

Christian Messenger.

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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

LINES.

"Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"Lo! I am with you," Jesus said,
To those who loved his name,
Through all things to the end of time,
I'll be to you the same.

Through each succeeding age, ye saints,
My constancy shall prove;
Will guide you safe through every ill,
Until ye rest above.

Ye heralds of his glorious cross,
Who in his stead proclaim,
The heavenly tidings, wondrous grace,
Through Him who once was slain.

He never will from you depart,
But will your labours own,
Till untold myriads purified
Shall grace his hallowed crown.

Until his stainless banner waves
Where once were idol fanes;
And ransomed earth adorning bow,
And shout "Jehovah reigns!"

Jesus is with you aged saint,
Who in his steps hast trod:
Who in life's joyful morning chose
The road that leads to God.

And through earth's chequered scenes hast kept
The path marked out for you;
Now there awaits you in the skies,
A crown of glorious hue.

He dwells with those in manhood's prime,
Whose spirits are set free
From binding chains of earth and sin,
And their redemption see.

Who love to speak that sacred name
Whose precious, cleansing blood,
Has washed away their guilty stains,
And brought them nigh to God.

Lo! he is with you gentle one,
Who hast his grace received;
He will be thine, though thou shouldst be
Of earthly friends bereaved.

His love will gild the darkest scenes
Of woe and dreary gloom:
Will light you through death's shadowy vale—
Illuminate the tomb.

The smiling infant, prattling child,
So full of trust and joy,
A friend possesses far above
The sparkling azure sky.

Who though unseen doth often take
Them in his heavenly arms;
And oft e'er cares or sorrows come,
Bears them from earth's alarms.

Whatever station Christians hold,
On this terrestrial ball,
The royal sceptre wield or quake
At an oppressor's call.

Messiah's is a changeless love—
He dwells in every breast,
That through his grace and mercy seek
A home of endless rest.
Onslow.

Correspondence.

[The following interesting letter was received several weeks ago from the Rev. J. S. Morse. We have been waiting an opportunity to give it insertion.—Ed. C. M.]

For the Christian Messenger.

Memorials of a departed Minister.

My dear Morse,—Although not very able, I yet attempt a scrawl with scarcely anything definite before me, so that Burns' lines furnish me with a quite appropriate motto:

"How the subject theme may gang
Let time and sense determine.
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

I did not reach home until the day after leaving your friendly dwelling. I was glad to go to bed at Mr. Denton's. Next day I reached home comfortably, and was improving in health until Saturday evening, when I began to feel that I was almost despaired of life till morning; and when the

