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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

LOST AND FOUND.

Upon an awful precipice I stood;
Before me, dark and dreadful, opened hell;
Behind me were my sins. Yes, I against
My God had oft rebelled; repeatedly
And oft had sinned; refused his gracious calls
And kindly invitations: and though I
Ever dreaded hell,—knew well the punishment
Of sin against my Maker; who, if infinite
In mercy, is infinite in justice;
Who loveth them that Him do love; but who
Is with the wicked angry every day;
I in my sins continued, as though it
Were delight to sin, and I to sin loved
Dearly.—In Death's broad road I straight had
walked,

Till now I had attained this giddy height.
With swift destruction right in front, and
dismal,

Deaf'ning, agonizing shrieks of spirits
Lost, and thoughts that my sad cry would soon
ascend

With theirs,—I trembling stood aghast.

But soon, my meditations these; "Ne'er have
I taken aught by me not owned, nor ought
Have said that was not verity; with all
Men have I lived at peace,—been temperate
In all things. I much have read my Bible;
My sabbaths have I spent at church; unto
The needy I have given lavishly."

Thus was I clothed in a long robe of mine
Own righteousness; and soon methought that I
Had wandered far from hell,—it seemed fast
disappearing.

But as I hurried on, and had begun
To think myself escaped the threatened ruin,
My robe entangled both my feet, and I
Fell prostrate. Directly towards the dread abyss
Adown the hill, I now began to roll.

But as I neared the awful verge, and feeling
Lost all hope of life, I suddenly was
Stopped by what, till now, was unobserved.
"Unto Me look and be ye saved!" loud
sounded

In mine ears. Mine eyes I raised and soon upon
A human form, their gaze was fixed,—when lo!
The robe in which I was enwrapped at once
Became as filthy rags about me. It
Was the Cross at which I lay. As from the
Wounded side of Him who thereon hanged,
A crimson fountain flowed. I soon was plunged
therein.

And no more saw the filthy rags. Instead
Of them, He that had hanged upon the cross,
Upon me placed a robe of his own righteousness.
Again I looked up to the Cross, but on
It saw no more the Crucified,—for He
Lay buried in the silent tomb.—But now,
O Grave! where is thy Victory? O Death!
Where now thy sting? "Christ burst the bars
of death,

And triumphed o'er the grave," and gloriously
Ascended to God's right hand on high; and
Ever lives for sinners such as I, to
intercede.

And thus to me was shown
Jesus, the Way, the Truth, the Life. Now, if
I in the narrow way shall walk, and to
The end prove faithful, there is for me a
Crown of Righteousness laid up, which God the
Righteous Judge shall place upon my head,—a
Crown of Glory bright that fadeth not away.
Yes! I shall see Him as He is; and on
His Throne sit down, and with Him reign
forever!

Once I was lost, but now I'm found,—
In bonds, but now I'm free;—
Grace, more than sin, did much abound:
All praise, my God, to Thee!

Once I was blind, but now I see;
God spake, and it was done!
As planned the Blessed Trinity,
I'm saved by God's dear Son.

JUDSON.

Rose Bay, Lunenburg, Co., 4th July 1870.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

REVIEW.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FARADAY. BY
DR. BENICE JONES, SECRETARY OF THE
ROYAL INSTITUTION. 8 vo., 2 vols., pp.
427, 486.

Michael Faraday was born in one of the
suburbs of London, Sept. 22, 1791. His

father was a blacksmith. At the age of
thirteen he was employed as an errand boy
by a bookbinder and stationer, to whom,
the next year, he was regularly apprenticed.
His education hitherto comprised
only reading, writing, and arithmetic, as
taught in the common schools. But he
possessed an inquiring mind, and early
manifested great eagerness in the pursuit
of knowledge and truth. When books
were sent to be bound, he often availed
himself of the opportunity of improvement,
detaining the volumes, perhaps, longer
than usual, that he might profit by their
contents. It was in this way that his
scientific tastes were developed.

"Faraday himself says, 'Whilst an apprentice I loved to read the scientific books
which were under my hands, and, amongst
them, delighted in Marquet's "Conversations
in Chemistry," and the electrical treatises
in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." I
made such simple experiments in chemistry
as could be defrayed in their expense by a
few pence per week, and also constructed
an electrical machine, first with a glass
phial, and afterwards with a real cylinder,
as well as other electrical apparatus of a
corresponding kind. He told a friend that
Watts "On the Mind" first made him think,
and that his attention was turned to science
by the article "Electricity" in an encyclopædia he was employed to bind.' Vol. i.
p. 11.

