

# Christian Messenger.

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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN PIETY."

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## Poetry.

### Lessons from Nature.

Christian, look upon the bees,  
Working in the early morn,  
All day long upon the breeze  
Is their cheerful murmur borne.  
Labour thus in Jesus' cause,  
Earnestly while life is given,  
Till His voice shall bid thee pause,  
Calling thee away to heaven.

Mark the humble wayside flower,  
Bending low beneath the blast;  
See it rising in an hour,  
Sweeter for the rain that's past.  
Meekly bow when trials come,  
And when stormy days are o'er,  
May thy heaven-born graces bloom  
Fairer, brighter than before.

Listen to the warbling lark,  
Soaring in the azure sky,  
Almost lost to sight—but, hark!  
Sweeter grows its melody.  
So may Jesus and his love  
Raise thine heart from earthly things  
May thy spirit mount above,  
Like the lark that soars and sings.

Christian, when the sable night  
Draws her curtain overhead,  
Look above, and mark the light  
By the stars so softly shed.  
Though thy path seem dark before,  
Like a star pursue thy way,  
Ever shining more and more,  
Whelm'd at last in "perfect day."

From all things around, above,  
Thou may'st some good lesson learn,  
Tokens of God's boundless love  
Meet thine eye at every turn.  
Nature, like an open book,  
Beautifies this earthly ball,  
Oft upon its pages look—  
'Twas thy God who wrote it all!

Wellington, June 4. THEODORA.

## Miscellaneous.

### "To obey is better than Sacrifice."

"My soul the untried seas would dare,  
Or sands of every waymark bare,  
Should but thy voice distinctly say,  
'Go forward, soul; there lies thy way.'"  
—T. T. Lynch.

"Yes; to obey is better than sacrifice."  
said Ann Melvil.

"I know it."  
Ann looked round quietly. "And what  
of him who knew his Lord's will and yet  
did it not? Oh, Alice think of that!"

Alice did think, but the result was only  
a half smile. "You are too serious in this  
matter, Anne," she exclaimed impatiently,  
"What right have you to judge me?"

"None, none whatever," returned her  
companion with a disarming gentleness  
that brought a blush to the cheek of the  
impetuous Alice; "But if we speak of  
these things, let each speak the truth. Let  
me not sacrifice my conscience on the altar  
of our friendship."

"There is no need," said Alice. "But  
at the same time do not, oh, do not, if you  
love me, hint that I am amongst those who  
knowingly and obstinately disobey their  
God."

The eyes that met her own were full of  
tears. "My dear friend," said Anne, "my  
words were but the result of your own  
confession, when, stating that you believed  
Christ's law of baptism to relate to the  
immersion of believers, you yet acknow-  
ledged that you had no wish, and no inten-  
tion, thus to make your own profession."

Alice replied with warmth, yet without  
her former impatience, "I have my reasons,  
Anne; and they suffice to satisfy my con-  
science."

"And may I hear them?"  
"Yes."

They sat down on a bank beside the  
brook, for it was sultry autumn weather,  
and the shelter of the orchard which al-  
most surrounded the rural home of Alice  
was grateful to them both; and Anne, as  
being the elder, passed her arm around her  
friend, and thus supported her as they re-  
sumed their conversation. And gradually  
the head of Alice drooped, until it rested  
on a willing shoulder, the while the shad-  
ows of the leaves above trembled upon  
her fair and child-like face.

"In the first place, dear Anne"—two  
yellow leaves that floated down the stream  
were rescued as Alice spoke—"I give my  
faintest objection. This thing is unlady-  
like!"

"Pshaw," said Anne, involuntarily.  
"No but it is not 'pshaw!'" retorted  
Anne with dignity; "least of all did I ex-  
pect you, Anne, to think it a light thing to  
be unlady-like."

"Forgive me," said her friend, more  
quietly; "it is indeed important to be  
lady-like. The question is, would your  
baptism, by which, of course, I mean dip-  
ping, if properly conducted, be unlady-  
like?"

"And I say, Yes."  
"And I say, No; for I have seen a bap-  
tism; and although my sense of propriety  
is, I believe, as strong as that of any wo-  
man of my acquaintance, I never once, in  
all that solemn service, dreamed of the  
feeling which you now express. Tell me,  
my Alice, had it been your privilege to live  
when Christ incarnate walked the world,  
and had He, standing on the farther side of  
Jordan, commanded you to plunge into its  
stream, would you have regarded obedi-  
ence as 'unlady-like' then?"

Alice hesitated. "But his presence  
would have nerved me for anything."  
"And still it would have been un—"

"Hush, Anne. No, no. But still in  
our day a public immersion is regarded by  
many superior people—"

"By which you mean God-serving peo-  
ple?"

