

# The Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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WHOLE SERIES  
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## Poetry.

### PEACE.

Rise, ring the sweet bells, and unfurl the gay banners!  
Let cold party-feelings and enmity cease.  
Arise, ye glad nations, with lofty hosannahs!  
And welcome with triumph the angel of peace.

Long, long have the foemen dealt fury around them;  
Too long spread the flame of destruction and death;  
Too long has the demon of discord spell-bound them;  
And blasted the hope of the world with his breath.

Sing, sing the loud anthem! his spell is now broken,  
And nations again breathe the air of the free:  
His watchword of "glory" shall now be but spoken,  
To die with the echo that floats on the sea.

For, dove-like, the angel has passed o'er the waters,  
And wept as they seem'd but a deluge of blood;  
His olive-branch waved o'er the scene of the slaughters,  
And peace spread her "bow" on the face of the flood.

Then sing! for the Ark safely rests on the mountain,  
And the war flood retires to caverns below;  
The sun gilds afresh both the stream and the fountain!  
And man meets a friend, where he dreaded a foe.

Then join the loud chorus! unfurl the gay banners!  
Let peace be the watchword the universe o'er!  
Unite, all ye nations, in lofty hosannahs!  
And sing, "Peace and glory!" and peace evermore.  
W. STOKES.

## Baptist Pioneers.

For the Christian Messenger.

### War on Christian Principles.

BY REV. S. T. RAND.

PROOFS of the efficacy of the "peace principle" in overcoming men's evil passions and preventing injuries, may be found in abundance. I will give you an illustration from the "life and times" of Elder Joseph Dimock. In the earlier days of his ministry he had some pretty rough subjects to deal with. Ignorance, prejudice, brutality and ruin sometimes assailed him. Crowds of rowdies would surround the house where he was holding meeting, making unearthly noises, throwing snow-balls at the candles, the preacher and the people. Once a plan was laid to "tar and feather" him, and he escaped almost by miracle. An indescribable, unaccountable impression on his mind to "beware," was the means God used to deliver him. Once a drunken man was hired to cut off his ears, and entered the house with a sharp shoe-knife concealed about his person, and took a seat behind Mr. Dimock, in order to watch his opportunity to effect his diabolical purpose. Providence again interposed and saved him.

Those must have been disorderly days in and around Lunenburg, as well as in other parts of these Provinces. It was believed that there was no law to protect the "New-lights." They afterwards discovered their error. They became acquainted also with the man and his communication. I need not say how universally esteemed and revered Mr. Dimock became, by all classes. A wondrous change has taken place in Lunenburg and its environs since the period to which the story refers, which I am about to relate. I give it, as I do the other incidents just mentioned, on the authority of the venerable brother himself, long since gone to his rest. He had gone over from Chester to Lunenburg—a distance of about twenty miles, on private business. But his motto always was, "As ye go preach." For this he was always ready. It is well known that he had adopted it as a rule early in his ministerial career, never to refuse to preach when requested. It was soon known on the day aforesaid that Mr. Dimock was in the place, and he received an invitation to preach.

It was from a gang of half drunken fellows at a tavern near by. The leader of the party had an ominous name—*nickname* rather; they called him "Moloch," his real name being somewhat similar in sound, and his character corresponding as nearly to that of the worthy of ancient fame whose name he bore. Moloch and his boon companions wanted to have some sport. It would be a capital plan, they argued, to get the New-light preacher to come up to the tavern and give them a sermon. They would then have him in their power, and could maltreat him to their heart's content, without difficulty or danger. Mr. Dimock returned an answer to the following effect: "Tell your friends that I have serious objections to going to a tavern to preach; but if they would come down to Mr. Hubley's house in an hour-and-a-half, so as to give me an opportunity to send notice of the meeting to some friends near by, I will be most happy to comply with their request." This arrangement was agreed to. It would answer the purpose. Twelve able-bodied men, well prepared for mischief by the potency of rum, would be able to accomplish their evil purposes, notwithstanding any feeble array which under the circumstances could be mustered against them.

