

# CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"Peace on Earth—Good Will among Men."

VOL. 1.

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## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Monmouth Lodge, No. 121, I. O. G. T., Meets every Friday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in their hall over the Messenger office.

The Philanthropic Literary Society Meets every Wednesday evening, in the College building, (up stairs) at 7 1/2 o'clock.

The Hesperian Literary Society Meets every Monday evening, in the College building, (up stairs) at 7 1/2 o'clock.

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## Poet's Corner.

### LIFE IN EARNEST.

I have done at length with dreaming;  
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine,  
Thou must take up sword and gannet,  
Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory—  
Wherefore have I slumbered on,  
With my forces all unmarshaled,  
With my weapons all undrawn?

Oh, how many a glorious record  
Had the angels of the kept,  
Had I done, instead of doubted,  
Had I warring instead of wept!

But begone regret, bewailing;  
Ye but weaken at the best;  
I have tried the trusty weapons—  
Resting rest within my breast;

I have wakened to my duty,  
To a knowledge strong and deep,  
That I dreamed not of a foretime,  
In my long, inglorious sleep.

For to lose is something as of old,  
And I knew it not before;  
And I dreamed not how stupendous  
Was the secret that I bore—

The great, deep, mysterious secret  
Of a life to be wrought out  
Into warm, heroic action,  
Weakened not by fear or doubt.

In this straitened sense of living,  
Newly stirred in every vein,  
I can feel a throbbing electric  
Pleasure half allied to pain.

'Tis so great, and yet so awful—  
So bewildering, yet so brave,  
To be king in every conflict  
Where before I crouched a slave.

'Tis so glorious to be conscious  
Of glorious power within,  
Stronger than the rallying forces  
Of charges and marshaled sin.

Never in those old romances  
Felt I half the sense of life,  
That I feel within me stirring,  
Standing in the place of strife.

Oh, those olden days of dalliance,  
When I waned with my fate,  
When I trifled with a knowledge  
That well-high had come too late!

Yes, my soul, look not behind thee,  
Thou hast work to do at last,  
Let the brave toil of the Present  
Overshadow the crumbling Past;

Build the great acts high, and higher;  
Build them on the conquered soil,  
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,  
And thy first prayer rose to God.

## Home Contributions.

### VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY HORACE KNOX, AT THE CLOSE OF COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, JUNE 14, 1871.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—  
Our school-days are now drawn to a close, and we are now to bid adieu to teachers and school-mates and return to our homes. For the past year we have been assembled here for the purpose of acquiring that knowledge which will fit us for positions of honor and usefulness in after life.

The many volumes of science we have poured over by the pale light of the lamp, are now to be laid aside and the knowledge obtained therefrom put to use in the practical affairs of life. If we have been industrious, we will be amply repaid for all the time spent in the pursuit of knowledge. But if idle and careless, our future lives will be those of shame and regret, that we have been thus indifferent to the privileges that have surrounded us.

Our reputation, the reputation of our teachers and above all the reputation of Christian College, now depend upon us. If we are competent to fill the positions we have assumed, then will we be monuments of honorable distinction to the College. But if we are not, then will our education be a mockery, a reproach to the College, and a shame and disgrace to ourselves.

We are about to go forth into the busy world to form the characters we will maintain through life. The impressive man, who turns the tide of government in which ever way he wills, by the invincible powers of his mind, is none other than the industrious and the energetic school-boy, in riper years; who, with his mind fixed on the object to be obtained, has faithfully improved every moment, and continually risen higher and higher in the scale of intellectual worth, until he has attained the highest position of honor, commanding the respect and admiration of all.

The most estimable lady, whose association is so earnestly solicited by the wise and the good, is but the young lady in college who with her mind free from the influence of fashionable follies

of the world, has ever kept in view that high position due to merit, and by close application and a rigorous self-denial of the seductive pleasures of society, has developed and adorned her nature with the grace and accomplishments which distinguish the most noble characters of her sex.

