

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XX., No. 9.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, March 3, 1875.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXXIX., No. 9.

Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

"STAND NOT STILL."

Jeremiah II. 50.

'Tis the voice of Jesus speaking,
And His words our bosoms thrill—
"Souls immortal, spared in mercy,
Haste from danger, stand not still!"

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Religious.

JOB'S COMFORTERS: SCIENTIFIC SYMPATHY.

BY JOSEPH PARKER, D. D., MINISTER
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VIADUCT, LONDON.

(Concluded.)

Then answered John Stuart the
Millite, with unusual warmth: "I,
too, have been in trouble, but I need-
ed no sackcloth, nor scattered any
ashes on my head. I took a philoso-
phic course. I mounted a philosophic
steed, and sped away from my trouble.
If Job will hear me, he shall know
how to keep distress under his feet,
and to defy the threatening storm.
What time I am afraid I flee to meta-
physics, and when conscience threat-
ens to get the upper hand of me I con-
sider the functions and the logical val-
ue of the Syllogism. When my father,
who would never allow me to have
any convictions about religion differ-
ent from his own, melted into the in-
finite azure of the past, I comforted
myself under such melting by testing
Berthollet's curious law, that two
soluble salts mutually decompose one
another whenever the new combina-
tions which result produce an in-
soluble compound, or one less soluble
than the two former; and the comfort-
ing effect of the experiments was
remarkable,—so much so that in an
ecstasy of scientific surprise and delight
I almost wished that he had melted soon-
er, that I might have had longer posses-
sion of this prize. O that Job would
do something of the same kind! He
would forget the past in a trice, and
be as happy as I am. Let me put you
in possession of a secret, if by doing
so I can rally the dejected Job.
When I die there will be found in my
desk the manuscript of my Auto-
biography, and so sustained was I by
philosophic reflection during its com-
position, that never once in its pages
have I mentioned my mother! No-
body could know from my Autobiog-
raphy that I ever had a mother! That
is what I call self-control! Other
people talk of their mothers, and
their mothers' influence, and their
mothers' prayers, and their mothers'
example, but I never own the rela-
tionship; I keep on the airy high-
lands of philosophy, and avoid the
close and relaxing valleys of senti-
ment. Once, indeed, I was about to
give way to the common folly, but I
recovered my self-restraint by showing
the fallacious reasoning which has
been founded on the law of inertia and
the first law of motion; and I never lost
my balance again. If Job would take
some such course, his grief would be
for ever dissipated."

And to the same effect, Huxley the
Moleculite, who had insensibly in-
creased his distance from Job: "I
have often steeled myself under a

stunning blow by remembering that
protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the
formal basis of all life. This has been
a great comfort to me in many dis-
tresses. When death has invaded the
household of any of my friends, I have
always proved to them that all living
powers are cognate, and that all living
forms are fundamentally of one char-
acter, and they have invariably thanked
me for my sympathetic and consolatory
expressions. One dear old friend of
mine, who suddenly lost all his income
in a railway crash, would, I believe,
have died of a broken heart had I not
asked him to compare in his imagi-
nation the microscopic fungus—a mere
infinitesimal ovoid particle—with the
gigantic pine of California, towering to
the dimensions of a cathedral spire;
and my friend no sooner complied with
my request than in a wave of victory,
as Tyndall the Sadducee would call it,
he was lifted far beyond rolling stocks
and permanent ways with their fickle
dividends and their treacherous attrac-
tions. It is very pleasing to me to
find that there is in science that which
will heal a mind diseased. Job, be-
ing encouraged by our words; rest upon
them as upon a sure foundation, and
in passing through the various experi-
ences of life always remember that a
nucleated mass of protoplasm is the
structural unit of the human body.
This you will find a catholicon for hu-
man ills."

