

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

To the May-flower.

Aeolia's pure emblem, sweet flower of the mountain,
The gem of our forests, each hillock and dell;
By the dark rolling stream, near the clear gushing
fountain,
Far away in the desert, thou lovest to dwell.

Now Winter's fierce tempests no longer are raging,
Thou art welcome, Spring's earliest blossom, again;
Her first and her fairest,—thy presence presaging
The bloom and the glory of Summer's bright reign.

I loved thee in childhood, when roaming the wildwood,
Where fancy directed, I'd carelessly stray;
Then I hailed thee with pleasure, and oft, as a treasure,
Have boyishly borne thee in triumph away.

And now when I'm older, my bosom grown colder,
How oft dost thou cheer me when wand'ring alone,
Then mem'ry replaces old scenes and loved faces,
So dear to my heart in the days that are gone.

When the world appears dreary, when careworn and
weary,
And hope fails to bring what she promised before;
Thou sweet blushing flow'r, cast light the dark hour,
And bring back the warm feelings of childhood once
more.

There are gaudier flowers in Flora's gay bowers
When warm o'er our vallies the south breezes blow;
But to us far more dear 'mid her sunshine and showers,
Our own native blossom awakes from the snow.

'Neath thy green leaves reposing, thy charms half
disclosing,
As if to display them 't were never designed;
In thy grace unassuming, thy beauty retiring,
Aeolia's fair daughters a moral may find.

But a thought of deep sadness comes e'en with spring's
gladness,
Thy beauty must perish!—how short is thy stay!
And the winds lowly sighing, seem to tell thou art
dying,
Like mortality fading and passing away.

'Tis thus with earth's blossoms—the brightest, the
rarest,
That gladden our hearts with their beauty and bloom,
A worm ever feeds on the sweetest, the fairest,
They crumble to dust and are laid in the tomb.

Then why should we cling to earth's joys, all so fleeting?
Where each pleasure 's a phantom to lure us to wrong?
When high with hope's rapture our bosoms are beating,
The fair vision fades, and our pleasures are gone.

For me, while in life, that one hope may I cherish:
A hope which survives every sorrow and pain:
To dwell in that land where the flowers never perish,
And youth, love, and beauty eternally reign.

And when my brief season like thine shall be ended;
When death locks my senses in endless repose;
May I sleep where thy blossoms and green leaves are
blended,
'Neath the dark forest shade where the May-flower
grows!

Missions.

The Martyrs and Confessors of Delhi.

We lay before our readers with feelings of intense interest the following narrative of Fatima, the wife of our estimable native brother, Walayat Ali, whose constancy in the hour of trial and heroic death it so touchingly narrates. In forwarding the document, Mr. Evans says, "With a heavy heart she told her sad tale. But the recollection of the noble testimony which her husband had borne for Christ, gave her at times an air of triumphant satisfaction, and seemed to quell the sorrow of a deeply wounded heart. She would wipe off her tears, and say, 'Well, why should I sorrow? He gave his life for Christ, who died for him, and he is now with Jesus.' Her narrative I give in her own words, as nearly as the translation will admit. The fact that she is a truly Christian woman, and a truthful character, so that we can take all she states as the simple truth, adds much to the interest of the narrative." It is a tale worthy of the best days of the Christian church.

FATIMA'S NARRATIVE.

"On Monday, the 11th of May, about nine o'clock in the morning, my husband was preparing to go out to preach, when a native preacher, named Thakoor, of the Church Mission, came in, and told us that all the gates of the city had been closed, that the Sepoys had mutinied, and that the Mohammedans of the city were going about robbing and killing every Christian. He

pressed hard on my husband to escape at once if possible, else that we would all be killed. My husband said, 'No, no, brother, the Lord's work cannot be stopped by any one.' In the meanwhile fifty horsemen were seen coming, sword in hand, and setting fire to the houses around. Thakoor said, 'Here they are come! now what will you do? run! run! I will, and you had better come.' My husband said, 'This is no time to flee, except to God in prayer.' Poor Thakoor ran, was seen by the horsemen, and killed. My husband called us all to prayer, when, as far as I recollect, he said:—

"O Lord, many of thy people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire, for thy Name's sake. Thou didst give them help to hold fast in the faith. Now, O Lord, we have fallen into the fiery trial. Lord, may it please thee to help us to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall nor faint in heart under this sore temptation.

"Even to the death, oh! help us to confess, and not to deny Thee, our dear Lord. Oh, help us to bear this cross, that we may, if we die, obtain a crown of glory."

