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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BY E. H. NASH.

Another brimming measure
Of sorrow dealt to thee;
But one more garnered treasure,
Safe for eternity.

The little life is ended,
The little journey done;
By angel guards attended,
The "better land" is won.

Spared is the child this weary
The toilsome way of life;
The days of anguish dreary,
The turmoil and the strife.

Saved from the great temptations
That mortals ever meet;
Where dwell the ransomed nations,
Where shines the golden street,
There, folded in the Saviour's arm,
The little child is safe from harm.

Where rolls the shining river,
The stream immortals drink,
Where ever and forever,
Stands close upon its brink,
The Tree whose leaves are healing,
Whose fruit is ever fair,
Thy lost, thy precious darling,
Is bright and happy there;
Close folded in the Saviour's arm,
The little child is safe from harm.

—From the "New Dominion Monthly"
for December.

'YET THESE MAKE LIFE.'

BY ELIZABETH HILLOCK.

A hurried day, filled up with cares,
A night commenced with feeble prayers
For greater strength to-morrow;
A heart-ache and a sorrow
For shortcomings; 'yet these make life.'
And is this all, this petty strife?
Do trials, only, make up life?

Tired feet that can not rest,
Sighs choked back, but half suppressed;
Aching hearts, but smiling faces;
Breaking hearts, which leave no traces
Visible; 'yet these make life.'
A war with self, it is—this strife,
A war with dreams that have no life.

Not a single noble deed,
Not an act to claim the meed
Of praise from idle lookers-on,
Only petty duties done
Patiently; 'yet these make life.'
And for this poor ignoble strife
The winner wears a crown of life.

Nature's own nobility
Can lend the heart tranquillity
To calmly bear a heavy blow;
But heavy blows, we all do know,
Do not make the whole of life;
The soul could rise above its grief,
True to itself, if these made life.

But common cares of every day,
Stretched along life's weary way;
Common duties oft recurring,
Sick hand and brain to labor spurring,
These call for strength that's born of prayer,
And those, who here the victors are,
Shall have, above, 'the morning star.'

Religious.

CHRISTIAN UNION AMONG THE BLESSED.

A DREAM.—BY THE LATE DR.
MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

The days were short, the sun had
long sunk beneath the horizon. I was
in my study, sitting at that table where
I was generally wont to write. The
table, as well as one or two others, and
the chairs around, were covered with
open folios for a work in which I was
engaged. They were the works of the
Fathers, Reformers, and many others.
I was fatigued with the labors of the
day. It was midnight. My eyes,
after having long rested on the works
of these men so dear to me, closed.
All at once, something strange occurred.
I ascended, I descended.
I traversed the air and the shades of
night. At length I arrived before large
gates. I stopped some moments; then
taking courage, crossed, with a certain
solemn awe, the threshold. Scarcely
had I passed through, when I heard,
in the abyss towards the left, cries,

di-putes, quarrels—

Et discordia demens
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

"This is the receptacle of the lost,"
exclaimed I, "the Gehenna, where
those who have not been saved await
the last day." I withdrew in haste;
and, attracted by songs full of melody,
directed my steps towards an elevated
ground. "This," thought I, "is doubt-
less Paradise—the place where the
souls of the blest await, after death,
the glorious resurrection." Words fail
me in my attempt to narrate fully what
I saw and heard; and the faint outline
which I shall draw, must only be re-
garded as the weak attempt of a child
to portray the glories of one of our Al-
pine views. A river, clear as crystal,
issuing gently from hidden sources, an
atmosphere all pure, and a radiance
mildly glorious, imparted charms inex-
pressible to this sweet spot. Through
a rising ground I sought the shade of a
myrtle and laurel grove. Scarcely had
I gained it, when I saw many human
forms, unsubstantial indeed, but yet
bearing distinctive marks. I needed
no angel to tell me their names. I
read them in the peculiar traits of each,
as if they had been imprinted on their
foreheads. Love and peace were in
their looks. They walked sometimes
two and two, then re-assembled; then
separated once more, but to meet
again.

