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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

HE DIED FOR ME.

GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

When time seems short, and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sine, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me!

His name is Jesus, and he died
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin,
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death.
Yet since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

I read God's holy word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thought so high, so deep and wide.
This is my best theology,
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by me are all forgiven,
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee."

RESIGNATION.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still—

What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow,
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest;
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee,
The best.

PAUL FLEMING (1609-1610)

Religious.

POST-MORTEM LOVE.

Why is it that so many people keep
all their pleasant thoughts and kind
words about a man bottled and sealed
up until he is dead, when they come
and break the bottle over his coffin,
and bathe his shroud in fragrance?
Many a man goes through life with
scarcely one bright, cheering, encour-
aging, helpful word. He toils hard
and in lowly obscurity. He gives out
his life freely and unstintedly for
others. I remember such a man. He
was not brilliant; he was not great;
but he was faithful. He had many
things to discourage him. Troubles
thickened about his life. He was
misrepresented and misunderstood.
Everybody believed that he was a good
man, but no one ever said a kindly or
pleasant thing to him. He never
heard a compliment, scarcely ever a
good wish. No one ever took any
pains to encourage him, to strengthen
his feeble knees, to lighten his burdens,
or to lift up his heart by a gentle deed
of love, or by a cheerful word. He
was neglected. Unkind things were
often said of him.

I stood at his coffin, and then there
were many tongues to speak his praise.
There was not a breath of aspersion in
the air. Men spoke of self-denials—
of his work among the poor, of his
good qualities, of his quietness, his
modesty, his humility, his pureness of
heart, his faith and prayer. There
were many who spoke indignantly of
the charges that falsehood had forged
against him in past years, and of the
treatment he had received. There
were enough kind things said during
the two or three days that he lay in

the coffin, and while the company
stood around his open grave, to have
blessed him and made him happy all
his fifty years, and to have thrown
sweetness and joy about his soul during
all his painful and weary journey.
There was enough sunshine wasted
about the black coffin and dark grave
to have made his whole life-path bright
as clearest day. But his ears were
closed then, and could not hear a word
that was spoken. His heart was still
then, and could not be thrilled by the
grateful sounds. He cared nothing
then for the sweet flowers that were
piled upon his coffin. The love bloss-
omed out too late. The kindness
came when the life could not receive
its blessings.

But meantime there is a great host
weary men and women toiling through
life toward the grave, who need cheer-
ing words and helpful ministries. The
incense is gathering to scatter about
their coffins; but why should it not be
scattered in their paths to-day? The
kind words are lying in men's hearts
and trembling on their tongues, which
will be spoken by-and-by when these
weary ones are sleeping; but why
should they not be spoken now, when
they need them so much, and when
their accents would be so pleasing and
grateful?

It costs but little to give men a great
deal of joy and help. One brought a
bunch of flowers to my table, and for
a whole week they filled my room with
fragrance. One wrote me a cheering
letter, breathing a spirit of gratitude
and love. It came when I was weary
and depressed, and was like the meal
prepared by the angel for the old pro-
phet. I went on in its blessed strength
for many days. One met me on the
street, and spoke an encouraging word
and grasped me warmly by the hand;
and for hours I felt that warm grasp
and heard that word echoing through
my soul. A little child may brighten
scores of lives every day. There is
not one of us who may not gladden
and strengthen many a heart between
every rising and setting sun. Why
should we not live to bless the living,
to cheer the disheartened, to sweeten
cups that are bitter, to hold up the
hands that hang down, to comfort those
that mourn, to bear joy into joyless
homes? Kind words will not spoil a
man. If a sermon helps you, it will
do the preacher no harm to tell him so.
If the editor writes an article that does
you good, he can write a still better
one if you send him a word of thanks.
If a cook blesses you, do you not owe
it to the author to write a grateful ac-
knowledgment? If you know a
weary or neglected one, would it not
be such work as angels do, would it
not be Christlike work, to seek every
opportunity to brighten and bless that
life? Do not wait till the eyes are
closed, the ears deaf, and the heart
stilled. Do it now. Post-mortem
kindnesses do not cheer. Flowers on
the coffin cast no fragrance backward
over the weary days.—Rev. J. R. Mil-
ler in *S. S. Times*.

The following from the *Cincinnati
Commercial* is a fine satire on the in-
fidel objection to the Bible account of
the creation. How sublime and grand
is the true revelation, when put fairly
in contrast with the babblings of the
world's wisdom! The teachings of
falsehood so called Science has in all ages
refused to know God and rejected His
teachings. It may be said that this
"genesis" is a caricature, but, if it be,
it may the better serve to shew the
beauty of the Word of God and its ut-
terances on things beyond the reach of
human wisdom to discover.

THE NEW SCRIPTURES AC-
CORDING TO TYNDALL,
HUXLEY, SPENCER,
AND DARWIN.

