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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE EARLY BAPTISTS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

Sing, muse of history, sing the deathless fame
Of heroes honor'd by a spotless name;
From selfish aims and low ambition pure,
Born for a work which ever shall endure,
Brave men and true, with fearless steps they
trod,
"Soul liberty" their aim; their leader God,
Slaves to no creed, chained by no iron rule,
Bound by no ritual, servants of no school,
Pledged to no standing order—all their plan
To trust God's truth to God, man's rights to
man,
They held no precept but the Saviour's word,
Called no man "Master," but their glorious
Lord.
They claimed no right the conscience to re-
strain,
Deemed human rights both useless things and
vain;
Taught infant baptism—when the babes be-
lieved,
And their young hearts the Saviour's grace
received;
Believed in sprinkling—of Christ's precious
blood,
And urged their converts to that cleansing
flood;
But, dead to sin, they chose the mystic grave,
Memorial blest of Him who came to save,
They taught the world by charity divine
How Christ's sweet spirit in the life can shine;
All men embrace within its mighty span,
Grant each his right, and honor man as man.
Careless of steeped grace and gothic pile,
Their earliest church, on yonder sea-girt isle,
In faith they planted, and bedewed with tears
The infants lip—the joy of later years.
When scourged by power, the cruel stripes
they bore,
Eased by God's succor, made their converts
more;
When doomed to exile, wider still they spread
The faith they loved—the truth for which they
bled,
Their zeal for God, by fines and dungeons
tried,
Grew when they suffered, triumphed when
they died,
Free as the water rippling o'er their strand,
Reaching and kissing every distant land,
So the broad truths they taught, hemmed in
no more,
Seek every land and find each distant shore,
The church they founded here, oppressed and
tried,
For which they suffered, and in which they
died,
Stood for God's truth, brought freedom to the
oppressed—
Joy to the prisoner, to the troubled rest;
Like some fair beacon, marked the blessed
way,
And shed its welcome light across the bay,
They passed from earth—the champions in the
fight,
Their hearts undaunted, and their armor
bright,
Servants of men—not they! but fearing God,
And countless thousands in their steps have
trod—
As gentle clouds that drink the morning dew,
Float in the light and bathe in heaven's bright
blue,
But, noonday past, in gold and crimson rest,
Like gorgeous mountains in the glowing West,
While day departs in peaceful duty die,
Leaving their tranquil glow along the sky.
So lived Christ's witnesses, friends of Christ's
truth,
As men endowed with an unfailing youth;
And, dying, left, like daylight's golden train,
Blest memories, in which they live again,
O, men of God! O, men of faith and prayer!
Whose souls craved pardon as the lungs crave
air,
Blest for your work, whose fruits, like har-
vest's wave,
Blest for the noble heritage ye gave.
In filial love, in manly strength and cheer,
And queenly charms and beauty gathered
here,
Honors sincere around your brows we wreath,
And blessings on your memories we breathe,
Be ours the honor and the bliss to wear,
With grateful joy and pride, your mantles
rare,
Till o'er each bannered height shall swing un-
furled
"Soul-liberty!"—the watchword of the world.

There is no note on the harp of an
angel more welcome to Jehovah than
the cry of a penitent for mercy, or the
supplication of a child for grace.

Religious.

THE SPICES IN GOD'S GARDEN.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

The true believer's heart in the
"King's garden." It is described in
the Canticles as a "garden enclosed."
The Orientals were accustomed to fence
in their gardens with hedges of prickly
shrubs; sometimes a stone wall was
built, as in the case of the hallowed
enclosure around Gethsemane. Out-
side the garden was often a barren
waste. So is the believer's heart, kept
apart from a world lying in wickedness.
"Come out, and be ye separate, said
the Lord Almighty."

What are the products of this heart
garden? The singer of Solomon's
Song tells us that they are "pleasant
fruit, with all trees of frankincense and
myrrh and aloes, with all the chief
spices." These spices are the graces
of a Christian's soul. As spices were
not native to the Oriental garden, but
were planted there, and required care-
ful cultivation, so the fragrant graces
of Christian character are not natural
to the human heart. They do not
spring spontaneously in any man before
conversion. They are the blessed and
beautiful results of regeneration. What
a vast deal of watching and watering
do they require! What constant need
there is of that remarkable prayer,
"Awake! oh, north wind, and come
thou! south wind! Blow upon my gar-
den, that the spices may flow out."

