

# The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.  
Vol. XXIX., No. 19.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, May 7, 1884.

WHOLE SERIES.  
Vol. XLVIII., No. 19.

## Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.  
From Rev. John Brown.

DEAR BRO—

I have been much pained to hear of the death of Brethren Durkee, DeBlois, Clay and Longley, especially when such men are so sorely needed. Your country is the poorer by the loss of these brethren, much the poorer, but Heaven is the richer. They were faithful men and true, and although my acquaintance with the three first named was somewhat limited, yet it was sufficient to secure for them a warm place in my heart. Brother Longley I knew as deacon and Sunday School Superintendent at Paradise, and a more consistent, upright, and noble-hearted brother it has not been my privilege to know. May God graciously sustain and comfort the bereaved friends, and while they sorrow, may they not sorrow as those who have no hope; but rather rejoice in the blessedness of the departed, and anticipate the time when, by the grace of God, they may hope to meet them again.

Where friends long parted meet again, And meet to part no more.  
A short time since I wrote to Dr. Clay, (whose genial, kindly face is so distinctly before me), and the very day after posting, the MESSENGER brought the sad news of his death. What a spirit of submissiveness and resignation is seen in his last words to Bro. Avery, as recorded in *Buds and Blossoms*, received this morning—"If I get better it will be all right; if not, it's all right." May his children, when they come to the solemnities of a sick bed, be able to adopt the language of their father, and all who read these lines.

This morning's MESSENGER records the death of another brother, good and true, Isaac Middleton, sexton of the church at Paradise. "He was a good man." His prayers still echo in my heart; there was a subdued emotion and earnestness about them which laid hold of one's very soul. I well remember one bleak Sunday morning in winter, the snow being unusually deep, and after much labor I got to the chapel; there I found Isaac, having all things ready for a congregation, but no one came. After waiting a while, I remarked, "Well, Isaac, I think we may as well go home," when he replied, "Very well, but I think we might as well have a little prayer first," which we did, and I shall not easily forget how he poured out his soul in prayer.

I need not say that the friends and kindred of these departed brethren have my fullest sympathy in their loss, and although it may come to them some time after their bereavement, and from this side the broad Atlantic, it is none the less sincere and heartfelt.

Since I left your loved country and people, death has sadly thinned the ranks of my friends. That unfailling death list in the MESSENGER too often tells me of the departure of dear friends. I have always entertained a hope of seeing my friends in Nova Scotia some time again, but for the above and I suppose for many others still in the flesh, my only hope is to meet them at "Home" in our common "Fatherland." They are not lost who die in Jesus, but are with him in glory. Thus—

"Why do we mourn? They are not lost.  
Beyond the river they have crossed,  
Lie worlds sublime;  
And on that bright celestial shore,  
Our loved ones wait the coming o'er  
Of those who have not passed the tide,  
But linger on the other side,  
A little while."

Why do we weep? Oh! never there  
Shall sorrow come, or tears, or care,  
Or Death's fell shade.  
Before the Father's shining throne,  
Confessed by Christ to be His own,  
They sing with them in spotless white,  
And crown them wear, whose golden light  
Shall never fade.

What though no sound our ears can reach,  
There is a spiritual speech  
Comes from that shore;  
It bids us hope and toil in faith,  
And to the doubting soul it saith:  
"Soon shall we reach the Heavenly plain,  
And see our loved and lost again,  
But lost no more."

But—  
"Shall we know the loved ones there,  
In your bright world of love and bliss,

When on the wings of ambient air  
Our spirits soar away from this?  
Or must we feel the ceaseless pain  
Of absence in that glorious sphere,  
And search through Heaven's bright hosts  
In vain  
The sainted forms we cherished here?

Yes, we shall know, for Heaven is 'Home,'  
Where severed spirits re-unite;  
And from the basement to its dome,  
Are altars sacred to the Rite;  
And joy doth strike her golden strings,  
And holier seems that Home of bliss,  
As some soft heart from earth upsprings  
To meet in that loved of this."