sweet Sabbath light looked upon me, it saw me prostrate and languid, my temples throbbing, my breathing short, my poor head as though it contained a miniature "Etna," and, O, if possible, worst of all, denied the sweet privilege of God's house. I could really adopt as my language the 84th Psalm. O let us, my brother, prize our healthy Sabbaths and make good use of them. I am still quite unwell—weak, and exceedingly sore from coughing—though much better than I was. The pins of my frame are falling out. Soon, yes very soon will my pilgrimage end; and I can say, as far as I myself am concerned, the sooner the better.—"To depart and be with Christ is far better." If heaven be no better place than I felt it to be in a dream a few nights since, it so far beggars all the best delights of this world that I am acquainted with, as to cast all its boasted glories forever into oblivion's shade. Shall I tell it to you? I can only attempt. I must necessarily fail. It, as nearly as I am able to describe it, was something like this. I stood on the quarter-deck of a "man-of-war." She was the "flag ship," or Admiral's. On the opposite side of the quarter-deck stood A. M. Gidney, the only person I recognized amidst untold numbers. Between us stood the Admiral, exceedingly tall, and the beau-ideal of humanity. That Admiral I intuitively knew to be Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour, and I felt towards him much, very much love, modified by a sweet and solemn reverence. The sheet of water on which we lay was bounded on either side by land which, on our left, appeared to almost touch our ship's side, and thence struck away in the distance, until lost against the blue sky. The water was as pellucid as the mountain rill, and smooth as the surface of a summer lake. The greater part of the ship was covered in bright smoke, and all the fleet which I seemed to know was numerous (though I saw them not) were covered in like manner. We were about to engage an enemy, and must get "under weigh" for this purpose. Directly we were in motion, but neither sails, oars, nor steam were seen. Orders were given but no sounds such as I had been accustomed to hear were enunciated. The most animated addresses were constantly delivered by the Chief, accompanied by action the most graceful and expressive I ever witnessed. Assurances of victory were frequently made; and I felt for myself and for all concerned that all was true. "No noise nor battle sound was heard," yet work we felt was being done. The ship's velocity increased and excitement increased correspondingly. At this I raised my eyes, when lo! I beheld a great multitude of faces only, approaching in the distant heavens, and was myself caught up amongst them, and from this height of indescribable glory looked down upon the scene which I had just left. The fleet were rising, and the happy ones among whom I now stood were descending. Shouts of victory, and alleluias of praise rolled forth from the now Ariel ship's deck, and in ten thousand-voices responses were poured forth in the perfection of sympathy from the "shining ones," as they sailed down the sea of clouds to meet the conquering hero as he came bearing the spoils of the victory he had won. Though conscious of a failure, I must, however, attempt a description of this glorious army of "shining ones." Figure to yourself a countless number of busts made of gold, and polished until they outshine the sun,—their faces bearing every mark of the most perfect beauty, while from every face rays of glory resembling more closely than any other thing I can call to mind—those brilliant fireworks exhibited on great public occasions. Then that sweet, ineffable expression of pure goodness, unmixed happiness, and a poor paper idea is all that can be obtained or conceived of.

Of my own feelings I can only say they were such as made me, after I awoke, to weep that I was still alive. I thought for a little while the earth never at any former period of my life appeared so worthless—a heap of dirty ashes. This is a meagre relation of my dream, which he that hath may tell as such. If it were not too laborious a task, I could improve this by re-

writing it. The outline, however, is, I believe, truthfully told. Such is the impression which it has left on my mind, that I feel strongly persuaded that I shall soon go home, or be blessed in seeing what above all earthly good I most desire—a revival of religion. A large congregation was disappointed at the Joggins yesterday morning—perhaps not more so than their poor, suffering, unworthy minister.

I have, my dear brother, been much of my time, since I left Sandy Cove, with you in spirit, "making mention of you in every prayer of mine." Indeed, my dear Morse, I flatter not when I say "you are in my heart to live and to die." May a triune God hold you in the hollow of his hand, and make you mighty in word and doctrine.
Yours in Christ,
R. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Rose Cottage, Digby,
Nov. 10, 1851.

The extract below was received last week from quite a different source from that of the foregoing. The difference of date will be observed and will show that as our departed brother's disease progressed, so his "meekness for an inheritance with the saints" became more complete.

For the Christian Messenger.

The late Rev. R. W. Cunningham.

Dear Sir,—The following extract from a letter, by the late Rev. Mr. Cunningham, to a friend, shortly before his death, will be read with interest. Will you please give it a place in your paper.

"The night before last I awoke, raising blood, which continued through the greater part of yesterday. This has left me quite languid and makes me feel that I am drawing very near the close of my poor life. If you were to ask me how I feel, I can truly say, it is not so easy after all to answer. I will, however, make the attempt. 1st. I am not so very anxious to live. I see nothing here that much interests me. 2nd. I have no fear of Hell. I have not for these thirty years sympathised with the wicked. If shut up with these they could not be my companions. 3rd. Although I do not feel holy enough for heaven—yet I love holy things. 4th. Whenever I think of approaching God, I can only think of myself as a sinner. The first prayer I ever uttered under this conviction, just suits me now.—"God be merciful to me a sinner." This at times is quite humiliating. 5th. I have the fullest persuasion that what I have proclaimed to others as the way of salvation, must, if I be saved, be my salvation. 6th. I feel sometimes a spring of joy arise within me; then I wish to go—have no fears.—Can say "I know whom I have believed." Long to be with Christ, whom at such times I don't hesitate to say, I love. My feelings may be summed up in a stanza of that beautiful hymn in the Presbyterian book:

"I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear.
To heal their sorrows Lord descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

Then, after some remarks relating to his "dear, faithful wife," and a pause until the next day, he adds:

"I will now try to finish. O, I feel faint and weak, and a strong persuasion that I can't hold out much longer. Thank God I can say this morning, I have little, if any desire to stay here. I trust "all is well," and I am only surprised to find the struggle for life, which a short time ago I felt so sensibly, now almost, if not entirely gone. How wonderful the way in which the Lord has led me, through clouds and sunshine. Blessed School,—no other could have taught me the lessons I have after all so imperfectly learned. My heavenly teacher, I trust, thereby is preparing me for College, and when he sees proper I shall matriculate. I often call up those happy scenes through which we have passed, in which the ingredient of our happiness was, labouring for God. I hope to join you in "the new heavens and new earth," where the saints will receive their "crown of rejoicing."

After referring to his "dear old flock"

he speaks of the visits of their present pastor to himself, the influence of which says:

"Sets me up a little, and I feel as though I must go out and shake myself as at other times, but soon am reminded that my locks are shorn. O brother, I can't write, take the effort for the deed.

"And now, my dear —, farewell. My love to dear Mrs. —, and your beloved family. Tell them, from their dying friend, that religion is every thing. Millions are to me as the dust of the balance now, while Christ is all and in all.

"No more now (perhaps never) from
Yours, most affectionately,
R. W. C."

So wrote the dying man on the 21st and 22nd of December last, and on the 15th day of January following he went to his rest.

For the Christian Messenger.

Winter Evening Thoughts.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," was the enlivening theme that cheered and supported one of God's chosen people, while passing through the fiery furnace of affliction. Earthly honours, hopes and friends were swept away; but what availed all these, since, by faith, he could behold the starry crown and the victorious palm in the mansions of glory, the arisen Saviour exalted on the eternal throne, as his Redeemer and Friend.

Again, behold fond man, in the prime of his vigor and boasted strength, smitten by the hand of the fell destroyer. Oh! how many ties bind him to earth. But the fiat has gone forth. The death angel beckons, "Come, away,—away with me." The fond wife of his bosom, the little prattling cherubs—those starlights of his home, must all be left behind. And yet, whilst passing the "swellings of Jordan," behold a smile of rapture illumining his dying countenance. List to those melodious strains floating on the still midnight breeze:

"Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though death's cold waves around me roll
I'll fearless launch away."

Thus joyfully he passed to the "land that is afar off," his lamp being trimmed and brightly burning, at the midnight cry he went in "and the door was shut."

In the bloom of youth—hope, sparkling and bright as the limped stream; beauty gracing her features, and from out its well-filled granary the choicer beauties of the mind shining forth. A lovely maiden is basking in the sunshine of life and happiness. How glorious to her are the beauties of the fair Creation, the morning's sun and evening's shade, the crystal stream and cooling fountain, the singing birds and whispering flower, fill her soul with wonder and joy. Marvel not that she is happy—that this world has charms for her trusting heart. . . . But who is this stranger that, with slow but certain tread, is following in her steps? See! he approaches, and familiarly addresses her. Why that tear flowing down her cheeks—now pale as the lily, anon lighted up with a crimson roseate hue? Ah! lovely one, I know thy companion; "The pale horse and his rider," 'tis he. In solemn tones, he is speaking to thee, of the white robes of death—the hollow tomb, and the world "beyond the river." Death claims the lovely blooming flower. But He, who made the starry spheres, is her refuge, Christ, her Saviour. In the sunny morning of life she had given her heart to her heavenly parent. Now, the pangs of expiring nature cannot overwhelm her. What though youthful associates love her ever so dearly? What though she be the light and joy of parents and home? What though one nearer, dearer, more beloved than all, must brave the storms of life alone; and those dreams of future happiness die out. Her Saviour smiles and bids her come.

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms,
The Saviour invites me: I'll go to his arms.
In the mansions of glory, oh yet there is room;
Oh there I shall dwell with the angels at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Bright seraphs conduct me to heaven, my home