From the first he was more than a book-
student. He would see and feel for him-
self. Whatever statements were made,
whatever positions taken, were subject to
the test of experiment, by the aid of such
apparatus as he could then procure; and
the result was, that when his apprenticeship
terminated, in 1812, he had already become
a successful operator in chemical and elec-
trical science. Bookbinding was too mean
an employment for such a man. Having
attended some of Sir Humphry Davy's
lectures, he sent his notes of those lectures
to the philosopher, who regarded him as a
promising young man deserving encourage-
ment, and soon after procured for him the
situation of assistant in the Laboratory of
the Royal Institution, which was oppor-
tunately vacant at that time. He received
his appointment in March, 1813. In the
following October he left England in com-
pany with Sir Humphry Davy, and as his
amandensis, for a scientific tour in France,
Italy, and Switzerland, which did not come
to a close till April, 1815. On his return
Mr. Faraday resumed his post in the Royal
Institution. There he learned, and taught
and inquired, and experimented, for more
than forty years. His connection with
Sir Humphry Davy gave facilities for the
acquisition of knowledge and skill which he
turned to the best account, and at Sir
Humphry's death he became the presiding
genius of the Institution.

Mr. Faraday's life was the life of a philo-
sopher. His views on that subject were
thus expressed by himself, in one of his
early lectures:—"The philosopher should
be a man willing to listen to any suggestion
but determined to judge for himself. He
should not be biased by appearances; have
no favorite hypotheses; be of no school;
and in doctrine have no master. He should
not be a respecter of persons but of things.
Truth should be his primary object. If to
these qualities be added industry, he may
indeed hope to walk within the veil of the
temple of nature." Vol. i. p. 225.

His time was mostly spent in the labor-
atory and in lecture halls. We heard one
of his earliest lectures, delivered before a
philosophical society, in London, in 1816.
The subject was "aerostation." His style
and manner were admirable; the illustra-
tions were appropriate, and the experiments
uniformly successful. All his lectures were
of the same stamp. Hence he was a great
favorite with the public, and always com-
manded large audiences. Among his
hearers, in his latter years, were Prince
Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Prince
Alfred and Arthur, and many of the nobility
and gentry of the Western part of the
metropolis, besides numbers of earnest
students, who sat at his feet with reverent
attention.

As a writer on scientific subjects he was

well known for fifty years. When he as-
certained a new fact, or discovered a law,
he published it to the world. He did not
put his light under a bushel. His first essays
appeared in the "Quarterly Journal of
Science." After he became a Fellow of
the Royal Society, he communicated the
results of his investigations in the "Philos-
ophical Transactions." His theories,
speculations, and discoveries in Electricity
and Chemistry were comprised in four octavo
volumes, which are highly prized by the
scientific portion of the literary public.

Mr. Faraday's discoveries in electricity
and magnetism placed him in the first rank
of the philosophers of the nineteenth cen-
tury. His merits were unanimously ac-
knowledgeed. He obtained the highest dis-
tinctions usually awarded to great men in
the various departments of knowledge,
scarcely a Philosophical Society in Great
Britain or Europe can be mentioned of
which he was not a member. Oxford gave
him the degree of D. C. L.; Cambridge,
that of L. L. D. He received, in all,
"ninety-five honorary titles and marks of
merit." Government, under Lord Mel-
bourne's administration, awarded him a
pension, and in his declining years he
enjoyed a house on Hampton Green,
graciously placed at his disposal by Her
Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Faraday was a man of God. His piety
was intelligent—deep—warm—practical.
The following observations on religion and
philosophy are highly interesting:—

"You speak of religion, and here you
will be sadly disappointed in me. You
will perhaps remember that I guessed, and
not very far aside, your tendency in this
respect. Your confidence in me claims in
return mine to you, which indeed I have no
hesitation to give on fitting occasions, but
there I think are very few, for in my mind
religious conversation is generally in vain.
There is no philosophy in my religion. I am
of a very small and despised sect of Chris-
tians, known, if known at all, as *Sande-
manians*, and our hope is founded on the
faith that is Christ. But though the natu-
ral works of God can never by any possi-
bility come in contradiction with the higher
things that belong to our future existence
and must with everything concerning Him
ever glorify Him, still I do not think it at
all necessary to tie the study of the natu-
ral sciences and religion together, and, in
my intercourse with my fellow creatures,
that which is religious and that which is
philosophical have ever been two distinct
things." Vol. ii. p. 195.

