

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.

The following touching "Lament" for "Little Charlie," from the author of sweet "Baby Bell," will awaken pangs of living sorrow in many a sad mother's bosom:

Little Charlie.

A LAMENT.

O Sunshine, making golden spots
Upon the carpet at my feet—
The shadows of the coming flowers!
The phantoms of forget-me-nots
And roses red and sweet!
How can you seem so full of joy,
And we so sad at heart and sore?
Angel of death! again thy wings
Are folded at our door!

We can but yearn through length of days
For something lost, we fancied ours;
We'll miss thee, darling, when the spring
Has touched the world to flowers!
For thou wast like that dainty month
Which strews the violets at its feet;
Thy life was slips of golden sun
And silver tear drops braided sweet!
For thou wast light and thou wast shade,
And thine were sweet capricious ways!
Now lost in purple languors, now
No bird in ripe red-summer days
Was half as wild as thou!

O little Presence! everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee—
A pencil mark upon the wall
That "naughty hands" made thoughtlessly;
And broken toys around the house—
Where he has left them they have lain
Waiting for little busy hands
That will not come again,
Will never come again!

Within the shrouded room below
He lies a-cold—and yet we know
It is not Charlie cold and white,
It is the robe that, in his flight,
He gently cast aside!
Our darling hath not died!
O rare pale lips! O clouded eyes!
O violet eyes grown dim!
Ah well! this lock of hair
Is all of him!
For all of him that we can keep
For loving kisses, and the thought
Of him and death may teach us more
Than all our life hath taught!

God, walking over starry spheres,
Did clasp his tiny hand,
And led him through a fall of tears,
Into the mystic land!
Angel of death! we question not:
Who asks of heaven, "why does it rain?"
Angel! we bless thee, for thy kiss
Hath hushed the lips of pain!
No "Wherefore?" or "To what good end?"
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
Into our thought. We bow our heads:
He giveth his beloved sleep!

Missionary Intelligence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM BURMAH.

HENTHADAH, May 26, 1856.

My Dear Mr. Editor,—I have had so much to do in attending to various missionary matters, and in getting things ready for the long, gloomy South-west Monsoon, and time has passed so swiftly, that I am surprised to find that I have not written to you since March. I hasten now to atone for my neglect, by sending you a letter as little uninteresting as is possible when there is scarcely anything unusual or of incident to record.

Our Monsoon of six months duration has set in, and we have been preparing for it by putting a new roof of grass on our house, and making our paths walkable on by brick-

ing them. As the rain descends upon us in sheets, or is whirled about in columns by the fierce wind, our feelings are, I should say, somewhat like those of the sailor who has "sent down his tops," double reefed all his sails, and confident in the tightness and strength of his ship, feels prepared for the hardest gale that can blow, and lays himself out to be as comfortable as he can under the circumstances. In direct missionary work but little now can be done beyond the zayat. In a short time the river will rise almost to a level with its banks—perhaps overflow them as it did last year, and, retiring, leave under the miserable huts of the natives, raised but a foot or so from the ground, loathsome cess-pools, whose thick black waters reek with deadly fever, and then the dismal funeral gong and melancholy drum tell us, day and night, of souls gone to death and the judgment. "What thy hand findeth to do, do quickly," are words which have a strong emphasis and a peculiar meaning for the missionary in this land, where disease makes rapid work with its victims. My last Burman teacher came to see me a short time ago. With the exception of a slight cold he was in good health—though he had had, a few weeks previous, an attack of fever. As often before, so at that time, he listened to me most respectfully while I urged him to repent and believe in Christ—but beyond that there was no more expression of feeling than if I had been speaking to a block. He went away, and the next thing that recalled him to my thought was, but a few days after, the sad face of his widow, begging for means to defray the expenses of his funeral.

I have hired, for a preaching zayat during the rains, a small house on one of the great thoroughfares leading to the Commissioner's Court-house. It is a good location, for, besides many visitors from the city, I often meet persons from different villages up and down the river and from the jungle, who come with complaints to the court. My work is simple and often monotonous. Out of a dozen hearers there is often not one who listens with interest, but on the contrary with a fixed smile on their faces they wait impatiently until I have done speaking and then leave, refusing to take the offered tract. And then there is another class who come to the zayat only to argue. Perhaps it may be interesting to your readers if I give a specimen of the kind of argument they use. The usual salutations passed are, "Where are you going? what do you do for a living? to which the Burman will reply as the case may be, and then ask similar questions in his turn. Having directed the visitor to take a seat, which he does by half kneeling, half reclining on the floor, the missionary asks,

"What God do you worship?"

Answer. "The Lord Guadama."

"Where is Guadama?"

Answer. Having inhabited the bodies of a great variety of beasts and suffered all the hells, for his sins, he became a God—finally died of cholera and obtained supreme bliss, viz. annihilation. "Then Guadama was a man before he became a God? "Yes." "But where did the first man come from?" "He came from the three great Byammas." "And where did they come from?" "They came from man."

Now that is a literal translation of a conversation which I have held a hundred times with Burmans. When shown that they don't account for man's existence, and urged to tell whence he originated, they reluctantly confess that they don't know, and think that their ignorance is sufficiently excused when they say that the origin of man is not made known in the "Bedagit," their

religion. Oh! how often, sick at heart and discouraged with the reflection, as man after man left the zayat, that they regarded the glorious truths of an eternal God and a crucified Saviour as the merest fables, and their own silly and preposterous fables as the truth—have I been cheered by another reflection that man can do nothing, that it is "not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." Were it otherwise I could not make another effort, nor would I stay another day in this wretched land where nothing can sustain the soul but the assurance that there is salvation for these poor Burmans, notwithstanding their gross ignorance and their obdurate pride.