An Irishman—a Roman Catholic, if memory serves me—invited Mr. Dimock home to dinner. He could not help expressing his surprise that Mr. D. should have complied with the singular request. He warmly urged a recal of the appointment, and pointed out the impending dangers. But the preacher was not so easily frightened. He considered it his duty to preach, and the path of duty, he knew, was the path of safety. Their motives were doubtless bad, but that was *their* business, not his. If they would come and listen, he would preach the gospel to them. Who could tell but God might bless it to the everlasting good of some? It is not by any means necessary to be a "coward" in order to be a "man of peace." There are many ways of displaying courage and heroism, besides that of rushing upon the cannon's mouth or the bayonet's point. There is infinitely more *manliness* as well as christianity in bearing insults and provocations unmoved, than in fighting. "Better run like a man, than stand and fight like a dog." Mr. Dimock was not afraid to suffer or even to die in the discharge of his duty. If this be not courage, pray what is?

Having despatched his dinner, it was concluded that an elongation of the drinking bout for an additional half hour, would not render the party any more capable of profiting under a sermon; so he determined to anticipate the time a little, and sent them word that he was ready. The son of Erin accompanied him. Before starting he took down his "shelalah." "What are you going to do with that?" Mr. D. enquired. "I think I shall have occasion to use it before I come back," was the response. He was urged to return the stick to its place. "I am more afraid of that stick than of all those men," said Mr. D. "I am unarmed. I have never injured them. I am entirely defenceless, and they will not be able to touch me, unless you undertake to defend me. If you do, I cannot tell what may be the result." But this was strange reasoning to the Irishman. He thought the way to prevent war was to be ready for it—to be armed "cap a pie," and that a "sprig o' shelalah" was a much more effectual barrier against aggression than innocence, goodwill, helplessness and confidence in God.

Mr. Dimock took the exactly opposite view of the subject. And he was right. He showed his knowledge of human nature. He had studied *man* as well as the Bible.

Bad as the world is, it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction, that there is hardly to be found a wretch so depraved as to shoot down or stab a man, who is his friend, and trying to do him good, who is unarmed, and from whose death he has nothing to hope, and from whose life he has nothing to fear. Soldiers must, alas! be excepted. In exploding bomb-shells and in making cavalry charges they cannot discriminate. But throw yourself into a posture of defence—raise your club or pull out your revolver, and you certainly alter the case. Hundreds are to be found who will kill you if they apprehend you have designs against their lives. They will defend themselves to the death even in the most unrighteous of causes. Mr. Dimock wanted no bowie-knife, no revolver, no club. I have read of preachers of the gospel being armed with revolvers. The account was contained in a newspaper. I never met with such a statement in the New Testament. Peter, it is true, carried a sword on one occasion, but it was before he understood the gospel dispensation. He was just emerging from Judaism. He used his sword, too, in self-defence. He defended his master and his master's cause, too, the same way. His false bravery was followed by real cowardice. Let fighting Christians ponder the example. But that was probably Peter's last attempt at fighting with "carnal weapons." We do not read that he carried his sword afterwards. It was time to throw it away. "Put up thy sword into the sheath." "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," were words not uttered in vain in his case. Mr. Dimock had read that statement, and he wished to act upon the principle in meeting the danger which now threatened him. But the Irishman would not be persuaded to leave his stick. Bitter cause had he to repent of his obstinacy. He found our Lord's axiom correct. His case is not a solitary one.

"Moloch" and his band were promptly on-hand. And the preacher was there ready to commence. He delayed a little. "Come, we are all ready," says Moloch. Mr. Dimock rose and gave out his hymn. "Can you raise a tune?" he asked. "Well, I know the 'Black Joke.' I guess it will go," was the profane reply. "We will omit singing. Let us pray," responded the minister.

