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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

No Time to Pray.

No time to pray!
Oh, who so fraught with earthly care
As not to give to humble prayer
Some part of day?

No time to pray!
What heart so clean, so pure within,
That needeth not some check from sin—
Needs not to pray?

No time to pray!
Mid each day's danger, what retreat
More needful than the mercy-seat?
Who need not pray?

No time to pray!
Must care or business' urgent call
So press us as to take it all,
Each passing day?

No time to pray!
Then sure your record falleth short:
Excuse will fail you as resort
On that last day.

What thought more drear
Than that our God His face should hide
And say, through all life's swelling tide,
No time to hear!

Cease not to pray;
On Jesus as your all rely.
Would you live happy—happy die?
Take time to pray.

Home.

BY THE REV. JOHN YOUNG.

"Our home is not where we are, but
where we wish to be."
'Tis Home where the heart is, wherever
that be.

In city, in desert, on mountain, in dell;
Not the grandeur, the number, the ob-
jects we see,
But that which we love is the magical
spell.

'Tis this gives the cottage a charm and
a grace,
Which the glare of a palace but rarely
has known;

It is this, only this, and not station or
place,
Which gives being to pleasure, which
makes it our own.

Like the dove on the waters, a rest-
place to find,
In vain for enjoyment o'er nations we
roam;

HOME only can yield real joy to the
mind,
And THERE where the HEART is, there
only is HOME.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

Death—What then?

Death is the end of our probationary
state; the suspension of the union that
exists between soul and body till the
Resurrection. It is generally looked
upon with feelings of gloom and horror,
arising probably from the mysteries
which surround it; or the dread of the
pain which is supposed to attend it, or
more probable still, the consciousness of
sin which gives the sting to death.
"The sting of death is sin." A proper
view of what follows immediately upon
death may help to remove these dark
forebodings, and the Word of God is
not without good cheer on this question
for all who are serving the Lord.

The moment the "silver cord is
loosed" the soul—the MAN—goes to
happiness or misery according to the
character of the life lived in the body.

There are some, however, who hold
that the soul falls into a state of sleep
or unconsciousness, which has no war-
rant from Scripture.

1st. The wicked pass into a state of
conscious misery. The rich man (Luke
16) is represented as lifting up his eyes,
being in torments, and seeing Abraham
afar off and Lazarus in his bosom. And
he cried and said, Father Abraham have
mercy on me, &c. We find Abraham
answering him, to whom he again
replies. Experience has taught us,

that during sleep, the senses as well as
the mental powers are suspended; yet
we find in the case before us that three
of the five senses were in full operation.
Dives felt the tormenting flame; he
saw Abraham; he heard him speak.
He perceived that Abraham was in a
state of happiness; he felt sympathy for
and interest in, his brothers still in the
flesh; he was conscious they were in a
position of danger, and where they had
opportunity to escape his doom. If,
therefore, after death the soul falls
asleep, as some say, then we have here
a conversation carried on between two
men, both asleep, and both conversing
intelligently with each other, which is
opposed, I think, to all experience.
The cities of the Plain are said to be
suffering the vengeance of eternal
fire. If they are asleep, they are not
suffering, for as is happily well known,
sleep takes away, for the time at least,
the sense of pain, and no one can be
said to suffer what he has no sense of.

2. The righteous pass into a state of
conscious happiness.

Paul writing to the Corinthians (2
Cor. xii. 2-4) says:

"I knew a man in Christ above 14
years ago. . . such an one caught up
into the third heaven. And I knew
such a man. . . how that he was
caught up into Paradise, and heard un-
speakable words, &c." Here he evi-
dently teaches that the soul separated
from the body, both perceives and
thinks beyond the natural apprehension
of mortals; and when he speaks of the
revelations given unto him, and of the
unspeakable things not lawful (that is,
not possible) for a man to utter, he
plainly shews that this state is so far
from being one of slumber, silence and
oblivion, that, on the contrary, it is a
place of exquisite delight and enjoy-
ment; where mysteries may be heard
and learnt far surpassing the reach of
frail mortals, and which it is impossible
to reconcile with the theory of sleep.

