

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

Never say Fail.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming, and sighing,
And waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail.

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb,
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail—
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail.

The spirit of angels
Is active I know,
As higher and brighter
In glory they go;
Methinks on bright pinions
From heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage
Who never say fail.

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide:
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail.

GIVE.

See the rivers flowing, downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures bountiful and free—
Yet to help their giving, hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers, their rich fragrance
spread,
Load the air with perfumes, from their beauty
shed—
Yet their lavish spending, leaves them not in
dearth,
With fresh life replenished by the mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures! from fair nature
learn!
Give thy love—and ask not, want not a return!
And the more thou spendest from thy little store,
When a double bounty, God will give thee
more.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger

ROMANISM versus CHRISTIANITY.

[Translated by Rev. N. Cyr, from the *Semour Canadien*.]

Letter of Resignation, addressed to the
Curate of the parish of St. John Baptist,
Canada East, 31st July, 1856.

Sir,—You will without doubt, be surprised to receive this letter. You are not ignorant that for several years I have been much exercised relative to the teaching of your Church which I could not regard in harmony with the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. The attention and thoughtful study of the Word of God for some years have only confirmed my doubts, and brought me to the deep conviction which I now have, that the Romish Church teaches things contrary to the Gospel of our Saviour, and that she has abandoned the ancient faith. As I desire to save my soul and serve the Lord according to His word, I regard myself under the obligation of quitting her to join a church where the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles is carried out. Be assured, Sir, that my course is conscientious and has been in the sight of God and for the interests of my soul. I have therefore the hope that the Lord will bless me and keep me faithful to the end.

The great error—the capital error of your church, that which amongst all others has most struck me and which would be sufficient alone to make me leave her, is her announcing another salvation, another gospel than that of Jesus Christ. All holy scripture shews us that our Saviour, constrained by infinite love to us, offered himself voluntarily to the death of the cross

for our sins, that his blood washes and takes away all our transgressions, however great and numerous they may be; that our works can never merit for us eternal life, but that salvation is given to us freely by grace through a living faith in Jesus Christ and that this faith changes and renews our heart by the power of the Holy Spirit. Whilst your church teaches that our works merit eternal life, that we are not saved by faith in Jesus Christ, that the Son of God has not saved us from the pain of all our transgressions and that we should regard man in order to be saved and pardoned, to the detriment of the glory of our adorable Redeemer, who says, "Let him that is athirst come to me and drink. Whoso believeth in me hath everlasting life. Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

The God of the Gospel is a God who loves, who pardons and delivers, and is moved with compassion towards all his children, and saves them from all their infirmities whilst the God which your church presents is a severe God whom one cannot approach but with trembling, who punishes his redeemed for the transgressions which his Son has expiated upon the cross, and sends them into flames, the very thought of which is enough to drive one out of one's mind. It is not the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies and the God of all consolation, but a false and strange God. Moreover, was I ever happy in your church, had I ever peace, had I ever the feeling that my transgressions were truly pardoned? On the contrary, I was unhappy and suffering—without hope in the world, without foundation for the future. All our works of penitence which you may make us do, instead of reconciling us with God, and giving us peace, turn us from him, in leading us to expect our salvation in great measure from ourselves. Thus we build our salvation on the sand, and plunge ourselves into perdition.

Another reason which confirms me that your church, Sir, is not the church of the first ages, is the prohibition which she makes to reading the Holy Scriptures. You know as well as I and better, without doubt, that in the primitive church the Holy Scriptures were in the hands of all believers, that they were in the habit of reading them, of carrying them with them, and of desiring even that they should be deposited with them in the grave that so neither in life or death they should be separated from them. The Priests alone are allowed to read them and not the people. The Priests even read them but little, it is rather the huge breviary which one sees under their arms. Their way of speaking of the Holy Scriptures is scandalous in the extreme. "They are obscure, incomplete; they destroy souls," you say; making war against them and delivering them to the flames, as your substitute in particular did a short distance from me, at my father's, at that solemn hour when he had need of those consolations which they offer to the dying. Are you in this the successors of the primitive church? And if I add to these points other changes which you have made, as the prohibition of the cup in the Holy communion, the suppression of the second commandment of the law of God, the possession of a temporal kingdom by the bishop of Rome, Indulgences, use of an unknown tongue in public worship, Purgatory, you cannot be surprised, Sir, that I have taken the resolution which I now announce to you.

Henceforth I pray you to consider me as a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, a lover of the word of God, but not a Roman Catholic.

I do not allude to the difficulties to which I shall be exposed by this step, but I consider not these things; I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to Him and preserve me unto His Heavenly Kingdom.

I remember his words, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words in this adulterous and sinful generation of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall

come in the glory of His Father, with his holy angels." I praise God for the light he has given me, and I pray he may grant the same grace to all my family. I desire also that all my countrymen may have part in the same grace, and that you in particular, Sir, may arrive at the full knowledge of the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.

Be pleased to accept my affectionate and cordial salutations.

Your respectful servant,
EM. VADENAIS, pere.

Sir.—For the same reasons as those of my father, I find myself obliged also to quit the Romish Church and pray you, Sir, to accept my resignation.

Your devoted servant,
T. S. VADENAIS.

The Little Chimney Sweeper.

[Translated from the French.]