GENESIS—CHAPTER I.

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved
upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.
2. And protoplasm was inorganic
and undifferentiated, containing all

things in potential energy; and a spirit
of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.
3. And the Unknowable said, Let
atoms attract; and their contact begat
light, heat, and electricity.

4. And the Unconditioned differen-
tiated the atoms, each after its kind;
and their combinations begat rock, air,
and water.

5. And there went out a spirit of
evolution from the Unconditioned, and
working in protoplasm, by accretion
and absorption, produced the organic
cell.

6. And cell by nutrition evolved
primordial germ, and germ developed
protogene, and protogene begat cozoon,
and cozoon begat monad, and monad
begat animalcule.

7. And animalcule begat ephemeræ;
then began creeping things to multiply
on the face of the earth.

8. And earthly atom in vegetable
protoplasm begat the molecule, and
thence came all grass and every herb
in the earth.

9. And animalcule in the water
evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales;
and in the air wings and beaks; and
on the land they sprouted such organs
as were necessary as played upon by
the environment.

10. And by accretion and absorption
came the radiata and mollusca, and
mollusca begat articulate, and articula-
te begat vertebrata.

11. Now these are the generation
of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic
period that the Unknowable evolved
the bipedal mammalia.

12. And every man of the earth,
while he was yet a monkey, and the
horse while he was a hyppion, and the
hyppion before he was an oreon.

13. Out of the æreidian came the
amphibian and began the pentadactyle;
and the pentadactyle by inheritance
and selection produced the hylobate,
from which are the simiade in all their
tribes.

14. And out of the simiade the
lemur prevailed above his fellows and
produced the platyrhine monkey.

15. And the platyrhine begat the
catarrhine, and the catarrhine monkey
begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape
begat the longimanous orang, and the
orang begat the chimpanzee, and the
chimpanzee evolved the what-is-it.

16. And the what-is-it went to the
land of Nod, and took him a wife of
the longimanous gibbons.

17. And in process of the cosmic
period were born unto them and their
children the anthropomorphic primor-
dial types.

18. The homoeolus, the prognathus,
the troglodyte, the autochthon, the
terragen—these are the generations
of primeval man.

19. And the primeval man was
naked and not ashamed, but lived in
quadrumanous innocence, and struggled
mightily to harmonize with the envi-
ronment.

20. And by inheritance and natural
selection did he progress from the
simple and homogeneous to the com-
plex and heterogeneous—for the weak-
est died and the strongest grew and
multiplied.

21. And the man grew a thumb, for
that he had need of it, and developed
capacities for prey.

22. For, behold, the swiftest men
caught the most animals, and the
swiftest animals got away from the
most men; wherefore the slow animals
were eaten and the slow men starved
to death.

23. And as types were differentiated
the weaker types continually disap-
peared.

24. And the earth was filled with
violence; for man strove with man,
and tribe with tribe, whereby they
killed off the weak and foolish, and
secured the survival of the fittest.

A PARABLE.

I held in my hand a little dry tree,
an infant hemlock. Had it lived a cen-
tury it might have towered up above
all the forest, and held up its head in
majesty. But it grew on a sort of a

bog, and a muskrat, digging his hole
under it, bit off its roots, and it
was dead. It was full of limbs and
knots and gnarls, and I felt curious
to know how it happened that it was
so.

"Poor fellow! If you had all these
limbs and knots to support, I don't
wonder you died."

"And with my roots, which were
my mouths with which to feed, all cut
off, too!"

"Yes, but where do all these ugly
limbs come from?" said I.

"Just where all ugly things come
from," said he. "I am pretty much
like you men! Find out where my
limbs come from, and you will find
where all human sins come from."

"I'll take you at your word, sir."

So I took out my knife and peeled
off all the bark. But the limbs and
the knots were left.

"You must go deeper than that,
sir."

So I began to split and take off
layer of wood after layer. But all the
knots were there.

"Deeper still," said the dry stick.

Then I split it all down to the heart,
taking it all off and separating it. The
heart was laid bare; it looked like a
small rod, about six feet long, and per-
haps an inch through at the large end.
Ah! and I was now surprised to see
that every limb and knot and gnarl
started in the heart! Every one was
there, and every one grew out of the
heart. The germ or the starting-point
of each one was the centre of the heart.

The facetious Rev. Levi Philetus
Dobbs, D. D., of the *National Baptist*
writes a clever letter "From Antipode"
in which a very striking lesson is given
on Sunday School management.

FROM ANTIPODE.

BY REV. LEVI PHILETUS DOBBS, D. D.