Whether near or far the place called  
Heaven may be, it is made the nearer  
As our loved ones in Christ enter in, for  
"As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go thence draw nigh;  
So Heaven, when friends have hither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky."

And as those lands the dearer grow,  
When friends are long away;  
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Grows dearer day by day.

For the Christian Messenger.  
The North-West.

The Fyfe Missionary Society has, so far, met with gratifying success in the carrying out of its summer plans for the North-West. The funds are at hand; the Manitoba Home Missionary Convention has assigned suitable fields; one of our missionaries is already in Winnipeg, four others will begin their journey tomorrow, and the sixth will follow in a couple of weeks. The readers of the MESSENGER may be pleased to know the exact location of these young men, that they may follow them more intelligently with their good wishes and prayers. The list of appointments is as follows:

W. C. Wier, to Carman City.  
S. H. Cain, to Strathclair.  
J. H. Doolittle, to Emerson.  
E. F. Jordan, to Birtle.  
H. G. Fraser, to Troy and Indian Head.  
D. J. McGillivray, to Grenfell and Wolseley.

Yours respectfully,  
C. W. WILLIAMS,  
Res. Sec'y. F. M. S.  
McMaster Hall, Toronto April 29.

For the Christian Messenger.  
Toronto Baptist College.

Mr. Editor—  
In the remarks with which you preface the letter of the Hon. Wm. McMaster copied from *Canadian Baptist* into your paper of the 16th ult., you say "we have never heard here the most distant allusion to its 'close corporation' as at all objectionable." It will be remembered by some of your readers that it was on that very point that I demurred when the question of union was debated in our Convention last year.

I am glad to know that the honorable founder of Toronto College is not partial to the "close corporation" mode of Government, and hope that there may soon be such an organization of the churches in the Upper Provinces, as will make it possible to have the management of the College placed where its founder desired to have it. It must surely be patent to all that the school which trains the ministry for the churches should be under the control of the churches.

Very truly yours,  
A. COXSON,  
Hebron, N. S., April 30, 1884.

Narrow-minded Men.

The *Religious Herald* asks and reasons in this way:

"Did you ever think that a narrow-minded man is a greater affliction to a Church than a bad man? You can turn a bad man out and be done with him; but one of these little fellows who will cry at the protracted meeting, and ask for prayer, and then at the next business meeting of the church work up a row about some trifle, what can you do with him? Such a man is usually afflicted with too much conscience, and he is constantly hawking his conscience around for public inspection. He may be converted, but you had better put him out and keep him out if you want other people to be converted."

In all of which there is only too much truth. Dr. Guthrie once said it was "one of the inscrutable things in

God's government that He makes Christians of some of the poorest human material, while leaving some of the best untouched," and that this had no greater illustration than in such a case as that referred to above. It is all the more inscrutable when its effect on the Christian cause is considered; for there is real justification for the remark that "narrow-minded professors of religion have been the greatest enemies of the Gospel." It is a duty to be true and faithful, but there is no saintly grace more needed than magnanimity.—*United Presbyterian.*

The following are the sums appropriated and ordered to be sent on to John March, Esq., Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board:  
Mission Band Windsor, for support of a little girl in Mrs. Archibald's school.....\$ 25 00  
To aid Mrs. Hutchinson in School work, from S. School and friends in 1st Baptist Church, Yarmouth..... 10 00  
Mission Band at Chester Basin towards the Mission Chapel at Chicaco.....\$ 20 25  
Central Board for do.....179 75  
Making up the amount requested by Mrs. Hutchinson..... 200 00  
Towards travelling expenses of Lady Missionaries to India..... 500 00  
\$785 60

For the Christian Messenger.  
The North-West.