Many years ago there lived in London a lady of rank, who was remarkable for her great piety and benevolence. Her name was Lady Belville, and she had an only son of about five years of age, upon whom she had centered all her affections, and who was the sole object of her thoughts and care. One desire reigned supreme in her breast, and that was, that her little Charles should become a child of God. For that she prayed continually. But, alas, the more she prayed and sorrowed, the more Charles seemed to shun the path in which she wished him to tread. He was selfish, idle and disobedient, and above all, was little disposed to think about religion. When the Bible was read to him he grew weary of it, and thought of other things, moved about on his chair, and examined the furniture in the room. When he was desired to pray to God in the morning he would put it off, and in the evening, say he was too tired, and wanted to go to sleep. In order to help him his mother composed several phrases, which she wished him to repeat every evening, but Charles would never learn more than one, after which he quickly said "Amen," and got into bed. That was, "O Lord, convert me; change my heart, and teach me to love thee and to love all mankind, as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen." The poor mother wept much and prayed more, but it must be said that she had not the courage to punish him. Her weakness confirmed Charles in his disobedience, and every day he became more wicked. Lady Belville seeing that her son did not change, began to doubt the promises of God, who seemed to her to fail in his word, since he had said in the Bible, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

One day, when she was as usual bathed in tears, a servant came to say that they had sought Charles all over the house for nearly an hour without finding him, but that the great door was locked, and that the child had been all the morning amusing himself in the garden. It is impossible to describe the grief of his mother on hearing this. She arose, and sought in the house, the garden, and the neighbourhood, but no one could give her any tidings of her son. She sent her servants to search through the town; she sent information to the magistrates; she published in all the newspapers that her son had disappeared, and promised a large reward to those who would bring tidings of him. Twenty different persons came in a few days to describe to her several children whom they had seen, but not one told anything satisfactory. At last one of them said that he had seen a little boy of the same age, dressed exactly in the same way, who was amusing himself by throwing stones into the water, on the banks of a river, and he also affirmed that when he passed a moment later the child was not to be seen. This last description pierced the heart of the mother, who now did not doubt that her son was drowned. She had the more reason to think so because a year after, she heard that several months before, the body of a child had been found on the banks of a river, and buried in a little hamlet about three leagues from the city. By that time being well persuaded of the death of her child the poor mother only thought of raising a tombstone that she might go there to weep and ask God to comfort her.

She wished to convince herself that Charles had not been so wicked; she tried to remember whether once in his life he had not offered a sincere and heartfelt prayer; she repeated to herself all that she had taught him; but, alas, what returned to the mind of the poor mother was always the remembrance of his disobedience, his impatience, and his indifference during the prayers. Oh, if little Charles could have known beforehand how much grief he would cause his mother, what tears he would have shed, and perhaps he would not have been so wicked and so rebellious.

To comfort her, Lady Belville wished to have before her eyes the sweetest remembrance that remained to her of her son. She ordered, therefore, that a kneeling child should be carved on the tombstone, while underneath it these words should be inscribed on the black marble, "O, Lord, convert me; change my heart, and teach me to love thee and to love all mankind, as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen."

However, one, two, three years passed away without bringing any consolation to the bereaved countess. Her only happiness on this earth, after that which she found in religion, was every time that she met a child of the age that Charles would have been if he had lived, to say to herself that perhaps it was he. She would approach the little stranger, carefully examine him, question him with curiosity, but always ended with finding that it was not her boy.

One day she returned from the country where she had been passing some weeks, and entered the town unattended by her servants, who were busy arranging the apartments, when she saw with surprise, on going into the drawing-room, a little chimney-sweeper leaning against the mantelpiece. He was sad, and notwithstanding the soot which covered him, she could see how pale and thin he was. The poor child was weeping with his head resting on his bosom, and the great tears running down his cheeks left their white marks on his black face.

"What is the matter, my child?" said the countess.

"Nothing, Madam, it is nothing; we have come to sweep your chimney; my master is at the top, he is coming down."

"But why do you weep?"

"It is because my master still beats me," said the child.

"Still, do you say? Does he then beat you often?"

"Almost every day, Madam."

"And why?"

"Because I do not obtain enough money for him. If I return at night after having cried all the day without gaining work, he says that I have been idle; but I assure you, Madam, that it is not my fault. I cry as much as I can, and no one calls me I cannot force people to have the chimneys swept."

"But at least all the days are not passed without work," said the countess, "and then your master does not beat you?"

"Ah, Madam, then he tells me that I do not go up quickly enough, and that I do not sweep clean, and when I come down he still beats me. Indeed, I do all I can; I use both my hands, and more than once I have run the risk of falling. My foot hurts me; see how my trousers are worn at the knees," and the poor little boy wept again.

"But when you do your work well?" said the kind lady.

"Oh, when I work well he contents himself with scolding me."

"And how much do you gain per day?"

"Nothing?"

"How? Nothing?"

"No; only he gives me some food, but often so little that I go to bed hungry."

"Well, I shall speak to your master."

"Oh, no, Madam, he would beat me still more. I do not complain to any one, only in the evening to the good God."

"And what do you say to him?"

"I ask him to give me back my mother."

"You have, then, a mother?"

"Yes and a very good mother; if I could go to her I should not be so unhappy."

"And do you know where she lives?"

"No; I only remember our house and