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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

The Water and the Flower.

A MEMORY.

One quiet eve, some years ago, whilst lingering by a stile
That ran along a wayside path, to watch the clouds
awhile,
Ere thought had lifted from my heart the shadow of
her wing,
I saw a child—a little girl—returning from the spring.
Her well-filled pitcher lightly pressed her curls of silken
hair,
Supported by a tiny hand, and she was very fair,
With something in her sunny face pure as the sky
above,
And something in her gentle eye, that guardian angels
love.

A little flower, blossoming, a step or so aside,
This happy child of innocence with sudden joy espied.
Whilst looking down her pitcher with the same sweet,
joyous song,
She watered it, half laughingly, and gaily tripped
along;
The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a sum-
mer's sun,
And smile beneath the act which she unconsciously had
done,
Whilst wandering on with fairy tread, as merry as
before,
I saw her pass the garden gate, and close the cottage
door.

O! often when this little scene has crossed my thoughts
again,
I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed her
spirit then—
This little girl has tripped through life as joyous to
the last,
Refreshing all the weary hearts that met her as she
passed;
If with unconscious tenderness her heart has paused to
bless
The poor amid their poverty, the sad in their distress,
Still following up God's teachings each passing day
and hour,
Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water and the
flower

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has hush-
ed to rest
The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden
breast,
If to the wayside wanderer where'er her steps have led,
The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from her
head,
O, holy, happy Charity! how many pleasures, lost
By those who have not known thee, had been worthy
of the cost;
How many heads a blessing from a better world have
borne
Whilst lowering the pitcher to the weary and the worn.

Thou who hast stood beside God's spring of blessings
day by day,
To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it away;
The poor and the dejected—whom God hath willed to
roam—
Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy home!
O, let thy heart beat ever quick in actions kind to be,
Remember Him whose bounty has at all times followed
thee,
And deem it not a trouble, in the wayside or the town,
To linger where the weary are, and let the pitcher down.

—Home Journal.

Religious.

Christian Government in India.

The Great question—What does Christianity demand of our Indian governors?—has just received an answer from men whose names must give the greatest weight to their opinions; the answer too given in a form which guarantees the carefulness with which those opinions are expressed. Every intelligent Christian in England, whether he agrees entirely or only partially with the opinions of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, —those opinions being comments on documents penned by Lieutenant-Colonel EDWARDS and Mr. D. F. MAC LEOD, the former Commissioner of Peshawur, and the latter Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, —will almost distrust his own judgment in the presence of such men giving advice on their responsibility. They are all men who have had long experience in Indian affairs, and men who have shown the highest ability in conducting them. One of them we look up to as the saviour of India, and his subordinate commissioner at Peshawur has also gained himself a lasting name, both as a soldier and an administrator.

Colonel EDWARDS takes up the subject boldly. "The elimination of all un-Christian principles from the Government of British India," is the topic which he fearlessly handles in his memorandum. He divides his subject into ten heads, and apparently takes the strongest views on each. He specifies as un-Christian elements, "the exclusion of the Bible and Christian teach-

ing from the Government schools and colleges; the endowment of idolatry and Mohammedanism by Government; the recognition of caste; the observance of native holidays in the various departments of State; the administration by the British of Mohammedan laws, both civil and criminal; the publicity of heathen and Mohammedan processions; the public frequenting of streets by native prostitutes; the restriction of the marriage of European soldiers in India, and the insufficient accommodation of married families in the barracks; the connection of the British Government with the opium trade; and the Indian Excise laws." Here is certainly range enough for an Indian Christian Reform Bill. Colonel EDWARDS, as an Indian Reformer, will not be obnoxious to Sir G. C. LEWIS's inuendo against the Derbyite Reformers, of having no definite evils to amend.

While most of the topics indicated have more or less interest for the Christian public at home, the school question is the one on which we might expect the greatest difference of opinion. Practically, it will become of little consequence now. The order has gone forth that, for financial reasons, the grants in aid are to be one of the first superfluities retracted for economy's sake. Education in India is now to be left to those who will give it to India. Revenues raised by compulsion are to be no longer applied to education, except, we suppose, in some instances as a kind of continuance of vested rights, or of institutions, which being fully established cannot be broken up. We fear, indeed, that the order originated from sentiments which we could not approve, but it has at least cleared the field. The society formed on such noble principles for Christian vernacular education in India, will now have ample scope and ground for urgent appeal to the Christians of this country.