The tide for our service in the mighty current of life has now arrived. Positions of responsibility are awaiting us. Our ancestors are passing from the stage of action, and calling upon us to fill their places; and, notwithstanding our distrust, our feelings of incompetency, we must comply with their request and meet the demand.

The field of labor widens before us, and toils and trials crowd upon us. The control of all governmental affairs, will soon devolve upon us, and in proportion to our application to study during our school days will the duties be discharged faithfully.

Though the life of the student may have seemed hard and confining, we will remember it as a haven of rest compared with the surroundings that await our advent into the active businesses of life. In future years we will love to recount the happy incidents of our school-days so free from care and full of peace; and long in vain for the return of our youth! Then will we remember the many privileges that surrounded us here; the full value of which we failed to appreciate. Then will we sigh because those happy hours could not have lasted forever. But Time waits for no one. Whether improved or unimproved, our youth will vanish with it all the pleasures pertaining to the sweet spring-time of life. They will reappear to us only as remembrances of the past that will never return.

If we have rightly improved our time it will be with pleasing reflections that we recall them to mind; but if not, it will be with bitter thoughts of the happiest portions of our lives spent foolishly, of time wasted, the consequences of which we must suffer in future years. These too will fondly bring back the many loving friends and schoolmates who have ever assisted and cheered us on in the path of duty by their presence and example, when we were discouraged and almost ready to yield to the difficulties and surrender to the obstacles that opposed our progress in the pursuit of knowledge.

We are soon to separate, perhaps never to meet again on earth, certainly not in the schoolroom under the pleasant relations of the student's life. We are to bid adieu to all those associations and that joyous social intercourse we have so long enjoyed. The friends we have met here are now to be retained and their kind assistance and pleasant society withdrawn, it may be, forever. No more will we respond to the call of the school-bell, or join with our fellow students in the sweet strains of music in morning class or at evening close. No more will we meet them as classmates and share with them the pleasure of emulation in the pursuit of knowledge. We are no more to be recognized as students of Christian College. We must go forth and try the stern realities, the trials and vexations of a busy world. Others will fill our places and move in the positions we were wont to occupy. But ere we bid adieu to all these pleasant associations, let us glance our minds over the past and if memory retains an unkind word hastily spoken, or a thoughtless act that has caused any pain, let us mutually forgive and be forgiven, and on this solemn occasion so full of mingled hope and sadness, pledge each other that friendship and that love which will cause us to greet one another wherever we meet in life's busy scenes, as brothers and sisters of the same *Alma Mater*. And let sweet friendship reign supremely in every heart as we take the parting hand of our beloved fellow students and respected teachers, and bid farewell forever to the Old College Year.

Kind Words.  
Why don't we speak them oftener? "Can I do anything for you, take any message to the mission-house for you?" It was a trifle, but the words, forgotten as soon as spoken, but not by the one addressed. Alas! among strangers, feeling keenly their self-interest of her and her work; seeing slighted where, perhaps, none were intended, this little attention, so unexpressed, was—God knows how grateful to her. The quick tears came, and made her hasten to her room. But the shower cleared the air, so that she could see that it was partly her own fault that she was so lonely, for one must give as well as take, if they would find friends among strangers.

## Selected Reading.

### Sweeping the Corners.

[From the Bible Expositor.]  
No one would sweep the middle of a room only, and leave all the corners, neither would they spend a whole forenoon in cleaning one corner, to the entire neglect of the rest of the room. Trivial as they may seem, it contains a principle which has very much to do with our success in working out the grand enigma of life.

We often catch glimpses of the destiny of a soul in the small actions of life, which will rise as a coral reef amid the dark waves of eternity. A woman who never sweeps the corners of a room will generally be as superficial and neglectful in the discharge of every other duty. As regards herself, her education will be but a surface job, without thoroughness; in dress, she will aim at show, but with little regard for either health or modesty; provided anything be fashionable; her family will fit out in the world as mere butterflies, without a thought beyond the sunshine of the present.