The conviction of conscious enjoy-
ment, and that immediately after death,
animated Paul when he said to the
Corinthians, "We are confident and
willing rather to be absent from the
body and present with the Lord," (2
Cor. v. 6) and to the Philippians, "For
me to live is Christ, and to die is
gain. . . having a desire to depart
and to be with Christ which is far
better" (ch. i. 21-23). If on leaving the
body he should fall into unconscious-
ness, it is difficult to see how it would
be better, far better, to depart from the
body than to remain in it. It would
surely be 'far better' to remain and
enjoy the presence of Christ and the
comforts of the Spirit, than depart
where he could enjoy neither. His
desire to depart was to be with Christ,
and enjoy His presence in a manner he
could not here.

The body and the soul, although so
intimately connected are distinct and
separable, which those who contend for
the sleep theory seem to forget; and
this fact Paul sets forth very clearly,
particularly in the verses just referred
to, Phil. i. 21-23, 2 Cor. v. 6. Peter, in
his first epistle, chapter i. vs. 13, 14, is
equally clear, "I think it meet as long
as I am in this tabernacle. . . know-
ing that shortly I must put off this my
tabernacle, &c." and in verse 16, he
speaks of his 'decease,' literally, *exodus*,
or going out, from the tabernacle or
tent of his body.

Dr. Guthrie referring to his old age
said:—"They say I am growing old be-
cause my hair is silvered, and there are
crow's feet upon my forehead, and my
step is not so firm and elastic as of
yore: but they are mistaken,—that is
not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the
brow is not me. This is the house in
which I live, but I am young,—younger
than ever I was before."

It may be further shewn that the soul
passes out of the body and into a state

of consciousness from the Saviour's an-
swer to the thief's prayer, Luke xxiii.
43. "To-day shalt thou be with me in
Paradise." The Jews, when their
friends died, would pray that their
soul might be in Paradise, or, might
be gathered unto the Garden of Eden;
and Christ would naturally speak to
the thief in language that he and all
who heard would understand. If Christ
did not intend that he should enter
into a place or state of extraordinary
happiness and pleasure, to what pur-
pose was it told him that he should on
that day, the very day he should die,
be with him in Paradise, if he were to
fall asleep till the resurrection? It
would be no Paradise to him if he had
no sense to taste and enjoy its pleasures.
If, as some hold, the body and soul
sleep together in the grave till the
resurrection, then the grave must be
the Paradise. Christ spoke of, and he
himself must be still asleep in the
grave, inasmuch as he told the thief he
should be with him. It is held, how-
ever, that there should be a stop after
'to-day'; thus—"Verily I say unto
thee to-day, thou shalt be with me in
Paradise." To mention this is enough
to shew the folly of it. How could he
but speak on the day he did speak?
The Saviour said what he meant, and
meant what he said, which was, that on
that very day that thief should be with
him in Paradise. Christ died first, and
the thief followed him to that place of
bliss shortly afterwards.

Let every Christian heart be cheered
from the very blessed fact that when
they quit this mortal scene they shall
be with Christ, and let the same sweet
assurance cheer their Christian friends
under the visitation of Death.

"With those we love 'tis hard to part,
The flesh will feel, the soul must smart,
And grief wrings from the stricken heart,
A mournful cry;
And yet our loved ones but depart,
They do not die.

They live, the beautiful, the dead,
Like stars of fire above our head,
They truly live who have been led
To God's right hand;
Have found above earth's doubt and
dread,
The better land."

Death is the gate of Life. The first
step out of grace is the first step into
glory. What we call Death is but
transition, going out of this pent up
house into the clear, free air of Heaven.
We are now without the veil, death
snaps the cord, and we are within;
and as there is no time between one
moment and the next, so no time elapses
between the time we leave the body
and our entrance upon the spiritual
state. "Absent from the body, present
with the Lord."
Milton. J. BROWN.