"Not exactly—people of rank and sen-  
sibility—"

"People who go bare-shouldered and  
bare-armed to balls and operas, and who  
encourage dancers to clothe themselves  
still less? Of course they are good  
judges."

"You are severe upon them," said Alice,  
blushing.

"I hope not, dear; I honor many of  
them, and only wish that they had been  
better taught. But do not ask me to ac-  
cept them as my guides. No, Alice, it can-  
not be unbecoming in a Christian lady to  
obey her Lord's commands!"

"Well, then," said Alice, after a pro-  
longed examination of her dead leaves,  
"at least it is dangerous. One's health is  
surely risked—"

"Is it?" asked Anne, with a smile half  
reproving. "Then why does 'one' resolve  
to have a bath every morning 'because it  
is so invigorating?'"

"I cannot argue with you," and the head  
moved restlessly from side to side; "but  
surely old people and sick people cannot  
endure it!"

"Old people and sick people are very  
different to Alice Nelson. Thank God,  
dear friend, that you are not amongst the  
suffering ones who can only obey in spirit  
such commands of Christ; and remember  
that even the old and sick must be willing  
to obey, before they can anticipate the  
'Well done, good and faithful!'"

Alice mused, longing to resist, yet puz-  
zled to find an answer, and at last, after  
another study of the useful leaves, went on,  
in tones less positive, "Then I will come  
to my most important thought. Baptism is  
not essential to salvation."

"Neither in your sense, is speaking the  
truth essential!"

"Oh, Anne!"

"Ah, you may indeed look grave," said  
Anne, "but I repeat that it is possible  
for a Christian man or woman to say 'I  
may tell this lie; for, since I am saved only  
by the death of Christ, truth-speaking can-  
not be essential to my salvation.'"

"But that would be vile indeed!"

"Ah, so I say."  
"But, Anne, it is a different thing—"

"How so? The voice that says to us,  
'Lie not,' says also, 'Believe and be bap-  
tized.' Is not that clear?"

Alice was trembling with emotion, but  
she did not answer.

"Once, Alice, there was a generous no-  
bleman who adopted the sons of a poor  
man living near his palace, and promised in  
a few years to admit them to his household.  
The children rejoiced at this, and loved  
him for his kindness and forbearance—for

it had been their wont to bring contempt  
upon his name. In order to train them  
for their exalted position, the nobleman one  
day gave each a paper, on which had been  
set down such rules as he, experienced and  
wise, deemed necessary for their guidance  
and control; and saying, Obey these pre-  
cepts, not with the thought that you can  
merit entrance to my home (that shall be  
my free gift), but as a proof of grateful  
love to me, left them to read and act.—  
Now, there was one boy who so loved the  
adopting friend to whom he owed so much,  
that every command was treasured in his  
heart and worked out in his life. True, he  
was weak, but then his love was strong;  
and, often as he pleased, he was at liberty  
to hasten to the castle gate and there seek  
help from him whom he loved to honour;  
and when at last the master came, he  
smiled upon the child's imperfect, but yet  
earnest work, and hailed him with such  
sweet approval as filled the boy's young  
heart with untold joy.

"But there was another of these adopted  
children who obeyed, or strove to obey,  
every command but one—that one precept,  
which he could not fully understand, and  
the expediency of which he could not see.  
Now it so happened that this very law had  
been given by the wise and adopting father  
as at once a test of obedience, courage, and  
humility of those who were ultimately to be  
inmates of his palace, and, when the child  
decided to yield homage to every rule but  
this, a messenger was sent to rouse him to a  
sense of duty. Then this awakening visit-  
ant (his name was Conscience) addressed  
the child with burning eloquence. 'Why  
hast thou not obeyed, oh, careless one?' he  
cried, 'has not the master whom I serve  
loved thee with boundless love? Has he  
not permitted thee to call him father?—  
Has he not promised to admit thee to the  
home where all is one with him? Why  
then is this, his law, unheeded by thee?'"

"And the child answered, 'Because I  
shall be ridiculed if I obey!' And his guest  
blushed for him, and asked, what then?—  
Can those who have not seen thy father  
understand thy duty, or can thy ridicule  
outweigh his approbation?' 'But I have  
tried to obey in everything else,' said the  
boy pleadingly. 'True, but if any offend  
in one point, he is guilty!' The child drew  
back, 'But I cannot understand this law!'  
'And who art thou,' said the messenger,  
'that should be so wise? Who told thee  
what thy palace home was like, or how  
canst thou know better than its owner the  
way to prepare thee for its full enjoyment?'  
The boy could give no answer, yet he was  
not convinced. 'At least,' he said, 'I can  
enter the palace without having done this  
thing. Our adoption is effected, and our  
home is secure. In fact, our master has  
told us that our obedience is needful only  
as proof of our love to him—were it to buy  
this palace home it were another matter.'"