I am not sure that I have anything to say, and not sure whether the words will come, but let me try and indicate, in a word or two I propose to utter, some thoughts for prayer founded on praise. This you will find in 1 Cor. iii, 23: "Ye are Christ's." We who are Christ's meet together to-night to pray for other people who are Christ's all over the world. It is our prayer first that we and they may, from this week of prayer, think less about ourselves, and more about being Christ's. A certain poet, whose magic has, perhaps, charmed us all, tells us that one day he overheard this debate between his two sons, one five years old and the other eight. The elder spoke first: "You are nobody." "Yes I am somebody." "You are nothing." "Everything is something, so I am something." "You are no thing, therefore you are nothing." "I am my mother's."

We are at home, so I talk in a homely way. Mention of such simplicities as these you must not think undignified and out of place in such a meeting as this, and at such a moment; for at a moment when our souls are hushed before the majesty of the great Unspeaking, we are never likely to sin much against the fitnesses of things. We will try to plant our feet in the footprints of Jesus Christ, and remember that it was at a meeting of His disciples that Jesus took a little child, and set him in the midst of them, making to melt from the gentle presence into their untroubled hearts lessons of beautiful humility and love. Oh yes, Jesus is in the midst of us now. Take this little child of our nursery parable, and through Him, teach us. The only thing that the child could say for himself, and the last thing that was left for him to say was, "I am my mother's"; and that may help us to formulate the only thing we can say for ourselves, and that is, "We are Christ's."

There is nothing in us—nothing whatever. But for our being Christ's there would be absolutely nothing; we should have no consequence, no significance, and we have neither before we are Christ's. We have not been born long, but we are Christ's. We are dull, slow, sickly children, but we are Christ's. We are not able to feed ourselves, nor to clothe ourselves, nor to keep ourselves, but we are Christ's. We have done nothing to merit our miracle—our eternal miracle of bliss—but we are Christ's. Our faith is not worth calling faith—we are ashamed of it; and our strength is not ours, and our love to Christ had no existence till He Himself loved us into it. As it is not the sunshine that makes the sun, but the sun the sunshine, and as it is not the wave that makes the wind, but the wind that makes the wave, so it is not our love that makes Christ's, but Christ's that made ours. This is the state of the case.

Shall we glory in ourselves any more? We know that we shall, if we are left to ourselves; and so with all the brethren all over the world. The chronic

tendency is to self-glorification; but we must give it all up, or there will be no good in us; it will be defeat in every battle, and dullness, darkness, and slowness in every struggle, until we learn that we are nothing, and glory only in being Christ's. Let us pray for ourselves and all Christians all over the world that this lesson may be learned in the coming year.

In our prayer for all who are Christ's including ourselves, it is our prayer next that we and they may in the coming year be permitted to know more of the secret of fellowship with Christ. There is much stir in the Church now. There is rapid motion. All life seems to be in a hurry. Ah! but our best life must not be in a hurry, and it cannot be. You never can hurry it if you try. You never can hurry crystallization—that must be slow. You never can hurry penitence; you never can hurry searchings of heart; you never can hurry prayer and praise. You must go out of the world of hurry, and you must be slow and certain in the presence of God alone. I put it to you, Where have you found yourselves most quickened? Where do you find the most living moments in the history of the most living souls? Where do you find the Holy Spirit steeping your hearts most in the very peace of Heaven? Where do you find most strength? Where do you find that union which is the intense reality of the soul? Where do you find it—in Exeter Hall? In great stirring meetings? In rapid rushes? In the public actions of a Christian life? Jesus is worthy to receive all kinds of public activity in His service, only it must be the outcome of secret fellowship, and we want all the churches all over the world to know the joy and power of that life which springs from secret fellowship with Christ. To know it more than they have ever done; to know it this year. We cannot by our agency make them know it, but our prayer to-night from its very nature is an appeal to Christ to send the Holy Spirit. May the Holy Spirit come over all the catholic churches and inspire that life which will seek its source in the stillness of hidden prayer.

