

Christian Messenger.

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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

After Death.

Tread softly by this long, close-curtained room,
Within, reposing on her stateliest bed,
Lies one embowered in the velvet gloom,
A creature—dead.
Lately how lovely, how beloved, how young!
Around her beauteous mouth, sweet eyes, and
golden hair
(Making the fair thrice fair),
A poet's first and tenderest verse was flung,
Now she lies ghastly pale, stone cold, qu'it hid
From balmy April and the fragrant air,
Upon the dark, green, silken coverlid.
Her limbs laid out to suit the coffin's shape;
Her palms upon her breast—
At rest!

What cries escape—
What sounds come moaning from the chamber
near?
Small voices as of children smite the ear
With pity; and grave notes of deeper grief;
And sobs that bring relief
To hearts which else might break with too much
woe—
With thoughts of long ago,
Loss of all earthly joy, and sweet Love's over-
throw.

—Barry Cornwall.

What makes a man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind,
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee,
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great,
That truly speaks from God within,
That never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and Him alone,
And bows no where but at His throne;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod,
A soul that fears no one but God!
And thus can smile at curse or ban;
That is the soul that makes a man.

Selections.

The closing scene of the Jewish War.

BY THE REV. A. EDERSHEIM.

THE stars twinkled just as they had done
in happier days over the burning walls of
Masada. Beneath rolled the Dead Sea—
the monument of former wrath and war;
in the distance, as far as the eye could
reach, the desolate landscape bore the marks
of the oppressor. Before them was the
camp of the Roman, who watched with
anxiety for his prey and the morrow. All
was silent in Masada. Defence now seemed
impossible, and certain death stared the
devoted garrison in the face. Despair
settled on the stoutest heart, deepened by
the presence and the well-known fate of
the women and children. Nought was
heard but the crackling of burning timbers,
and the ill-suppressed moans of the wives
and children of the garrison. Then for
the last time Eleazer summoned his warri-
ors. In language such as fierce despair
alone could have inspired on his, or brooked
on their part, he reminded them of their
solemn oath—to gain freedom or to die.
One of these alternatives alone remained
for them—to die. The men of war around
him had not quailed before any enemy,
yet they shrank from the proposal of their
leader. A low murmur betokened their
disapprobation. Then flashed Eleazer's
eye. Pointing over the burning rampart
to the enemy, and in the distance towards
Jerusalem, he related with fearful truthfulness
the fate which awaited them on the
morrow—to be slain by the enemy, or to
be reserved for the arena; to have their
wives devoted in their sight to shame, and
their children to torture and slavery. Were
they to choose this alternative, or a glorious
death, and with it liberty—a death in obe-
dience to their oath, in devotedness to their
God and to their country? The appeal
had its effect. It was not sudden madness,
nor a momentary frenzy, which seized these
men when they brought forth, to immolate
them on the altar of their liberty, their
wives, their children, their chattels, and
ranged themselves each by the side of all

that had been dear to him in the world.
The last glimmer of hope had died out,
and, with the determination of despair, the
last defenders of Judea prepared to perish
in the flames which enveloped its last fort-
ress. First, each heaped together his house-
hold gear, associated with the pleasures of
other days, and set fire to it. Again they
pressed to their hearts their wives and
children. Bitter were the tears wrung from
these iron men; yet the sacrifice was made
unshrinkingly, and each plunged his sword
into the hearts of his wife and children.
Now they laid themselves down beside
them, and locked them in tender embrace
—now the embrace of death. Cheerfully
they presented their breasts to ten of their
number, chosen by lot to put the rest of
their brethren to death. Of these ten, one
had again been fixed upon to slay the re-
maining nine. Having finished his bloody
work, he looked around to see whether any
of the band yet required his service. But
all was silent. The last survivor then ap-
proached as closely as possible to his own
family, and fell upon his sword. Nine
hundred bodies covered the ground.

Morning dawned upon Masada, and the
Romans eagerly approached its walls—but
within was the silence of death. A faint
was apprehended, and the soldiers advanced
cautiously, raising a shout as if the defend-
ers on the wall implored the help of their
brethren. Then two women, who, with
five children, had concealed themselves in
vaults during the murderous scene of the
preceding evening, came forth from their
retreat to tell the Romans the sad story.
So fearfully strange did it sound, that their
statement was scarcely credited. Slowly
the Romans advanced; then rushing through
the flames, they penetrated into the court
of the palace. There lay the lifeless bodies
of the garrison and their families. It was
not a day of triumph even to the enemy,
but one of awe and admiration. They
buried the dead and withdrew, leaving a
garrison. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which
killest the prophets," &c., therefore, "be-
hold your house is left unto you desolate."
Thus terminated the war of Jewish national-
ity.

