is but for
a moment." He takes his pen again and
writes that last epistle. I love to read it:
"I have fought a good fight: I have finished
my course. Henceforth there is laid up
for me a crown of righteousness." Talk
about Cæsar, Napoleon; that little tent-
maker was greater than them all and had
a crown they never had. He is on his way
to execution—no, on his way to glory; and
I hear him say, "Today I shall see the King
in his beauty." Nero may have the head;
but you can see Paul in the chariot of God,
sweeping through the gates into that light
which no man hath seen. His blessed work
is not finished yet. It lives in

this book, and will live until, like Paul
we gaze upon Him who is the light thereof.
—D. L. Moody.

What I have Seen.

I have seen a young man sell a good
farm, turn merchant, and die in an insane
asylum.

I have seen a farmer travel about so
much that there was nothing at home worth
looking at.

I have seen a man spend more money
in folly than would support his family in
comfort, and independence.

I have seen a young girl marry a
young man of dissolute habits, and repent
of it as long as she lived.

I have seen a man depart from
truth where candor and veracity would have
served him to a much better purpose.

I have seen a prudent and industri-
ous wife retrieve the fortunes of a family
when the husband pulled at the other end
of the rope.

I have seen a young man who des-
pised the counsels of the wise and advice
of the good, end his career in poverty and
wretchedness.

I have seen a woman, professing to
love Christ more than the world, clad in
a silk dress, costing \$75, making up and
trimmings of the same \$40, bonnet \$35,
velvet mantle \$150, diamond ring \$500,
watch, chain, pin and other trappings,
\$300, total \$1,100—all hung upon one
frail, dying woman. I have seen her at
a meeting in behalf of homeless wanderers,
wipe her eyes upon an expensive embro-
idered handkerchief at the story of their
sufferings and when the contribution-box
came around, take from a well-filled por-
tionnaire of costly workmanship, twenty-
five cents to aid the society formed to
promote their welfare. "Ah," thought I,
"dollars for ribbons, and pennies for
Christ."

I have seen a man who had long
been a communicant, rush to his business
after a hastily swallowed breakfast, without
a prayer in his family for God's blessing
through the day, spend hours in eager
pursuit of that which perishes with the
using, speaking not a word save of stocks,
of bonds and mortgages, and when business
hours were over, return to his home ex-
hausted and petulant, to turn away from a
sad story of want and suffering with, "I
am tired and cannot hear it!" I have seen
him sleep away his evening without a
pleasant word for wife or children, and
retire to rest with no more apparent
thought of God, his maker, than if his
meeting him at the last great day were
an idle tale. "Ah," thought I, "days
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"Cleft for Me."

One of the "Jubilee Singers," a
student of Fisk University, was on
board a steamer that took fire. He had
presence of mind to fix life preservers
on himself and wife; but in the agony
of despair, when all on board were
trying to save themselves, some one
dragged from his wife the life-preserver,
so that she found herself helpless amid
the waters. But she clung to her husband,
placing her hands firmly on his shoulders
as he swam on. After a little her strength
was exhausted. "I can hold on no longer,"
was her cry. "Try a little longer,"
was her husband's agonized entreaty; and
then he added, "Let us sing 'Rock of
Ages.'" Immediately they both began
faintly to sing, and their strains fell
upon the ears of many around them,
while they were thus seeking to comfort
each other. One after another of the
nearly exhausted swimmers was noticed
raising his head above the waves and
joining in the prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee," etc.

Strength seemed to come with the
song, and they were able to hold out a
little longer, still faintly singing. A
boat was seen approaching, and they
did get strength enough to keep them-

selves afloat till the crew lifted them on
board. And thus Toplady's hymn helped
to save more than one from death by
sea, as it has often helped to save souls
ready to perish.

But what does that line mean that
speaks of the Rock as "cleft," comparing
it to Christ's "riven" or "pierced side"?
It refers, 1. To the smiting of the rock at
Rephidim (Ex. 17: 6), when the waters
flowed forth like a river for the thirsty
people. 2. To Moses being placed in a
cleft of the rock (Ex. 33: 21, 22), per-
haps just above where the waters gushed
forth when the rock was "smitten." It
was there, standing in that cleft, that
Moses saw as much of glory as he could
bear, and heard God himself proclaim his
glorious perfections. Put these two to-
gether,—the rock cleft so that the waters
might flow forth, and Moses standing in
the cleft, and you have a type or picture
of a sinner hid in Christ, who was
smitten for us, and from whom flow all
the streams of blessing to our souls.
—Andrew A. Bonar, D. D.

