

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XVII., No. 43.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, October 23, 1872.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXXVI., No. 43.

Poetry.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away;
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it will be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night;
And hearts have broken for harsh words
spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

Religious.

WHO ARE THE MEMBERS OF A CHURCH?

A Presbyterian congregation in the north of Scotland numbers 66 communicants and 414 adherents. There is no dispute as to the number of communicants, for the communion roll has been duly verified. There is a little doubt about the adherents, who may be more or fewer than 414, as there is no indisputable definition of what is understood by an adherent. Adherence is inferred, however, from the substantial fact that there are 414 non-communicant subscribers to one of the funds of the Free Church, which is regarded good attainable evidence. On the occasion of a recent vacancy in a certain congregation, a probationer was elected by a large majority over another probationer. The presbytery proceeded regularly with the call, which received the signatures of 24 of the 66 members and of 400 of the 414 adherents. The presbytery asked both in Gaelic and in English whether there were any objections. None were formally tabled. Afterwards between 30 to 40 communicants pleaded for the non-elect probationer. The presbytery, taking no notice of the petition of the majority of the members, proceeded with the settlement of Mr. Gillies. One of the dissenting members appealed to the synod, who reversed the action of the presbytery, and instructed them to "use all means competent to secure harmony in calling a minister." The General Assembly has supported the presbytery, reversed the decision of the synod, and placed Mr. Gillies, who was elected by a minority of members in full communion and a majority of adherents who never go to the Lord's table.

These 414 adherents get baptism for their children; are entrusted with the management of the congregational finances; become members of committees to look out for suitable pastors; and are, many of them, liberal contributors to the schemes of the church. To the privilege (?) of the baptism of infants none but the infants of members of the visible church are admitted. Now, these 414 adherents, though they never go to the Lord's table, call a minister and obtain the objects of their choice in opposition to members in full communion, as Presbyterians phrase it!—*Cor. of Not. Baptist.*

A Bristol correspondent writes:—While leaving chapel last Sunday morning one of our most valued and venerable friends remarked:—This is good food we have had this morning, but I am afraid many of the sheep have the foot and mouth disease, or there would not have been so many empty stalls," evidently hinting that many were lame souls and also without spiritual appetite.

ANCIENT AMERICA.

BY M. A. HALLOCK.

America, the land of which we boast so much, and know so little, is beginning to assume an importance in an antiquarian point of view, which quite sets at naught our old ideas of its having lain from the time of creation to the coming of the Indians, an unbroken wilderness, where the monsters of the deep and of the land had everything their own way.

It is quite startling to be called upon by Mr. Baldwin in his recent book,* to believe that our own western states were supporting an intelligent, settled, and civilized people two or three thousand years ago, about as far back as when Solomon was on the throne, or when Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel were governing the Assyrian Empire, and when Solon was promulgating his wise code of laws to the refractory Greeks.

In Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and other of our states, from the Gulf of Mexico to the far north on the Missouri river, artificial mounds are found, which have puzzled the curious ever since their discovery. Some have thought to be Indian burying-places. No less than ten thousand of these are in Ohio alone. They are made with great labor some of them having the combination of squares and circles which are executed with geometrical precision.

Indian skeletons have been dug from near the surface of these mounds from time to time, their good preservation showing that not many ages have gone by since they were interred. But far below these—nearer the base of the mound, skeletons of another race have been exhumed, which crumble to dust on the slightest exposure. These remnants of humanity speak of only one thing, and that is of antiquity. On all other subjects they are as silent as the dust around them. These mounds are, or were, covered with forests. One tree showed an age of eight hundred years, yet it is supposed that other generations of trees on the mound had passed away before this sprang up.

Many relics of art, far surpassing anything the Indians have ever produced, have been taken from these mounds. "They consist of a considerable variety of ornaments and implements made of copper, silver, obsidian, (a kind of glass produced by volcanoes), porphyry, and green stone, finely and elaborately wrought. There are axes, double and single, adzes, chisels, drills or gravers, lance-heads, knives, bracelets, pendants, beads, and the like, made of copper. There are also articles of pottery elegantly designed and finished, ornaments made of silver, bone, mica from the Alleghenies, and shells from the Gulf of Mexico." A telescope answering to one pictured upon the ruins of Mexico, which a man holds in his hand, placed to his eye, has been found, also remnants of cloth, which indicate that the art of spinning and weaving was known.