I think I told you in my last that we had welcomed the first female into our little church. There are still several over whom we hope soon to rejoice. But there ought to be more—no doubt our own want of faith is one reason why there are not more. Perhaps another reason is that the spirit of supplication is low among you—that the monthly concert is thinly attended. How is it?

Ever most truly yours,

ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

The Missionary Magazine for August gives a very interesting account of the meetings of an Association of Karen Baptist churches, from which we make the following extracts:

TAVOY MISSION.

JOURNAL OF MR. CROSS.

After a passage of little more than a day up the splendid and beautiful Tenasserim, we arrived at Baulau on the evening of Jan 11. We found a large fleet of boats moored about the landing places, and a large gathering of people on the shores to greet us. Among these were most of the assistants and native pastors. Morning prayer meetings and meetings in the evening for preaching and exhortation had been kept up in the booth constructed for the meetings of the Association, for a number of weeks before our arrival.

On the Sabbath we commenced our usual practice of holding four meetings a day, and these meetings continued till Thursday morning, when all dispersed. The meetings of the Association began on Monday morning, and closed with the communion on Wednesday night.

Jan. 14.—After prayer-meeting in the morning, the Association met at ten o'clock A. M.—E. B. Cross was appointed Chairman, and Sau Kyohpau, Secretary for the Sgauis, and Sau Quine for the Pwos. Then followed a sermon from Pgaipo, ordained pastor of the church at Kabin.

In the afternoon letters were read from nearly all the twenty-three churches composing the Association, and verbal communications given concerning some which were not represented. The churches were, however, almost all represented both by delegates and by letters.

15.—On Tuesday, at ten A. M., the meeting was opened by reading the Scriptures and prayer. All the succeeding meetings were for the discussion of matters of interest pertaining to the churches, and to the furtherance of the gospel within the bounds of the Association.

The first resolution introduced was on the support of the gospel by the churches. As we now come upon a wholly new era in this respect, and as the question is one of great importance to the churches in America, I give some sketches of the native speeches and the native ideas.

KAREN IDEAS ON THE DUTY OF SELF-SUPPORT.

Sau Kantoo, the ordained pastor of the church at Patsuoo, introduced the resolu-

tion. He had volunteered a letter or two to me during the rains, saying that he was ready to rely wholly upon his church for his support. He thought the resolution a good one, and that all ought to lift up their hands for its adoption.

Kaulapau, the ordained pastor of the Matah church, said:—"We have received our support from America for a long time, and have been nourished by them as a mother nourishes her children, and we ought now to be able to stand alone."

Pgaipo, ordained pastor of Kabin, said:—"Sometimes we hear the disciples say, 'We must pay our taxes to the government, and must give also to support our teacher; and how can we bear it?' But Christ says, 'Take my yoke upon you, for it is easy, and my burden, for it is light.' In the olden times, in the days of our fathers, we had no breathing-place, and our burdens were truly intolerable. If we therefore complain, and say we cannot bear our present burdens, what shall we do if God shall give us again into the hands of our enemies? You think to become rich; but if your increase be not unto God, you need not expect to prosper; riches without the blessing and prosperity of God are a curse."

Sau Komblopmo, a Pwo, and ordained pastor of the church in Baulau, said:—"This resolution is true. If we resolve this and do as we have resolved, God's kingdom will prosper and triumph. We must support our teachers and not forget the poor. How was it in the beginning? What did we have? We were in perfect darkness, and saw nothing but evil. Then the teachers from America came. They were in their own beautiful and happy country. They were with their sisters, and brothers, and mothers and fathers. But they left them. They came to this dark land of strangers, and they came even to us. And what now is the difference? Behold it! And shall we murmur and shrink from the entrance of such prosperity?"

Sau Thoumoo, who is about to be stationed with the church at Matah instead of Kaulapau, said:—"I also have a word to say on this subject. Some complain that they cannot do so much, and because their hearts do not take hold of this truth rightly, they do not give even their mites cheerfully. These have no strong desire to see the spread of the gospel. They have not the mind that was in Christ Jesus. He left heaven, and it was not for himself, but for us. Men did against him whatever they pleased, and he gave himself to men not to be well treated, which might have lessened the condescension of the gift,—but to be abused and crucified; and can we bear nothing for him, nor for each other?"

The resolution was unanimously carried.

KAREN IDEAS ON EDUCATION.

The second resolution related to schools, and the remarks of the natives were extremely interesting. A greater number spoke on this subject than on the preceding, and evinced strong desires to see their people enlightened and elevated. They expressed their assurance that nothing could ever secure this end but a greater attention on their part to the education and instruction of their children. They all regarded this subject as of the utmost importance. All seemed to be sensible of the great falling off in the interest for schools for the last year or two, and to feel that they are now at a low ebb. This they thought was distinctly seen in the letters of the churches. The remarks of Thoumoo, who had recently visited the schools at the Cape of Good Hope and in America, were listened to with great interest and attention.

Such remarks filled my own mind with not a little sadness, particularly under the