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Poetry.

The Angel of Patience.

Beside the toilsome way,
Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers
unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly day by day,
Longing in vain for rest,

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast
meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and
flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,
A look of firm endurance, true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her
face—
So pure, so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse
fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Whispering softly, "Wait!"

"Patience!" she sweetly saith—
"The Father's mercies never come too
late;
Gird thee with patient strength and
trusting faith,
And firm endurance—wait!"

Angel, behold, I wait!
Wearing the thorny crown through all
life's hours,
Wait till the hand shall open the eternal
gate,
And change the thorns to flowers.

—Presbyterian.

Religious.

"I Press On."

When I read about the martyrs I
feel ashamed. How very few men and
women are in dead earnest like Paul.
I love to look at Paul, and never do it
without thinking, that perhaps it would
take about a thousand Christians now-
adays to make one like Paul. Did
Paul compromise when he received
those forty stripes save one? The Jews
have beaten you five times now, Paul.
What are you going to do? Do? Do
you think these light afflictions, which
are but for a moment, move me? I
am pressing forward to the prize; these
stripes do not hinder. Then they
stoned him with those cruel stones until
they thought he was dead. Don't you
think, Paul, that you'd better go down
into Arabia awhile, until this opposition
has blown over? No; I must
press forward. Yes, but it is costing
you so much—that cruel scourging.
Don't you think you'd better be careful?
You know it makes the Jews mad to
tell them about Jesus, the one they
crucified. What are you going to do?
Do? I press forward.

Satan got his match when he got
Paul. In Philippi he and Silas were
cast into prison. He thought he had a
call to go down there. In a strange
land, and in a prison! They sang
praises, and the prison-doors flew open.
I am afraid Mr. Sankey would not sing
praises as he does now, in Paul's
dungeon. He is among false brethren.
We hear no complaining about stripes,
and no looking back. He did not have
ministers sitting on the platform behind
him to back him up. There was no
despondency, no gloom. He takes
his pen and writes, "Light affliction—
it is but for a moment." He
takes his pen again and writes that last
epistle. I love to read it: "I have
fought a good fight: I have finished
my course. Henceforth there is laid
up for me a crown of righteousness."
Talk about Caesar, Napoleon; that little
tent-maker was greater than them all
and had a crown they never had. He
is on his way to execution—no, on his
way to glory; and I hear him say, "To-
day I shall see the King in his beauty."
Nero may have the head; but you can
see Paul in the chariot of God, sweep-
ing through the gates into that light
which no man hath seen. His blessed
work is not finished yet. It lives in

this book, and will live until, like Paul
we gaze upon Him who is the light
thereof.—D. L. Moody.

What I have Seen.

I have seen a young man sell a good
farm, turn merchant, and die in an in-
sane asylum.

I have seen a farmer travel about so
much that there was nothing at home
worth looking at.

I have seen a man spend more money
in folly than would support his family
in comfort, and independence.

I have seen a young girl marry a
young man of dissolute habits, and
repent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen a man depart from
truth where candor and veracity would
have served him to a much better
purpose.

I have seen a prudent and industri-
ous wife retrieve the fortunes of a family
when the husband pulled at the other
end of the rope.

I have seen a young man who des-
pised the counsels of the wise and
advice of the good, end his career in
poverty and wretchedness.

I have seen a woman, professing to
love Christ more than the world, clad
in a silk dress costing \$75, making up
and trimmings of the same \$40, bon-
net \$35, velvet mantle \$150, diamond
ring \$500, watch, chain, pin and other
trappings, \$300, total \$1,100—all hung
upon one frail, dying woman. I have
seen her at a meeting in behalf of
of homeless wanderers, wipe her eyes
upon an expensive embroidered hand-
kerchief at the story of their sufferings
and when the contribution-box came
around, take from a well-filled por-
tionnaire of costly workmanship, twenty-
five cents to aid the society formed to
promote their welfare. "Ah," thought
I, "dollars for ribbons, and pennies for
Christ."