Our hearts may thrill with the deepest sadness as we look upon the dark picture of human degradation, and realize how little we can do at best to alleviate a world's misery and wretchedness, to wipe away the tears of sorrow of those around them, forgetting, in their frantic rush after selfish objects, the little acts that have so much to do with our happiness or misery during life.

These persons, too, who are subject to spasmodic attacks of religion, and at other times lie dormant, together with those who give to charitable institutions, expecting to see a polished throughout the land, even while pressing the widow, and passing unnoticed the cry of the degraded and starving ones they may meet by the wayside, stand as "whited sepulchres" in the sight of God, though to the world they may appear white and clean, yet within, deep down in the dark recesses and hidden corners of the heart, there is naught but corruption.

There is another class of persons who are not so superficial as those just mentioned, yet often having still less conception of what life is, and in living, contract the souls of all over whom they may exert any influence. These are nature folk; it is not that they have no spiritual gifts, but that they have no sense of the value of the gifts of God, though to the world they may appear white and clean, yet within, deep down in the dark recesses and hidden corners of the heart, there is naught but corruption.

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## Papering and Painting Walls.

Papering and painting are the best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint much more in warm weather, while in cold weather it hardens on the outside, making a coat which will protect the wood instead of soaking into it. In papering walls be sure to remove all the old paper and paste, and scrape them perfectly smooth. Dampen the old paper with cloths wet in saleratus water, and it will come off easily; fill the cracks with plaster of Paris; and if there are any traces of bugs wash the wall all over with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water; this will purify the air and destroy all mould and vermin. The best paste is made out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of paste; half an ounce of powdered borax will make the paste better. People now, generally, understand how very dangerous it is to paper a wall over old paper and paste. Many deaths have arisen from this cause; the air of many sleeping rooms has been poisoned. In some old houses three or four layers of paper have been found upon the walls of the rooms, and their inmates have died, and the doctors could not tell whence came the disease.

## An Item Account.

Judge E. of Virginia, was one of the most prompt and laborious who have done honor to the bench. A certain Doctor R., noted for his exorbitant charges, had been called to attend a poor man during a long illness, and at its close presented a most exorbitant bill, which the patient refused to pay unless large deductions were made. The doctor insisted upon receiving the whole, and immediately brought suit.

The case came up before Judge E., who, during his progress asked to see the account. When it was handed up, it was found to consist of a single charge: "Medical attendance—so much." The Judge required the doctor, who was present, to specify the items. He refused to comply, and the case was thrown out of court. When the court had adjourned, the doctor thus accused the judge: "That was an honest account, Judge E., an honest account."

"I know nothing about it," said the judge, in his sharp, decisive voice; "nothing about it sir." After an embarrassing silence, the doctor began again: "Judge E., we shall all have to give an account—an account, sir, of all the deeds done in the body."

"Know that, sir," retorted the judge; "I know that. But it will be an item account—an item account, sir."

"But I say unto you that every little word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Selected.

## Lay Hold on God.

Are there times when all things here seem hollow and unreal, with vanity and emptiness written upon them—times when there seems to us, as there seemed once to the royal preacher at Jerusalem, no profit to a man of any labor wrought under the sun; but vanities and all vanity? What help is there against this, the worst sickness of the soul, save in laying hold of him who is not hollow, not unreal, not a shadow nor a dream, who abides forever, and who causes his servants to inherit substance; what help but in laying hold of him, as he can be only laid hold of in prayer?

Or, again, are there other times when the world threatens to become too much to us—the near hillocks of time to hide from us the more distant mountains of eternity—earth's time to outshine heaven's gold? It is in God, in the light of his presence, as we press into that presence, that all things assume their due proportions, are seen in their true significance; that the hillocks subside, and the mountain-tops appear; that the shadows flee away, and the eternal substances remain.—Trench.