These mounds vary in size: generally they are from six to thirty feet high, but many are very much higher. One in Illinois is ninety feet high, seven hundred feet long, and five hundred wide. All have flat tops on which were once standing, it is supposed, the principal buildings of the people. Traces of stairs winding up on the outside, are on some, while in Mexico and Central America, the stairs, parts of the balustrades, and the ruins of stone buildings on top, are to be seen to this day. The northerners probably used wood for these elevated buildings, as no traces of them are found. These people are supposed to have been sun worshippers, and it may have been a fancy of theirs to get as near their god as possible.

Works of a different character are found, made of stone and dirt, designed as enclosures. Some incircle only a few

* Ancient America, by J. D. Baldwin. Our illustrations are taken by permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers, from this admirable treatise, which is as entertaining as it is instructive.

acres, others include in their regular sweep a hundred and forty acres or more. Some of these are in circles, large and small, combined with the square. One in Adams county, Ohio, is in the form of a serpent, one thousand and feet long, with the jaws distended as if in the act of swallowing an oval mound, while its tail lies in a triple coil. A fanciful people truly. That the mound-builders were also miners, if not all which have been opened by the miners of the present generation, show that they have been worked before.

Mr. Baldwin tells us that "near Lake Superior in a new mine a huge mass of copper, weighing nearly six tons, was found raised upon logs of cedar, the ends of the logs showing plainly that an axe had been used. These logs crumbled down on being exposed to the air. Near by lay a stone hammer, weighing thirty-six pounds, and another of copper, weighing twenty-five pounds. On the debris thrown from the mine, were trees showing three hundred and ninety-five years' growth, while the decayed trees of a former generation were seen lying across the pits."

This certainly points back to great antiquity, and must have been coeval with the mound buildings. The area of ground supposed to have been worked by these ancient miners, is greater than that occupied by the present generation, and it is to be hoped that further light may yet be thrown upon this ancient people from these dark, underground places.

There are many theories in regard to this race, and one hinted at in some ancient books is, that an intelligent people came from the east in ships more than a thousand years before the Christian era, and settled in Central America and Mexico, where they remained peaceably till they were strong enough, when they conquered the country, established their civilization, built their mounds, and finally spread themselves up the Mississippi, carrying their mound-building propensities with them. That here they remained till a barbarous people from the north, who are supposed to have come over Behring's strait, poured down upon them, and after a terrible struggle of thirteen years, drove them back to their southern country. Here we have the first introduction to our Indians.

There are evidences that, ages ago, some of the states of South America were civilized, and it is surmised that the enlightened people who "came in ships," and settled in Central America and Mexico, were from that land.

However this may be, there is good authority for the belief that both North and South America were once in the far past inhabited by intelligent, civilized people, and that we are not so far superior to them as we may have imagined.

The glimpses of light that we catch through the crevices of time are enough to show us our ignorance of the past, but not enough to satisfy our longing curiosity.—*Christian Weekly.*

RELIGION PUT IN PRATICE.

I had gone into my butcher's shop one Saturday night, and was waiting for my steak. While doing so, a man, black with the toil and dust of machinery, came in. He was old and homely, and meanly dressed, and I never should have looked upon him as a divine agent of consolation, had not a little girl come in and revealed him to me.

"How's father to-day, Polly?" he asked.

"He's worse to-day, and mother's down too," and the weary little thing began crying softly to herself. Then the man stooped and said something in a low voice, to which she only shook her head and cried more bitterly. So he took the basket from her, saying: "Run away home, Polly, or that baby, he'll be in mischief. I'll bring the basket." She offered him twenty-five cents, but he hurried her away and would not touch it. Then

he chose some good beef, a piece of bacon, and plenty of vegetables, and having paid for them, walked off toward a large tenement-house in sight.

I gave him silent reverence as he passed me, for I knew him then as one of God's messengers, unconsciously, but oh, how blessedly, taking a share in the ministry of angels!

Opportunities like these are constantly thrown in our way by the angel who watcheth for our souls; but "if a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto him, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give him not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?"—*Christian at work.*

A DEFECTIVE TITLE.

Recently a young clergyman purchased a house, which cost nearly all the means he could command. Not long after the price was paid, a defect was discovered in the title which made it worthless, and so the good man lost his earthly home.

When I heard of this friend's misfortune, I thought of the deep meaning of the two lines.

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."