Look at the meaning of this prayer
a moment. Its root is found in the
fact that as delicious odors may lie
latent in a spice-tree, so graces may
lie unexercised and undeveloped in a
Christian's heart. There is often a
plant of profession; but from the cum-
ber of the ground there breathes forth
no fragrance of holy affections or of
godly deeds.

As long as any member of Christ's
church lives a hollow life of mere pro-
fession; as long as he aims to please
himself, and not his Savior; as long as
he is grasping, and self-seeking, and
self-indulgent and covetous, and a lover
of pleasure more than a lover of God;
so long there is no practical difference
between a cinnamon bush and a Canada
thistle. A church full of such profes-
sors, whether they swear by the West-
minster Confession or by the Thirty-
nine Articles, is only a patch of weeds.

But even in genuine Christians there
are latent graces which require to be
drawn forth. And this prayer is for
the coming of a "north wind" and of
a "south wind," that the fragrance of
the soul's spices may flow out. Any-
thing rather than a scentless, formal,
fruitless religion. Let the north wind
come, even though it be a cutting wind
of conviction! Christians need to be
convicted of sin as much as impenitent
sinners. Peter was under conviction
of sin when he went out into the
garden to weep bitterly. Perhaps the
Apostle Paul felt a terrible uprising of
the "old Adam" when he wrote that
tearful seventh chapter to the Romans.
Dr. Beecher once told me that one of
the most tremendous seasons of awaken-
ing he ever knew was in a theological
seminary! The "north wind" of the
Spirit's power was so keenly felt that
students for the ministry gave up their
"hopes," cried for mercy, and dug
down deeper for better foundations to
rest on! The most powerful revivals
in churches are those which bring pro-
fessing Christians to repentance and
tears, and to the cutting off of "right-
hand" sins. Awake! oh, north wind
of conviction, and blow upon our dull,
odorless hearts, that the spices of peni-
tence may flow out.

Sometimes God sends severe blasts
of trial upon his children to develop
their graces. Just as torches burn
most brightly when swung violently to
and fro, just as the juniper plant smells
the sweetest when flung into the flames,
so the richest qualities of a Christian
often come out under the north wind
of suffering and adversity. Bruised hearts
often emit the fragrance that God loveth
to smell. Almost every true believer's

experience contains the record of trials
which were sent for the purpose of
shaking the spice-tree.

Who bears a cross prays oft and well,
Bruised herbs send forth the sweetest smell;
Where plants ne'er tossed by stormy wind,
The fragrant spices who would find?

Trials are of no profit unless im-
proved. We need the Spirit's work at
no time more than in our hours of trial.
A graceless heart is none the better
after affliction. The same wind blows
on the thistle-bush and on the spice-
tree; but it is only one of them which
gives out rich odors. Awake! oh,
north wind, and come thou south!
Blow upon my heart, that the perfumes
of sweet grace may flow out!

There are two winds mentioned in
this beautiful prayer. God may send
either or both as seemeth Him good.
He may send the north wind of con-
viction to bring us to repentance, or He
may send the south wind of love to
melt us into gratitude and holy joy.
If we often require the sharp blasts of
trial to develop our graces, do we not
also need the warm south breezes of
His mercy? Do we not need the new
sense of Christ's presence in our hearts,
and the joys of the Holy Ghost? Do
we not need to be melted, yea, to be
overpowered by the love of Jesus?
When I look into my own scanty little
heart garden, when I go into the
prayer-meetings of my flock, and when
I think how feeble are the spiritual
influences we are shedding out upon the
world, I am ready to cry out: Awake!
oh, north wind of the convicting Spirit!
Come, oh, south wind of melting, sub-
duing love, and blow upon these odor-
less plants!