At the same time that I recognized
perfectly their features, I heard dis-
tinctly, though at some distance, their
voices. They passed successfully near
to me, so that I could contemplate
them face to face. Calvin walked with
Jerome, Luther with Chrysostom,
Zwingle with Ignatius, Melancthon with
Clement of Alexandria, Knox with
Athanasius, Cranmer with Origen,
Latimer with Cyprian, Ridley with
Bernard, Leighton with Irenæus, Wes-
ley with Augustine, Zinzendorf with
Ambrose, Chalmers with Gregory
Nazianensis, Doddridge with Tertul-
lian, Chaldane with Hilare. They
spoke of the union of saints. "Re-
demption," said one, "has for its aim
the union of all the faithful in the
communion of God, through Jesus Christ.
Alas! Why does the Church on earth
show so little unity?" "Because,"
answered one, "among those who are
considered members of the Church,
there is an innumerable multitude who
are in reality strangers and aliens to it."
"Add," said another, "that a great
number of that mixed multitude in the
Church attain to important stations, are
charged with grave functions, and
manage the affairs of the congregations."
"Add then," said a third, "sometimes
it happens that among those who are
truly subjects of the Heavenly King,
the predominance of external motives
—episcopal dissenting, political—tends
to break the unity of the body."
"And do we not know," said a fourth,
"how easily are forgotten, everywhere,
the difference between things essential
and non-essential; and how strongly
does an extreme attachment to things
subordinate carry along with it destruc-
tion to the very unity which arises
from things fundamental?" "And
then," said a fifth, "do not gross er-
rors insinuate themselves into the
minds even of the faithful, and exert
themselves powerfully to create divi-
sions in the Church of the Lord?"

Most of these happy souls stopped at
the foot of the little hill where I had
taken up my station. "We had our
friendly differences," said they,
"whilst on earth." "You," said Lu-
ther to Chrysostom, "did not clearly
understand that man is saved by faith
alone; or at least, understanding it, you
did not express yourself with sufficient
clearness on that article, which lies at
the very foundation of the Church."
"You," said Zwingle to Ignatius, "laid
too great stress on the authority of
bishops, and did not sufficiently re-
spect the rights of Christians." "You,"
said Knox to Athanasius, "in your
quarrel with Arius, did ill in siding
with the Emperor Constantine. You
ought not to have acknowledged in a
temporal sovereign the right of convok-
ing the Council of Nice, and you ought

not to have appealed from the Council
of Tyre to Cæsar. You were well
punished for it afterwards." "You,"
said Calvin to Jerome, "rendered great
service to biblical literature, and your
long life was devoted to unwearied la-
bour, but you contributed at last to the
introduction of great errors into the
Church by your enthusiasm for the as-
cetic life." "You," said Augustine to
Wesley, "doubtless loved in your
heart the doctrine of grace, but you
neither sufficiently understood it, nor
with sufficient clearness set it forth.
Grace is prevalent, operative, co op-
erative. To nothing does it succumb,
but, by the gift of perseverance, ren-
ders the recipient victorious in the
combat." "You," said Chalmers to
Gregory Nazianensis, "have laboured
for the excellent doctrine of the divi-
nity of Jesus Christ; but you have not
been sufficiently firm and immovable
in your Christian career in the work of
the Lord. Incessantly you wavered
between the contemplative resentment
of a recluse and the active life of a
minister of God, and at length, in the
heat of the battle, withdrew from the
vocation which you had received from
on high to a retreat in Isauria."

I heard still further discourses like
the preceding. The words were uttered
with gentleness, and an expression
of peace and good-will spread over the
countenances both of listeners and
speakers. At length, I heard a voice,
grave and noble, proceed from the
midst of the blessed. I recognized St.
Paul. He said, "Such have we all
been; proud of our works, too forget-
ful that Jesus is sole Prince; wishing
to preserve to man some glory, and not
save at intervals, unreservedly devoting
ourselves to Him to whom we ought
altogether to belong. Such have we all
been 'washed,' 'sanctified,' and 'justi-
fied' in the name of the Lord Jesus,
and by the Spirit of our God." Add-
ing, "There is neither Jew nor Greek
there is neither bond nor free, neither
male nor female; we are all one in
Christ Jesus." And I saw all the
blessed presenting their hands—Luther
to Chrysostom, Knox to Athanasius,
Chalmers to Gregory, Calvin to Jerome,
Augustine to Wesley, and exclaiming,
"We are all one in Christ Jesus."

