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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

LITTLE TASSIE.

Dear little babe, she has gone to rest,
Where never a sin shall stain her breast,
No trouble disturb her, no fear annoy,
No cloud o'ershadow her innocent joy.
She has gone home to heaven that land of love,
Of light, and gladness, and blessing above,
Her head is pillowed on Jesus' breast;
Dear little babe, she is sweetly at rest.

She lived on earth but a little while,
But we shall always remember her smile;
But she was our sister, and is so still,
Sweet Tassie, we called her, and always will
We think we are glad she has gone away
Where her life will be all one pleasant day,
Where an unkind word she will ne'er receive,
Nor speak one herself, our kind hearts to grieve.

If she were here, she would often cry,
And then she'd be sick, and suffer and die;
But now death is over, and all the while
Her cherub face may wear a smile;
For she never will know, or do what is wrong,
And the loving angels will teach her their song:
Dear sister, we wish we could be there too
Oh, when shall we come and live with you?

Selections.

TRUE ROYALTY.

On a fine summer's evening, as crowds of artisans were passing along the streets of Hamburg, to drink coffee and hear the music at the Elb-Erholung, or Altonano, a shoemaker was busy cobbling his shoes beneath an awning near his door. Above his head was a starling, which sang and chattered, and seemed to keep a busy talk with its kind-hearted possessor—now turning his head, and looking down upon his bald pate with a most curious eye, as a master would watch and examine an apprentice at his work; and then, as if quite satisfied, would ruffle his feathers, fly up to his perch, and pour forth his every note, and bit of song, and witty saying, which he had learned, to the great delight of old Hans the cobbler. Hans would say half aloud—"Thou art a happy bird, and well provided for; and why should not I be a happy Christian with such mercies?" and so he would begin to sing one of the fine old German psalm tunes.

While thus engaged on the said evening, hardly looking up from the sole of the large shoe before him, and heedless of the crowded street, a young man who was passing by, addressed him, saying,

"Well, friend—beg pardon—but you seem a happy fellow!"

The person who thus spoke had the look and dress of a student. His features were dark and sombre, with the full black eye, the high nose, and rather sallow skin, which marked the descendant of Abraham. Hans looked up to him, and replied with a cheerful voice,

"Merry! to be sure I am right merry, my brother; and why should I not be so?"

"All are not so!" replied the student, with a sigh and a shrug of his shoulders.

"Why should you not, you asked," continued the student; "I would reply that your own poverty might afford a sufficient cause for sadness in you. But you have no living thing, I suppose, to take care of but the bird up there, who seems, by the way, to be as jolly as yourself!"

"And why should not he be merry? my little speckled breast!" said Hans, chirruping to his starling. "But he is not all my family, young man; for I have a wife and seven children to provide for with these hands; but see, I can sing at my work!"

The student was silent; and he began to

think of all the sorrow he had experienced in the midst of books and literature; and in spite of having youth and health on his side, with fair prospects of success in the world, yet he knew not why or how, a sadness like the pall of death, often rested on his spirits; but questionings from the endless future, and from beyond the grave, came to him in his solitary hour, to which he could give no answer; and he had no peace from thoughts of God, when he had thoughts of Him at all; and he knew not Jesus Christ! He was a Jew, and felt that for his soul old things had passed away, but nothing had as yet become new! And so, while in one of these gloomy moods, and when on his way to seek some repose from the music, and enjoyment from the company, in the public gardens, he was arrested by the busy and happy cobbler, and by a sudden impulse was induced to address him, in order to discover from what source one so poor, and yet so contented, drew his happiness.

Again resuming the conversation, he said, "I confess, friend, I am surprised to see a poor artisan like you so cheerful."

"Poor!" exclaimed Hans, "how knowest thou, friend, how my account stands with the bank? Poor! I am richer than thou knowest."

"It may be, it may be," said the student, with a smile. "I must have heard, though I have forgot, thy name in the Exchange, or heard of the sailing of thy ships, or when at the bank—"

"Enough," said Hans, "thou hast confessed thy ignorance of me," and then, stopping his work, laying his hand on the student's arm, and looking at him with an expression of countenance from which all fun was banished, he said calmly and solemnly, "Stranger, I am not poor. Don't pity me; envy me, for be it known to you that I am a King's son!"

The student started, made a low bow, and departed. "Poor fellow, poor fellow," he muttered to himself. "Art thou happy only because thou art mad? art thou able to rejoice only because all realities are to thee but dreams, and all dreams to thee realities! I have sought strength and comfort at thy mouth in vain."

A week passed, and again the student traversed the same street; and there in the old place, was Hans busy as ever in his stall, and his starling as happy as ever in his cage. The student, as he passed him, took off his cap, and said,

"Good evening to your Royal Highness!"

"Halt, friend," said Hans, with a cheerful but firm voice, "and come here to me a few minutes. I am glad I have seen you again. You left me abruptly t'other evening. I suppose you thought I was mad. But I am not so; but in sober earnest, I tell you again I am a King's son; and when you interrupted me I was singing a song about my kingdom. Would you like to hear it?"

"Surely, if it please your Royal Highness," replied the Jew with a benevolent smile, and anxious to gratify his strange acquaintance, whose insanity he never doubted. Hans, having provided a seat for the young Jew, began to sing the hymn on "Thy Kingdom come," and when it was finished, perceiving that it was listened to with apparently deep interest, he asked if he understood its meaning. The Jew shook his head. Upon which Hans proceeded to explain all he knew, and it was much, about the Kingdom of Jesus Christ and the Glory of its King; and how every subject in his kingdom was a son and an heir, yea, a "joint heir" with Christ the King, and would reign with Him for ever and ever!

