

Rev. D. Cramp

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Poetry.

Birthday Verses.

In weaving for thy name a birthday lay,
What flowers of hope and beauty shall I twine?
For thee, dear child, I fain would choose the gay,
The lovely—but I've heard they fade away,
Or bloom, transplanted, in another clime.

Young as thou art, I would not cloud thy brow
With dreary thoughts of sorrow and of care;
But still the Bible tells us, and we know,
That sunny skies may cloud, and tears may flow
Where all was once most beautiful and fair.

But oh! thou knowest there are hopes which cling
Around the soul like amarantine flowers,
And whether each returning year may bring
Joy in its glance or sorrow on its wing,
All may alike to thee be hallowed hours.

Then turn thee from the dreams of life away—
Nothing can bless thee like thy Saviour's love—
And at His feet a willing offering lay
Of thy young heart's best service, whilst the ray
Of Gospel light shines on thee from above.

And still I'll wish thee all the joys that earth
Can weave in guileless blossoms round thy
brow;—
The warm affections given—light-hearted mirth—
Such in their sweetness mayst thou ever know.

But oh! may more enduring bliss be thine
Than earth to her most favour'd ones hath given,
And may the glorious light of grace divine
Around thee brighter, brighter, brighter shine,
Till it hath brought thee to thy home in
Heaven.

—Teacher's Offering.

Miscellaneous.

The turned Guide-board.

Some years ago there was a great snow storm in New Hampshire, which lasted several days, keeping the boys and girls from school, and even preventing the good people from getting to church. The wind blew very hard, piling the snow up in large banks all along the roads, upsetting fences, and making great havoc with the sheds and wood piles of the farmers.

But storms cannot last always, and early on the morning after it cleared off, Ned Cass, the farmer's son, sallied out to have sport. Now this Ned was a mischievous boy, always ready for pranks; and this morning he resolved to play truant. While the other children were merrily urging their way to school through the noble great snow banks, he was in pursuit of mischief. After pushing some little children into the snow, and stealing their luncheons, throwing snow balls at poor widow Murray's windows, and doing many other ill-natured things, he came, at a corner between two roads, to a guide board, which had been blown down. "Now," said he, "I will have some fine fun." He carried the guide board across the street, and set it up in a snow bank, but pointed it down the wrong road. He then waited to watch for travellers. By and by a man came along in a sleigh, and looked at the guide board;—"Londonberry, 7 miles." "All right," said he, and away he went in the wrong direction.

Ned laughed heartily at the success of his trick; but, like other evil doers, he was soon found out, and punished for his misdeeds. He went on, however, from bad to worse, till at length he was convicted of robbing a store, and was sent to prison, where he remained a long time.

I have often thought of this trick of Ned, as I have seen how many things there are to lead people astray from right. There is one straight path to happiness and heaven; and there is a guide board—the blessed Bible—set up by our heavenly Father to direct us safely in that path. But, alas! there are many persons who pervert its teachings, and make it point the wrong way. Some point to pleasure, some to riches, and some to vanity and show. They promise you happiness in the theatre, the ball-room, the drinking saloon,—in cigars, and fast driving, and lavish spending of money; and many, especially boys, are induced to turn aside into such ways.

Now let them remember that all such

persons are deceivers. They are playing over Ned's trick of turning the guide board. Whenever such temptations appear, look away at once to that precious Book which God has given, and say, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth." Jer. iii: 4.—*Tract Journal.*

The Religious movement in Wales.

PRAYER-MEETING ON A MOUNTAIN.

The following is a translation of a communication in a Welsh paper, called *Borrer Cymora*, of the 21st of August, describing a prayer-meeting held near the mine works of Trongoch, Wales:

