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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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WHOLE SERIES
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Poetry.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

While, through the landscape of his dream,
The lordly Niger flowed—
Beneath the palm tree on the plain
Once more a king, he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell upon the sand.

And then with furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his horse's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew,
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er the plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of the Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream;
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds,
Beside some hidden stream.
And it passed, like a glorious roll of dreams,
Through the triumphs of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty,
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so loud and free,
Till he started in his sleep, and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of the day—
Death had illumed the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

Miscellany.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent
teachings;
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear."—
Bryant.

It was spring—gay, laughing, bright-eyed,
flower-encircled spring—and a child
played in the garden before the old farm-
house. Merrily he ran across the velvet
sward; laughingly he led his dog, the sole
companion of his gambols, round the tall
shrubs which grew upon the green; care-
fully he avoided the gay flower-beds which
his mother's hand trimmed into a beauty
that, to his young eyes, was passing fair.
And ever and anon the mother looked forth
from the window of her room, and marked
her boy at play.

It was a pleasant place. Although the
house itself was plain and bare, with win-
dows far apart, and walls ungraced, at least
in front, by any tracery of vine or rose-tree,
yet with its lawn-like garden, its old-time

outhouses, its shadowing trees and all-sur-
rounding meadow-lands and orchards, it
might lay claim to admiration from all but
the too fastidious. On one side of the
house the turf ceased suddenly, and old
box-bordered beds of flowers sent forth their
fragrance. Here a climbing-rose sought
its support from the old eastern wall, and
three of the windows of the house looked
out on the *parterre*. Then, at its western
end, the old house had its arbour, and a
shadowy walk that led to the kitchen-gar-
den, with its wealth of fruit-trees, and
cabbages, and cucumbers. Before the door,
at the end of a straight walk, rose up two
poplars swaying in the wind, and all around
were feathery laburnums tossing to and fro,
and hollow stumps of trees, in which al-
ready the nasturtiums and mignonette gave
promise alike of gaiety and perfume. Then
in one corner there rose up a weird-like fir,
that looked down grimly on the nestling
flowers, and yet stretched forth its gaunt
arms for their protection. Beyond the
thorn-edge that, in front, formed the bound-
ary between the garden and the fields,
there sloped a grassy meadow where the
kine lay calmly in the noontide; and be-
yond the little valley at the bottom of the
hill there rose a corn-field, that even now
was beautiful in its green freshness. On,
where the valley, with its little brook made
a broad opening, so that the eye might
wander at its pleasure, grey hills appeared
in sight, and, nearer, dusky woods and
sloping pastures graced the pleasant land-
scape. Beyond the wall that skirted the
box-bordered portion of the garden lay the
farm-yard, with its great pond, its five
great gates opening into the fields, its hedge-
row sycamore, and ash, and beech, its lofts
and cattle-sheds, and "thrashing-floors."

And Nelson Grayburn was a happy child.
The old farm-house, with its great kitchen
and mystic parlour, its cool and treasure-
filled dairy, its upper-rooms of scrupulous,
old-fashioned neatness, was, to him, a home
where every comfort reigned—it was all
that he, as yet, had learned to wish for.
His father, a plain farmer, loved his boy;
his mother a superior because a truly pious
woman, loved him none the less because
she sought to train him wisely and well.
So he had lived until the day of which we
we speak, when noontide found him merely
at play.

"And does the missis want anything to-
day?" said a voice beside him; and turning,
he saw a pedler by his side.

"Ah!" said the boy, "where have you
been?"

"Did you miss me?" said the man with
a smile; "I've been to Lunnon since I saw
you last."

"Have you?" said Nelson; "have some
bread and cheese, and tell me all about it."

The man went into the kitchen and sat
down. He told the story well. The won-
ders of that mystic world whose din so rarely
reached the lone farm-house, were rapidly
enumerated, and the adventures of the ped-
ler dwelt upon with pride. Now and then
the mother, in the midst of her household
work, would pause to correct some false
impression, or to point out some useful
moral. At last the pedler went his way,
and the boy was left to think of all that he
had heard.

From that time the old farm had lost its
attraction; the boy no longer looked for-
ward to a life beneath its roof; the great
world must receive him, and ere many years
had passed he went forth into its strife.

Would he remember what his mother
had taught him? Would all her prayers
be answered, even in the midst of London's
great temptations, and the child who left
her thus become a man of God? Who

could disclose to her the secrets of the fu-
ture?

It was autumn. In the garden of the old
farm-house, a man of middle age stood in
an attitude of thoughtful calm, and gazed
forth on the meadows.

Things were but little changed without.
The poplars still were pointing to the sky,
the fir-tree still spread forth its arms and
cast its giant shadow on the sward, and still
the pasture sloped into the valley, while in
the distance woods and hills were seen.
True, there were golden corn-fields, and a few
dead leaves, and there were no spring flowers;
but all things else wore the same look, and
seemed to welcome back the wanderer.

He stood there pondering, and all the
lessons of his life came forth before him.