The work of Creation.

The Creator has spoken, and the stars
look out from openings of deep unclouded
blue; and as day rises, and the planet of
morning pales in the East, the broken
cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into
gold and anon the gold becomes fire, and
at length the glorious sun arises out of the
sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It
is a brilliant day; the waves of a deeper
and softer blue than before, dance and
sparkle in the light; the earth, with little
less to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb
of brighter green; and as the sun declines
amid ever richer glories than those which
had encircled his ring, the moon appears
full orb'd in the east—to the human eye
the second great luminary of the heavens
—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night
advances, shedding its mild radiance on land
and sea. Again the day breaks; the pros-
pect consists, as before, of land and ocean.
There are great pine woods, red-covered
swamps, wide plains, winding rivers and
broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over
all. But the landscape derives its interest
and novelty from a feature unmarked be-
fore. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands,
or wade far into the waters in quest of their
ichthyic food, while birds of lesser size
float upon the lakes or scream discordant in
hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm
of a summer evening, over the narrower
seas, or brighten with the sunlit gleam of
their wings the thick woods. And ocean
had its monsters; great "tannim" tem-
pest the deep as they heave their huge bulk
over the surface to inhale the life-sustaining
air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke,
as out of a "seething pot or cauldron." Monstrous creatures, armed in massive
scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat
rank meadows; earth, air, and water are
charged with animal life, and the sun sets
on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct
pursues unremittingly its few simple ends
—the support and preservation of the indi-

vidual, the propagation of the species, and
the protection and maintenance of the
young. Again the night descends, for the
fifth day has closed, and morning breaks
on the sixth and last day of the creation.
Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the
plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wal-
lows in the marshes; the squat hippopota-
mus rustles among the reeds, or plunges
sullenly into the river; great herds of ele-
phants seek their food amid the young
herbage of the woods; while animals of
fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and
the bear—harbour in deep caves till the
evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid
tangled thickets, or beneath some broken
bank. At length, as the day wanes, and
the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible
lord of the creation, formed in God's own
image, is introduced upon the scene, and
the work of creation ceases for ever upon
the earth. The night falls once more upon
the prospect, and there dawns yet another
morrow—the morrow of God's rest—that
Divine Sabbath in which there is no more
creative labour, and which, "blessed and
sanctified" beyond all the days that had
gone before, has, as its special object, the
moral elevation and final redemption of
man. And over it no evening is represent-
ed in the record as falling, for its special
work is not yet complete. Such seems to
have been the sublime panorama of creation,
exhibited in vision of old to

The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos;

and, rightly understood, I know not a single
scientific truth that militates against
even the minutest or least prominent of its
details.—Hugh Miller's Testimony of the
Rocks.

Infallibility.

Everybody knows that the Church of
Rome lays claim to infallibility. She con-
tends that there is no mistake about her,—
that she cannot err. Now, this very modest
claim of our sister Rome (for in the matter
of churches I reject the relation of mother
and daughter), I am constrained to question,
and that for such reasons as the following:

1. She cannot herself tell, where her in-
fallibility is to be found. She is sure that
she has it some where about her, but for
the life of her she cannot tell where. Some
of her writers say that it is with the Pope.
Others contend that it resides in a general
council. And another opinion is, that both
the Pope and the Council are necessary to
it. Now, I think they ought to settle it
among themselves, who is infallible, before
they require us to believe that any one is.
Let them find infallibility and fix it. After
that it will be time enough for us to admit
its existence. But 2. We will suppose
that it is the Pope who is infallible,—each
successive Pope. Well, where did they
get their infallibility? Why, it was trans-
mitted from St. Peter, to be sure. Christ
gave it to him, and he handed it down.
But was Peter infallible? There was a
day when, I suspect, he did not think him-
self infallible—when smitten to the heart
by the reproaching look of his Lord, he
went out and wept bitterly. There is no
doubt that he made a mistake when he so
confidently pronounced "Though I should
die with thee, yet will I not deny thee,"
and let it be remembered, that this was
after Christ had said, "Thou art Peter, and
on this rock," &c.

