

feels intensely when he hears that truth slighted, and himself denounced as a troubler in Israel by his fellow-Christians. He does not seek the applause of his fellow-mortals, and therefore he is not disappointed; but looking away beyond this scene of conflict, he confidently expects, when the battle of life has been fought, a "well done, good and faithful servant," from the lips of the Heavenly Master. I do not say that he is utterly indifferent to the approbation of his brethren, but their disapproval weighs as nothing against the testimony of a good conscience and the approving smile of his Lord and Master.—*Canadian Baptist.*

For the Christian Messenger.

Miscellaneous.

No. I.

REV. RICHARD CECIL, M. A.

[This series of occasional papers will consist of brief paragraphs and pithy sentences, sometimes, perhaps, interspersed with anecdotes, selected from various writers.]

Mr. Cecil was an eminent clergyman of the Church of England. He was born Nov. 8, 1748, and died Aug. 15, 1810. As minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, London, where he collected a large congregation, his labours were remarkably blessed. His works are a mine of wealth to the theological student.]

How little we think of improving the time we have, while we have opportunity! I find every thing but religion, vanity. I am ready, even on this sick bed, to preach to preachers. I ask myself, what is my hold and support—what will remain with me, when every thing else is washed away? To recollect a promise of the Bible—this is substance! Nothing will do but the Bible. If I read authors, and hear different opinions, I cannot say, "This is truth!" I cannot grasp it as substance: but the Bible gives me something to hold. I have learnt more within these curtains, than from all the books I ever read—I sometimes speculate on the idea of a soul's leaving the body, and wandering forth into the world of space; but it is alone—wandering in solitude. It is wretched because alone—to say nothing of misery, but let a ray from Christ shine on that soul, and no matter where it is—it is happy!

I am going down the valley of humiliation, where the christian's feet are apt to stumble; but I have not lost my way. I know where I am; and I know God is with me. So the valley is not so dark as it might be.

The Refiner sits watching his gold during the process, and makes the fire merely purifying. I am only sorry that, while I see no end to this process, I should so much wish to see the end. I do not yet take pleasure in infirmities and distresses, as St. Paul did; but I am trying to learn.

I have been thinking of many expressions of Rutherford's this morning, before I was up. I feel one the burden of the song—"I lay my head to rest on the bosom of Omnipotence!" While I can keep hold of this, it shall be a fine day, whether it rains, hails, or shines.

"One thing is needful;"—and that one, needful as it is, will be forgotten, if we do not set aside a portion of our time for the purpose. I feel that all I know and all I teach will do nothing for my own soul, if I spend my time, as most people do, in business or company—even the best company. My soul starves to death in the best company; and God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. Enter into thy chamber, said he, and shut thy door about thee. Some words in Scripture are very emphatical. Shut thy door means much; it means; shut out, not only nonsense, but business—not only the company abroad, but the company at home. It means—let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a small, still voice, or he will speak in thunder.

Religion will cost us something but the want of it infinitely more.

When I was sunk in the depths of infidelity, I was afraid to read any author who treated Christianity in a dispassionate, wise, and searching manner. He made me uneasy. Conscience would gather strength. I found it more difficult to stifle her remonstrances. He would recal early instructions and impressions, while my happiness could only consist with their obliteration.

My first convictions on the subject of religion were confirmed from observing that really religious persons had some solid happiness among them, which I had felt that the vanities of the world could not give. I shall never forget standing by the bed of my sick mother. "Are you not afraid to die?" I asked her. "No." "No! Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?" "Because God has said to me,

"Fear not; when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." The remembrance of this scene has oftentimes since drawn an ardent prayer from me that I might die the death of the righteous.

Dissatisfaction accompanies me, in the study and in the pulpit. I never made a sermon with which I felt satisfied: I never preached a sermon with which I felt satisfied. I have always present such a conception of what might be done, that what I do feels only far beneath what it seems to me it should be. Some sermons which I have heard have made me sick of my own for a month afterwards.

Perhaps, complacency in the exercise of talent, be it what it may, is hardly to be separated, in such a wretched heart as man's, from pride. It seems to me that this dissatisfaction with myself is the messenger sent to buffet me and keep me down.

"Mr. Cecil possessed remarkable decision of character. When he went to Oxford he had made resolution of restricting himself to a quarter of an hour daily, in playing on the violin, on which instrument he greatly excelled, and of which he was extravagantly fond; but he found it impracticable to adhere to his determination, and had so frequently to lament the loss of time in this fascinating amusement, that, with the noble spirit which characterized him through life, he cut his strings, and never replaced them." *Fratt's Character of the Rev. Richard Cecil.*

Hacker's dying thought is congenial to my spirit. "I am going to leave a world disordered and a church disorganised, for a world and a church where every angel, and every rank of angel, stand before the throne in the very post God assigned them." I am obliged habitually to turn my eye from the wretched disorders of the world and the church, to the beauty, harmony, meekness, and glory of the better world.

