

# The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.  
Vol. XIX., No. 50.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, December 16, 1874.

WHOLE SERIES.  
Vol. XXXVIII., No. 50.

## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### PRAISE.

Come, let us praise the Lord—  
The "Lamb of God" we'll praise,  
We'll sing of Him with one accord,  
Our hearts and voices raise.

So did the saints of old,  
In joyful songs unite,  
Sing of the Lord, his wonders told,  
His wisdom, power, and might.

So should believers now,  
Sing of the Lord alone,  
Let self, all things here below,  
Lie low:—and let us crown.

Jesus! thy name is sweet,  
'Tis precious to our ears,  
Thy power, thy grace, thy love is great,  
O! calm our rising fears.

O take us to the place,  
And shew us what was done,  
When Christ died for our sinful race  
And did for sin atone.

He died, that we might live,  
He lives;—let us adore,  
To Father, Son, and Spirit give,  
All praise for evermore.

## Religious.

### THE YOUTH OF CHRIST.

Extending from his early youth into the years of mature manhood, there is a great blank in our Lord's history. Eighteen years of his life stand unaccounted for; and that blank, looking as dark as the starless regions of the sky, tradition, usually so fertile in invention, has not attempted to fill up. How often have I wondered and tried to fancy what Jesus did, and how he passed the time between his boyhood, when he vanishes from our sight, and his thirtieth year, when he again appears upon the stage to enter his public ministry! Thanks to his townsmen's envious sneers, or rather thanks to him who permitted the insult and thus made the wrath of man to praise him, their insolent taunt throws a ray of light into the obscurity. Their question: "Is not this the carpenter?" not as at another time, the carpenter's son, but the carpenter himself, suggests to us the picture of a humble home in Nazareth, known to the neighborhood as the carpenter's, and under whose roof of thatch Jesus resided, with his mother, in all probability then a widow, and like many a widow since then, cherished by the love and supported by the labors of a dutiful son.

I have no doubt that holy angels, turning their wings away from lordly mansions, and the proud palaces of kings, often hovered over that peaceful home, as still they who are ministering spirits sent forth for them who shall be heirs of salvation, do over the humblest abode of piety. But, so far as this world and its inhabitants were concerned, Jesus passed his days in contented obscurity unnoticed and unknown save to his neighbors, whose esteem he could not fail to win by his pure life and gentle temper and holy manners. He was to grow in favor with God and man. All Nazareth regarded him as a paragon of human virtues, and many a mother pointed to Mary's son as the pattern her lad should copy.

How wonderful it is to transport ourselves back, in fancy, some eighteen hundred years, to that small town; and, on asking with the Greeks, "to see Jesus," to be conducted to a humble dwelling where chips of wood, and squared logs, and unbarked trunks of trees lying about in the oak, and olive, cedar, and sycamore, that had fallen by the axe, point out the carpenter's. By the door, and under a hovering vine, which, trained beneath the eaves over some rude trellis-work, forms a grateful shade from the noon-day sun, a widow sits, her fingers employed in weaving, but an expression in her eye which indicates a mind engaged on loft-

tier objects, thoughts deeper, holier, stranger, than a buried husband and widow's grief. She rises, lifts the latch, and, stooping, we enter that lowly door; and there, bending to his work, we see the carpenter, in him the Son of the Most High God! Time was when he set his compass on the deep; time was when he stood and measured the earth; and now, with line, compass, plane and hatchet, the sweat dropping from his lofty brow, he who made heaven and earth and the sea, and all that in them is, in the guise of a common tradesman, bends at a carpenter's bench. How low he stoops to save us!—Guthrie.

### THE REVIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

The Rev. J. Stockbridge writes to the *National Baptist*:—

"Messrs. Moody and Sankey closed a nine months' campaign in Scotland with a farewell meeting at Inverness. At night, when the people of the town were at leisure, the church was crowded with an audience of 2,500, and had the meeting been held in a larger place, probably a thousand more would have been present.

The absence of Mr. Sankey from this farewell meeting was greatly regretted. To help in the praise part of the services a choir of young people sat on a large platform that had been built in front of the pulpit. On this stage Mr. Moody presided, surrounded by a dozen ministers, the most distant parts of Scotland being represented.

After a short address from Prof. Brown, of Aberdeen, Mr. Moody read part of the 146th Psalm, and insisted on the duty as well as benefits of praise. We have too little praise on earth; they have nothing else in heaven. When Paul and Silas, in prison, began to sing, the door of the prison burst open. It is true, Jesus wept over Jerusalem, but he was not always weeping over it. You require a praise-meeting once a month in every church. It will make the long faces and the wrinkles disappear. In this strain he continued for a few minutes.

A venerable, gray-haired gentleman, Rev. Mr. Somerville, of Glasgow spoke on the "promises." He used some admirable illustrations. A minister from Archibston stated that a work of grace was commenced in his congregation by reading the reports of revivals in other places. Several hymns were sung during this hour.

