

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES.  
Vol. I. No. 53.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1856.

WHOLE SERIES  
Vol. XX. No. 53.

## Poetry.

### TIME.

TIME is flying, flying, flying,  
Oh, how swiftly by!  
Like a waterfall that's rushing,  
Or a fountain ever gushing—  
Hourly, daily, weekly, yearly,  
Rapid as the lightning, nearly,  
Do the moments fly.

Catch the seconds as they're passing,  
Wait not for the hours;  
Prize them as a golden treasure—  
Use them not in trifling pleasure—  
Seconds, minutes—prizing, holding  
As you would those buds unfolding  
Into choicest flowers.

And for some important purpose,  
Not with selfish zeal;  
See—humanity is bleeding,  
Aid—thy fellow-man is needing,  
Hundreds, thousands, millions,—hear  
them  
Breathing out their woes—go, cheer them,  
Seek their wounds to heal.

Soon another year, all freighted  
With the deeds of man,  
Will be borne to God the giver,  
And recall'd by mortal never!  
Oh, be wakeful, watchful, ready,  
Heart and hand, to bless the needy,  
Thus fill out thy span.  
Mrs. A. C. Judson.

For the Christian Messenger.

### LETTER FROM BURMAH.

HENTHADAH, BRITISH BURMAH,  
September 15th, 1856.

MR. DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I fear a longer time has elapsed since I last wrote you than is warranted by the terms of my voluntary contract. But during the five or six months of the rainy season, very little occurs of a character sufficiently interesting to make a newspaper letter readable. And indeed I write now more because I am afraid a habit of not writing will gain upon me, than because I have anything particular to say.

I think I intimated in my last that we were all depressed on account of the low state of the Missionary Treasury at home—necessitating a dismissal of native assistants, and missionary efforts confined within the narrowest possible limits. This state of things still continues. Every letter from the "Rooms" in Boston contains that word so hateful to missionaries, "Retrench!" My associate in the Karen department of the mission, has repeatedly asked me, with clouded brow, as the thought of the numerous Karen churches in the jungles, which, though requiring all his best care and attention, must, for lack of a little money, remain unvisited, rested like lead upon his heart,—"Won't you write to the brethren in Nova Scotia and beg them to come to our aid in this emergency?"

And when I remember all the large towns and villages on the river, and the numerous crowded hamlets throughout the jungles, and the great population who subsist by fishing all along the banks of the creeks by which the Province is intersected in every direction—thousands upon thousands to whom Christ has not yet been preached. I can most earnestly join his appeal, and beseech the churches to send us aid from that land which has been gathering for some years past, and which was contributed for the very purpose, in whose behalf I am now pleading. You have been looking and waiting long for the men whom God is to raise up to carry the assurance of your love for souls to some heathen land. Perhaps you would find those men not one whit the later by using some of the silver and the gold now, while you sit. But I must say no more. I fear my arguing may already have produced an effect opposite to the one I wish.

I returned from a short visit to Rangoon a few weeks since. The church there, since the death of Mr. Ingalls and their aged pastor, has been diminished by the desertion of a number "who are not of them." I was anxious to know what effect the intelligence would have upon the disciples here. They expressed some sorrow, but

without exhibiting the least feeling of discouragement, remarked, "God is proving that church,"—certainly the most Christian point of view of the matter.

I can never tire of telling you how much we think of the little church here. They are truly "our crown and joy." We are not insensible, indeed to the many defects which still belong to them, but we see these defects daily retiring away under the gentle but powerful influences of the Great Purifier.

I told you, I think, of two old men baptized in the neighbouring town of Apo. On our return from Rangoon one of them came down to see us, and told us that he and the other were "bearing witness," as they express it, and that some were "considering." There are no great movements among the Burmans as among the Karens. The latter are baptized by scores, the former come into the church one by one. But as one of the oldest missionaries has said, "one Burman baptized has more influence in overthrowing Buddhism than a hundred Karens." But as I have often said before, native preachers alone must do the great part of the work of evangelizing this people. It is because we know this that we are solicitous above all things to raise up a native ministry.

But I must close now, and remain with every wish for your prosperity,

Most sincerely yours,  
A. R. R. CRAWLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

### "The Beauties of the Deep."

What a charm there is in the deep blue sea! What beauty, grandeur, and sublimity is there inseparably connected in the mind with the thought of this incomprehensible portion of the created universe. I say incomprehensible, for what finite mind when reaching forth to its utmost capacity can conceive the innumerable multitude of living and moving creatures with which it is peopled or the various attitudes which it from time to time assumes?