I have seen a man who had long
been a communicant, rush to his busi-
ness after a hastily swallowed breakfast,
without a prayer in his family for God's
blessing through the day, spend hours
in eager pursuit of that which perishes
with the using, speaking not a word
save of stocks, of bonds and mortgages,
and when business hours were over,
return to his home exhausted and petu-
lant, to turn away from a sad story of
want and suffering with, "I am tired
and cannot hear it!" I have seen him
sleep away his evening without a
pleasant word for wife or children, and
retire to rest with no more apparent
thought of God, his maker, than if his
meeting him at the last great day were
an idle tale. "Ah," thought I, "days
and years for Mammon, but not a
moment for Christ."

"Cleft for Me."

One of the "Jubilee Singers," a
student of Fisk University, was on
board a steamer that took fire. He
had presence of mind to fix life preser-
vers on himself and wife; but in the
agony of despair, when all on board
were trying to save themselves, some
one dragged from his wife the life-
preserver, so that she found herself
helpless amid the waters. But she
clung to her husband, placing her hands
firmly on his shoulders as he swam on.
After a little her strength was ex-
hausted. "I can hold on no longer,"
was her cry. "Try a little longer,"
was her husband's agonized entreaty;
and then he added, "Let us sing 'Rock
of Ages.'" Immediately they both
began faintly to sing, and their strains
fell upon the ears of many around
them, while they were thus seeking to
comfort each other. One after another
of the nearly exhausted swimmers was
noticed raising his head above the
waves and joining in the prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee," etc.

Strength seemed to come with the
song, and they were able to hold out a
little longer, still faintly singing. A
boat was seen approaching, and they
did get strength enough to keep them-

selves afloat till the crew lifted them on
board. And thus Toplady's hymn
helped to save more than one from
death by sea, as it has often helped to
save souls ready to perish.

But what does that line mean that
speaks of the Rock as "cleft," com-
paring it to Christ's "riven" or
"pierced side?" It refers, 1. To the
smiting of the rock at Rephidim (Ex.
17: 6), when the waters flowed forth
like a river for the thirsty people. 2.
To Moses being placed in a cleft of the
rock (Ex. 33: 21, 22), perhaps just
above where the waters gushed forth
when the rock was "smitten." It was
there, standing in that cleft, that Moses
saw as much of glory as he could bear,
and heard God himself proclaim his
glorious perfections. Put these two to-
gether,—the rock cleft so that the waters
might flow forth, and Moses standing
in the cleft, and you have a type or
picture of a sinner hid in Christ, who
was smitten for us, and from whom flow
all the streams of blessing to our souls.
—Andrew A. Bonar, D. D.

"What must I do to be Saved?"

There is no more important question
that can be asked by a man, woman or
child than this. There are probably
few persons who have arrived at mature
years who have not at some time asked
the question with more or less of ear-
nestness and sincerity. One man, and he
a popular lecturer in the United States
—Robert G. Ingersoll—has chosen to
adopt the words as the title of a Lec-
ture which has been published and read
probably quite extensively. Instead of
his having made it a text to open up
man's deep spiritual wants this man
made it a question for creating levity,
flippancy and sneers at the Christian
religion. This lecture has called forth
a reply by Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D.,
of London, under the title of "Inger-
soll Answered," which has been re-
published in New York, by I. K. Funk
& Co.

It is a most profound reply, and ex-
poses with a master's hand the igno-
rance and folly of the lecturer; and we
can but wish that it were in very gen-
eral circulation. We quote two or
three passages which we doubt not will
be very acceptable to our readers:—