"Our Young Men" was the subject for the next hour, and Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, a splendid specimen of a man, made a royal address.

On the topic of seeking among the recent converts suitable students for the ministry, he said that in Edinburgh and Glasgow already 200 young men had signified their readiness to go into any part of the world and work for Christ. On a previous occasion here in Nairn, Dr. Thomson gave his experience in seeking for young men to enter the ministry, and I record it for the benefit of whom it may concern. During the progress of the meetings in Edinburgh, Dr. Thomson had been impressed with the necessity of more candidates for the ministry, both for the foreign as well as the home field. He asked Mr. Moody to give him five minutes, one evening, to speak on the topic. He spoke, and closed his remarks with the request that any young men feeling willing to enter the ministry, would meet him at the close of the services. To his surprise twenty met him. Another meeting was appointed, and the result is, there are fifty young men in that city ready to prepare for the Christian ministry.

In the vestibule of the church, boxes for the reception of requests for prayer were conspicuously placed.

These requests were read, and Mr. Moody led in prayer. Instances of remarkable answers to prayer were related. One speaker told of the remarkable conversion of a young woman at one of his meetings in 1849. Meet-

ing her afterwards, he asked if any were falling back. She replied, "None but those who did not fall very far for ard."

"Hints to young converts on personal efforts," was the topic for the next hour. The time was well filled with the experience of one and another, in bringing young converts into the work and keeping them at it.

The next hour was given to answering the questions which were put by the querists in the box placed at the door. All these Mr. Moody answered in a brief and common-sense way, off-hand, as he read them.

The last hour Mr. Moody occupied in reading the Bible on the Holy Spirit. He said he had selected that subject because he felt that he needed the strength and power of the Spirit to begin his work in Ireland.

And now came the farewell words. Mr. Moody's mind ran back over the work and its results in the last nine months, and connected with it the kind and brotherly treatment he had everywhere received, and he burst into tears as he attempted to speak. Bowing his head, he covered his face with his hands. His audience, in full sympathy with him, overpowered with emotion, responded with tears. Recovering himself, Mr. Moody expressed for himself and Mr. Sankey, thanks to the ministers of Scotland, the press, the young men, the officers of churches, and all others who had so kindly aided them in their work. At the call of Dr. Thomson, that venerable old gentleman from Glasgow, Rev. Mr. Squerville, led in a very impressive prayer for a special blessing on the work of Mr. Moody in Ireland. "The sweet by-and-by" was then sung, and the meeting closed with the benediction.

It was intended to hold a monster meeting in the open air, but rain prevented that, and the meeting was held in the West Church, at half-past six in the evening. Mr. Moody presided. The subject of all the addresses was, Salvation by faith in Christ. In keeping with the theme of the evening, was the motto of the church, which is painted on the wall in the rear of the pulpit: "We preach Christ crucified."

In the history of Scotland, there has never been such a powerful and rich spiritual work as this under the labors of Moody and Sankey. And the question is a natural one—What is the secret of their success?

Mr. Moody is a short, stout, heavy-bearded, intellectual-looking man; talks through his nose, and murders the King's English. To state the case mildly, his appearance is against him. Now, how is it that he has made such an impression on the masses? I think the old man-of-war'sman in MacDonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," gives the secret. When the new parson talked to him in the churchyard, he could not believe that it was the same man who had just come out of the pulpit; and several times he felt inclined to go back into the church and see if he was not still in the pulpit.

I have never seen Mr. Sankey, but I can easily fancy that his songs of praise sound to the Scotsmen as the music of the angels did to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. I think one reason why the men and women of Scotland are so tough is, that they have survived the singing in their churches. Some of the words they noise in worship are about as well suited to musical expression as a page of the differential calculus. These good people had music in their souls, just as Burns had poetry, and to their great delight Mr. Sankey has drawn it out, and they are happy.

A beautiful and touching incident is related of the farewell meeting to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, at Belfast Ireland:—

"The St. Enoch's meeting for young converts was attended by upwards of 2000. Admittance was gained by ticket, especial care being taken that these were obtained by none but recent converts, whose names and addresses were recorded for future guidance and

superintendence, the Christian workers being also admitted on showing their card. Mr. Moody stated that this and the previous night's meeting was the most remarkable he ever saw. Mr. Moody proceeded to caution and exhort his audience from several texts, such as "God is able to make you stand," "Able to succour them that are tempted;" "I am persuaded that He is able to keep you from falling and present you faultless." He told two beautiful stories to encourage them to work for Jesus, and the application of both was singularly pathetic and effective. The concluding part of the service was very solemn and affecting, and when he said, "I must go; I will not say farewell; no, but, Good-night, and meet-me in the morning," the entire multitude wept, and Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey passed away while all heads were bent in silent prayer."

