

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES.
Vol. II. No. 3.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1857.

WHOLE SERIES
Vol. XXI. No. 3.

Poetry.

Thoughts at Eventide.

"Where is thy God?"

Ye gentle lilies, stooping at my feet,
More fair than pearls brought from the ocean-cave,
Shedding in beauteous tears the dew-drops sweet,
Bending in meekness 'neath each airy wave,
Give answer—
"God is here!"

Ye giant forest trees, whose nightly roar
Has ofttimes lulled my troubled thoughts to rest,
From whose high-pillared shades my vigils soar,
And converse hold with Him my soul loves best,
Give answer—
"God is here!"

Ye hills and valleys, stretching far away,
Whose fertile fields no scanty harvest fear,
To whom the watery clouds rich stores convey,
Whom glorious days of sunshine bless and cheer,
Give answer—
"God is here!"

Wide-spreading waters, sparkling dimly now
Beneath the Ocean Queen's mild, silvery ray,
Whose yielding billows rise, and ebb and flow,
In apt obedience to her "mystic sway,"
Give answer—
"God is here!"

Sun, moon, and planets, brotherhood sublime,
In close, yet free affinity fast bound,
Rejoicing all in pure harmonious chime,
Till distant worlds take up the glad-some sound,
Give answer—
"God is here!"

Where is your God? ye starry hosts above—
Ye countless heralds of a Power Divine!
Fair exponents of order and of love,
Who in still wider circles roll and shine,
Give answer—
"God is here!"

Ye lucid spots, whose quickly travelling rays
Have seen Time's swifter ages pass them by,
Whose glimmering light intelligence conveys
Of other starry systems hung on high,
Give answer—
"God is here!"

But why, my soul, thus travel to the skies?
Why seek abroad what thou mayst find at home?
Look now within thyself with reverent eyes;
Thy contrite heart exclaim, "No farther roam
For answer;
God is here!"

CLEMENT.

THE ECHO.

BY THE LATE OLD ALAN GRAY.

HAD I twenty children, I would bring
them all up, if I could, to be lovers of
green-fields. They should delight in breath-
ing the pure air of heaven; in plucking the
beauty-flower from the hill, and the lily from
the valley. They should be taught to gaze
on the rising and setting sun, to listen to
the warbling birds, and to watch the flight
of the buzzing bee and the fluttering but-
terfly. Everything on which they fixed
their eye should call to their mind the good-
ness of God; and, reading the holy scrip-
tures with reverence, while they regarded
the creation with wonder, their infant minds
should adore their Heavenly Father for his
providence and grace.

How delightfully did the Saviour of sin-
ners, when on earth, instruct the multitude
by alluding to the flowers of the field!
"Consider the lilies of the field, how they
grow; they toil not, neither do they spin;
and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon
in all his glory was not arrayed like one of
these." Who can gaze on a lily without
hearing these words brought to mind?

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass
of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow
is cast into the oven, shall he not much
more clothe you, O ye of little faith!"
How simple, how intelligible, how striking
the lesson of instruction! "Therefore, take
no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or,
What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal
shall we be clothed? for your Heavenly
Father knoweth that ye have need of all
these things. But seek ye first the king-
dom of God, and his righteousness; and
all these things shall be added unto you."
Surely He spoke as never man spoke!

Beautiful are green woods, enlivened with
singing birds, and peaceful vallies, through

which the running brook winds its silvery
course, and where the flock of the shepherd
silently reposes. Whether the sun rises in
the east, gilding the world with his glory,
or sets in the west, shooting his bright
beams far up amid the heavens, still the
woods and the vallies are beautiful.

But there is a beauty also in the towering
mountain and the craggy rock; and when
the mind is in a fit mood for reflection, the
lonely solitude of cliffs and crags is grate-
ful to the spirit, and there it is that echo
is to be heard.

It was on the evening of a summer's day,
that I had wandered among the broken
rocks and cliffs that abounded in the neigh-
bourhood where I was staying. The broad
red sun was sinking lower and lower, as I
gazed upon it, through an opening in the
rocks, gilding the edges of the mountains,
and darting its rays on the distant water.
Who can gaze on the glorious spectacle of
the rising and setting sun, without thinking
of His greater glory who made the heavens
and the earth, the sea, and all that in them
is? I have seen the setting sun from my
own window a hundred times, and I have
looked at it in my rambles through the
fields, but never do I remember to have
seen it to such great advantage as when
gazing through the opening of those broken
rocks.