All at once, in that assembly of
saints, there reigned a solemn silence.
A gentle breath of air, mingled with
strains of celestial harmony, passed
over them. I saw them start, but it
was with the surprise of joy, not the
alarm of fear. They spoke, in low
accents, one to another; I heard them
say, "It is the Lord." I gazed toward
the distance; I saw "the Son of Man."
His mien was meek and gentle, yet his
countenance shone as the sun shineth
in his strength, "and his raiment glis-
tened white as snow." He was
"clothed with a garment down to the
foot, and girt about the waist with a
golden girdle." And I beheld and
saw all the saints fall down before him;
whilst one voice, which I recognized to
be that of St. John, led the chorus of
beatific praise, "Unto him that loved
us and washed us from our sins in his
own blood, and hath made us kings and
priests unto God, and his Father: to
him be glory and dominion for ever
and ever. Amen."

At these words I was moved, enrapt-
ured. I wished to prostrate myself,
like those blessed ones. The effort
awoke me, and I found myself in my
study, alone, profound darkness sur-
rounding me. I lit my lamp looked
at my watch; it was one hour past mid-
night. All my books, of Christian
authors of every age, were still before
me. I found again Augustine, Calvin,
Knox, Origen, Luther, Chrysostom,
Latimer, and the rest; but, alas! no
longer were there the sweet voices
which I had heard; there were old
volumes, old tracts, composed by those
illustrious men. I arose, and went to
seek rest.

This, then, was my dream. There
remains nothing for me to add but to
express my earnest desire that Chris-
tian charity may increase, and that we
may learn more and more even from
the dead, not to put without those

whom the Lord has put within his
Church. "Now, the God of peace,
that brought again from the dead our
Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of
the sheep, through the blood of the
everlasting covenant, make you perfect
in every good work to do his will,
working in you that which is well-
pleasing in his sight, through Jesus
Christ; to whom be glory for ever and
ever. Amen."

WET WEATHER

The Merchants' Lecture was founded
in 1662, by the Independents and
Presbyterians conjointly. It is de-
livered on the first Tuesday of the
month at noon. Dr. Raleigh is one of
the Lecturers. The following is a re-
port of the lecture delivered by him on
Tuesday Dec 7th, as given in the
Christian World:

Dr. Raleigh took for his text Ezra
x. 13. "It is a time of much rain."
After a brief introduction on the cir-
cumstances of the men of Israel at
the time to which these words refer,
he proceeded to discourse on the long
season of excessive rain, which, the
Doctor observed, is spoken of from day
to day, and which is undoubtedly very
inconvenient, and doing much harm.
It is then, he continued, surely proper
to make use of the disagreeable fact,
to talk about it in a way that shall make
it serve a good and useful purpose.
And, first, he spoke of the *origin of
rain*. "Hath the rain a father?" Its
origin is the sea. "All the rivers run
into the sea, yet the sea is not full"—not
full, because the sun lifts out of it day
by day as much as fall into it. Then,
by evaporation, the cloud discharges
itself; when it touches the dew-point,
it cannot hold its burden. After ex-
patriating on the causes of much rain,
and explaining how the mountains also
are great rain makers, the lecturer ob-
served that many people, because the
process is going on according to law,
say that the womb of nature is the
original fountain of the rain; but who
constituted it thus? who contrived the
plan? He whose river is floating
above us full of water. God is the
Father of the rain. It is He who be-
getteth the drops of dew. It is He
who "sendeth His rain on the just and
on the unjust." We come to this, then
that rain is an *invaluable blessing*—
hard as it may be just now to see it.
Without rain the earth would not be
prepared to receive the seed into it.
All other agencies would be vain with-
out it. Without rain the grass would
wither, and the great forest trees
would die of thirst; the green earth
would be no longer green. The gen-
eral strain of Scripture speaks of rain
as a blessing. There are exceptions,
the greatest of which is in the case of
the flood. All this good; but what
are we to say when, as now, "it is a
time of much rain," when we have too
much of it, far too much, and we are
not afraid to say so? Some of us have
seen the grain rotting because of too
much rain, so that harm is being done,
as well as a good deal of misery in-
duced. What then are we to say to
it? *We are not to complain.* It is
almost impossible not to say what we
feel about it, and it is miserable weath-
er. But we are not to speak of it as
though we were injured by it. We
may, by complaining, darken our own
spirits and those of others. There is
a great deal of murmuring about it.
Is the sun to blame, or the sea, or the
mountains? Nothing serious is meant,
it will be said; it is merely a stating of
the case. But, even so, there is much
need for being guarded or it may lead
to selfishness, as though the world were
made for our individual selves. In
"a time of much rain," we may appro-
priately think how certainly there must
be sunshine elsewhere. If the empty-
ing process is going on here, the filling
process must be going on somewhere.
Elsewhere the farmer is rejoicing be-
cause the sun is ripening the golden
grain. Are we so selfish that we can-