### WAS JOHN MILTON A BAPTIST?

That Milton was not a Baptist in his earlier years must be at once admitted. He was destined by his father to the ministry of the Church of England, and it was with that view that he went to Cambridge. But, as he himself tells us in one of his writings, when he came to "some maturity of years," he revolted against what he calls, "the tyranny which had invaded the Church," and especially against the "slavery" which was involved in "subscription." That he remained a Christian after he refused to become a minister of the Church of England is plain from all his life and writings. That he identified himself with the Puritans, who became afterwards Nonconformists, would be rendered all but certain, even if we had not his writings to appeal to, by his connection with Cromwell and the Commonwealth. The only historical evidence that Milton was a Baptist, however, is to be sought in his latest years, and is founded on his domestic relations. His third wife, who survived him, was unquestionably a Baptist. In the year 1688 she took up her residence at Nantwich, in Cheshire, in the neighbourhood of which place she was born. She died there in 1727, and was buried in the Baptist chapel. Tradition still points out the place where she was laid, though the inscription on her tombstone has long been obliterated. She appointed, as one of her executors, "her loving friend, Samuel Creton," who was pastor of the Baptist church at Nantwich. Of course, it does not follow that because Milton's wife was a Baptist he himself was one; but the fact is worth remembering.

It is when we turn to his writings, however, that we find the evidence that we cannot deem otherwise than decisive. There is some evidence in "Paradise Lost," and also in the "Treatise on True Religion, Heresy, and Schism"; but the chief evidence is to be found in the "Treatise of Christian Doctrine," which has been brought to light within the last fifty years, or thereabouts, and which appears to have been one of Milton's latest productions, possibly the last that proceeded from his pen. This manuscript was discovered in the State Paper Office, if we remember rightly, in 1823; it is written in the Latin language; and so undoubtedly was its authorship, that it was translated into English by the late Bishop Sumner, and afterwards published "by command of the King." This treatise as its name implies, is an elaborate theological essay. It professes on its title-page to be "compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone"; and it discusses all the great questions of faith and order which have, from the earliest centuries, disturbed and divided the Church. Let us acknowledge at once that, on some points, the opinions which it expresses are not ours. Milton was so far an Arian that he did not believe in the absolute equality of the Father and the Son. On some minor questions, likewise, such as the

laws by which marriage and divorce should be regulated, his teaching is such as few Baptists would be able to accept. But, in the main, our views and his are almost identical. He taught, even in terms stronger than some of us might use, the doctrine of the fall. The doctrine of the satisfaction of Christ is, as Bishop Sumner said, "so Scripturally and unambiguously enforced as to leave nothing on that point to be desired." As to the authority of the Scriptures, the right of private judgment, the absolute independence of each individual church, and the principle that the Church ought to be free from State patronage and control, Milton may be said to have been not only in advance of his age, but also in advance of our own.

Let us turn, however, to his teaching on baptism, which is really the question before us. A few extracts will suffice. We may select them almost at random. "Under the Gospel, the first of the sacraments, commonly so called, is baptism, wherein the bodies of believers who engage themselves to pureness of life are immersed in running water, to signify their regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and their union with 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 believe, or to enter into a covenant, or to promise, or answer for themselves, or even to hear the Word." "It is remarkable to what futile arguments those divines have recourse who maintain the contrary opinion." "It is in vain alleged by those who, on the authority of Mark vii. 4, Luke xi. 38, have introduced the practice of affusion in baptism instead of immersion, that to dip and to sprinkle mean the same thing, since in washing we do not sprinkle the hands, but immerse them." These extracts might be multiplied to any extent. Is it necessary after reading them to ask whether Milton was a Baptist? We are unable, however, to answer the question whether Milton was himself baptized. On the one hand, he was a man of high principle, and likely, therefore, to be guided in all things by principle. On the other hand, he held the opinion "that those persons who have been baptized in infancy, and perhaps in some other respects irregularly, have no indispensable need of a second baptism when arrived at maturity"; he tells us, also, that he "should have been disposed to consider baptism as necessary for proselytes alone, and not for those born in the Church, if the apostle had not taught that baptism is not merely an initiatory rite, but a figurative representation of our death, burial, and resurrection with Christ." It is quite evident, we think, that whether he was baptized or no, Milton thoroughly identified himself with Baptists. He speaks of the opponents of the baptism of believers as *they*; of its advocates as *us*. Thus he says, "They remind us that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" Further, having maintained that Christian baptism consists in the immersion of believers only, he proceeds to argue that "the baptism of John was essentially the same as the baptism of Christ," urging, in proof, that "if it had not been really the same it would follow that we had not undergone the same baptism as Christ, that our baptism had not been sanctified by the person of Christ." There we may leave the matter. But, in any case, we must come to the conclusion that John Milton was a Baptist.—*London Baptist*.

### RECIPE FOR A SERMON.

The following was found among some old family papers, written, it is believed by Dr. Salter, master of the Charterhouse, 1761-1777:—"A receipt how to compose a sermon.—Take some scraps out of the best books you have; weigh them, and sift them thoroughly; then divide them into three parts, for dividing them into more is generally thought to crumble them too much; work