Then Job arose from the ground and
turned his face towards the heavens,
nor spake one word to those who
offered him stones for bread. In his
eyes were standing great tears, and on
his countenance was the stamp of un-
utterable grief. Then the Lord took
up his cause, and answered his com-
forters out of the whirlwind:—

"How old are ye, and what is the
measure of your days? Ye mighty
men and mocking comforters, answer
me that I may know the strength of
your understanding and the dignity
of your judgment. What will happen
on the morrow? And can you, who
are unable to turn over a single page
of passing time, read all the volume of
eternity gone, and comprehend the
measure and the reason of all things?
Is the universe without a Maker, a
Guardian, a Friend? Are there no
boundaries set to power, and is there
no watch appointed over ambition?
Can the eagle soar quite into the sun,
or build his nest amidst the forests of
the stars? Can any man deliver his
friend in the day of death, or travel
with him into the great waters and re-
turn from the gulf? Is there no angel
of Mercy spreading mighty but gentle
wings over all the world, sending the
seasons in their course, the rains in
rich showers, and the fire to warm the
earth all summer long? Are there no
mysteries in life which make you
pause and for a moment turn your
flippancy into at least an appearance
of sobriety? Know ye the invisible
bonds which keep you within an ap-
pointed sphere? Can you shut your
door upon those powers which wither
your pride and take away all the sap
of your strength? You call me a
Secret and an Inscrutable Force, and
ye deny My power to reveal Myself to
the children of men. Who are you
that you set yourselves against Moses
and David, Ezekiel and Daniel, John
and Paul? You have told My servant
Job what you can do in the hour of
human darkness and sore distress, and
behold your helplessness and the vanity
of your strength!"

Then Job cried aloud, "Though He
slay me, yet will I trust in Him! He
hath been with me in six troubles, and
in seven He will not cast me off. Shall
not the Judge of all the earth do
right? Miserable comforters are ye
all, though ye are men, and wisdom
will die with you! When you have
exhausted your petty science what
have you told me that can touch the
agony of my heart or bring back the
light of my house? If your theory be
right why should I suffer all this
misery when in a moment I can end
all my distress? If this chastening
be for no higher good, why should I

not interrupt it by the instant destruc-
tion of my consciousness? You mock
me; but you have no satisfaction for
my heart. You throw hard words at
me, but you have no balm for my heal-
ing. Ye are as a bowing wall and a
tottering fence; I will not lean upon
you. The Lord is my light and my
salvation. I had fainted unless I had
believed to see the goodness of the
Lord in the land of the living. O
Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul
from the grave; Thou hast kept me
alive that I should not go down to the
pit. Thine anger endureth but a mo-
ment: weeping may endure for a night,
but joy cometh in the morning! I
said in my haste, I am cut off from be-
fore Thine eyes; nevertheless Thou
hearest the voice of my supplications
when I cried unto Thee. Lord open
the eyes of these men that they may
see my defence as Thou seest it!"

And the Lord opened the eyes of
the leaders of science, and they saw,
and behold the mountain was full of
horses and chariots of fire round about
Job, and the Lord opened their ears
so that they heard voices other than of
men, saying: "The chariots of God
are twenty thousand, even thousands
of angels: the angel of the Lord en-
campeth round about them that fear
Him, and delivereth them: He shall
give His angels charge over thee to
keep thee in all thy ways. The Lord
of hosts is with thee, the God of Jacob
is thy refuge."

And the heart of Job was lifted up in
praise, and through the sob of his woe
there came forth alleluias unto the Lord.
Yea he magnified his God, and praised
Him with many psalms: "Bless the
Lord, O my soul, and all that is within
me bless His holy name. He heal-
eth the broken in heart, and bindeth up
their wounds; He is the God which led
me all my life long unto this day, the
Angel which redeemed me from all
evil. I know that my Redeemer
liveth, and that my loved ones are
standing before Him, glad in His light
and beautiful in His holiness. Praise
the Lord!"