Every genuine revival of religion has
a divine side and a human side. Every
such revival is the gift of God; yet it
is also the work of free agents—the
quickened activity of good men and
women. When the winds blow upon
the cinnamon-bushes, it is from the
bushes themselves that the odors flow
out. The softest of zephyrs cannot
draw fragrance from a pigweed. Faith
is the gift of God; but it is also your
act and mine. Love is kindled by
contact with Christ; but we must come
up close to Him. The Holy Spirit
may waft odors from a true Christian
life; but the Christian must do the
living. Dead trees yield no spices.
What was the secret of the success and
tremendous power of the Apostolic
church? Every tree was a bearing
tree. Paul in his pulpit, Lydia in her
cloth store, Dorcas with her needle,
John amid his flock at Ephesus—each
and all were "always abounding in the
work of the Lord."

Brethren! how shall our spiritual
gardens attain to such beauty and
fragrance? There are three pithy
answers. Let each one look well to
the tillage of his own or her own heart.
The measure of a Christian's power is
the measure of that Christian's piety.
Grace must be in the soul before it
can come out of the soul.

Secondly, be the Christian everywhere
and always. When Jacob came into
his father's presence, the odor of the
barley-ground and the vineyard was in
his garments; it was the "smell of the
field which God has blessed." So,
wherever we go, let us carry the Spirit
of Christ within us; then the spices will
flow out.

Finally, let us cry fervently and
frequently and importunately for the
breath of the Holy Spirit. With one
voice let us cry: "Awake! oh, north
wind, and come, thou south. Blow
upon our garden!" Then shall there
be a shaking-down of fruit from the
branches, and the outflow of the sweet
spices shall fill and perfume the atmos-
phere in which we dwell.—Independent.

PIETY OF THE JEWS.

The Jewish religion is a monotone;
it is a religion of one idea, and that
idea is God. Do you wish the most
enlightening of all commentaries on the
Bible? do you wish to know the origi-
nal meaning of hackney Christian
phrases? would you taste the savor and
inhale the fragrance of celebrated texts?
do you desire to see living descendants

of the characters sketched in the New
Testament? Then frequent orthodox
synagogues, and observe the way of
those who attend them. The Jew
"walks with God;" the Jew, "in every-
thing, gives thanks;" the Jew "makes
melody in his heart to the Lord;"
the Jew "prays without ceasing."

A pious Jew of the old school utters
in the course of every twenty-four
hours as many as a hundred benedic-
tions, ascriptions, and prayer. On
waking in the morning he says: "I
thank Thee, ever-living, ever-enduring
King, that Thou hast restored me unto
life, through Thy great mercy and truth."
Whenever he enjoys, whenever he suf-
fers, whenever he gains, whenever he
loses, he has a form of Hebrew words
ready in his memory in which to call
upon his God. If he eats a fine peach,
he says: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord
our God, King of the Universe, who
hast caused us to be preserved, and
permitted us to enjoy this season." But
if he were about to eat strawber-
ries, the ascription would slightly vary;
as it would also for bread, cakes, melons,
vegetables, wine, water, oil. If he
enjoys the fragrance of flowers, he will
say: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord God,
King of the Universe, who createst
aromatic herbs;" and he has also a
form for sweet scented woods, fruits,
gums, spice. On passing a synagogue
in ruins, or one flourishing and hand-
some; on meeting Hebrew sages, and
on meeting Gentile sages; when he
hears thunder, music, rain, or wind, or
sees a rainbow, a fine tree, a mountain,
a river, the ocean, a handsome crea-
ture; on hearing good news or bad
news; at the birth or at the death of a
child; upon leaving and returning home
—he utters his short thanksgiving in
Hebrew. They "walk with God."
"God is in all their thought."—The
Atlantic.

HE BORE IT ALL FOR ME.

"When I was a boy at school," said
a distinguished speaker to a deeply-
solemnized audience, "I saw a sight
that I never can forget—a man tied to
a cart, and dragged through the streets
of my native town, his back torn and
bleeding from the lash. It was a
shameful punishment. For many of-
fences? No; for one offence. Did
any of the townsmen offer to divide the
lashes with him? No; he who com-
mitted the offence bore the penalty of
a changing human law; for it was the
last instance of its infliction."

"When I was a student at the uni-
versity, I saw another sight I never can
forget—a man brought out to die. His
arms were pinioned, his face already
pale as death. Thousands of eager
eyes were on him as he came up from
the jail in sight. Did any man ask to
die in his room? Did any friend loose
the rope, and say, 'Put it round my
neck; I die instead?' No; he under-
went the sentence of the law. For
many offences? No; for one offence.
He broke the law at one point, and
died for it. It was the penalty of
changing human law in this case also;
it was the last instance of capital punish-
ment being inflicted for that offence."