The (infidel) lecturer says: We
have a Christian system, and that
system is founded upon what they are
pleased to call the *New Testament*.
Who wrote the *New Testament*? I
don't know. Who does know? Nobody!
This remark elicited from the audience
"laughter and applause." The lecturer
could only have made the flippant and
absurd remark in entire ignorance of
the facts of the case. The *New Testam-*
ent does not shrink from the severest
tests that can be employed by historical
criticism. Everywhere its tone is:
"This thing was not done in a corner."
Nowhere does it ask for itself immunity
from criticism: nowhere does it say that
it must not be treated as other books
are treated. Do let us have decency
enough to be simply just in this matter.
Every important question connected
with the historical genuineness of the
Scriptural books has been answered,
over and over again, by competent
scholars. He must be a very wise man,
or a very foolish one, who undertakes
to set himself against the whole learning
of the centuries, and to dismiss, in one
flippant sentence, the conclusions of
every branch of the Christian Church.
Before accepting the opinion of such a
lecturer on such a subject, I should have
to ask, Who is he? What is his
learning? What place does he occupy
in the estimation of scholars? What
contributions has he made to the criti-
cism of his age? In the absence of
positive information upon those points,
I do not hesitate to say that flippancy
is not a proof of erudition, nor is sneer-
ing likely to be the evidence of profound

earnestness. It must always be remem-
bered that it is easier to pull down than
to build up, and easier to ask questions
than to give replies. Were I to say,
"Who built the pyramids? I defy you
to produce evidence that the alleged
builders ever lived, or ever saw the
buildings." I would, in that short
denial, throw upon you a burden of
proof which it would cost you great
labor to bear. I know you could bear
it. Yet, in establishing the evidence,
you would have to go back into dim
antiquity, decipher ancient scrolls, or
inscriptions, fill your pages with un-
familiar names, and carry out processes
of elucidation and argument which would
produce impatience in the doubter, and
easily provoke him to incredulous taunt-
ing or flippant retort. Yet as the
pyramids stand on lasting foundations,
so what we, "are pleased to call the
New Testament" stands to-day as
firmly as ever in the literature of civili-
zation, more widely known than any
other book as to the languages into
which it has been translated, and enlist-
ing in its advocacy men of the most
varied gifts and the most undoubted
intellectual and moral probity.

Having thus sneered at The *New*
Testament, I am not surprised to find
that the lecturer wishes to make out
that the four evangelists do not agree
with one another as to the way of salva-
tion. He thinks that Matthew is practi-
cal, and John is metaphysical; that Mark
has been perverted by interpolation,
and that Luke is about as practical
as Matthew. When the evangelists give
practical precepts he agrees with them,
but when they speak of the new birth
and faith, he differs from them. He
takes what he pleases, and leaves what
he dislikes. When the lecturer agrees
with them, he regards the evangelists
as wise men; when he differs from them,
he either questions their wisdom, or
supposes that others have added what is
untrue or disagreeable. Now, my
contention is that the testimony of the
evangelists as to the way of salvation is
unanimous, and that the variety of ex-
pression which is found in their writ-
ings is a proof of their unanimity. Con-
sider the position in which the lecturer's
theory would place the compilers of
the four Gospels. According to that
theory the four Gospels are inconsistent
with each other; in fact, they flatly
contradict one another as to the vital
matter of salvation. Yet for many cen-
turies those self-contradictory Gospels
have been regarded as one and the
same testimony; they have been pub-
lished in the same book; the learned
compilers did not see what fools they
were making of themselves by bringing
together statements which are directly
antagonistic. From century to century
they have issued the four mutually
contradictory testimonies; and it was
never seen so clearly how they had
committed themselves until one Sun-
day afternoon it was pointed out, in
the City of Chicago, amid "laughter,"
"loud laughter," "renewed laughter,"
and "roars of laughter," that Matthew
had been saying one thing and John
another! It is very curious that this
inconsistency had never struck Christian
scholars, critics, historians, and expo-
sitors, and that it should have been left
to a man in the nineteenth century to
point out the folly and indecency of al-
lowing four men, Matthew, Mark,
Luke and John, to tell a story in four
different and irreconcilable ways. It is
true that startling things do happen in
the development of human progress,
and therefore it is, perhaps, possible
that Chicago may be the new Jerusalem,
and this eloquent lecturer the true
prophet of humanity. But first, let us
examine what he points out as con-
tradictions. Quoting the expression,
"Blessed are the poor in spirit," for
theirs is the kingdom of heaven," he
exclaims, "Good!" So, also, after the
expressions "Blessed are the merciful,"
"Blessed are the pure in heart," and
the like. The lecturer likes the beati-
tudes. He endorses them. But when
John says, "Ye must be born again,"
he flies off and talks about contradic-
tion, interpolation, and the glosses
of the church. It strikes me, on the other