Who, without feelings of the most profound awe, can gaze on this great highway of the nations "when the storm" king holds his reign and the waves are being lashed into fury—roar with terror in their deep-toned voice—and crash like tumbling mountains as they mount foaming to the skies and then plunge again into the terrible abyss below? Then the tall ships which glide in majestic pride over its treacherous waters freighted with their precious burden of living souls, are rocked as a cradle on its heaving bosom, or are dashed to atoms on the frowning rocks that rise like so many ravenous monsters waiting to seize their prey, and hurry with it down to their mysterious abode? What power but that of Omnipotence can then control its raging billows or bid its loud thundering cease. Its milder beauties how entrancing! What pencil can portray the peaceful loveliness of that scene, when those stormy waves lie hushed in repose, and that still hour when nature slumbers, and the pale moon walks forth amid the fleecy clouds in the azure vault of heaven, attended by her starry train which slowly but brilliantly gather themselves together above, and another sky swells out in softened beauty beneath. Then, indeed, it seems as though the voice of man was hushed, and the semblance of his control over nature had ceased to exist; and her voice alone is heard calm and peaceful as on the first holy Sabbath of creation. There is music in every wave, and its wild sweet tones are wafted to the ear by the light zephyrs that float across the ocean.

Who can describe the glorious beauty of that enrapturing sight, when the great luminary of day setting in the western heavens, tinges with its last lingering rays the broad expanse of the deep, giving it the appearance of a vast sheet of liquid fire. The most laboured representations of the noblest of human artists must fall infinitely short of the perfect original, for none but he who framed the heavens and all the host of them, who formed the deep channels of the sea, and poured its mighty waters from the hollow of his hand, can shadow forth all its beauties. And when in calm contem-

plation of such a magnificent display of infinite wisdom and grandeur, the very soul goes forth in admiration of the glorious design and would feign soar away, to hold more uninterrupted intercourse with its divine Originator.

There is mystery, too, deep and imperishable mystery, hovering around this immeasurable receptacle of waters, and shrouded within its secret chambers. Who hath fathomed its wondrous depths, or numbered its glittering waves, as they roll on and break upon the shore? Are they not innumerable as the sands they lave? Hath any gone down to its secret caverns and revealed its long hidden treasures? Lo, the dead are there! Who hath sought them out and told their numbers? Dark hath been thy deeds! Oh! thou terrible sea; thy treacherous waves have concealed the lovely and beautiful things of earth. In thy wrathful hours thou hast spared none within thy magic influence. Thou hast claimed the noblest grace of man, and fair and confiding woman as thy victims. Thou hast taken of the most beautiful, noble and gifted to grace thy realm.

They heed not thy loud roaring, nor shall thy precious tempest disturb their long, dreamless repose. Precious is thy trust, oh marvellous ocean!

The Almighty and Omnipotent One who defined the limits of thy power at first, and said to thy proud waves, hitherto shalt thou come and no farther; will ere long curb thy majestic sway; bid thy restless waves be still; and demand of thee thy precious ones. Yes, thou stupendous wonder of creation, proud and gorgeous as thou art, thy dirge shall be sung at the dissolution of expiring nature! Your roar shall be mute as the silence of the sepulchre! Yea the time is coming when that mighty sea that prepared your bed, shall make your tomb, curb your proud might, and lay you in the silence of oblivion for ever!

ISIDORE CLIFFORD.

Londonderry.

### Mr. Spurgeon at the Surrey Gardens.

Last Sunday morning we visited the scene of the late awful catastrophe, and worshipped with the vast assemblage congregated within the walls of a place of popular amusement. The interior, however, of the building could hardly be better adapted than it is to the purposes of divine worship, for if, on the one hand, there was nothing of the "dim religious light," on the other, there was nothing suggestive of vain thoughts, and nothing incongruous with sacred service. For hearing, its adaptation seems perfect. At the remotest part of the second gallery we could distinguish every syllable. The sight from that position—the floor and three spacious galleries thronged with seven or eight thousand of our immortal fellow-creatures—was truly imposing; and when they rose, and joined in singing "Before Jehovah's awful throne" to the Old Hundred, it was difficult to suppress visible emotion. One can hardly conceive the impression of a full Roman Catholic cathedral service, of which we have heard so much, surpassing that of thousands of human voices praising their God under the guidance of one unpretending leader.