We pray for them; for those who are Christ's away from us; and we pray for ourselves next that we may all have more joy in being Christ's. We ought not to have it said of us as it was said of the Englishman of Henry the Eighth's time, that he took his pleasures very sadly; we ought not to look as if we felt it rather a matter of constraint than a matter of enjoyment to belong to Christ. We cannot understand what it means if we feel this. You must recollect what is said in the life of Dr. Payson. Some years before death approached him it was said that there were moments when he seemed to be in heaven rather than upon the earth and more like a minister to angels than a minister to men. He said that if a Christian really did know what is meant by being in Christ and by being Christ's he could hardly restrain himself from saying to the first man he met when he went into the streets, "I am Christ's." Now, we all want to realise that joy of the Lord, which is strength. We want to be strong for work, and strong for warfare, and strong for all life, through the joy of knowing that we are Christ's.

We pray that we who are Christ's, and all others who are Christ's, may from this week of prayer more and more realise the unity that belongs to all who belong to Him. This is the only universal point on earth. It makes a unity that will survive the ruins of dull matter and the lapse of growing years. I do not say that we must give up denominations before we can be one in heart. Truths we must recognise and respect; and not only so, but we must respect the opinions about truths in the minds

of those who differ; and this inevitable difference from infirmity or education may lead to certain conscientious and circumstantial differences as to church order and congregational life, and it is not for us to speak against the one thing or the other in any form of it. It is not for us to do so in a sense that implies want of affection to those who in these respects differ from ourselves. One fence may be better than another; one fold may be better than another; one lamp-stand may be better than another; one dress may be better than another. But the fence has value only for the sake of the field, and the fold value only for the sake of the flock, and the lamp value only for the sake of the light, and the dress value only for the sake of the man. An old writer speaks of a cover for the candlestick in which the light is put out.

You recollect, perhaps, in the life of poor Robert Burns how in one brief moment of dangerous popularity he was walking one day arm in arm with a lord on one side of the street, and saw passing on the other side a man whom he knew from his own village; and how in a moment he bounded off and hid his hand in the hand of that man, and his arm in the arm of his friend; and how some fashionable person lectured him on his want of good form, telling him that he ought not to parade before the public his acquaintance with a man in a dress like that. You may remember how the spirit of the poet was stirred as he replied, "Fool, I spoke not to the dress but to the man inside." And God speaks not to the dress but to the man inside. We, like God, would speak not to the man inside it—the man united to Christ. That makes the essential union; that makes the oneness, if we could but feel it as we must always recognise it, in intellectual belief. We have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, and it is strange that we ourselves should not be one. God grant all over the world that the power of the Holy Spirit may bring about the manifestation of this oneness.

And now, brethren, let us begin at home. Let us through the year, as far as we live into it, love and cherish all about us who are Christ's. We are all one in Christ if we love and trust Him. That which we touch first let us help first. The life that we come in contact with first let us love first. Let us help all the Christians around our own doors, and all the ministers, and let them live in our prayers. And you, each one of you, through this year, if you have not known it before, know what it is to feel a right to say, "I am Christ's." It seems a sad thing to pray that others may be Christ's if you are not. Are you Christ's? With face to the sea and back to the stake, Margaret Wilson saw the waves whiten and whiten rapidly up to her feet, and felt at length that the time had come for the next great surging wave to roll over her head. She was snatched just for a moment from that post of death that she might have one chance of life by recantation. The officer asked her to recant, and added in an imploring voice, "Oh, Margaret, do!" But she cried, "Never; let me go—I am Christ's." May God make each one feel perfect identification with Christ—that this is as true of each one of us as it was true of the maiden martyr, that, living or dying, we are the Lord's. Do you feel it yet? If you do you will help us, and your prayer will have power in it. We want no mechanical prayer and no mechanical services but all the living faith and prayer of all who are Christ's, for all others who are Christ's.

The flag of the Good Templar order has just been hoisted in Iceland.