A Sermon on Sermons.

Theme: Sermons are like guns—
1. In respect to size, and qualities,
and condition.—Some are large, others
are small; some are long, others are
short; some are new, others are old;
some are bright, others rusty; some
are made to be looked at, others to be
used; some are loaded, others empty;
some are owned, others borrowed.

II. In respect to kind, calibre and
power.—Some are air-guns, some pop-
guns, some of every size, from the
pocket pistol to the Paixhan gun.
Some are charged only with powder,
and make a great noise and smoke.
Some send only small shot that irritate
rather than kill. Some carry heavy
metal, that does execution. Some dis-
charge chain-shot, mowing down whole
platoons. Some are wide-mouthed
mortars, throwing only bomb-shells.
Some are duelling pistols, used only at
controversy:—vile things!

III. In respect to their discharge and
execution.—Some go off half cocked.
Some flash in the pan. Some make a
terrible fizz, the charge all escaping at
the priming hole. Some shoot too
high, some too low, some sideways, a
few directly at the point. Some are
aiming at nothing, and hit it. Some
scatter prodigiously; some kick their
owners over. Some are unerring;
others always hit the wrong object.

Some have too much wadding, and
vice versa.

IV. In respect to their being dan-
gerous, useful, or hurtful.—Some are
alarm guns; others are complimentary
guns, used only for salutes on special
occasions. Some are in a series, con-
stituting a battery; others are swivels,
made to turn in any direction. Some
are useful, some useless, some danger-
ous. Some amuse, some frighten,
some exasperate, some explode, some
gain the victory.

APPLICATION.—Very much depends
upon the manner in which they are
made and managed.—*Christian Watch-
man.*

Let the Book speak.

The Rev. Dr. Culross in the *Scottish
Baptist Magazine* says: "The opening
up of Scripture has not hitherto been
all that it might have been. There
has been plenty of 'lecturing,' 'expound-
ing,' 'commenting,' and so forth; but
not quite so much of letting the Book
itself speak. Undoubted exhibition of
truth there has been, but too often of
truth cramped by logical swaddling-
bands, if not actually in dead clothes;
too obscured in the presenting, like a
giant seen through a fog. Sometimes
the creed, accepted beforehand and
hereditarily, has given unconscious bias
to the interpreter; and the Bible has
become the fiddle on which he has
played the tunes of his own church,
or of his own party. What the church-
es need, and what many souls are long-
ing for, is not eloquent preaching, or
passionate appeal, or philosophizing, or
the ransacking of the Bible for
'proofs' of our doctrinal views, or for
stones to fling at our theological adver-
saries, but the speaking out of God's
Word, as apprehended in the deepest
experience of our heart and conscience;
the speaking of it freely and fearlessly,
in language that all men can under-
stand; which is to be done by those
only who, being something more than
grammarians, or theologians, are spiri-
tually *en rapport* with the Book, and
have unfaltering confidence in the
teaching of God himself. The gain of
all this world would be immense. It
would be the counteracting of these
tendencies, perpetually asserting them-
selves, which would turn God's blessed
Word into a kind of clever child-
ren's puzzle, as if God had given the
Bible for a small sharp ingenuity. It
would put a stop to the trade of blow-
ing religious soap-bubbles in the pulpit,
which the pew is expected to admire;
and of that 'spiritualizing,' such as
finds the doctrine of the Trinity in the
baker's dream of three baskets, and
which is one of the most mischievous
accomplishments a man can have. It
would be the answer by anticipation to
all the heresies. It would do very
much to secure and consolidate the
results of 'revival,' for any revival will
be shallow and evanescent, and associ-
ated with things to deplore, and fol-
lowed by double lassitude, if we do not
bring out for use the mighty meaning
of the Book, and that in the shape and
connection which God has given them.
And I am sure it would contribute
greatly to the clearing away of doubts
and perplexities, and the deepening of
Christian joy."