If the things of time are so beautiful,
how beautiful must be those of eternity!
If earth, the footstool of God, be so won-
derful, how glorious must heaven be, the
place of his abode! Again I repeat, that
a child cannot be taught too early to look
on the beauteous world around him, as the
workmanship of the same Almighty Being
who made him, and bestowed every bless-
ing he enjoys. When he regards the sun,
moon, and stars, and all things around him,
as the creation of the same God to whom
he puts up his morning and evening prayer;
the very same God who wrote the holy
Scriptures, and gave his only Son to die
for transgressors; this knowledge, if sanc-
tified by divine grace, will yield him double
pleasure and double profit.

Then will he look on sun and moon,
And earth's revolving ball,
And smile amid the scene, and say,
My Father made them all!

As I looked on the setting sun, I thought
of the old and young, then in the grave,
who had gazed on the same spectacle.
Their pains and pleasures were passed;
and however much they might have valued
earthly things, they were then removed
from them. The folly of not seeking after
eternal things appeared greater than ever
to me; and looking back with regret on
that portion of my childhood, when I
thought but little of divine things, I de-
termined to be more diligent in calling on
my young friends to seek the Lord while
he might be found.

In the midst of my solitary musings, I
took out a book from my pocket. It was
intended as a present to a child, and con-
tained verses of poetry, most of them very
simple and sweet, mingled with a few of a
different character; the following lines I
read aloud:—

Youthful pilgrim, haste away!
Darkness soon will cloud the day;
To thy heavenly mansion fly,
Earth has nought but vanity.

"Vanity!" repeated a distant voice; but
I knew it to be the voice of an echo. I
read the last line over again, and again echo
replied, "Vanity!"

Those who are not much accustomed to
visit places where an echo is heard, are
usually much pleased with the novelty,
and this was the case with me; walking
slowly along, I read another verse from my
little book at random.

Pilgrim, read the book of truth,
Read it in thy early youth;
Youth and health not always last,
Pilgrim, time is flying fast!

"Fast! Fast!" echo replied; and the
simple verses which I had read appeared
doubly impressive by thus having the last
word repeated at a distance from me. I
was much pleased with the place before,
but I was doubly so after I began to read
my little book. The path among the rocks

was very rude and rugged, but had it been
ten times more so I should still have been
delighted with the place. Seating myself
on a shelf of the rock, I continued reading.

Let not folly, flying round thee,
Steal away thy boyish breath;
Lest the darts of sin confound thee;
Life is followed hard by death!

"Death!" echoed in my ears from a
neighbouring rock, and again, "Death!"
from a more distant cliff. There was some-
thing so arresting in being thus warned in
that lonely spot, that I wondered at the
power of my own words. When the echo
had subsided, not a sound was heard. The
sun had set, and the gloom of even had be-
gun to spread itself around the place. Once
more I turned to another page, that echo
might again be heard.

Sea and earth, and heaven sublime,
Shall pass with all consuming time;
But what shall be when these shall fly?
Eternity! Eternity!

And thrice was "Eternity" beat back
from rock to rock, and from cliff to cliff;
never did the word impress me more, and
I mused awhile upon its meaning. In walk-
ing forward I had arrived at an open place,
surrounded on all sides by rocks, though
some distance removed from them. Here
I concluded that echo would be still more
distinct in imitating my voice than in the
place I had visited; so, opening my book,
I read with a louder voice than before:—

Faith sees a light that gilds the cloud,
And dissipates the darkest gloom:
It hears a voice that cries aloud
Amid the silence of the tomb.

The light is Bethlehem's brightest star,
To ransom'd sinners freely given;
The voice it echoes from afar,
"Fear not to die, thy home is heaven!"

A general burst of echoes flung back the
last word, "Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!"
resounded around me, and again "Heaven!
Heaven! Heaven!" died away in the dis-
tance, while I, in quick succession, turned
to the several places whence the sounds pro-
ceeded. I had read the little book through
and through before, but it seemed to have
a new meaning when echo joined in utter-
ing it aloud.

What a solemn lesson had echo impres-
sed upon me,—"Earth has naught but
vanity;" "Time is flying fast;" "Life is
followed hard by Death;" "Death is per-
suaded by Eternity," and "Thy home is Hea-
ven!"

If heaven be our real home, then ought
it to be sought after, with redoubled dili-
gence, both by me and thee. However
young thou mayest be, neglect not the warn-
ing.

Opposition.