hand, that the sentiments belong to one
another—that they stand in the relation
of cause and effect, and that, apart
from the possibility of the new birth,
the reference to mercy and purity
would be but an exasperation of every
helpless heart. Why are not all men
poor in spirit? Why are not all men
merciful? Why are not all men pure
in heart? The very fact that some are,
and some are not, is the most sugges-
tive circumstance in moral history.
Suppose a case which the lecturer would
admit to be possible. Suppose that a
man of impure heart became pure: there
could be no doubt about the change.
It struck every one who had known the
man most intimately. His whole tone
was changed, and his whole nature lifted
up to a new level. *Something* must
have happened. That undefined *some-*
thing must have been of a most power-
ful nature. What was it? Christians
would not hesitate to say that the man
has been *born again*, and they would
point, for proof, not to a variable and
disputable sentiment, but to an evident
and gracious fact. No other explana-
tion would cover the whole case. Here
is not a mere change of opinion, or even
of mechanical habit. Here is a totally
new conception of life, a wholly new
relation to life, and an absolutely new
heart and purpose; and to call such a
change a *new birth* would seem to me
to be not the language of rhapsody, but
the simplest statement of a fact.

I do not limit faith to the accept-
ance of a few theological propositions.
To me, faith is not a clever trick in
religious metaphysics; nor is it some
faculty on which priestism plays its
tyrannous and selfish pranks. It is
not a transient mood in the conjugation
of life's throbbing verb which theolog-
ians have created for their own uses.
What faith may be to others, I know
not. They may have stripped it and
wounded it and left it half-dead; or
they may have cruelly murdered it, and
buried the nobler portion under altars
that would crumble at the touch of
reason; or they may have cut away
the tokens of its strength, put out its
eyes, and sent it to turn the millstones
of sectarianism and bigotry. I know
not to what base uses it may have been
put, but, to me, faith is reason glorified;
faith is the sublimest action of
the soul; faith is the key that opens
the gate of all great kingdoms and en-
during empires; faith is inspiration;
faith is the very life of the soul; faith
is the hand that lays hold on God.
And its human side is as beautiful as its
divine aspect; it moves the heart to
grand philanthropies; its kind eyes are
evermore lighted with their truest ten-
derness when they look on sin and
misery, helplessness and despair. True
faith drives out selfishness; true faith
stirs to sacrificial action; true faith sees
in every man the image of God. Faith
without works is dead, being alone.
Works come after faith, as the cause
comes after the effect. Where there are
no works there is no faith, "for, as the
body without the spirit is dead, so faith
without works is dead also."

Belief is action in thought; life is
belief in action. Confusion upon this
vital point can alone account for the
blundering comments which the lecturer
makes upon a passage in the Gospel of
Mark: "Go ye into all the world, and
preach the Gospel to every creature."
"He that believeth and is baptized
shall be saved, and he that believeth
not shall be damned." Upon this
commandment the lecturer says:
"There is not one particle of sense in
it. Why? No man can control his
belief." Now, that which appears to
the lecturer so monstrous appears to
me to be the very basis and philosophy
of life. So differently do men view the
same thing! Everywhere throughout
the world, belief is salvation, and
unbelief is damnation—of course. I use
the word belief in the large, significant
already explained. It is not a merely
metaphysical act, nor is it an act in
solely metaphysical subjects. It is the
soul's supreme conviction, and by it
the soul must evermore stand or fall.
If it is a right belief, the soul will be
saved; if it is a wrong belief, the soul