

Christian Messenger.

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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

Midnight.

'Tis midnight! and the stars of night
Around my head are shining:
Forming the canopy of night,
With its gold and silver lining.

'Tis midnight! as I stand alone
Amid creations wonders,
I seem to see the Eternal Throne
Rolled on its car of thunders.

'Tis midnight! countless worlds on high
Proclaim Jehovah's power;
Whose glory spreads above the sky
E'en at this awful hour.

'Tis midnight! darkness weaves her shroud
Mantling creation o'er,
And lighting through her pitchy cloud
Glories unseen before.

'Tis midnight! floods of light above
Through seas of darkness pour;
Emblem of thine Eternal Love
Whom humbly I adore.

'Tis midnight! Heaven's eternal King
His robes of glory wears;
Darkness and light encircling,
Decked with ten thousand stars.

'Tis midnight! night's majestic throne,
Spreading o'er land and sea
Is but thy curtained footstool, down
Where I may bend to thee.

'Tis midnight! o'er yon awful arch,
Millions of suns are clustering,
All moving in their mingled march
To Heaven's high music mustering.

'Tis midnight! awful silence reigns,
And lulls the world to rest,
But light, and love, and joy remains
Within my peaceful breast.

O God! the day and night are thine—
Thy glory they proclaim,
On each is stamped thy name divine
In glowing lines of flame.

R. S. T.

Missions.

For the Christian Messenger.

Our Foreign Mission.

MESSENGERS EDITORS,—

It is doubtless in the remembrance of many of your readers, that it was resolved at our last meeting of Convention to devote all the money in hand that had been raised for the contemplated Australian mission, to the support of sister Crawley's Female School in Burmah, provided none of the donors, after notice given, object to this transfer. No objection being made, the money was remitted to me, as Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board. On the receipt of it, Mr. Samuel Wheelock, the Treasurer, and I, in accordance with a resolution of the Board, transmitted the sum of four hundred dollars to Rev. A. R. R. Crawley, for the support of native Preachers in Burmah, and one hundred dollars to aid in sustaining the Female School. I trust these sums will be received by him shortly.

On the 8th inst. a letter was received from Bro. C., from which the following extracts are taken:—

"HENTHADA, Sept. 29th, 1858.

"My dear Dr. Tupper,—Since the setting in of the rainy season, my time has been occupied with zayat preaching in the city, and with several excursions into the district. A detailed account of these would only present a wearying sameness to those who, like yourself, and I am happy to be able to believe, the majority of the brethren at home, are pretty intimately acquainted with the ordinary routine of missionary work. A short description of 'a missionary tour' may not, however, prove wholly uninteresting, if it only serves to bring once more freshly before the mind a new illustration of that part of a missionary's duties.

"The field occupied by the Henthada Mission borders on that of the Bassien; and a number of large villages lying within the limits of the latter, but much nearer to Henthada than to Bassien, it seemed, for

many reasons, advisable that we, (i. e. Mr. Dayton, missionary at Bassien, and myself) should visit them together. Accordingly I improved the opportunity to accompany Mr. Dayton, on his return from paying us a short visit, to the places above referred to. We journeyed in a covered boat, and found the season (the middle of the rains) more favourable for travelling than even the cold season. We visited four large villages, at each of which our zayat was crowded the whole day long, and the usual amount of discussion and repetition—'line upon line'—gone through, leaving us in most cases no other encouragement than that derived from the consciousness of having preached the Gospel that is able to save. I must not fail, however, to notice one remarkable exception to the above remark. At whatever village a missionary arrives, he must expect, as soon as it is generally known that he has come, a visit from the most learned man of the village, with a large retinue of his 'disciples' to witness the expected discomfiture in argument of the 'Foreign teacher,' or 'White book teacher,' as he is called. It must be understood that the Burmese have a passion for a metaphysical argument. We had not been long settled in a comfortable zayat at the town of Pautau, when we observed an old man, white-headed, but hale and strong, coming towards us, at the head of a most respectable number of followers. We discovered at once that this was the 'Great teacher,' and prepared ourselves for an exciting discussion. He saluted us respectfully, and with an observable absence of the hauteur so common to a Burmese *great man*. He immediately began by requesting us to tell him all we had to say, that he might know wherein he differed from us. Imagine our amazement when he assented to all the great truths we had mentioned, and told us he had believed them for many years, and had long ago separated himself from idol-worship, and all the other observances of heathenism. More than this, some ten or fifteen persons in the town believed as he did.

"I dare say I have quite failed so to state this incident as to make you appreciate the peculiar excitement it occasioned us. Occurrences like this, rare though they certainly are, are yet sufficiently frequent to add in no small degree to our assurance that our cause is the cause of God, and must prevail. But I must reserve any further observations for a future letter.