"What must I do to be Saved?"

There is no more important question
that can be asked by a man, woman or
child than this. There are probably
few persons who have arrived at mature
years who have not at some time asked
the question with more or less of ear-
nestness and sincerity. One man, and he
a popular Lecturer in the United States
—Robert G. Ingersoll—has chosen to
adopt the words as the title of a Lec-
ture which has been published and read
probably quite extensively. Instead of
his having made it a text to open up
man's deep spiritual wants this man
made it a question for creating levity,
flippancy and sneers at the Christian
religion. This lecture has called forth
a reply by Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.,
of London, under the title of "Ingersoll
Answered," which has been re-
published in New York, by I. K. Funk
& Co.

It is a most profound reply, and ex-
poses with a master's hand the igno-
rance and folly of the lecturer; and we
can but wish that it were in very gen-
eral circulation. We quote two or
three passages which we doubt not will
be very acceptable to our readers:—

The (infidel) lecturer says: We
have a Christian system, and that system
is founded upon what they are pleased
to call the *New Testament*. Who wrote
the New Testament? I don't know. Who
does know? Nobody! This remark elicited
from the audience "laughter and applau-
se." The lecturer could only have made
the flippant and absurd remark in entire
ignorance of the facts of the case. The
New Testament does not shrink from the
severest tests that can be employed by
historical criticism. Everywhere its tone
is: "This thing was not done in a corner."
Nowhere does it ask for itself immunity
from criticism; nowhere does it say that
it must not be treated as other books are
treated. Do let us have decency enough
to be simply just in this matter. Every
important question connected with the
historical genuineness of the Scriptural
books has been answered, over and over
again, by competent scholars. He must
be a very wise man, or a very foolish one,
who undertakes to set himself against the
whole learning of the centuries, and to
dismiss, in one flippant sentence, the con-
clusions of every branch of the Christian
Church. Before accepting the opinion of
such a lecturer on such a subject, I should
have to ask, Who is he? What is his
learning? What place does he occupy
in the estimation of scholars? What
contributions has he made to the criti-
cism of his age? In the absence of
positive information upon those points,
I do not hesitate to say that flippancy
is not a proof of erudition, nor is sneer-
ing likely to be the evidence of profound

earnestness. It must always be remem-
bered that it is easier to pull down than
to build up, and easier to ask questions
than to give replies. Were I to say, "Who
built the pyramids? I defy you to produce
evidence that the alleged builders ever
lived, or ever saw the buildings." I would,
in that short denial, throw upon you a
burden of proof which it would cost you
great labor to bear. I know you could
bear it. Yet, in establishing the evidence,
you would have to go back into dim
antiquity, decipher ancient scrolls or
inscriptions, fill your pages with un-
familiar names, and carry out processes
of elucidation and argument which would
produce impatience in the doubter, and
easily provoke him to incredulous taunt-
ing or flippant retort. Yet as the pyramids
stand on lasting foundations, so what we,
"are pleased to call the *New Testament*"
stands to-day as firmly as ever in the
literature of civilization, more widely
known than any other book as to the
languages into which it has been trans-
lated, and enlisted in its advocacy men
of the most varied gifts and the most
undoubted intellectual and moral probity.

Having thus sneered at the *New
Testament*, I am not surprised to find
that the lecturer wishes to make out
that the four evangelists do not agree
with one another as to the way of sal-
vation. He thinks that Matthew is
practical, and John is metaphysical; that
Mark has been perverted by interpolation,
and that Luke is about as practical as
Matthew. When the evangelists give
practical precepts he agrees with them,
but when they speak of the new birth
and faith, he differs from them. He
takes what he pleases, and leaves what
he dislikes. When the lecturer agrees
with them, he regards the evangelists
as wise men; when he differs from them,
he either questions their wisdom, or
supposes that others have added what is
untrue or disagreeable. Now, my con-
tention is that the testimony of the
evangelists as to the way of salvation is
unanimous, and that the variety of ex-
pression which is found in their writ-
ings is a proof of their unanimity. Con-
sider the position in which the lecturer's
theory would place the compilers of the
four Gospels. According to that theory
the four Gospels are inconsistent with
each other; in fact, they flatly con-
tradict one another as to the vital
matter of salvation. Yet for many cen-
turies those self-contradictory Gospels
have been regarded as one and the same
testimony; they have been published
in the same book; the learned compilers
did not see what fools they were making
of themselves by bringing together
statements which are directly antagonistic.
From century to century they have
issued the four mutually contradictory
testimonies; and it was never seen so
clearly how they had committed them-
selves until one Sunday afternoon it
was pointed out, in the City of Chicago,
amid "laughter," "loud laughter," "re-
newed laughter," and "roars of laugh-
ter," that Matthew had been saying one
thing and John another! It is very curi-
ous that this inconsistency had never
struck Christian scholars, critics, histo-
rians, and expositors, and that it should
have been left to a man in the nineteenth
century to point out the folly and indecency
of allowing four men, Matthew, Mark,
Luke and John, to tell a story in four
different and irreconcilable ways. It is
true that startling things do happen in
the development of human progress,
and therefore it is, perhaps, possible
that Chicago may be the new Jerusalem,
and this eloquent lecturer the true
prophet of humanity. But first, let us
examine what he points out as con-
tradictions. Quoting the expression,
"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs
is the kingdom of heaven," he exclaims,
"Good!" So also, after the expressions
"Blessed are the merciful," "Blessed
are the pure in heart," and the like.
The lecturer likes the beatitudes. He
endorses them. But when John says,
"Ye must be born again," he flies off
and talks about contradiction,
interpolation, and the glosses of the
church. It strikes me, on the other