Riding with a friend in a very windy day, the dust was so troublesome, his companion wished they were at their journey's end, where they might ride in the fields free from dust; and this wish he repeated more than once while on the road. When they reached the fields the flies so teased his friend's horse that he could scarcely keep his seat on the saddle. On his bitterly complaining. "Ah! Sir," said Mr. Cecil, "when you were in the road the dust was your only trouble, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields; you forgot that the fly was there! Now this is a true picture of human life, and you will find it so in all the changes you make in future. We know the trials of our present situation; but the next will have trials, and perhaps worse, though they may be of a different kind."

I frequently choose my subject and enter into my plan, before I discover that the Saviour occupies a part too subordinate. I throw them away, and take up others which point more directly and naturally to Him.

I am persuaded, from the impressions made by a pious mother on my own mind, when a child, but which were studiously concealed, that very few parents sufficiently aim, or sufficiently hope, in their religious endeavours with their children.

A musical amateur of eminence, who had often observed Mr. Cadogan's inattention to his performance, said to him one day, "Come, I am determined to make you feel the force of music—pay particular attention to this piece."—It was played.—"Well, what do you say now?"—"Why just what I said before."—"What! Can you bear this and not be charmed? Well! I am quite surprised at your insensibility.—Where are your ears?"

"Bear with me, my Lord," replied Mr. C., "since I too have had my surprise. I have often from the pulpit set before you the most striking and affecting truths—I have sounded notes that have raised the dead—I have said, 'Surely, he will feel now'—but you never seemed charmed with my music, though infinitely more interesting than yours—I too have been ready to say with astonishment, 'Where are his ears?' Cecil's Memoir of Cadogan."

It is lamentable to consider, that through the depravity of our common nature, the wasp of the Church can more easily multiply his kind than the bee. Who could not teach a hundred to bite and sting, in less time than he could bring even one to prepare honey?

For the Christian Messenger.

"Devour one another."

Mr. Editor,—

With your permission, I will write an article upon this subject, and use you for illustrating it. I will say at the outset, that I shall adopt very largely the ironical style for the purpose of doing better justice to my task. In this light I forewarn your

readers to understand my subject, and most of what I shall say upon it. I was inspired to undertake this little task by reading a copy of the *Christian Visitor*, a paper published in St. John, New Brunswick, of the 2nd instant. In it several writers, hailing from Nova Scotia, invite the *Christian Visitor* to come over here, and swallow up the *Christian Messenger*. This I see the Editor of the *Visitor* evidently intends to undertake, otherwise he would have rebuked the writers, and declared the task a moral and practical impossibility. Thus far I would have my statements taken in their most literal meaning.

It is perfectly right for one editor of a religious paper, to destroy another religious periodical, if by doing so he can get more subscribers for his own paper. Without it his sheet might not pay, and who can say anything against a man looking out for himself.

This proposal will be carried into effect. I am very sorry to tell you so, but it is better to be faithful, and inform a friend of a calamity that is foreshadowed as truly as this great evil is that will soon be upon you. This will be accomplished because it is right. If the Editor of the *Visitor* can come into Nova Scotia, and blind the people with modestly intimating that he can do better for them than you can,—and he can do it modestly,—and the people in Nova Scotia can be deceived, then it is perfectly right. This is the sweet expression of brotherly love, and the deep interest that one Christian editor should ever have in another. It quiets his conscience and makes him sleep sweetly.

This undertaking cannot fail because it is so honorable! The people in Nova Scotia will regard it in this light. After this, the man, that has not stood above everybody else, will be exalted in their estimation. He may never know it, but those who may have the opportunity of hearing their private opinions, will know how high it has set him up in their esteem. It would not be right for you to complain of this treatment, for it is so honorable that no person would listen to you. If a man is defeated in this fair and honest way, then he must accept the issue and not expect any sympathy.

Your destruction is sealed, because of the unquestionable sincerity and pureness of intention of those writers who have sent such a piteous wail over to New Brunswick for help. They have no doubt endured everything but martyrdom, because the interests of religion and the welfare of their denomination has suffered so much at your hands. I now refer to "A Nova Scotia Baptist" and "Nova Scotia," two writers whose holiness of aim finds no parallel outside of the Bible. It is impossible for men to undertake anything with such good intentions, and fail to carry it through. Their sincerity will help them to wade through difficulties, and they could not, borne up by such a power, shrink from any danger.—Every similar good cause, is indebted largely to this element in the hearts of its advocates, for its success. You cannot imagine how much those writers meditated and prayed over the subject before they undertook it. They might adopt the language of the young clergyman who made a concession to his seniors for using extravagant language, by saying that he "had shed barrels of tears over this, his weakness."