## Fal choud.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.  
OF ALL HAPPY households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears there is a liar in the house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be reserve in talk and reservation in belief. There are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all eyes and a joy to all hearts. They are public benefactors, for they are a point of general reliance, and they are privately blessed within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their home and their hearts they have the serenity of rectitude and the gladness of innocence.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—The evening star is the first to shine out on the gathering shades of night. It shines brightest, not because it is the largest of the stars, but because it is the nearest to the earth. I love it most, not because it is brightest and nearest, but because it reminds me oftentimes of the "star of Bethlehem." Be thou ever near me, the guiding star of my soul. May you, day by day, become more precious to my wandering heart, and night by night, shine brighter on my spirit way. In the evening of life be thou the first to shine out through the gates of endless day to scatter the shades of death and guide my spirit to Bethlehem on high.—Times.

Southey says that nature hath assigned, two sovereign remedies for human grief; Religion, surest, firmest, first and best; strength to the weak, and to the wounded balm; and strenuous action next.

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## BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

[From A. C. Review.]

The following thoughts on "Twilight" are taken from a Maryland paper the *Boonsboro Odd Fellow*. They are dictated by a sister in Christ who has never seen the light of the sun, as you and I, dear reader, see it. She was born blind. She loves the flowers for their fragrance, and the birds for their song, but the rich colors of the one, and the plumage of the other are unknown to her. But she is not unhappy by any means. She loves everybody and everybody loves her. Her cultivated intellect and loving heart find the goodness of God on every hand; and she sings the songs of Zion only as they can sing them who see clearly by the eye of faith, and whose hearts are filled with the love of God.

By and by the darkness will pass with her. The same divine hand that opened the eyes of the blind on earth will open hers in the paradise of God. She will be made like unto the dear Redeemer, for she will see him as he is! J. H. B.

TWILIGHT.  
There is no time so sacred as the twilight hour. The sun sinks, calmly to rest as a weary child on the bosom of its mother; the little birds cease their sweet songs of joy, and all nature seeks repose. The merchant, weary of the duties of his counting-room, turns with delight to his home, where, for a brief period, he can uninterruptedly enjoy the society of his family. The thoughts of the mother turn anxiously to her absent son, who has left the home of his childhood, and is now wandering in the land of strangers. We pause in this holy hour to pluck sweet flowers of the past from memory's garden; in fancy we mingle in the society of those with whom we played in the merry days of childhood; but who have since passed to the land beyond the stars—

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"But I say unto you that every little word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Selected.

God gently draws the curtain of day, that we may meditate upon his wisdom and goodness, in order that we may be more fully prepared to appreciate the glorious light of the moon, and sparkling gems which nightly proclaim to the world that he, who formed them is the only being worthy of the admiration and worship of all hearts.

Life, too, has its morning noon and twilight. To those who have devoted the morning to the service of God, and have meekly and patiently borne the trials and disappointments of noon, twilight is a holy hour. The pleasures of earth have lost their attractions, and they long for that bright land, where they shall enjoy the society of the loved ones who have crossed over the river. Guided by the bright stars of hope, they shall pass safely through the night of death, for to them the "Sun of righteousness shall rise with healing on his wings."

"How dear to me the twilight hour,  
When Jesus draws me with his love;  
When earth's attractions lose their power,  
And I can soar to joys above." VOLKS.

## REJOICE.

"Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted." This we might think a very easy command to obey, as all love to be exalted. If it was worldly exaltation, it might be so, and would be no trial of faith. He is commended not only to be content in his poverty, in his humble position in society, but to look beyond these evanescent things, and to rejoice in his exaltation from a state of guilt and condemnation, to an heirship with the Son of the Most High. His promise of exaltation is not in temporal, but in spiritual things, and will be fully enjoyed not only in the church militant, but in the church triumphant. The rich brother is commanded to rejoice in that he is made low, brought down from the toppling height of pride, led to see the folly of trusting in "uncertain riches," and made a partaker in the shame and sufferings of Christ, that in due time he may be exalted to reign with him. Thus both are brought by faith in one gracious Lord—to one precious hope, which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering within the veil. The jealousies of the poor and the pride of the rich are alike difficult to overcome, alike destructive of spiritual life, and if not conquered, will fetter the soul and drag it down the steps of endless woe.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.