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Poetry.

Worker's Song.

It is not for me to order
The work that I have to do;
My eyes must follow the Master,
And ever his will pursue.
And therefore I wait and listen,
For soon as I hear his voice,
Forward I press with gladness,
And even in toil rejoice.

Sometimes I can hear him calling,
To tasks that are great and high;
I should often fear to attend them,
But that he is standing by;
Sometimes unto service lowly,
That even a child might do,
Comes the Master's kindly summons,
And hearing, I hasten through.

Oh! none can be sad or gloomy
In the hours they work for him,
For he smileth aye upon us,
Let the day be bright or dim;
And we cheer our hearts with singing,
While busy at our tasks;
It is but faithful service
That the gracious Master asks.

Sometimes I am growing weary,
And by troublous cares oppress,
And the Master in His pity,
Dismisses me to rest.
And, again, when I have not earned it,
In His kindly, great regard,
He loads me, not with wages,
But with munificent reward.

Oh! who that once has served Him,
Will any other serve?
Oh! who that ever hath seen Him,
Will from His fealty swerve?
Come all, and be his servants,
For He your friend will be,
All gracious and forgiving, still,
As He has been to me.

Marianne Farningham.

The Three Weepings.

- I.—John xi. 35.
- II.—Luke xix. 41.
- III.—Matt. xxvi. 36, and Heb. v. 7.

Tears of sympathy He shed
At a lowly village tomb,
Where "friend Lazarus" lay dead,
Waiting till the Life should come;
Still, while shrouded Lazarus slept,
Jesus stood, and Jesus wept.

Other tears of thwarted pity
O'er His heaving bosom flowed,
As He gazed on that doomed city
That denied Her Christ and God,
O'er the lost the shadows close;
What mysterious tears were those!

Tears of agony He wept
'Neath the moon'd and midnight sky,
Where the sword no longer slept,
From that garden, hark! a cry!
For the sword no more is sleeping,
But the strong One strongly weeping.

Tears, oh, Jesu! give us part
In the peace won through Thy tears,
Whilst Thy healed, once broken heart
All our griefs attracts and bears,
For, who knows, if Thy love be cross,
What tears thou rainest on the lost?

Religious.

The Doctrine of the New Birth.

The first lesson given by the Great Teacher cannot but be highly important. It was at Jerusalem. A certain magistrate came to Him for instruction. He came by night. This might have been because the Rabbis thought night was the best time to study the law. It might have been from fear of men. It can hardly be a figurative expression, revealing the benighted state of Nicodemus (as Hengstenberg suggests). It possibly showed promptitude in embracing the earliest opportunity (as Lyra intimates). It might have been to teach *Nunquam non recipit* (as Bengel says). It may indicate the full occupation of our Lord during the day. It surely teaches that there was full time for the consideration of the business. Here, then, was the Teacher sent from God. And here was a candid, devout, cultured gentleman seeking His instruction. Our attention ought to be intense. The first lesson was, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." In

order that there might be no mistake, the truth is re-asserted in similar words. And yet a third time, with personal application, "Ye must be born again." This truth takes a prominent position in the sublime preface to the fourth Gospel. The sons of God are stated to have been born—not of blood, which is Establishmentarianism; not of the will of the flesh, which is Rationalism; not of the will of man, which is Sacramentarianism—but of God. And the truth which lays the axe at the root of these three forms of error is the true doctrine of conversion.

Is this truth kept in the foreground of the modern pulpit? It is not asserted in the Articles of the Church of England. It is expressly abrogated by the Christening Liturgy. The tendency of modern thought is antagonistic. Do our Evangelical ministers assert this as uncompromisingly as our Lord did to Nicodemus? There is a widespread complaint of fewness of conversions. Can this be traced to a feeble faith in the necessity of the new birth, and hence a less ardent proclamation?

Recently, in one of our worldly papers, there was a criticism on a living preacher whose ministry is singularly blessed with conversions. The writer quoted what he considered a peculiarity. The minister addressed his congregation as though he thought it consisted of two classes, and but two. The one lost, the other saved. This line of demarcation is not in accordance with modern taste. The writer thought it effective. We ask, is it right? Ought devout, cultured people, living clean and respectable lives, to be classed with drunken sots as lost souls? Is it right to preach the same doctrine to a religious, church-going lady, as to her impertinent, foolish servant? Is it really true that decent people in this nineteenth century ought to be told, "Ye must be born again?"

There never was a time when the bold declaration of the Scripture teaching was more needed. Men are either in Christ or out of Christ. If out of Christ there is no difference. The more men resemble Nicodemus the clearer reason for preaching to them what Christ preached to Nicodemus. For dealing with respectable and candid enquirers there is a clear example. In imitating Jesus Christ as a teacher, it is not the low people alone, but to the gentry as well, that the necessity of conversion must be brought home. Now, as in every age, there are Spirit-led men who fully recognize this truth, and act upon it. But there is wavering in some directions. The right weapon to deal with modern doubt is ancient faith. The true preacher is a herald with whom it is of the first importance to clearly and unhesitatingly proclaim a message. The acceptability of its contents is a secondary consideration to the faithfulness of its announcement. The more modern society rebels, the fuller must be the pulpit proclamation to all men, "Ye must be born again." The more eager ministers are for converting, the more eager should they be to proclaim to all the absolute necessity of conversion for entrance into, even for the right vision of, the Kingdom of God.