not rejoice with any but an English
joy? Some only sigh at this, as though
it were altogether Utopian to think of
rejoicing with men of other climes, and
even other languages. This does but
show the depth of human selfishness.
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
and weep with them that weep," where-
ever they are—this is the law. Jesus
Christ has revived this doctrine of the
unity of mankind. All are lighted by
the same sun, all fed by the same air,
all watered by rains and dews from
the same source. We may rejoice
in the sunshine that falls on our
brethren elsewhere, and in the seed
time and harvest of other men. In
"a time of much rain" we may re-
member that there are places in the
world where rain never comes, where
no green things would grow, where but
few men dwell and never remain.
There are men at this moment who
are hastening across the desert where
no rain drops ever fall, in quest of the
water for which they pant. Think of
it in this sermon of much rain. And
think also that there are places in the
world, where men live in considerable
numbers, where it always rains. On
some parts of the coast of Norway it
rains three days out of four. In Wes-
tern Patagonia it rains all the year
round. The next time you are tempt-
ed to murmur at the excessive rain
think of your Patagonian brother. In
a "time of much rain," we may think
of the possible mischief—disease and
death—which have been averted by this
very rain. These weeks, months of
rains, may be in answer to prayer.
We prayed, it may be, against the in-
roads of disease, and now we are, per-
haps, praying against the answers to
our prayer. Take, for instance, the
cholera. The causes of it are not
known, but much is known. It is
known that some conditions of the air
are highly promotive of this disease;
and one great physical prescription is
cleanliness. How difficult it some-
times is to be clean—to the poor, the
selfish, the indolent. And even to
the generous and good, because it must
take time to clean the city, to build
more healthy dwellings, to fetch fresh
water from the hills. Suppose that in-
stead of the protracted rain there had
been one long season of burning heat,
what fearful visitations of disease we
might be groaning under. Further,
in "a time of much rain," we may
consider that it will certainly help on
the cause of the universal brotherhood.
Anything which makes people depen-
dent upon others must help on that
cause. If the harvest in England is
partly a failure, it will be the gain of
many in other parts of the world to
supply that which is lacking. Free
trade certainly will never save the
soul, but if it be mingled with that
which will, it becomes one of the heralds
of the great King. "A time of much
rain" may be taken as a prophecy of
the coming of the time when that king-
dom shall come in all its fullness and
completeness. "For as the rain cometh
down, and the snow, from heaven,
and returneth not thither, but watereth
the earth and causeth it to bring forth
and bud, that it may give seed to the
sower and bread to the eater, so shall
My word be that cometh forth out of
My mouth: it shall not return unto
Me void, but it shall accomplish that
which I please, and it shall prosper in
the thing whereto I have sent it." But
all these lessons and uses arising
out of a time of much rain will be com-
paratively lost upon us if we do not
seek for ourselves and others the rich
rains of grace; the time of refreshing
from the presence of the Lord. Much
rain should suggest much grace. It is
frequently used in Scripture as a figure
of spiritual blessing. We are not with-
out blessing, but do we not need more?
Are there no hard things in us that
need softening, no weak things that
need strengthening, no dying things
that need to be revived? Do we not
need more repentance and penitence,
stronger faith, more love? Are we
not in need of the two-fold blessing
known us to by the name of edification
and conversion? Directly the showers