

Christian Messenger.

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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

The Choice.

The following lines from the pen of Robert McCheyne may possibly reach the eyes of some readers in whose heart the Divine Spirit has been striving, and who may be realizing in their own experience the sad results here foreshadowed. The lines were written when the author heard a young lady say she would hold to the world:

She has chosen the world,
And its paltry crowd;
She has chosen the world,
And an endless shroud;
She has chosen the world,
And its misnamed pleasures;
She has chosen the world,
Before Heaven's own treasures.

On life's giddy sea
She hath launched her boat,
And her all is afloat
For Eternity!
But Bethlehem's star
Is not in her view,
And her aim is far
From the harbor true.

When the storm descends
From an angry sky,
Ah! where from the winds
Shall the vessel fly?
When stars are concealed,
And rudder gone,
And heaven is sealed
To the wandering one?

The whirlpool opens
For the gallant prize,
And with all her hopes
To the deep she hies.
But who may tell
Of the place of woe,
Where the wicked dwell,
Where the worldlings go?

For the human heart
Can ne'er conceive,
What joys are the part
Of them who believe;
Nor can justly think
Of that cup of death
Of which all must drink
Who despise the faith.

Away, then—O fly
From the joys of earth
Her smile is a lie—
There's a sting in her mirth.
Come, leave the dreams
Of this transient night,
And bask in the beams
Of an endless night.

Selections.

TURKEY.

PERSECUTION RESTRAINED.—The sultan, whenever made personally cognisant of persecution, has acted a noble part in repressing it. In 1850, an Armenian merchant of some wealth, residing near Bebeck, a village on the Bosphorus, embraced Protestantism; and after he had resisted many efforts to induce him to recant, the patriarch ordered him to be denounced from the altar as an excommunicated person. As the consequence, an armed mob of his countrymen assailed his house, destroyed his goods, and reduced him to penury. After forming various plans to obtain redress, he resolved to seek an interview with the grand vizier. This functionary received him kindly, heard his tale, and shook his head hopelessly; but, after a moment's pause, told him to appear again the next day. The Armenian came at the appointed time. To his astonishment, he was conducted to the presence of the sultan, who had been made acquainted with the case and determined to settle it himself.

"I am told," said Abdul Medjid, "that the Armenians at Bebeck and its neighbourhood have pulled down your house and burned your goods. This is wrong, very wrong. But tell me, what have you done? for no man pulls down another's house for nothing. What crime had you committed?"

"May it please your highness, I committed no crime at all. I forsook what they call the faith."

"It is a bad thing," said the sultan, "to forsake the faith; but what faith did you forsake?"

"I forsook the faith which commanded me to bow down and worship the panagia (virgin Mary) and the saints."

"What! those yellow painted things that I have been told christians worship?"

"Yes," your highness, "but christians do not worship them. Since I have been a christian, I have not bowed down to the panagia."

"Well you are very much in the right; you have no right to worship their nasty pieces of painted wood. There is no god but God, and Mahammed is his prophet."

The merchant retired. The sultan having satisfied himself of the merits of the case, sent an order to the Armenian patriarch to attend him at the palace of Beshik-tash, at a certain hour.

"How is it," said he, "that your people burn the goods, and pull down the houses of my subjects? Am I not sultan-ad-deen? Am I to eat dirt?" The alarmed functionary, whose conscience smote him, was about to speak—

"No," said the sultan; "I know all about it, and have made up my mind."

"May it please your highness"—

"It does not please me, and that is the reason why I have sent for you. Now hear what I have to say. I persecute no one for his religion, and I will not allow you to do it. God is great. What pigs you are to do such a thing? This man puts his trust in God, and sits down under our shadow: he shall not be robbed. New listen—this merchant must be re-imbursed for his losses. (The patriarch turned pale.) As he has been injured by my subjects, my treasury must make good the damage."

The patriarch recovered himself. "Your highness is the source of comfort and the rose of justice."

"Yes, doubtless I am. This being the case, I must see to the redress of all mischief committed against those who look to the green banner for protection. Now, if I do no more than this, all true believers will have a right to complain, for will it not be taxing them to make up for the crimes of dogs and infidels? Therefore, as I pay the merchant you pay me."

The patriarch stood aghast. The sultan proceeded—

"By this time next week, the Armenian will have his wrongs redressed; on the corresponding day on the week following, you will restore the amount to our treasury; and then as soon as you like, you will have our imperial licence and permission to make the evil doers, set on, O father of bad advice, by your persuasion, indemnify you in your turn."

His holiness would have put in a word, but speech failed him. His highness waved his hand, and closed the interview with the significant, "I have spoken."—*Baptist Reporter.*

Bunyan at home in Prison.