As old Hans expatiated on those promises, his work was laid aside, his eyes beamed with love and hope, and deep feeling gave eloquence and grace to his language. The Jew sat at his feet, gazing up to him with his full black eye, and so absorbed by all he heard for the first time in his life, of the promises made of old unto his fathers, that he was roused from his waking dream only by Hans taking him by the hand, and saying, "Now thou seest how I am a King's son, and why I am happy; for I know and love this Jesus, and all things are mine, whether life or death, things present, and things to come; and young man," he asked with emphasis, "believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. For unless I mistake thy countenance greatly, thy fathers did; and thou my son, believing in them, must also believe in Him whom they foretold, and whom God hath sent to perform the mercy promised to thy fathers, and to remember his holy covenant, the oath which he swore to thy father Abraham."

The Jew was silent. Unutterable thoughts passed through his mind. "Where," he asked meekly, "can I learn more of this? for I see that thou believest and hast peace?"

"From this book," said Hans, handing him a Bible. "Go home and read there about the kingdom, and return to me when thou hast studied the passages I shall point out to thee; and whilst thou art doing battle to the enemies of thy soul—for Satan will stir up a host to destroy thee—I shall like Moses, pray for thee on the mount, and ask One to pray for thee; whom as yet thou knowest not, but who knoweth thee, and who is greater than Moses."

The young Jew grasped Hans by the hand, and, taking off his cap, made a respectful bow, and departed. "May the Lord engraft him into his own olive tree!" said Hans, looking upward and resuming his work, when the form of the Jew was lost to him, as he turned into a neighboring street.

My story is ended. The substance of it was told me by a distinguished Christian Jew, as we walked together in the streets of Hamburg. What became of Hans I could not learn. But the young Jew is now Mr. N. —, for many years a successful missionary to his brethren in Silesia.

Reader! let us derive one lesson before we part; it is this: If the seed of truth is in thy hand, sow it in any field which God provides for thee in his Providence; and the least seed may become a great tree, whose fruit may feed many souls, and make glad thine own, here and hereafter, with exceeding joy.

THE JEWS.

THE existence of the Jews is the living miracle of the world. They are scattered and down-trodden, and yet, according to the most accurate statistics, are as numerous as they were when they left the land of Egypt, the returns made to Bonaparte giving about three millions. Expatriated, they become citizens of the world; and wherever tolerated they commence traffic and become thrifty. Everywhere they are at home. They may be banished, but cannot be expelled; be trodden down, yet cannot be crushed. Only in the United States, France, Holland and Prussia, are they fully citizens; but in spite of British statutes, the Russian ukase, and Turkish curse, they prosper still. The great nations of antiquity, the Egyptians and Assyrians, the Romans and Saracens, as well as the modern Turks and Christians, have attempted to destroy them, but in vain; while penal laws and cruel

torture have only served to increase their numbers and reinforce their obstinacy.

But the Jew exists, not only as a monument and a miracle; Jewish mind has exerted a powerful influence on the world. Favored by Napoleon, the Hebrew race at once developed power which had never been suspected: Soult, Ney, and Massena, who thus altered his name from Manassah, to escape the odium of being an Israelite, were all Marshalls of France under the eye of the greatest warrior of his age. In politics the Jews have Metternich in Austria, D'Israeli in England, a convert to the Christian faith, while the Autocrat of Russia has had a Jew for his confidential counsellor, and Spain a Prime Minister of the same race, and Russia her Minister of Finance. In the United States, Jews begin to figure in our national councils; Mr. Yulee, late member of the House, and Mr. Soule, recently Senator from Louisiana, being of the Hebrew stock; M. Cremieux, one of the most eminent lawyers of France, was what we should call Attorney General upon the flight of Louis Philippe.

In money-power the Jews hold in their hands the destiny of kingdoms and empires whose governments become bankrupt, and their sovereigns turn beggars at a Hebrew nod. Half a dozen Jews can do more to preserve the peace of Europe by sitting behind their desks and persistently saying No! to the royal applicants for money, than all the Peace Congresses and Conventions in Christendom. The Rothschilds, the Barings, and Sir John Montefiore, are all Jews, and with their banking establishments scattered over Europe and Asia, wield a sceptre more powerful than monarchs hold.

Coming to the literary profession, and inquiring into the lineage of many of the most distinguished scholars and men of science, we find the Jew prominent here as well as in active life. The most renowned in Astronomy have been the Jews, as the Herschells in England; and Arago in France, the Astronomer Royal under Louis Philippe, and who filled the world with his fame. Those German works which are deluging the world are, for the most part the production of Christianized Jews, and those of Hengstenberg, Tholuck, Schleimacher, Gesenius, Neander, Niebuhr, and others, who learned treatises, Biblical criticisms, didactic theology and general sacred literature, are found in the library of every Theological Seminary, and in the hand of every theological student. Spinoza, the famous infidel was a Jew, and so are Rouge and Czerski, who took the lead of a new religious reformation in Germany in our day.

Such have been and are the Jews. Mysterious nation! Inexplicable enigma! A living, perpetually omnipresent miracle! A race so indomitable, must have been raised up and preserved for some grand purpose.—*Congregational Journal.*

HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL is a tall, but slight and very "genteel" looking personage; he comes of an old English "noble stock," as his title indicates, and he is here with quite a circle of titled ladies of his kindred. His features are very symmetrical, and present a really beautiful profile. He is not very clerical in his appearance, and wears light checkered pantaloons; he has light hair, light blue eyes, and, in fine, the general aspect of a good, rather than a great man. If not very profound, his remarks, nevertheless, have the consideration and pertinency of good sense. I have been much pleased with him in this respect in committees, where, amid the petty fastidiousness and superfluous details of men who would show their business talent more by