hand, that the sentiments belong to one
another—that they stand in the relation
of cause and effect, and that, apart
from the possibility of the new birth,
the reference to mercy and purity
would be but an exasperation of every
helpless heart. Why are not all men
poor in spirit? Why are not all men
merciful? Why are not all men pure
in heart? The very fact that some are,
and some are not, is the most sugges-
tive circumstance in moral history.
Suppose a case which the lecturer would
admit to be possible. Suppose that a
man of impure heart became pure: there
could be no doubt about the change.
It struck every one who had known the
man most intimately. His whole tone
was changed, and his whole nature lifted
up to a new level. *Something* must
have happened. That undefined *some-
thing* must have been of a most power-
ful nature. What was it? Christians
would not hesitate to say that the man
has been *born again*, and they would
point, for proof, not to a variable and
disputable sentiment, but to an evident
and gracious fact. No other explana-
tion would cover the *whole* case. Here
is not a mere change of opinion, or even
of mechanical habit. Here is a totally
new conception of life, a wholly new
relation to life, and an absolutely new
heart and purpose; and to call such a
change a *new birth* would seem to me
to be not the language of rhapsody, but
the simplest statement of a fact.

I do not limit faith to the accept-
ance of a few theological propositions.
To me, faith is not a clever trick in
religious metaphysics; nor is it some
faculty on which priestism plays its
tyrannous and selfish pranks. It is
not a transient mood in the conjugation
of life's throbbing verb which theologians
have created for their own uses.

What faith may be to others, I know
not. They may have stripped it and
wounded it and left it half-dead; or
they may have cruelly murdered it, and
buried the nobler portion under altars
that would crumble at the touch of
reason; or they may have cut away
the tokens of its strength, put out its
eyes, and sent it to turn the millstones
of sectarianism and bigotry. I know
not to what base uses it may have been
put, but, to me, faith is reason glorified;
faith is the sublimest action of the
soul; faith is the key that opens
the gate of all great kingdoms and en-
during empires; faith is inspiration;
faith is the very life of the soul; faith
is the hand that lays hold on God.
And its human side is as beautiful as its
divine aspect; it moves the heart to
grand philanthropies; its kind eyes are
evermore lighted with their truest ten-
derness when they look on sin and
misery, helplessness and despair. True
faith drives out selfishness; true faith
stirs to sacrificial action; true faith
sees in every man the image of God.
Faith without works is dead, being alone.
Works come after faith, as the cause
comes after the effect. Where there are
no works there is no faith, "for, as the
body without the spirit is dead, so faith
without works is dead also."

Belief is action in thought; life is
belief in action. Confusion upon this
vital point can alone account for the
blundering comments which the lecturer
makes upon a passage in the Gospel of
Mark: "Go ye into all the world, and
preach the Gospel to every creature."
"He that believeth and is baptized
shall be saved, and he that believeth
not shall be damned." Upon this
commandment the lecturer says:
"There is not one particle of sense in
it. Why? No man can control his
belief." Now, that which appears to
the lecturer so monstrous appears to
me to be the very basis and philosophy
of life. So differently do men view
the same thing! Everywhere throughout
the world, belief is salvation, and
unbelief is damnation—of course. I use
the word belief in the large signification
already explained. It is not a merely
metaphysical act, nor is it an act in
solely metaphysical subjects. It is the
soul's supreme conviction, and by it
the soul must evermore stand or fall.
If it is a right belief, the soul will be
saved; if it is a wrong belief, the soul