If Peter was infallible, I wonder he did
not at once settle the difficulty of which
we have no account in Acts 15th,—why
was the matter suffered to be debated in
the presence of his infallibility? It seems
that Peter, on that occasion, claimed no
pre-eminence. Nor was any particular
deference paid to him by the Council. He
related his experience precisely as did Paul
and Barnabas. James seems to have been
in the chair on that occasion. He speaks
much more like an infallible person than
any of the rest. He says, "Wherefore my
sentence is," &c. What a pity it is for
the Church of Rome that Peter had not
said that, instead of James. We should
never have heard the last of it. But it
was the Bishop of Jerusalem not the Bishop

of Rome who said it. It cannot be helped
now. Will my Catholic brother take down
his Douay and read that chapter?

But again, if Peter was infallible, I am
surprised that Paul "withstood him to the
face, because he was to be blamed," Gal. ii.
2. That was no way to treat a Pope.
But Paul had always a spice of the Protest-
ant about him. And yet Peter did not
resent Paul's treatment of him, for in his
second Epistle, he speaks of him as "our
beloved brother Paul." I suppose Peter
himself did not know he was infallible.
Men do not always know themselves.

Once more, if the superiority among the
disciples belonged to Peter, it has struck
me as strange, that when a dispute arose
among them who should be the greatest,
our Saviour did not take Peter instead of
a little child, and set him in the midst of
them, and remind the others that the su-
premacacy had been given to him. I think
the other Apostles could not have under-
stood Christ in that declaration "Thou art
Peter," &c., as the Church of Rome under-
stands him, otherwise the dispute about
superiority never could have arisen.

Now, according to the Catholic doctrine,
Peter being infallible, each successive Pope
inherits his infallibility, and therefore, never
a man of them could err in a matter of
faith,—nor even the woman Joan (for in
the long list of *Papas*, there was, by ac-
cident, in the ninth century, one Mamma,
though this, I am aware, is denied by some,)
even she retained none of the frailty of
her sex.

It is well for the Church of Rome that
she does not contend that her Popes are
infallible in practice, for if she did, she
would find some difficulty in reconciling
that doctrine with history. It is very true
that one may err in practice and not in
faith. Nevertheless, when I see a man
very crooked in practice, I cannot believe
that he is always exactly straight in doc-
trine. I cannot believe that all I hear from
him is good and true, when what I see in
him is false and bad. Take, for example,
such a one as Pope Alexander VI.; when
he, the father of such a hopeful youth as
Cæsar Borgia, and the chief of the ec-
clesiastics too, tells me with a grave air,
and solemn tone, that it is a shocking
wicked thing for an ecclesiastic to marry,
I cannot help demurring somewhat to the
statement of *Cæsar's* father. But I must
proceed with my reasons.

3. If a man says one thing one day, and
the next day says another thing quite con-
trary to it, I am of opinion that he is one
of the days in error. But what has this
to do with the business in hand? Have
not the Popes always pronounced the same
thing? Ask rather, whether the wind has
always, ever since there was a wind, blown
from the same quarter. Now, here is a
reason why I cannot allow infallibility to
belong to either Popes or Councils.

4. I would ask just for information, how
it was when there were three contemporary
Popes, each claiming infallibility. Had
they it between them? or which of them
had it? What was the name of the one
that there was no mistake about? How
were the common people to ascertain the
infallible one?—for you know their salva-
tion depended on their being in communion
with the true Bishop of Rome, the right-
ful successor of St. Peter.

5. The more common opinion among
Catholics is, I believe, that the infallibility
resides in a Pope and a general Council
together. Each is fallible by itself, but
putting the two together, they are infallible.
Now, I admit that in some languages, two
negatives are equivalent to an affirmative;
but I do not believe that two fallibles ever
were or will be equivalent to an infallible.
It is like saying that two wrongs make a
right.—REV. W. NEVINS, D. D.

The highest waterfall in the world is in
the Sandwich Islands, and is stated to be
between four and five thousand feet high.
The stream on which the fall occurs runs
among the peaks of one of the highest
mountains in the islands. It falls sheer
from a precipice so high that the water ac-
tually never reaches the bottom.