"Our philosophy, feeble as it is, gives
us to see in every particle of matter, a
centre of force reaching to an infinite dis-
tance, binding worlds and suns together,
and unchangeable in its permanency.—
Around this same particle we see grouped
the powers of all the various phenomena of
nature; the heat, the cold, the wind, the
storm, the awful conflagration, the vivid
lightning flash, the stability of the rock
and the mountain, the grand nobility of the
ocean, with its mighty tidal wave sweeping
round the globe in its diurnal journey, the
dancing of the stream and torrent; the
glorious cloud, the soft dew, the rain drop-
ping fatness, the harmonious working of all
these forces in nature, until at last the mole-
cule rises up in accordance with the mighty
purpose ordained for it, and plays its part in
gift of life itself. And therefore our the
philosophy, whilst it shows us these things,
should lead us to think of Him who hath
wrought them; for it is said by an author-
ity far above even that which these works
present, that 'the invisible things of
Him from the creation of the world are
clearly seen, being understood by the things
that are made even His eternal power and
Godhead.'" *Ibid.*, p. 229.

Mr. Faraday was several years an elder
of the Sandemanian church, and took his
turn in preaching. His sermons were re-
markably plain and practical.

A letter to his sister-in-law, Miss Bar-
nard, written at Interlaken, in Switzerland
Aug. 1, 1841, contains some beautiful
thoughts:—

"A whole month has passed away since
we left you and all our friends; and though
we have for so long been absent, and

without those cheering words and pleasant
little chats, which are and ought to be a
comfort to one another, still we have had
your letters, and you can hardly think how
great their value is to us. I speak of you
as all together, for I cannot tell how to
separate you one from another; bound up
together, as I trust in the one hope, and
in faith and love which is in Jesus Christ,
you seem to me to become more and
more as one to us; for, as we increase our
distance from you, there appears to be a
separation of the few, or I ought rather to
say of the many, that are with you from
the rest of the world, and a distinction
which I feel to be the greater now that I
am away. And you too, dear Jenny, are
away in a manner; for though it is not
distance which separates you, yet it has
pleased God in his dealing to bring weak-
ness of body over you, and so to lessen
your power to enjoy those privileges which
are granted to us to keep alive in our hearts
the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus.
But we know that these his dealings with
his people who are found waiting upon
Him, are all mercy, and are needful to rule
their rebellious hearts to the obedience of
Him, and to see in Him everything which
is necessary for our rest. How anxious, to
be sure, we are to do something! Often
it takes the form of going to his house, or
of joining in his worship, or of working in
the labour of love in the profession—things
that his people, constrained by his love,
will be always found observing; but when
it pleases God to take from us these privi-
leges, leaving us his word, which is suffi-
cient, how often shall we find, by the work-
ings and thoughts of our hearts, that in
these things we were trying to do some-
thing on our own account! And so we
may be encouraged to hope that He is
thus showing us what is within ourselves,
that He may turn us again unto Christ
and to Him alone. Now, my dear Jenny, I
hope I have not written anything to make
you dull. I have no such thought; I am
rather hoping to cheer both you and myself
by the thought of Divine goodness and
mercy, which make salvation not of any
worth or work of ours, or any goodness or
strength or fitness that we have, but alone
of his sovereign grace and mercy." *Ibid.* p.
143.

The good man glided gently down the
valley. On his way, he penned these lines,
in a note to the Count of Paris, who had
invited him to Twickenham, near London,
where he resided:—

"I bow before Him who is Lord of all,
and hope to be kept waiting patiently for
His time and mode of releasing me, ac-
cording to His Divine Word, and the
great and precious promises whereby His
people are made partakers of the Divine
nature." *Ibid.* p. 477.

He died Aug. 25, 1867, in the 76th year
of his age.

Dr. Jones has constructed this Memoir
on a novel principle. It ought to be en-
titled "annals" of the life of Faraday, for
the history of each year is given in detail,
so that we see the process of development
—in knowledge, science, and general
character. There are advantages and dis-
advantages in this plan, but we have not
time to discuss them. We quote the closing
paragraphs of the work:—

"That one who had been a newspaper
boy should receive, unsought, almost every
honour which every republic of science
throughout the world could give; that he
should for many years be consulted con-
stantly by the different departments of the
government, and other authorities, on
questions regarding the good of others;
that he should be sought after by the
princes of his own and other countries;
and that he should be the admiration of
every scientific or unscientific person who
knew any thing of him, was enough to
have made him proud; but his religion
was a living root of fresh humility, and
from first to last it may be seen growing
with his fame, and reaching its height with
his glory, and making him to the end of his
life certainly the humblest, whilst he was
also the most energetic, the truest, and the
kindest of experimental philosophers.
To complete this picture, one word