And it came to pass that Job's three
comforters—Huxley the Moleculite,
Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the
Sadducee—gathered together their in-
augural addresses at the British Asso-
ciation, their lectures at the School of
Mines and the Royal Institution, their
dissertations upon the ballot and the
higher education of women, and re-
turned with them to their several
places. And it came to pass as they
journeyed that they came near to a
beautiful stream, spanned by a sus-
pension bridge, high unto which there
nestled the thatched cottage of a
ranger in the woods.

"That," said Stuart the Millite,
"seems to be an ideal house though
so simple and unpretending. How
clean the place is and sweet-looking,
and how these tangled flowers on the
front brighten it and give it quite a
jewelled appearance; and a beautiful
peep of the river must be caught from
that western window."

And it came to pass as they drew
near to the house that the ranger in
the woods leaned himself against an
aged tree, and seemed as if he did so
in heaviness of heart. And it was
even so, for lifting up his eyes and see-
ing three men bearing many books, he
said unto them:

"Be ye learned men who can tell
us what to do when we are dizzy and
senseless?"

"Perhaps indeed we can help you a
little," said Huxley the Moleculite;
"at any rate we are quite willing to
try."

"Come with me then and see what
is in the house. I lost her mother but
a twelvemonth since, and now she's
slipping away."

But Huxley the Moleculite, and
Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the
Sadducee shrank from the man, and in
remembrance of the sufferer they had
left they dared not to speak of the sym-
pathy of science.

"But mayhap you will pray with
the child, and not pass by her on the
other side. In such books as yours

there must be something for broken
hearts like mine. It is but a step or
two to the girl's bedside. Come!"

"It would be but wasted time, my
friend," "for we have no power over
the laws of nature."

"But cannot you speak comfortably
to the child? for she says the river is
very cold, and, bless her, her feet are
very young."

"You are not so very near the river,
my friend," said Stuart the Millite.
Whereupon the man turned away, and
answered with a great sob.

And it came to pass as the leaders
of science had gotten away to the
height of a distant hill that they laid
down their books and rested a while.
And presently Tyndall the Sadducee
opened his mouth and said: "We
have been out of our depth to-day, and
perhaps we had no business along this
road at all. These books of ours are
invaluable in their places, and very
likely they are indispensable to the
higher education of the world, but
there are two men along this road who
somehow need something that we have
not got to give them. It is no use
concealing the fact, or making it look
less important than it is. I wish a
great poet would arise who can sing
these woes to sleep and charm us out
of our ill-fortunes."

And it came to pass that the Lord
turned the captivity of Job and made
him glad with new joy, yea he crushed
for him the finest of the grapes and
gave him wine with his own hand, and
upon his wheatfields and orchards he
sent the benediction of sun and shower
until their abundance returned and was
multiplied. And Job rebuilt his altar
and bowed down before God with all
reverence and love, and sang the praise
of the Most High with a loud voice,
and made a joyful noise unto the Rock
of his Salvation. And in the day of
his prosperity, Job sent for the books
of Huxley the Moleculite, John Stuart
the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee
and read them all with an attentive
eye. Then he rose up and said: "O
wise yet foolish men! your books are
full of knowledge and instruction, and
mighty men are ye in the fields of
learning. But have ye forgotten that
that there is a spirit in man, and that
the inspiration of the Almighty gives
him understanding? Know ye the way
into the heart when it is in ruins? or
can ye lift up those who are pressed
down by the hand of God? Keep
your learning in its proper place and
it will help the progress of the world;
but attempt not with it to heal the
wounds of the heart. Not to your
wisdom but to your simplicity will God
reveal Himself: 'He hath hidden
Himself from the wise and prudent
and shown forth His beauty unto babes:
even so Father, for so it seemed good
in Thy sight.'"

And the woodman's little girl? Was
the river so very cold when her young
feet touched it? We cannot follow
far along that drear road, nor see far
into that great darkness. But there
was no splash in the water; there was
a quivering in the arch which spanned
it, from which the ranger knew that
his child had been taken, not through
the river but over the bridge to the
mountains of myrrh and the hills of
frankincense.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

FROM SIAM.