"It was held in the open air on a high mountain. The masters of the mine works gave orders that on account of the meeting no work should be done on that day; and they themselves attended. It was the most wonderful prayer-meeting I ever witnessed. There were some of every denomination present, and two languages were used. The number of those assembled was more than 3000. At the meeting, at ten o'clock, nine prayed, and short addresses were given at intervals. Three prayed in succession, two Welshmen and an Englishman between them, and then a verse of a hymn was sung. The vast assembly all knelt at prayer; and I saw two or three on their knees who, I feel assured, had never been seen before on their knees in prayer; but they knelt down on that day. Heaven poured down its blessings in a powerful and irresistible manner, so that scores were praying, and hundreds were weeping and crying out, 'Praised be God.' The chief subjects in the prayers were a thanksgiving for that great unparalleled visitation granted us by God, manifested in the conversion of so many thousands in our country, together with a prayer that He would go on to save the world, a supplication for natural rain for the earth, and for the restoration of peace in Italy. At two o'clock thirteen prayed, and short addresses were delivered between the prayers; the whole was finished in two hours, and all returned home. At seven, all went to their separate chapels in the neighborhood, and the holy fire was carried home in their bosoms by many. What a scene! 3000 people on a high mountain in prayer to God! I wish there was an artist present, capable of giving a correct representation of the scene. The subjects of their prayers, what could be more suitable and more interesting?"

A correspondent of the *British Standard* says:—It is calculated that about 15,000 have been added to the Churches of the denomination in Cardiganshire since last December, and the additions to the independent Churches in the Parish of Aberdare alone exceed 1200. Besides these there are hundreds of Churches in several districts of North and South Wales to whom additions of from 50 to 100 each have been made since the beginning of the year.

Almost a Robbery.

A few years ago, I was going to New York, when a friend prevailed upon me to carry for him a considerable sum of money, which he owed in that great mart. I took it with fear and trembling, and determined to do my share of watching, while I had it in charge.

At Memphis, I obtained passage on a noble steamer bound for Louisville, and was fortunate enough to have a state-room all to myself. I rejoiced at this, for, as all were strangers to me, I preferred being alone when I must sleep and could not watch.

The boat halted at Cairo, and a great many additional passengers engaged births. The clerk informed me that I must take a partner, that the upper berth was engaged. I had a strange presentment that I was to be robbed and ruined. Bitterly did I repent that I had accepted the money; but all that was unavailing, for I had it, and all was at stake.

Bed-time rolled around, and I retired early, but I would not sleep. As yet, I did not know which of the several hundred passengers was my room-mate, but my fears suggested that he was a rough-looking

customer, and a regular river and steam-boat thief.

The boat was making fine headway on the bosom of the beautiful Ohio. The gorgeous cabin was full of life and gayety. There were three or four tables, at which parties were dealing at cards, losing and winning large sums of gold, imbibing wine with no little freedom, and uttering blasphemies, that seemed to be enough

"To turn the cheek of darkness pale."

In another part were some engaged in the mazy dance, and thus the night wasted away, until about eleven o'clock. I was still awake, wondering what kind of a man my room-mate was, and why he did not make his appearance. Suddenly the door opened, and there he was, sure enough, about six feet one inch in stature, square built, with large whiskers, and rather a rough exterior, just the man, thought I, to strangle me, when I go to sleep, take the money I have in my belt, and make his escape at a woodyard before day. I feigned to be asleep, but watched his movements with a suspicious eye. He glanced at me for a moment, but concluding that I was asleep, he opened his trunk, and was a considerable time in examining its contents. He then slowly undressed, and when ready for bed, to my surprise, he knelt down on his trunk, with his head not eighteen inches from mine, and in a whisper, which he supposed that none heard, but Him that hears all things, he committed his soul and body, health and happiness, absent wife and babes, to the keeping of the Giver of all good. He then arose, climbed into the upper berth, and I soon heard him snoring.

I was no longer afraid of being robbed by that man, but my conscience smote me with a scorpion whip, because in the midst of my watching, I had forgotten to pray. I thought of home and loved ones, and remembered that it was no reason why I should neglect to pray, because I was not at home, or that I was on a boat and among strangers. Reader, do you pray when you are travelling?—*Memphis Advocate.*

We shall be changed.

They laid Christ's body, torn by the crown of thorns, pierced by the nails and the spear, all bloody and cold, and dead, in the tomb: but He was changed, and how glorious was He when He showed Himself to Saul of Tarsus, and to John, His beloved disciple, on the isle of Patmos! They laid Stephen's body, all bruised and mangled with stones, in the grave; but he will be changed, and will come from that grave in brightness and glory. They buried John the Baptist, with his head cut off by the wicked, but he will come from that grave with a crown of life on his head.