There is only one other thing that is wanting to make this little enterprise altogether successful; and that is for the *Visitor* to secure those two gentlemen—"Nova Scotia" and "A Nova Scotia Baptist" for its regular correspondents. Language is inadequate to express the beauty of their style, their originality, perfect analysis and all their peculiarities for which great writers are distinguished. Here is your fate.—Try and bear it patiently as it has come so justly upon you. If you should feel a little ambitious, and wish to survive, to be known a little longer as the proprietor of a religious journal, you must submit to consequences, and not complain. All the ministers throughout the Province will see how just and righteous the undertaking is; and because the proposal of the Nova Scotia correspondents of the *Visitor* will seem so reasonable, they will of course call upon you to cease sending them your paper. It will be a great trial to them, as they have learned that your paper is about to be enriched, among other things, by some Letters on Theology from a very able and popular writer, nevertheless they will feel compelled to accept that which has been brought about in so righteous and honorable a manner!

Fancy the struggle that some of your

oldest subscribers will have, when forced to put forth their hands, and aid in destroying the first Baptist paper that was ever started in these colonies. But it must be done, because it is the requirement of truth and righteousness. It will not cost them more than it has cost others to carry out the dictates of enlightened consciences. Abraham was called upon to sacrifice his son, it was very trying to the venerable patriarch, but he proceeded to obey, although it cost him a great struggle. So these old patrons of yours will be so convinced that these writers who have proposed the destruction of the *Messenger*, are undertaking a work that is so just and honorable, that they will not dare to oppose it.—The *Messenger* then is doomed!

Yours truly and weeping,
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, JANUARY 8, 1868.

The Christian Church, a place of safety.

Man is a social being. His becoming a believer in Christ does not diminish this feature of his character, but tends rather to regulate and expand it. He desires to impart the blessings of which he has partaken to others. When he thinks of the condition from which he has been rescued, he wishes to secure a firm position for himself, and then to reach out his hand and offer aid to his fellow men, who are in similar peril to that he has escaped. This we regard as a very simple and practical view of salvation and christian life, on New Testament principles. If we sought controversy, with respect to these plain facts, there are abundant materials for surrounding them with arguments; but unless there is something worth contending for, we prefer merely to inculcate what may illustrate the principles dear to all our churches and brethren, and thus ever be to them a *Christian messenger*.

The great object of christian desire and effort is the salvation of our fellow creatures. A person who has been awakened to his ruined condition, and becomes a participant of this great blessing,—salvation—sees the danger in which he has been living, and looks to Jesus as the only source of pardon, peace, and eternal life, and is saved. He now seeks some mode by which he may retain his hold of the good already received, and continue in its enjoyment.

The social principle here operates, and it harmonizes with the teaching of the Scriptures in reference to the constitution of christian churches. He desires fellowship with Christ and his people, and the Church reaches forth its hand and welcomes him to all its joys and privileges. It may not be improper here to inquire What it is that is now influencing him in doing this? It will be at once apparent to every mind that holiness, protection and benevolence, are the three leading thoughts by which the young convert is impelled to act in this awakened state. Let us examine these three principles a little carefully, and we shall find that the theoretical, and we trust the real character of Baptist Churches, will be found to be eminently adapted to supply what is felt to be so necessary by the new-born soul—the true disciple of the Lord Jesus.

1st. *Holiness*.—The soul that has been brought to Christ, wishes to conform to his precepts and own Him as his Lord and Master, as well as his Saviour. If the change is real, and the conversion genuine, he is not desirous of having the gospel requirements toned down, so as to offer apologies for sin, or to screen it when committed. That is but a sickly specimen of a church, and a miserable counterfeit, that is incapable of pronouncing upon sin when it overcomes its own members, and cannot call them to account for improper acts. Such a church would afford but a poor illustration of gospel purity and love, and but a sorry refuge for one just rescued from a state of spiritual death. The wheat and the tares may grow up together in the world, but not in the church. This then—holiness—we regard as a prime characteristic of a church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

2nd. *Protection*.—This world is a place of danger. There needs but little experience to prove this. The deceitfulness of sin and the power of evil habit, are sources of this danger, and church fellowship is necessary to protect against them. The social principle here also operates to render assistance of the utmost value to the young christian, whether the convert be a person of youthful days or of more mature years. The church of Christ is required for protection—a place of refuge for Christ's followers. Weaken the testimony of the church for purity, and you