Prayer-Meetings in Gaol.

BY LAVINIA GOODELL.

When it was first proposed, by a
few enthusiastic workers for the Young
Men's Christian Association, that we
hold weekly prayer-meetings at the
gaol, the suggestion was received by
many with that cool scepticism so much
more trying to the earnest worker
than any amount of vigorous and
hearty opposition. Had the project
been to send a delegation down to the
infernal regions to convert his Satanic
majesty and all his hosts, it could
scarcely have been looked upon as
more utterly futile and impracticable.
There were just three women and two
men who believed in it, and were
ready to lead off. The sheriff gave his

consent to the experiment, with the
comforting assurance that we should
only be casting pearls before swine,
and giving that which is holy to dogs.
And so, at first, it seemed.

When Will Elliott, and George
Colman, and Julia and Nellie Stevens
went there the first time, full of fresh,
generous enthusiasm of youth, it seemed
to them almost that they were going
into a den of wild beasts. Before
they reached the door, shouts and
screams, bits of roisterly singing and
coarse jests were wafted to them on
the air. The room, as they entered it,
was redolent of tobacco, and the floor
covered with expectorations of that
seductive weed. Soiled cards were
lying around, and the prisoners had an
unwholesome and dishevelled appear-
ance. They became quiet and orderly
at the command of the sheriff; and
our brave little band, nothing daunted,
went up to each man and shook hands
with him, with a smile and pleasant
word. When it was announced that a
meeting would be held, seats were
arranged in a circle around the stove,
and the prisoners took their places
quietly and respectfully. "Hold the
Fort," "The Ninety and Nine," and
other sweet hymns of the Sankey col-
lection were sung; then each of the
young band spoke a few words of the
love of Christ, and the joy of following
in His footsteps, and knelt on the
dirty stone floor in prayer. The
prisoners were all young men—there
were about half a dozen of them—and,
though some of them laughed slyly,
and winked at each other, the presence
and genial cordiality of these young
men and women who had come to see
them seemed to interest and sober
them. Another large room, containing
about the same number of prisoners,
joined this; though there was no com-
munication between them except by a
small opening in the wall through
which they could converse, and small
articles could be passed. The prisoners
on the other side, discovering that a
meeting was being held, proceeded to
shout and scream, singing wild snatches
of coarse songs, and making all the
disturbance possible, till reduced to
submission by the sheriff. At the
close of the meeting our little band
again shook hands, spoke a few kind
words to each of the prisoners, and
left a quantity of papers and magazines
for them to read.

The next week they visited the
other side with an experience quite
similar to the first. Week after week,
with little apparent effect, the meetings
were continued, and large numbers
joined our pioneer band. After a time
it was observed that the prisoners
looked neater than at first; that the
floor had been newly scrubbed before
our arrival, and neither dirty cards nor
tobacco juice were to be seen. The
prisoners on the opposite side ceased to
disturb the meetings, and finally came
to the opening in the wall to listen
quietly, and even join in the hymns.
Tom Riley told me, when he came out,
"The boys love to have you come.
They look for it, and anticipate it every
week. They didn't use to scrub the
floor once a month, and now they scrub
it every time just before you come,
and are careful not to spit on it after-
wards till you are gone. They like
the singing best of anything."

We left Bibles and hymn-books with
the prisoners, and found they were
read; and our papers and magazines
were very eagerly devoured. We
began to lend them books; one of the
prisoners agreeing to be responsible for
them; and every week they have been
returned to us in good condition, and
with scarcely the odour of tobacco
about them.

One day Nellie asked "any who
wanted the prayers of Christian people
for them, to raise their hands;" and
nearly every hand went up; and a few
days ago she received a letter from one
who had recently come out and left
town. This is the letter:

"DEAR MISS STEVENS,

"I don't think it rite not to thank
you for all you have dun for us. I
have bin a verry bad man, but now I