C. H. J.

—Freeman.

The Revisers of the New Testament at their work.

Dr. Crosby, one of the American Committee of Revisers of the New Testament who have been engaged in the work since 1872, writes in the *North American Review*, and gives an interesting sketch of the individuals composing that body, at their work:

Speaking as a member of the New Testament Company, I may characterize each meeting as a spiritual and intellectual symposium. A more genial brotherhood never met. Episcopalian, Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, Friend, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian, knew no differences, and held one another in respect and affection. Not a

secretarian note was ever heard. Not a harsh word was ever uttered. The reverend President Woolsey guided our deliberations with wisdom and urbanity. He read the verse, and then called for comment and suggestion. Every one was patiently heard, and then the decision was recorded by our secretary, Professor Short or Professor Thayer. Sometimes a long discussion would enliven us, and hosts of references were made to support either side, and (if I may let out the secret) there were times when the solemnity that became the dignity of our work was tempered by a humorous hit or an irresistible pleasantry. At such moments, perhaps, any one who might suddenly have entered our "Jerusalem Chamber" would have scarcely divined our work.

The portion on which we were to confer was always appointed at the previous meeting, so that there might be a month's preliminary study before the comparison of notes and the record of the result. In this way a vast amount of critical examination was given to every sentence in the New Testament, and we may be sure that not even a word of any importance escaped a searching investigation.

The influence of such a cultured and genial mind as that of President Woolsey was felt throughout the circle from the beginning. His erudition, his judgment, and his clear statement on one side, and his courtesy, gentleness, and modesty on the other, fitted him peculiarly for his position, and formed the crowning charm of our coterie. Next to President Woolsey sat the encyclopedic Schaff, of indefatigable energy, church historian, commentator, promoter of Christian union, and the efficient author of the American co-operation in this revision. To his systematic and ready mind, bold and strong to assume responsibility, the American Committee was indebted for its existence and for its financial support. On him especially fell all the foreign correspondence, and the arrangement of details between the English and American Committees. Next to Dr. Schaff sat Professor Short, whose "Essay on the Order of Words in Attic Greek Prose" is a monument of his patient research, and who acted both as treasurer and recording secretary for the company. Then came Professor Riddle, who mingles German learning with Anglo-American clearness, on whose record of similar passages we all leaned. Then followed in order President Chase, of Haverford, thoughtful and solid, a man of wise caution, not apt to be led astray by any delusion. Next was Dr. Burr, who represented Drew Seminary in the New Testament Company, as Dr. Strong did in the Old Testament Company. Next to him sat the polished master of English, the eloquent preacher, Dr. Washburn, whose taste was always pure enough to guide his judgment. At his side was Dr. Crosby, and next one of Yale's noted instructors, a man of decided convictions, based on very solid foundation, who never spoke without commanding the attention of all—Professor Timothy Dwight, whose arguments were shot out of an armoury of learning and common sense. Next to him sat Professor Kendrick, whose name as a Greek scholar has been so long held in esteem, who brought to the work a mind richly stored with varied knowledge, and whose keen criticisms and earnest comments were the delight of the circle. Then came Professor Abbott, of Cambridge, *facile princeps* among us in the criticism of the Greek text, the peer of Scrivener and Westcott, whose sound, discriminating judgment was only equalled by a charm of disposition and manner that won all our hearts. By his side sat Professor Thayer, of Andover, a most laborious member of the company, who took down the notes of changes proposed, and prepared all the papers for the company's use, and who was second to none in thorough fitness for the work in hand. His admirable scholarship is accompanied by practical elements of character which make him a man of mark. Last in the circle, and by the

side of the president, sat the venerable and beloved Bishop Lee, of Delaware, whose presence and voice were a benison to us all.

The Angel's Penance.

A LEGEND OF THE DARK AGES.