Many can do this now. Others dare not think this sight of faith is their experience, whose title is recorded in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

But others are clinging to defective titles. Surely nothing in the universe of God can be more fearful than the cherishing of these, when the dwellings of pilgrims to eternity are left forever.

Christ offers a perfect title to an "inheritance with the saints in light," with sufficient means of knowing his gift, in contrast with all deceptive imitations. David, whose frailty and penitence and grateful love are recorded in imperishable song, learned that "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant."

DR. LANGE ON INFANT BAPTISM.

Lange's Commentaries have obtained wide celebrity for their able exposition of the various books of the Bible. Let us see what this learned Lutheran divine says about Pedobaptism: "Would the Protestant Church fulfil and attain to its high destiny, the baptism of infants must of necessity be abolished. It has sunk down to a mere formality, without any religious meaning for the child, and stands in contradiction to the fundamental doctrines of the Reformers, on the advantage and use of the sacraments. It cannot on any point of view be justified by the Holy Scriptures."

Such is destined to be the universal judgment of the Christian Church.

The Central Baptist tells a suggestive incident. Certainly, it would seem to be a case in which conscience good or bad, had nothing to do with the asserted experience:

A Baptist minister, many years ago in the south, called at the house of an Episcopalian gentleman to inquire the road to his appointment. This was politely given, with the remark, "You are to preach there to-day." "Yes, sir," replied the minister, "will you go along?" The other replied, "No; I do not like the Baptists, for they consider no others baptized but themselves."

"Have you been baptized?" inquired the preacher. "To be sure I have, as my mother has frequently told me." "Then you know only by information," was the preacher's last remark as he bade him good morning. This gentleman, in pondering over the matter, became convinced of the truth of Bible baptism, and he lived to preach it in all that region, about forty years.

GLEANINGS.

Cheering revival intelligence comes from Texas. Persons of all classes are becoming interested in religion.

Father Barnaby, pastor of the Baptist Church at West Harwick, Mass., is in his eighty-sixth year, and for forty-five years has not been kept out of the pulpit by sickness a single Sabbath.

"What is grace?" inquired the moderator of a Southern Presbytery, of a coloured candidate for a licence to preach, who had been for nearly forty years a slave. "Grace" he immediately and wisely replied, "that it is what I call *Something for nothing.*"

I do not think a man could run a locomotive engine, paint pictures, keep school, and preach on Sundays to any very great edification. A man who is going to be a successful preacher should make his whole life run toward the pulpit.—*Beecher.*

The Rev. W. C. Jamieson, one of the Glasgow Established Church ministers, has walked all the way from Edinburgh to London. Mr. Jamieson was on his holidays, and the time on the road was on his holidays, and the same time spent on the road was eighteen days and a forenoon, the journey having been gone about in the most leisurely manner imaginable.

M. Guizot, at the recent Synod of the Protestants, opposed the admission of ladies, arguing that their presence would lessen the solemnity of the discussions. Mr. Colani, one of the Liberals, vindicated their admission, on the ground that they were more religious than men. The Synod decreed that they should be admitted.

Let nobody puff you up by saying you are able preachers, because you can preach three or four good sermons. You have three or four tunes—that is all. You are not practised workmen until you understand human nature, and know how to touch it with Divine truth; until you comprehend the Divine truth in so many of its bearings upon the human soul that you can work with tolerable facility from the truth that is in Jesus to that which is in man; and, quite as often can reverse the process.—*Beecher.*

A GEM.

Better trust all, and be deceived.
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blest one's life with true believing.

Oh! in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'er takes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

The Sioux are very observant. One of Spotted Tail's followers, who speaks a little English, seeing one of the servant girls of the hotel take off her chignon, exclaimed: "How! White woman raise her own scalp! Indian no good here!"

A CAT'S THOUGHTS.—Whenever I see a favorite cat, with its so-called master or mistress, I always feel that the cat considers the master or mistress as a hired companion. The cat feels that it has somebody to open the door for it, to find out the sunniest window-sill for it, and, in fact to perform a thousand little offices belonging to the duties of hired companionship, in return for which the cat purrs out some wages and is content always to be in a graceful attitude, as an additional payment to the hired human companion.—*Arthur Helps.*

The Chinese are passionate lovers of kite-flying. Some of their kites are strung with catgut, and give out a musical sound which can be heard for half a mile. They send written prayers up by them, to be carried away by the messengers of the gods.

M. Thiers recently had the curiosity to have his orders and decorations valued, including the golden fleece. They are estimated to be worth twenty-eight thousand francs.