"After we had prayers, my husband kissed us all, and said:—

"See that whatever comes you do not deny Christ; for if you confide in Him, and confess Him, you will be blessed, and have a crown of glory. True, our dear Saviour has told us to be wise as the serpent, as well as innocent as the dove; so, if you can flee, do so,—but, come what will, don't deny Christ."

"Now I began to weep bitterly, when he said, 'Wife, dear, I thought your faith was stronger in the Saviour than mine. Why are you so troubled? Remember God's word, and be comforted. Know that if you die, you die to go to Jesus. And if you are spared, Christ is your keeper. I feel confident that if any of our missionaries live, you will all be taken care of; and should they all perish, yet Christ lives for ever. If the children are killed before your face, oh! then take care that you do not deny Him who died for us.' This is my last charge, and God help you!"

"Now some horsemen came up, and the faqirs (devotees) who lived near us told them to kill my husband—that he was an infidel preacher—and that he had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Jesus Christ. The troopers now asked him to repeat the *Kulma*,* but he would not. Two of them now fired at us, and one shot passed close by my husband's ear, and went into the wall behind us. Now all the children fled through a back-door towards the house of Mirza Hajee, one of the Shazadas (or princes), who respected my husband, and was fond of hearing of the love of God through Christ. He dressed like a faqir, and seemed partial to the gospel. He took in my seven children, who fled for refuge. One of the troopers now interposed, saying, 'Don't kill them; Walayat Ali's father was a very pious Mussulman, who went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and it is likely that this man is a Christian only for the sake of money, and he may again become a good Mussulman.' Another trooper now asked my husband, 'Who then are you, and what are you?' He answered, 'I was at one time blind, but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found refuge in Christ. Yes, I am a Christian, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian.' 'Ah,' said the trooper, 'you see that he is a Kaffir [barbarian]; kill him.' Again he was threatened with loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and asked to repeat the *Kulma*, with a promise of our lives and protection. My husband said, 'I have repented once, and I have also believed in Christ, so I have no need of further repentance.' At this time two European gentlemen were seen running down the road leading to the river, when the troopers said, 'Let us run after these Feringhees first, then we can return and kill these infidels.' So they went.

"My husband now said to me, 'Flee, flee—now is the time—before they return.' He told me to go to the faqirs' *Tukcen*,

* The Mohammedan creed.

while he would go to the Rev. Mr. Mackay's house to try to save him. I went to the *Tukeen*, but the faqirs would not allow me to go in, and would have had me killed, but for the interposition of Mirza Hajee, the Shazada, who said to the troopers, 'This woman and her husband are my friends; if you kill them I will get you all blown up.' Through fear of this they let me go, when I began to cry about my children; but Mirza Hajee told me that he had them all safe. I now went after my husband towards Mr. Mackay's house in *Dyriagunge*, the house formerly occupied by Mr. Parry, of the Delhi Bank. On the way I saw a crowd of the city Mohammedans, and my husband in the midst of them. They were dragging him about on the ground, beating him on the head and in the face with their shoes; some saying, 'Now preach Christ to us.' 'Now where is the Christ in whom you boast?' And others asking him to forsake Christianity and repeat the *Kulma*. My husband said, 'No I never will; my Saviour took up his cross and went to God—I take up my life as a cross, and will follow him to heaven.' They now asked him mockingly if he were thirsty, saying, 'I suppose you would like some water?' He said, 'When my Saviour died, he got vinegar mingled with gall; I don't need your water. But if you mean to kill me, do so at once, and don't keep me in this pain. You are the true children of your prophet Mohammed. He went about converting with his sword, and he got thousands to submit from fear. But I won't. Your swords have no terror for me. Let it fall, and I fall a martyr for Christ.'

"Now a trooper came up and asked what all this was about. The Mussulmans said, 'Here we have a devil of a Christian who will not recant, so do you kill him.' At this the Sepoy aimed a blow with his sword, which nearly cut off his head. His last words were, 'O Jesus, receive my soul!'