But we pass to the youthful preacher, and to the service—which, it is mere justice to say, was all that could be wished. We left, indeed, with the hope that those thousands did not all quit the place as they entered it; not only because we had heard that upwards of forty communicants would be added that night to the church, nor merely because of the numbers present; but partly because, scanning the vast crowd as closely as we could, we felt confident that great numbers of both sexes were not of the class who frequent our usual places of worship; and partly because a solemn subject had been placed before them in a mode which not only ought to awaken them, but was likely to do it. The remarks during the closing part of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, were natural and impressive; the prayers were in harmony with them; and the text, from Psalm vii. 12, "If he turn not he will whet his sword," indicated the class whom the preacher intended to address. Bad as the weather was,

The place was as full as it was permitted to be, and the attention of the promiscuous multitude, whom we could see to full advantage, never flagged. We saw not one sleeper. At every longer cessation of the preacher's voice, suppressed coughs obtained relief; and immediately the deep silence, broken only by the speaking from the pulpit, was again resumed. Each ear seemed on stretch, not to catch the sounds of sweet music or of mirth, but to imbibe every word of faithful warning. We have heard Mr. Spurgeon declaim illogically and unseemly to his congregation on his peculiar creed, and also indulge in humour, but of that presently: last Sunday there was not a word which could provoke a smile, and nothing that any caviller could describe as extravagant, or unbecoming in diction; yet the attention was unflagging. What was the secret of this? The answer is to us very easy, and it is instructive too. Mr. Spurgeon has one of the finest voices, perhaps, in England for addressing a large multitude; he has great facility in expressing his meaning; his fancy is quick and ranges on the level of human things; his manner gives full effect to all he says; his style is forcible, homely, and pointed; his thoughts, as the rule, are just, often striking, and sometimes beautiful—such a description is at least appropriate to what we heard last Sunday morning; but there is something more than all this, something in great part of a moral kind, in which we are persuaded lies the secret of his power. Mr. Spurgeon having all these qualifications, is pre-eminently a man of heart, and thoroughly unaffected and natural.

We have heard humour, puns, almost jokes, in some of the few other discourses to which we have listened; but we are bound to state that to us they seemed honest in purpose; sometimes the mere by-play of an active fancy.

Indeed, though we do not defend, or care to defend, what scandalises our more stately preachers so much, this condemned "humour" is a part of that great merit of Mr. Spurgeon—*naturalness*. He would not speak as he felt, if, amidst the most serious things, the contrast of humour did not sometimes crop out. It would be outrageous, and almost wicked, to aim at such a thing; it would misbecome forty-nine preachers out of fifty; but it does not, in the same manner or degree, misbecome Mr. Spurgeon, and just because it is a part of the soul his Maker gave him. Hence, as far as we have observed, it was merely a ripple or a bubble on the flow of serious thought; you were borne along quite as powerfully as if the superficial disturbance had not occurred. And we may here reiterate the trite remark of the superlative importance of *naturalness* to a preacher. Away with excrescences of course. But let our young men improve by good models, not merely copy them; let them imbibe their spirit, not put on their form. They will never be so powerful in an adopted nature as by making the most of their own. Let none despise their own gifts; such as they are, they will serve them better than any vain attempt to appropriate another's. We never smiled under Mr. Hall's preaching, it is true; but we have more than smiled while listening to Roland Hill, to Mr. Jay of Bath, and even to the quiet pulpit sarcasm of that grave man, John Foster. But Hall and the others were all equally natural.

Lord Chief Justice Campbell was present with his son on the platform; and, perhaps, some will think more of his general impression than of ours. After having expressed his approbation, he observed repeatedly to one of the deacons, whom he knew by having seen him on special juries, "He is doing great good, sir,—doing great good." He was heard to make the same remark to Sir Richard Mayne, who was also present; and, on leaving the place, went considerably out of his way to put a sovereign in the collection-box. His lordship inquired the creed of the young preacher, "how long he had been ordained," and "at what college he was educated," repeating his former remark. He was informed that, except on baptism, the Articles of the Church would fairly express his doctrinal views; and that Colchester Grammar School and