Some men went to China once, and because they were forbidden to carry the silkworm out of the country, they hid some of the little creatures' eggs in the top of their staves; and so out of those two dry staves came all the silkworms and all the silk in Europe since! What a wonder! A poor ragpicker takes a short stick in his hand, and goes into the dirty gutters of the streets of the city, and picks up little bits of rags and paper.—These he puts into his dirty bag. But these are washed and made over, and come out the pure white, sheet paper, beautiful enough to have a queen write on it! Who can doubt that God can take these poor bodies, and of them raise up a new and better body? Out of the very darkness and the bones of the grave, He can make something that will be brighter than the sun forever!

These children now before me, so young and so fair, must be changed. They must be changed by time, as it makes them older; by sickness, as it withers them, as the worm withers the flower; by death, which will turn them into corpses; and by Christ, when He comes to waken all the dead! O child! if you love that Saviour, if you please Him, by shunning what He forbids, and doing what He commands, if you live to please and honor Him, you shall be changed, and become like the blessed Saviour forever—holy, glorious immortal, and blessed forever!—*Dr. Todd.*

What one Lottery Prize did.

A man has ten chances of being struck by lightning to one of drawing a prize in a lottery, and all experience shows that the drawing of a prize, when such a rare event does occur, is the worst accident that can befall a man. A striking illustration of this fact has just occurred in New Orleans. A young man who had lost all his money at a gaming table, staked a lottery ticket as his last throw, and lost it. The winner of the ticket, having no confidence in lotteries, proposed to throw dice for it at twenty-five cents a chance. A bystander who never had a hundred dollars in his life won the ticket, and in a few days found himself the lucky holder of a prize of \$25,000. He at once invested a round sum in jewelry and flashy garments, and is leading a life of incessant revelry, which will soon dispose of his accidental fortune and leave him poorer than he was before, by the possession of perverted tastes and destructive habits. The man who first held the ticket, on hearing that it had drawn a prize, became possessed of an excitement which brought on a brain fever and ended in idiotic madness. The second holder of the ticket, who did not believe in lotteries has become a monomaniac on the subject, does nothing but tell the story of his folly in disposing of the lucky ticket, and is unfitted for all business. His mania is hardly less hopeless than the fixed insanity of the first holder.—Thus one prize in a lottery has ruined three men and benefitted nobody. The facts carry their own lesson along with them, and he that runs may read.—*Springfield Republican.*

HEAVEN BECOMING RICH.—Rev. Wm. Adams, D. D., says in a sermon on the late Rev. Dr. Alexander, "What an assemblage of good men are already gathered in the Kingdom of God! How fast is Heaven becoming rich with the spoils collected out of our homes and companionships! Armies returning from fields of carnage enter their metropolis, and a whole population unite to give them an imperial ovation; and wreaths and flowers, and promotions and honors, attest the general gladness. But all this is a passing pageant. Like a vapor, it appeareth but for a moment, and then vanisheth away. But there are honors which endure forever; which will shine above the brightness of the firmament, when every earthly coronet has been consumed in the fires which dissolve the world, and these are the rewards of fidelity: fidelity in our stewardship: fidelity in all offices, and in all relations."

PRAYER TO WORK MIRACLES.—Sir C. Eardley, in a letter to an English paper, gives the following as specimens of the prayers offered up to St. Janurius, at Naples:

"At the altar rails are assembled what are called three of the Saint's Cousins—persons supposed to be members of his family, taken from the fish-women of Naples. These people address the Saint in vehement language, very far removed from that of prayer. I employed a Neapolitan gentleman to take notes of their 'prayers,' and to translate them from the original patois: 'You yellow-faced rascal, why don't you make your blood melt?' 'What is the use of my having prayed to you all my life if you don't make your blood melt?' 'I'll never pray to you again, if you don't make your blood melt.'"

The Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, announces an 8vo. volume about "The Great Tribulation coming upon the Earth." This reverend gentleman has a propensity for prophecy. Once he wrote a book to warn the public that the world would be ended in 1862. This was about 1849, at which time the sagacious prophet, who had only thirteen years before him on his own showing, took a house on a lease for twenty-one years!

JESUS IN THIS LIFE.—"I want," said a young corporal one day to Hedley Vickers, "to have more of Jesus in this life." Christ crucified is not a mere fund in reserve—a kind of extreme unction—to teach men how to die; it is the lever which is to move the life.