"I saw another sight—it matters
not when—myself a sinner, standing
on the brink of ruin, deserving naught
but hell. For one sin? No; for many,
many sins committed against the un-
changing laws of God. But again I
looked, and saw Jesus, my substitute,
scourged in my stead, and dying on the
cross for me. I looked and cried, and
was forgiven. And it seemed to be
my duty to come here and tell you of
that Saviour, to see if you will not also
LOOK AND LIVE."

WAS MILTON A BAPTIST?

I have sometimes found Baptists
who did not know that John Milton
was one also. Now, as it is well that
folks should know their own relations,
the following extracts may impart light
to some. In his work "On Christian
Doctrine," he says,

Under the gospel, the first of the
sacraments, so called, is baptism; where-

in believers, who engage themselves to
newness of life, are immersed in water,
to signify their regeneration by the
Holy Spirit, and their union to Christ
in his death, burial and resurrection.
Hence it follows that infants are not
to be baptized, inasmuch as they are
incompetent to receive instruction, or
to answer for themselves, or even to
hear the word. It is not that outward
baptism which purifies only the filth of
the flesh, which saves us, but the answer
of a good conscience, as Peter testifies;
of which infants are incapable. Bap-
tism is a vow, such as can neither be
pronounced by the infants, nor required
of them.

Again he says,

It is in vain alleged by those who,
on the authority of Mark 8: 4, Luke
11: 38, have introduced the practice
of affusion in baptism, instead of immer-
sion, that to dip and sprinkle mean the
same thing; since in washing we do not
sprinkle the hands, but immerse them.

From his "Paradise Lost," Book 12:
438—450:

To his disciples, men who in his life
Still followed him;—to them shall leave in
charge

To teach all nations what of him they learned,
And his salvation; them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profuent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life.

Milton, and De Foe, the author of
"Robinson Crusoe" and many political
works, attended the Little Wilde street
Baptist congregation under the ministry
of Dr. Stennett.—Ex.

THE MOST UNFORTUNATE KNOWLEDGE.

A man may know all about the
rocks, and his heart remain as hard
as granite or adamant; he may know
all about the winds, their courses and
their currents, and be the sport of
passions as fierce and turbulent as
they; he may know all about the stars,
and his fate be the meteor's, that
blazes for a little while, and is then
lost, quenched in eternal light; he
may know all about the sea, and be a
stranger to the peace of God; his soul
may resemble its troubled waters,
which, lashed by the storms and ruffled
by every breath of wind, cannot rest,
and throws up mire and dirt; he may
know how to rule the spirit of the
elements, and not know how to rule
his own; he may know how to turn
aside the deadly thunderbolt, but not
the wrath of an angry God; you may
know all, in short, that man's genius has
discovered, or his skill invented; but
if you do not know Jesus Christ, if your
eyes have never been opened to a
saving knowledge of the truth, what
will that avail you when they are fixed
in their sockets, glazed by the hand
of death? Equally by the death-bed
of the greatest philosopher, as of the
hardest miser that ever ground the
faces of the poor, there is room and
reason for the solemn question. What
shall it profit a man if he shall gain
the whole world?—all its learning, its
wealth, its pleasures, and its honors—
and loose his own soul?—Dr. Guthrie.

DON'T TALK BUT DO.

"I have always found," says Rus-
kin, "that the less we speak of our
intentions the more chance it is of
our realizing them." If any living
writer of the English tongue owes his
influence and fame to an eloquent and
audacious fluency, whereby the read-
er is carried away on a glowing sea of
words, it is John Ruskin; and yet
note his recent protest and confession:
"I have had what, in many respects,
I boldly call the misfortune to set my
words somewhat prettily together;
not without a foolish vanity in the
poor knack that I had of doing so,
until I was heavily punished for this
pride by finding that many people
thought of the words only, and not of
their meaning." And elsewhere, in
the same treatise, he remarks: "No
true painter ever speaks or ever has
spoken much of his art; the great ones
speak nothing. The moment a man
can really do his work, he becomes
speechless about it. All words become
idle to him."—Atlantic Monthly.