There was once an angel who watched with such deep interest the history of mankind that a longing grew within him to gain an experience of the trials of humanity, when there came a voice from the throne of unsearchable light, "Let him have a human heart and pass through the trials of a man, but let him beware lest he lose his temper and sin"; and that angel took a human form, entered the world, and tasted its anxieties. He tried business, saw its troubles, obtained wealth, was slandered, and robbed and fell into poverty. He lost all, but did not lose his temper. Then he was called to a pastorate. Here the trial was more severe. Fifteen ministers promised to come to his opening tea-meeting, and only two put in an appearance; but he continued amiable. His salary was three months in arrears, but he never said an angry word. One family was led aside to the parish church; disappointments and vexations unspeakable crushed upon him, but he remained unruffled. Editors refused or altered, and severely condensed his compositions; but he never uttered a word of complaint. A deacon treated him with impertinence at an unruly church meeting, but he lost not his temper, for he was an angel after all. He was successful, and a new chapel was built. Architects, builders, lawyers, and committeemen raised all manner of bothers, but he smilingly overcame them all. It then became necessary for him to go and beg of the rich men to pay off the debt. He undertook this task with shrinking, feeling that the day of trial had come. But the first whom he called upon, astonished him. Times were bad, and this Christian man had just given several donations to pressing claims; but he listened to the tale, said some encouraging words, expressed his regret that a Christian minister should have such work to do, and then dismissed him with a cheque, the value of which was multiplied sevenfold by the courteous and Christian way in which it was given. But the same day, after calling on one to whom he had been strongly recommended, who had more guineas than grace, and would give him neither, as he came down the steps from the elegant suburban villa, his countenance darkened, his lips quivered, his face flushed, his eye grew wild, and, although an angel, he was heard to give vent to a series of expressions such as history relates our armies used in Flanders, but have never been heard in Paradise. In plain English, he lost his temper and uttered unlawful words. And no wonder, although he was superhuman. But the recording angel heard it, and there came a message to him that, having dared a temptation that even an angel was unequal to, he must pay the penalty, and not return to Paradise until the chapel debt was wholly paid. Still that meek angel, deeply penitent, calls on Christians who lay up treasure in bags that wax old; he carries a little red leather well-worn collecting-book, and a pocketful of circulars containing a lithograph picture of a small Gothic chapel with three pinnacles on the pediment, and a gentleman, and a lady with a sunshade going up the steps. He dresses in an old, threadbare, brown coat, a neckerchief that looks as though it had once been white, fringed trousers, and a felt hat; he carries an umbrella of the Georgian period. He may be seen occasionally in Castle-street, where he sometimes gets a cheering word from one of the kind-hearted secretaries, which helps him on. The committee of the Building Fund have recently voted him a good grant. This has cheered his heart and filled him with hope that in about ten years' time the amount may be paid, and his weary work be ended, his penance be complete, and he may be permitted to depart in peace.

The Funeral of Chaka's Mother.

It seems incredible that such awful barbarities as are given below, could be perpetrated by human beings, even in their lowest phase of intelligence. Man without the gospel is truly like the beasts that perish:

The horrors that attended the funeral of the mother of Utshaka, of Chaka, the first great chief of the Zulus, show in an exaggerated form the universal idea that the spirits of departed relatives are pleased by things done in their honour by their living descendants; and that they will be more pleased the greater the thing is that is given up:—"When told that his mother was dead he and his principal chiefs put on their war apparel, and went to the hut in which the body lay. He stood silent for some time in a mournful attitude, with his head bowed upon his shield. At length his feelings seemed to become ungovernable, and he broke out into frantic yells. The assembled people sympathised with their chief by filling the air with loud lamentations. During the day great numbers of natives from the surrounding country came to the place of weeping, and joined the terrible outcry. By noon of the next day, it is said that not less than 60,000 persons male and female, had assembled, hundreds of whom were lying on the ground faint from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment, for none had dared to cease from their lamentation, or to refresh themselves with food or water. Soon after mid-day the whole assembly formed a circle, with Chaka in their centre, and sang a war song, at the close of which he ordered several men to be executed on the spot, when the cries of woe became more violent than ever. Then, as if bent on convincing their chief of the reality of their grief, the people began an indiscriminate massacre amongst themselves, many of them receiving the blow of death while inflicting it on others. Those who were found near the river, panting for water were beaten to death by men and women, who were mad with excitement. Seven thousand people, it is said perished on this occasion. On the second day after her death, the body of Chaka's mother was placed in a large grave near the spot where she had died, and ten of the handsomest girls in the neighborhood were buried alive in the same grave. Twelve thousand men, all fully armed, attended this horrible funeral, and were stationed as a guard over the grave for a whole year. But extravagant as these rites were, they were not thought to be sufficient, and regiments of soldiers were sent through the country for the purpose of putting to death all those who had not been present at the funeral, and several thousand more were thus killed. Then it was decreed that the earth should not be cultivated for a whole year, and that the milk of all the cattle should be poured out upon the ground, but at the end of three months in consideration of receiving a present of much cattle from the chiefs and great men, the king annulled this decree, which really condemned the people to a state of starvation. Lastly, it was ordered that if during the year of mourning children should be born, both parents and children should be put to death. This order was enforced with cruel stringency, and led to the death of many persons. When the year of mourning had expired the people, in obedience to the king's mandate, assembled in great numbers at the royal kraal, and 100,000 oxen were brought together to grace the crowning ceremony their bellowing being thought to be peculiarly acceptable to the dead. Standing in the midst of these herds, Chaka began to weep aloud, and the lamentations at once became general.

This manifestation of sorrow was continued till the sunset, when a great number of cattle were sacrificed. Next morning, the people being marshalled in military order, the king took his place in the centre of the kraal. Every man who possessed cattle had brought at least one calf, and each man cut the side of a calf and tore out the bladder. Regiment after regiment