By Rev. G. Churchill.

A TRIP IN THE INTERIOR.

Having lately made a short tour
over to Katurae and Petchaburee I
have thought it might be interesting to
some of the readers of the *Messenger*
to know what is to be seen in that
direction.

I went in company with a son of the
late Dr. Bradley and a Dr. Check, a
young man who has lately come out
as medical missionary to Chiengma,
(Zimma). They were going partly
for recreation and health, and partly
to visit the missionaries at Petcha-
buree, and kindly invited me to go

with them. This I was glad to do as
I wished to learn more of the country
and people, and also to learn some-
thing of travelling.

We left Bangkok Monday evening,
Nov. 23rd in a boat partly of native
and partly of European construction,
about thirty-five feet long and rowed
by five men.

ON THE CANALS.

Our course was directly west,
through a canal about fifteen miles in
length which connects the Meinam and
TaCheen rivers. The canal was at
first rather crooked and thickly lined
on either side with houses and boats.
Gradually as we went on the houses
became more scattered, until along
some parts of the canal there were
large tracts untilled. Sugar cane,
sweet potatoes, and paddy are the
principal things cultivated in this sec-
tion. After a few miles, the canal be-
came for miles and miles together
perfectly straight. The moon was at
the full and the air clear, cool and de-
lightful, and our travelling was very
pleasant. We shot a few large bats
that were making havoc among the
fruits growing along the banks of the
canal. These creatures are great
pests. They grow to a great size, some
of them measuring nearly four feet
from tip to tip of the wings. There
are immense numbers and they destroy
great quantities of fruit, so it is really
a benefit to the natives to have them
shot. Those we killed were cooked
next morning, and eaten by our men.

We rowed on till near midnight.
Starting at four in the morning, we
soon reached the Ta Cheen river, and
rowing up stream half a mile, we
entered another canal, which connects
this with the Meklong river. This
canal, like the last, was, with the ex-
ception of one slight bend, almost per-
fectly straight, for about thirty miles.
It is a new one having been dug but
three years, and only a narrow strip of
land on either side is cultivated. The
settlers are mostly Chinese. Sugar
cane and paddy are the principal crops.
Near the Meklong river however, we
came to a large settlement of Chinese,
who raise large quantities of red pep-
pers and a very small kind of onion for
the Bangkok market. Among these,
the Roman Catholics have made quite
a number of converts. The people
nearly all live in bamboo houses but
there is quite an air of thrift about
many of them.

We reached the Meklong river on
Tuesday night, and next morning
rowed up to Raturae, ten miles above
the canal. The Meklong is quite a
pretty river, with a width of perhaps
from two to three hundred yards. It
is not very deep. The banks are sev-
eral feet above the water and lined
with fine large tamarind and mango
trees, mixed with jungle trees and
bamboos.

THE PADDY FIELDS AND BIRDS.

Back from the river, on either side,
but especially on the west, are immense
paddy fields. It was near harvest time
and it was interesting to listen to the
noise the people were making in trying
to frighten off the birds. As the paddy
ripeness these gather in immense num-
bers and have to be driven away. The
people build up light bamboo frames,
eight or ten feet in height and on these
while the crop is ripening, they have to
stand night and day. Some have long
lines stretching from these frames to
pieces of bamboo, which they rattle
whenever the birds light, and others
have balls of mud, which they throw
about, screaming at the same time.
The birds that do most damage are
small, but there are many large birds,
some of which we have in Nova Scotia
as the blue heron, plover, snipe; and
besides these, large white herons, white
and grey paddy birds, quail and
grouse. We shot several of these on
our way through the canals and up the
river to Raturae, for food.

RATURAE AND PETCHABUREE.

This is a town of some ten or twelve
thousand inhabitants built on both sides
of the river, the principal part being on