I have been much interested in re-
marking the manner of conducting
Sunday schools in this remote land.
Last Sabbath I visited a very flourish-
ing school. The number of scholars
was large, the attention was good, and
there was a degree of order and quiet
that was delightful. The clock marked
the hour; the pupils fell into their
places, without any audible call or
signal. Then the superintendent
placed on the blackboard the number
of a hymn; and without any other an-
nouncement it was sung. Then some
one (according to previous arrange-
ment) offered a short and simple
prayer. Then another hymn. Then
the lesson. All this time the superin-
tendent had not spoken; he had been
seen and felt—not heard. A generous
amount of time was given to the study
of the lesson. Then with the slightest
sound of a bell, the lesson ceased,
and the closing exercises took place,
conducted in the same way as before.
Then the children, looking fresh and
unworn, were dismissed. I cannot
tell you how I was filled with wonder
and admiration. I said to the gentle-
man who kindly guided me in my visit:
"This is the strangest sight I have seen
yet. Why, in my country, such a thing
is unheard of. The Sunday-schools
are, as a general thing, absolutely
talked to death. It is no uncommon
thing for the superintendent to occupy
half of the time; and then, when he
gives out from physical exhaustion, he
calls in some one else to help him
through. How do you manage it?"

"Well," he said, "suppose you come
this way, and ask the superintendent
himself." So we went. I took him by
the hand and said to him, "My Dear
Sir, I want to tell you how much I am
delighted with your conduct of the
school. Never in my life was I so
much pleased. Really, Sir, I—"
As I was going on, he shook his head;
then he drew out a small slate, and
wrote on it, "I am a deaf-mute." I
turned to my guide for an explanation.
Said he, "We were for a long time
bothered to death. Our superinten-
dents would talk. You see man is
naturally a despot; and a man who has

power and does not use it, is a rarity
indeed, in fact a miracle; and the age
of miracles is past. The Sunday-
school was nothing but one perpetual
harangue. Dried peas in a bladder
would just about express the state of
things. The session was prolonged
beyond all reason; the scholars were
tired to death; at the same time they
had no chance to recite the lesson, for
they had only such scanty time as was
left after the lion's share was taken;
they were learning nothing of the Bi-
ble, and their ignorance and want of
interest in the Scriptures were deplora-
ble. After years of suffering we ar-
rived at the unanimous conclusion
that the first, the great work of the
superintendent is to keep still. But
how to get a man who would keep
still, here was the difficulty. At last,
since every one who could talk, would
talk, we resolved to try one who
could not talk. We applied to the
Deaf and Dumb Asylum for a mute of
approved piety and decorous appearance;
and, I do assure you, it works to a
charm. The school has improved no
one knows how much; the scholars
learn more of the Word of God in a
month than they used to learn in a
year; the quietness of the superinten-
dent is contagious; the feeling of re-
lief and repose is beyond all expres-
sion. Other schools are following our
example; deaf-mutes are in demand;
and in many instances are paid quite
handsome salaries for their services as
superintendents. "Well," said I,
"this is a new idea to me. I have
long felt the evil. But never before
did I see the remedy. I must make
haste to tell *The National Baptist* all
about it."

CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

It is often remarked that the larger
proportion of all Christian congrega-
tions is made up of women. And it
will not be disputed that in true devo-
tion and in the character of their inner
lives, the women are far before men.
It is common with worldly men to at-
tribute the piety of the sex to their
weakness. The truth is, however, that it
is at once the evidence and the source of
their strength; a strength not their
own, but derived from Him, "without
whom nothing is strong, nothing is
holy." Christian faith and love, es-
pecially the love and faith of women,
present a spiritual paradox. True
women are, at once, dependent and
self-reliant. In the true elements of
a good character, courage and fortitude,
they are the superiors of men. Their
courage is in fear of evil; their forti-
tude supports them under the sorrows
that their dearest male friends often
inflict; and then uncomplaining patience
enables them both to suffer for them-
selves, and to shield and protect the
thoughtless and unfeeling men who are
the causes of their grief. No highly
wrought fiction could present a stronger
picture of these things than every day's
facts force upon us.

A LETTER FROM PURGA- TORY.

"A rather amusing story," says
Colonel Stuart, in his "Reminiscences
of a Soldier," "was told to me some
time ago by an old lady who had an
ancient servant that had lived with her
for many years, named Ann Brady.
One day Ann came in to her mistress
in the parlor, crying, 'Now, ain't I the
unfortunate woman? Ooh, what will I
do at all, at all?' 'What's the matter
Ann?' said her mistress. 'Och, ma'am,
replied Ann, 'the postman's outside,
and he's got a letter for me from
purgatory, and I know it's from
my old mother, who's been there this
tin years, and it's all about me not
paying for the masses I said I would.
Ochone! but I am the miserable wo-
man.' On the mistress going out, she
found the postman in a fit of laughter,
with a letter directed to 'Ann Brady,'
from the Dead Letter Office. Nothing
could induce her to touch it, the 'dead'
to her meaning purgatory, and nothing