"Stay Anne!" cried Alice, "I fully  
understand you, fully; it is not necessary to  
conclude your story."

"Yes, yes, indeed it is," said Anne, with  
gentle firmness. "The messenger re-  
proached the child with ingratitude, and  
said 'Ah, sordid heart, to give obedience  
only where a tangible reward is offered to  
thee! to enjoy the rich fruits of a father's  
love, and think it needless to prove that  
thou lovest him in return! to deem it less  
important to gain his smile than to be  
to be rescued from thy present poverty and  
pain!' And the child shrank before his  
reproving glance. 'Awake,' exclaimed  
the voice, 'I charge thee to awake! Obey,  
and honour him who has so greatly  
honoured thee! obey, and by thy courage  
put to silence the laughter of the fool;  
obey, and prove thy love to the most gener-  
ous of beings; obey, and enter yonder  
home amidst approving pure ones, to hear  
the voice, whose very sound is music, pro-  
claim thee blest for ever.' And the child  
bowed his head, and a change came upon  
him as he answered, 'I will do as thou hast  
said;' and from the palace there came a  
sweet sound of rejoicing, as if a thousand  
harps had felt the touch of angels."

There was a long but not painful silence.  
"Dear Anne," said Alice breaking it at  
last, "I will be like that child! Only go

with me to the palace gate, for without  
help from God I can do nothing."  
They went together, and the King of  
heaven, according to His promise, met them  
as they sought Him. Then a sweet peace  
came over Alice Nelson, and stronger faith,  
and hope, and love sprung up within her;  
till, turning to her friend with smiles of  
joy, she said, "I am almost too happy for  
this world. If this should last, Anne, I  
shall believe that heaven is come down to  
me."

"It is, it is," said Anne, with holy fer-  
vour, "for, 'If a man love me he will keep  
my words; and my Father will love him,  
and we will come unto him, and make our  
abode with him.'"

With words like these they wandered  
home together, for Anne was for a time the  
guest of Alice, and never had they been so  
truly united as on that happy evening which  
found them both resolved to obey in every-  
thing the voice divine.

Two months went by, and the brooklet in  
the orchard was almost choked with fallen  
and withered leaves, but Alice was not there  
to heed their varied tints, nor to arrest them  
as they slowly floated down into the val-  
ley. It was a glorious evening, and the  
stars shone down on the farmstead and or-  
chard with as much show of interest as on  
the gay streets of a crowded city thirty  
miles away, where Alice and her friend walk-  
ed side by side.

"Do you remember our talk beside the  
brook?" asked Anne, as, looking up into the  
quiet sky, she floated in imagination back to  
that calm scene.

"Ah, yes," said Alice smiling; "and do  
you know that I have those yellow leaves at  
home, and mean to keep them in remembrance  
of that hour!"

"And do you need them to remind you of  
it?" inquired Anne, as they drew near a building  
beside which a crowd was gathered, "Is it  
not easy to recall that time?"

"I need not answer you, to-night," said  
Alice with emphasis, and with one hand upon  
a side door of the building. "Nor need I  
tell you that as long as I remember the pro-  
fession of my faith, the proof of my heart's love,  
which I make here this evening, I shall be  
utterly unable to forget that scene beneath  
the trees."

Anne pressed her hand, and they went in  
together. Another hour, and both, in volun-  
tary obedience to their Lord, had been, in  
symbol, "buried with him by baptism into  
death; that like as Christ was raised up from  
the dead by the glory of the Father, even so  
they also should walk in newness of life."

And Alice, by this act bowing her will to  
God's, and realizing that His smile was resting  
on her, like the baptized of Philip, "went on  
her way rejoicing." For, truly, "to obey is  
better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the  
fat of rams."

For the Christian Messenger.

### Our Foreign Mission.

MESSRS. EDITORS—  
As the following correspondence, con-  
taining the substance of my letter to bro-  
ther Crawley, and of one just received from  
him, is of general interest, I forward it for  
publication.

Ever yours,  
C. TUPPER.

Aylesford, August 26, 1858.

BY DEAR BROTHER CRAWLEY,

Your cheering letter of June 14th hav-  
ing been happily "saved from the wreck  
of the *Arctica*," came to hand on the 7th day  
of June. As I had written you not very  
long before, and had nothing special to  
communicate, I have deferred answering it  
till the present time.

The Annual Meeting of our Convention,  
held in Germain Street Chapel, St. John, was  
closed on the 24th inst. It affords me  
sincere pleasure to inform you that the  
course which has been adopted, and which  
resulted from our correspondence, with the  
concurrence of the Am. Baptist Missionary  
Union, namely, that of supporting native  
preachers in Burmah under your super-  
vision, meets with general approval. Your  
report is quite satisfactory. The fact that  
you have been permitted to employ, in ad-