He saw again the boy who played among
the garden shrubs; he heard again the
pedler's wondrous story; once more he
went forth into the great world followed by
many a prayer; once more he fought his
way to honourable independence, and at
last to competence, "fighting his battles
over again." Nor could he fail to recall
the moral lessons of his life, the influence
of the mother's prayers, the stoutly-resist-
ed temptation of Sabbath idleness, the
friendship of the city minister to whom his
mother's care had procured him an intro-
duction, and at last his conversion to God.
Then came the memory of his deep love for
his home of childhood, and the resolve
to end his days, if God saw fit to spare him
till he could return, in the midst of those
endeared, those memory-haunted scenes.
He could remember all his deep emotions
as he bade farewell to the great city into
whose precincts he had passed so full of
boyhood's hope, and the almost childish
gladness with which he had hurried home
to rest by the old fireside. His parents
were still spared to him; how sweet the
task to cheer their eventide, to read to them
the book of life, to teach the one the path
to heaven, to learn from the other all the
lessons of a long and holy career of quiet
usefulness. And as he stood there, plan-
ning, in a childlike dependence upon God,
the work of his life's future, dwelling upon
the use to which his moderate, but, for him,
ample wealth should be appropriated, mus-
ing upon the condition of the poor around,
the spiritual darkness of all classes, dedi-
cating himself and all he had, afrest to God
above, was it a strange thing that he look-
ed forth on the landscape with a nobler joy
than that of boyhood, and that his heart,
retaining all the freshness of his youth, had
in its depths a buoyancy that youth had
never known?

He stood there till the sun sank in a
golden flood of splendour beyond the mys-
tic west, till the fair harvest-moon shone
forth upon the shocks of corn that had
been cut down that day, and upon the
waving grain that waited for the morrow.
"So do I wait," he cried; then lifting up
his hand to heaven, "Oh, God," he mur-
mured, "ripen me for heaven, and then in
thine own time take me into thy garner!"
Calmly the moon shone forth, while the
old fir-tree waved in the cool breeze, and
the two poplars he had loved so long, when
he was far away, still towered above his
head. In boyhood he had longed to leave
that spot; now he rejoiced to come to it
again; what had he learnt in the long
interval! He turned once more from the
loved scene before him, and his heart was
filled with praise.

If a cause be good, the most violent at-
tack of its enemies will not injure it so
much as an injudicious defence of it by its
friends.—*Colton*.

JAMAICA AND ITS CHURCHES.

REPORT OF BAPTIST UNION.

For the year ending December 31st, 1855.

"During the past year 'goodness and
mercy have followed us.' We have 'a
goodly heritage' and 'the lines have fallen
unto us in pleasant places.' We have been
highly favoured and richly blessed. In
some countries during the past year, the
pestilence has swept away thousands into
eternity, though a case or two of the dread-
ed disease, cholera, appeared in Kingston,
this land has been mercifully spared. The
angel of death has not been allowed to
traverse the land and spread death through
its borders. In Europe, in some parts of
India, aye, in the neighbouring island of St.
Domingo, hateful war has afflicted the peo-
ple; but in this island, peace has been pre-
served and enjoyed. While in America,
Brazil, Cuba, and other places, millions of
our fellow men have lingered through the
year in bitter bondage, yet in this isle the
tree of liberty still stands spreading her
branches, affording bliss to every heart.
Again, in some countries, as Austria, Ro-
man Catholicism is attempting to enslave
the human mind and re-establish herself by
teaching unscriptural doctrines, and foolish
mummeries, but in Jamaica the gospel is
preached in the majority of places of wor-
ship in simplicity, and Christ Jesus is set
before the people as the ONLY, the PERFECT,
the ALL-SUFFICIENT SAVIOUR. A privilege
this, which cannot be too highly prized, the
more so, as while in Sweden, some parts of
Germany and Italy, men and women who
dare to worship God according to the dic-
tates of their conscience, are persecuted,
fined, imprisoned, and banished from home
and country, in our island every man can
worship His Maker 'under his own vine,'
no one daring to make him afraid. Truly
for these mercies we cannot be too grateful
unto the Lord our God.

"During the past year death has not re-
moved any of the pastors of the churches
in the Union, but the Revs. C. Armstrong,
and R. Gray, have, through affliction, been
compelled to quit the field.

"In accordance with the recommendation
of the 'Union' collections have been made
at some of the stations in aid of the Patri-
otic Fund, and upwards of £66 have been
collected.

"Much of late has been said respecting
the failure of the *voluntary principle*, and
boldly some are found to declare that our
own, and other missions have proved a
failure. Now with regard to ourselves
what are the facts? This Union embraces
forty-eight churches, worshipping in build-
ings which are generally well filled, and
which cost tens of thousands of pounds,
contributed chiefly by the members of the
churches, who, in addition to this have
also spent large sums of money towards the
erection of school-rooms, mission-houses,
and village class-houses: that though our
people generally belong to the peasantry,
they support their pastors without any
foreign aid, and are required to do their
best towards meeting the contingent ex-
penses of the churches, with which they
are connected. Nor is this all. Our mem-
bers are called upon to contribute towards
foreign objects such as Calabar, Africa, and
other matters. Let our friends, and the
well-wishers of the colonists generally,
only understand what is being done, and
instead of pronouncing the voluntary prin-
ciple a failure, they would bless God for
its successful operation, and do all in their
power to advocate and recommend its fur-
ther, if not universal extension.

"Returns have been received from forty-