Rev. Mr. Punshon, whose name is now on the tongues of our Methodist brethren, as a rival of Mr. Spurgeon, recently delivered an eloquent lecture in London on John Bunyan, evincing a clear insight into his genius, and a cordial appreciation of his piety and success. We give an extract which we find in a London paper:

In 1660 he was indicted "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles and by the strong hand of tyranny was thrown into prison; and though his wife pleaded so powerfully in his favor as to move the pity of Sir Mathew Hale, beneath whose ermine throbbed a God-fearing heart like that which bent beneath the tinker's doublet, he was kept there for twelve long years. His own words are, "So being again delivered up to the jailors hand's, I was had home to prison." Home to prison. Think of that, young men! See the bravery of a Christian heart! There is no affection of indifference to suffering—no boastful exhibition of excited heroism; but there is the calm of the man "that has the herb heart's ease in his bosom"—the triumph of a kingly spirit, happy in its own content, and throned over extremest ill.

Home to prison; and wherefore not? Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If

home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy, over subject hearts — if home be the spot where fireside pleasures gambol, where are heard the sunny laugh of the confiding child, or the fond "what ails thee?" of the watching wife; then every essential of home was to be found, "except these bonds," in that cell on Bedford bridge. There, in the daytime, is the heroine-wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her leal and womanly tenderness, and, sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril—blind and therefore best beloved. There, on the table, is the "Book of Martyrs," with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love; those old and heaven-patented nobility whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing the secret source of strength which empowered each manly heart, and nerved each stalwart arm; cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong, through faith, for the obedience which is even unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or warder, there stands, with heart of grace and consolation strong, the heavenly Comforter; and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship, and, as in another dungeon, "the prisoner heard them." The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good-night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp dimly relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is a passion in his soul. "He writes as if joy did make him write." He has felt all the fullness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling as he graves his own heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain, and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the palace Beautiful, with its sighs of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of heaven is around him—the river is the one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb—breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair; from the summit of the hill Clear he catches rarer splendors—the new Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off, and that is the King in his beauty; until prostrate beneath the insufferable splendor, the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstasy of prayer and praise. Now, think of these things—endearing intercourse with wife and children, the ever comforting Bible, the tranquil conscience, the regal imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them all, and the light of God's approving face shining broad and bright upon the soul, and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write, "I was had home to prison."

A Female Irish Preacher.

A correspondent, in whose truthfulness we can rely, sends us the following:

"On passing through the townland of

Drumereen, near Ballinamallard, on Sunday, the 24th instant, my attention was attracted by large crowds of very respectably dressed people—young and old—wending their way towards a green field contiguous to the road. Curiosity led me to inquire the nature of a demonstration, and I was informed that a female was to preach there that evening. My curiosity being still excited, I accordingly waited, and I thank my God, was one of the fortunate spectators on the occasion. Precisely at four o'clock in the evening, a young female whose name I understood to be Elizabeth M'Kinny, from the neighbourhood of Fintona, in the county of Tyrone, emerged from the house of Mrs. Beatty, who very kindly granted the field on the occasion, and ascended a rustic platform erected for the purpose, and after the usual preliminaries of singing and prayer, this young female quoted her text from the 2nd chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, and 8th verse—"For by grace are ye saved, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God,"—and there preached to a discerning assembly of at least 3,000 persons an eloquent and most impressive discourse, for the space of an hour and a quarter. She had preached, once before in Ballinamallard Primitive Methodist Chapel, and lectured once in Lowthertown, within the last six months. It appeared that all persons who could avail themselves of the opportunity, for 5 or 7 miles round the country were there. I could observe them from the neighborhood of Tempo, Lisbellaw, Enniskillen, Kish and Trillick; and although the great multitude was composed of Presbyterians, Protestants and a very large number of Roman Catholics, yet nothing could exceed the good conduct and becoming demeanour of all parties; the only breath that could be heard was an occasional burst of thanksgiving to God, and admiration of the visible Divine inspired preacheress, for I heard she was no other personage than the youngest daughter [about 20 or 22 years of age] of a small farmer in the county I have already mentioned, and only attended and preached on this occasion by the special invitation of the Primitive Methodist body in this neighborhood, amongst whom she is, in a spiritual view, an extraordinary ornament. She was very plainly attired. Her hair, eye brows, and eye lashes, are almost white, and which, together with a rather pale but a good featured countenance, give her on the whole the appearance of one who had received a commission from on High. I understand she has had very many invitations to preach from different parts of the country and even from Scotland. She accepts no earthly fee or reward for her trouble, and states that it is in obedience to an answer to her prayer, about twelve months ago, she is thus prompted to act.—*Fermanagh Mail.*

Christian Manliness.

BY THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The popular impression of a Christian is, that he is a bouquet of cut flowers, and is to be carefully kept and guarded with great care, for if he is touched he may fall to pieces, and there will be nothing left of him! But if a man be really a Christian, his former faculties and traits will not be repressed, but intensified in their action. If he was noble before, he ought to inspire the feeling, "Well, he is twice as noble now;" if he was magnanimous before, "he is heroic now; if you were mirthful before, thank God that there is such a thing as mirth in this world of tears! be mirthful still.

When a man becomes a Christian, what there is of firmness and self-respect, of illuminating imagination, of taste, of delicacy, of refinement, in the all-compounding element of love—all these belong to him as a Christian man, and he is not to put them away when he becomes a Christian, but to strengthen and develop them, that he may come to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. Allowance is demanded in all his experiences. Some Christians carry their hope as men carry a light in a high wind—not so much for the light that