"I was close by under a tree, where I could see and hear all this. I was much terrified, and I shrieked out when I saw my poor husband was dead. It was of no use my staying there, so I went back to the Chapel Compound, when I found my house in a blaze, and people busy plundering it. I now went to my children, to the house of Mirza Hajee, where I stayed three days, when orders were issued to the effect that should any one be found guilty of harbouring or concealing Christians, they would be put to death. The queen, Reenu Mahal, had some fifty Europeans concealed, and she did all in her power to save them, but was compelled to give them up. Mirza Gohur, a nephew of the king, knew that I was with Mirza Hajee, and he remonstrated with him, and warned him of the consequences of keeping me. Mirza Hajee now told me that I must at once take one of two steps, either become a Mohammedan or leave his house. Both of them urged upon me to leave Christianity, saying, that every Christian in India had been killed, and that for me to hold out would be great folly. I was promised a house to live in, and thirty rupees per month to support myself and children, and that no harm should molest me. God helped me to resist the temptation, and I said, 'No, I cannot forsake Christ; I will work to support my children, and if I must be killed, God's will be done.' I had now to go out with my seven children. A *coolie* [porter] who came with me led me to the *Kotwali* [police station], and some Sepoys there attempted to kill us. One man, however, knowing who I was, told them that I was under the protection of the king, and not to kill me. I now went about seeking for some place to dwell in; but no one would take us in, lest they should be murdered on our account. So I had to wander from one place to another for some ten days, having no place to rest, and nothing hardly to eat. Out of the city we could not go, for all the gates were closed, and strict orders given not to allow any woman to go out.

"On the thirteenth day a large body of the Sepoys went out, and I managed to mix with the crowd, and got out with my children. I now went to a place in the suburbs of Delhi, called *Tulwaree*, where I got

a room for eight annas a month. Six rupees was all the money I had, all the rest having been taken from us by the Mohammedans.

"When the English soldiers arrived before Delhi, I found my position anything but safe; for the Sepoys had a strong party there, and we were exposed to the fire of friends and foes. Cannon balls came near us again and again, and one day one even got into our room, but did us no harm.

"I heard that many people went to a place called *Soonput*, but twenty coss [forty miles] from Delhi, so I accompanied some people there.

"In this place I remained for three months, working hard to keep my little children from starvation. I was chiefly engaged in grinding corn, getting but one anna for grinding nine seers [18lbs.], and in order to get a little food for all, I often had to work night and day; yet the Lord was good, and we did not starve.

"When I heard that the English troops had taken Delhi from the city people, many of whom came into *Soonput* in a great terror, I left with two other women who went in search of their husbands. I again came to *Tulwaree*, where the whole of my children were taken ill of fevers and colds, and I was in great distress. The youngest child died in a few days, and I had not a pice to pay for help to get it buried. No one would touch it. So I went about the sad task myself. They indeed said that if I would become a Mohammedan, they would bury it for me. I took up the little corpse, wrapped it in a cloth, and took it outside the village. I began to dig a little grave with my own hands, when two men came up and asked why I was crying so. I told them, and they kindly helped me to dig a grave, and then they left. I then took up the little corpse, and looking up to heaven, I said:—

"O Lord, thou hast been pleased to call to thyself this little child, and I have been able to bring his little body to be buried. But, O Lord, if thou shouldst call one of the big ones, how can I bring it? Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and permit me to meet with some of thy dear people again; and if not, O Father, take to thyself the mother with the children."

"Now I was anxious to get into the city, and sent a message by a native Christian, *Heera Lall*, who knew us well. I at last found him, and got into Delhi, where I was kindly treated. The Church of England minister offered to get me a monthly allowance if I would join their church. But I would not do so, as I wished to keep to my own denomination. I got *Heera Lall* to write to Agra, in hopes that some of our missionaries might be alive, and when you wrote back I cried for joy, and thanked God; for I now knew that what my dear husband said would be fulfilled—that if our missionaries would be spared I and the children would have friends.

"Of Rev. Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. Thompson and family, I have to say, that before I left Delhi I went to Mrs. Thompson's house, where I saw a sight which horrified me. Mrs. Thompson and one daughter lying dead on a bed grasping each other, and the other on the floor by the side of the bed. The heads were quite severed from the trunks! Of Mr. Mackay I heard that he (with several other gentlemen) was killed in Colonel Skinner's house, after a resistance of three or four days. The king ordered the people to dig up the floor of the cellar where they had taken shelter, and to kill them."—*Baptist Missionary Herald*.

The London Baptist Missionary Society.

The Annual Meeting of this Society was held in Exeter Hall on Thursday, the 30th ult., under the presidency of Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart.

After prayer, the CHAIRMAN said:—It had been the custom of your society, up to the time when, by your confidence, I became your sole treasurer, that the treasurer should take the chair every other year. I felt that such an arrangement was very undesirable. We have had the opportunity during the last six years of seeing our meet-