"A certain amount of opposition," says
John Neal, is a great help to a man. Kites
rise against and not with the wind. Even
a head wind is better than none. No man
ever worked his passage any where in a
dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore,
because of opposition. Opposition is what
he wants, and must have, to be good for
any thing. Hardship is the native soil of
manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot
abide the storm without finching or quail-
ing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lays
down by the wayside, to be overlooked and
forgotten. He who but braces himself to
the struggle when the wind blows, gives
up when they have done, and falls asleep
in the stillness that follows."

Preaching and Prophecy.

A country clergyman, who, on Sundays,
was more indebted to his manuscript than
to his memory, called unceremoniously at a
cottage, while its possessor, a pious parish-
ioner, was engaged (a daily exercise) in
perusing a paragraph of the writings of an
inspired prophecy. "Weel, John," fami-
liarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what's
this you are about?" "I am prophesying,"
was the prompt reply. "Prophecy!" ex-
claimed the astounded divine; "I doubt
you are only reading a prophecy." "Weel,"
urged the religious rustic, "gif reading a
preachin' be preachin', is na reading a
prophecy prophesying?"

For the Christian Messenger.

Letters from a Father to his Son.

[LETTER I.]

My Dear Son,—I have for a long time
felt desirous of writing to you upon the
great importance of the salvation of your
soul; but have neglected that duty till now.
I hope what I may write may produce a
deep impression on your mind. You have
been the subject of my prayers and fears
from the days of your infancy till now;
hours have I spent in pleading with God
for the salvation of your soul. Although
my prayers will not save you, nor my tears
atone for one of the least of your sins, yet
Christ hath said, "Him that cometh to me
I will in no wise cast out;" and his blood
is sufficient to atone for the whole world.
Then there is room for you. I have thought
some times that you felt anxious about your
soul, especially since the late revival in the
neighbourhood where you live; as I was
informed that you went forward at one of
the meetings to be prayed for. O let not
these impressions be lost; but may they
be more deeply fastened on your mind.
Let the little New Testament that I put
into your hand on leaving home, be your
study and guide; and it will guide you in
the path you should go. You are an im-
mortal creature, a being born for eternity,
a creature that will never go out of exist-
ence. Millions of ages, years as numerous
as the sand upon the shore, and the drops
of the ocean, and the leaves of all the forests
on the globe, will not shorten the duration
of your being. Eternity, vast eternity, is
before you. Every day brings you nearer
to the gates of death. O then let your cry
be, "What shall I do to be saved?" How
true, as well as solemn, are the words of
Christ, "What shall a man give in exchange
for his soul?" All the tears that ever have
been, or ever will be shed upon the face
of the earth; all the groans that ever have
been, or ever will be uttered, or the anguish
endured by all the inhabitants of time will
not equal the amount of misery in the loss
of one human soul. Justly, indeed, are
you exposed to this misery, but your case
is not hopeless. You are invited to be
saved. Christ has died for the salvation of
sinners, and God waits to save you. Your
solicitude is not directed to an unattainable
object. Salvation is a blessing that includes
all the riches of grace and of glory; the
possession of pardon, peace, holiness, and
heaven. It occupied the mind of Deity
from eternity, and was procured by the Son
of God upon the Cross. Riches, rank, or hon-
our, are but as the small dust of the balance
when compared with the salvation that is in
Christ Jesus. Jehovah is willing to save you;
Christ is inviting you. Make it a subject
of devout prayer that God would render
your impressions permanent by His Holy
Spirit. The spirit of prayer should dwell
in you, and never depart. You must give
up whatever you know to be sinful. "Seek
the Lord while he may be found, call upon
Him while he is near; let the wicked
forsake his way, and the unrighteous man
his thoughts, and let him return unto the
Lord, and he will have mercy upon him,
and abundantly pardon." Attend meetings
for social prayer, as well as to hear the
preaching of the gospel. The prayers of
God's people do not only bring down bless-
ings from God, but breathe the spirit of
true piety. It is an atmosphere of devotion,
and you should seek the instruction of pi-
ous friends. Remember, however, after all
there is a danger of too much dependance
upon means, as well as too much neglect of
them. Although you are young, you are
not too young to die. "Remember," then,
"thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
while the evil days come not, nor the years
draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no
pleasure in them." And now may God of
His great goodness and sovereign grace,
bless these few lines to your present, fu-
ture, and eternal good.

Affectionately your father,
GARDNER TUTTS.