I wish I could report the prayers; but I cannot. It is recorded on high; but mortals cannot read the record. But oh! how vividly the whole scene comes up before me as I write. I seem to see the form of that holy man. I seem to hear his voice, trembling with emotion, and can almost catch the accents of his earnest pleadings for those immortals rushing headlong to perdition. And I seem to see one "like the Son of man walking with him in the midst of the fiery furnace, and saying unto him, 'fear not for I am with thee.'" And tho' we know not how that prayer was worded, nor how it was uttered, yet many of us have heard that holy man pray on different occasions. And we have sometimes felt that the place whereon we stood was holy ground, while we listened to those deep heavings of his earnest soul while he talked with his maker "as a man talketh with his friend."

I doubt not the prayer was appropriate, simple in its language, and earnest. There would be no denunciations, no praying at the poor sinners who had come to mock and molest, but appeals on their behalf, such as move heaven and earth and hell—"the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man." If those bad men were preserved from the overt act of a single sin, prayer was not offered in vain.

Next came the text. Could there have

been a better? "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and will open the door I will come in and sup with him and he with me."

Soon there was a bustle among the hearers. They were talking, shuffling, consulting. The time for commencing operations had arrived. The friendly Irishman had "mounted guard," stick in hand, seated close to the minister. His eagle eye detected the hostile movement. It was time to show power. He raised the stick, swore at the rioters, and ordered them not to disturb the good minister. The effect was electrical. It snapped the chain that held them. It unleashed the hounds of war. They were on their feet in an instant, ready to pounce upon their prey, like so many tigers. But they were arrested. Instantly, calmly, but firmly, Mr. Dimock desired his would-be protector to put away his stick and give himself no trouble about the rest. He added force to his advice by quietly taking hold of the stick and resting his weight upon it. His wrist was strong, and he so secured the weapon that it could not be very easily wrenched into his service by his mistaken friend. He "put the sword up into its sheath." The astonished foes were confounded, disappointed, and again fixed to their seats. The sermon proceeded. The sword of the Spirit, two edged and sharp, was drawn, and wielded by the hand of a master. Terrific were the wounds it inflicted. The preacher felt deeply. How could it be otherwise? Emotion choked his utterance, and tears fell thick and fast. He reasoned with them "of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." He warned the wicked to turn from his evil way. It was *their* danger, not his own, which moved him. "As tho' God did beseech them by him he prayed them in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God." Brave man of God! I think I see thee, the open Bible before thee, facing the foes and keeping them at bay, thy left hand extended in earnest pleadings, and thy right hand holding back the "dogs of war." What a subject for a painter!

But I can in substance give part of the sermon. "The Saviour now stands at the door of your hearts and knocks. But, remember, the tables will soon be turned. If you refuse to let him in what will you do in that awful day? It will be your turn then to plead. 'Lord, Lord, open unto us,' will be your despairing cry. O can you endure the thoughts of being shut out from his presence to all eternity? When you see those fearful flames flashing in your faces, and hear the sentence, 'depart ye cursed,' oh! how your poor hearts will bleed at the recollection of such a neglected opportunity as the present. May the Lord have mercy upon your precious souls!"

Dear Reader, depend upon it that is the way to "fight." Formidable weapons those!—those tears, those prayers, those melting appeals! Well might the apostle exclaim, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but MIGHTY THROUGH GOD." Glorious warfare! It was fighting "a good fight." I wish there were more such fighting in the world. It was "war on Christian principles," and no mistake. Could they touch him? "No indeed! Not a dog could move his tongue against him. Not a hand could be laid upon him. 'For lo, the mountain was full of horses of fire, and chariots of fire round about Elisha!' Even Moloch's king could not have breasted such a battery as that. 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' And so will his emissaries. Poor Moloch made his escape, followed by his train. 'We have heard enough,' he exclaimed, 'let us go.' The victory was won. The foe had been literally