The British Government in India does not stand in the relation of a representative government to the people; it is bound to legislate for the good, but not according to the will, of the people. We are in power in India not by their election, and are, therefore, not their "trustees;" "moral superiority, the force of circumstances, and the will of Providence, alone constitute our charter to govern India." We believe the Bible to be fraught with the highest blessings for the people; we desire to communicate those blessings; we desire it, not only as individuals, but as a Government. Schools offer the opportunity; at the same time we must consistently with Christianity use moral influences only; we may use neither force nor secular inducements; but we may use a fair opportunity of offering the Bible to those who are willing to receive it.

If Government is to educate India, we own that we are satisfied Sir JOHN LAWRENCE must be right. The mischief, as all the ablest Anglo-Indians now agree, has been done by our proffering a neutrality which natives could not believe to be truthful. The best conception an Asiatic has of government is that of a paternal despotism; and they must think, and they have thought, their lords insincere, and guilty, probably, of some secret sinister design, in their apparent abnegation of their own faith. Other conquerors did not so, why should the Feringhees? To show our creed, and to offer it on suitable occasions without either bribes or penalties for acceptance or rejection, must be the course to raise ourselves in the estimation of Asiatics.—*London Freeman*.

Dr. Doddridge's Dream.

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clark, and in religious conversation they spent very many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was not introduced into the presence of the heavenly host, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest, with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in "the visions of

the night," his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form. He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken very ill. By degrees he seemed to himself to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house of suffering and mortality, for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender arial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or village, the forest or the sea was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains.

Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power utterance was denied him; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld, was, for the present, to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendour he replied that while on earth he had often heard that the eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding, the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything which he had actually beheld, yet the grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply, they were already at the door and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said he must now leave him, but that he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found to his astonishment that they formed a complete biography of his own life.—Here he saw upon the canvas that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants, and sent by God they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent.—These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived. The door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sunk down at his feet completely overcome by his majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from

the ground, and taking his hand led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and after having himself drunk presented it to him, saying, This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom. No sooner had he partaken than all his uneasy sensation vanished, perfect love had cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation: "Thy labors are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is the reward." Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided over his spirit and slid into the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of his charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.—*Chr. Observer*.

The Village Tailoress.

A well-drawn sketch of "The Village Tailoress" in *More's Rural New-Yorker*, presents one of a class of eccentric persons found in almost every parish, the unpleasant shades of whose characters are somewhat relieved by their useful, earnest lives. We give one or two glimpses of the picture.—*W. & R.*

While Aunt Hester, the tailoress, was with us, the storm lasted several days, but at length it broke away. During this time that roll of cloth had been suddenly turned into coats, large and small, as if by the skill of a magician. Aunt Hester had gone the rounds of the neighbourhood in her criticisms, in almost every instance presenting a doleful picture of humanity. She had just taken for her text the "Elder's folks."

"There was a time," she said, "when no one thought more of them than I did, but that's gone by. Now they're getting up a donation for 'em, and there ain't no sort of use on't. I b'lieve I shan't go, though I never did slight my minister. Why I've been there and I've seen things I ain't ever told, and ain't goin' to tell. To be sure, you can't call 'em wasteful folks; but I've seen 'em have cake neither you nor I could afford. Then, when other ministers come they get it cut, and you ought to hear 'em laugh. I think a minister should be solemn. O, it does seem dreadful to me, right here in this wicked world where there is so much dyin' and sufferin', to see preachers a laughin'. As I said before, I shan't go."

Just then there was heard the scraping of feet at the door, and the minister himself entered. He shook hands with us all, and turning to Hester, said, "I have come for you to go home with me."

"What for?" said Hester.
"My wife isn't well, and she can't get along with the donation unless you come to help her. We'll see you get your pay for it."

"Get my pay!" exclaimed Hester, indignantly, "I ain't on the town. I was a talking about you, Elder, just as you came in. I said then I didn't see no use of your havin' a donation, and I don't now, but if you insist on't, I s'pose I must go. I was s'ain' too, I thought you was too light and triflin' for a minister, and I'm glad you've come so I can tell you on't. You ought to look solemn than you do." Whereupon the smile upon the minister's face grew all the merrier.

Having given him a "piece of her mind," she good-naturedly put on her cloak and bonnet, and accompanied him home. She was now in her element, putting the "Elder's house to rights," quieting the nerves of his wife, and taking the charge of the whole thing on her own broad shoulders.

When the evening of donation came, not a speck of dust was to be seen anywhere in the house. Everything was in order. There were no books scattered negligently on the centre-table, but piled in one large pile in the middle, one on the top of the other, according to their respective sizes. The chairs stood stark and stiff against the