"Most respectfully yours,
"ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY."

It may be proper for me to remark, that in addition to the amount paid over that had been contributed for the Australian Mission, (£21 7s.) collections have been received from Lower Aylesford and Upper Wilmot, from Weymouth, &c., per Rev. C. Randall, and from St. John. N. B. per Rev. I. E. Bill. Where contributions have not yet been taken up for this mission, brethren will please see to have them taken without farther delay. Remittances may be made to the Treasurer, Wilmot, the Secretary, Wilmot, or the Editors of C. M., Halifax. Those who make them will please specify the particular object for which the several sums are contributed. As there is a small balance in hand given for the support of the Female School, it is desirable that contributions designed for this should be forwarded in time to be sent with the next remittance to Bro. Crawley for the support of native Preachers, which must be made in the course of a few months.

Yours in Gospel bonds,
CHARLES TUPPER, Secretary,
Aylesford, Jan. 14, 1859.

A Narrative.

[From the London Irish Chronicle.]

N. G. was a native of county A., in the north of Ireland. Her parents were Roman Catholics, very poor, but very zealous as regarded the traditions of their fathers. In conformity with the almost invariable practice, N. was brought, when still very young, to chapel. There she beheld the wondrous man, in the strange and striking garments, bowing, turning, occasionally bending the knee, and performing with

punctilious ceremony that pantomime which binds as with a spell the imaginations of the worshipping thousands that behold him. In reply to the earnest inquiries of her excited mind, she was told, on her return home, that this was the priest, that he was among men in the place of God, and that she must try with heart and soul to please him, doing all he might command, and avoiding whatever he might forbid. She was also enjoined to tell him whatever in her character she thought might be wrong, with the understanding that it was in his power, as he might please, to retain or remit her sin. She was likewise told that, were he pleased with her, he could anoint her in her dying hour, and thus open to her the gate of heaven. With what power was he thus arrayed in her infantile mind! With what awe did she behold him! How did she tremble before him as one who held in his hands, not merely her present weal or woe, but her eternal destiny! To her his word was law, his frown an evil not to be borne, his approval her highest ambition.

Such was N's. early training. Such is the training of myriads in Ireland at this moment—training that scarcely any ever neglect! Thieves, pickpockets, and the most accomplished in ruffianism, never, in this respect, prove indifferent to their offspring. The Irish poor have many faults—nought would I here extenuate—but they are not *infidels*, nor without natural affection, and such religion as they have, they do, with all diligence, *communicate to their little ones*, around whom the heart's finest tendrils are ever invincibly entwined. Would that they had learned "a more excellent way!" Would that those who are more favoured than they were equally faithful to their families!

N. has grown up to womanhood. In consequence of a natural quickness and thirst for knowledge, she has acquired the art of reading a little, then a rare endowment in such circumstances as hers. But in her hand she has never held for a moment a copy of the Word of God! Of the Old or of the New Testament she has never heard! She would not have known what the title meant! She was about as ignorant, in this respect, as those priests, in the days of Luther, who declared indignantly against that *new language* called the Greek which some had lately *invented*, and in which they had written a book called the New Testament, which had originated such a number of heresies as had well-nigh ruined the church!

"Swaddler" is, in these parts, a term, not over respectful, to denote one who is not a priest nor a minister of the Church of England. Fame, with her thousand tongues, has published, far and wide, that such a one is to preach in the neighbourhood. There is novelty in the circumstance, and consequent excitement. Curiosity is taking a number to hear what the "babbling" may have to say. N. was present among the rest. The Word of God proclaimed by this herald proves itself to be "quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, and a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Our young friend felt as if her heart had been laid bare under the preacher's gaze. He had nothing, scarcely, in common with the priest. There was nothing about him of concealment or mystery,—no assumption of peculiar dignity or power,—and yet, before the address is concluded, N. is conscious of an influence to which she had previously been a stranger. The result is, she becomes very unhappy. She feels that her heart is not right with God. The sharp arrows of conviction have entered her soul. Hitherto she had heard only of the commandments of the church (which respect saints' days, attendance to mass, &c.), and of those of the ten commandments which her church permitted its votaries to learn. She is now brought to see that "the law is exceeding broad," extending not merely to what is outward, but to the heart—to the thoughts and feelings as well as to words and actions. And it is by this law—by trying to live a stricter life—she still desires to be saved! Vain attempt! It becomes to her only "the knowledge of sin." In return for all her

confidence and endeavours, it only exhibits in light more vivid how much she comes short, and her continually increasing guilt. It is to her a law that "worketh wrath."

Feeling miserable, and having been from her infancy accustomed to trust in the priest, to confess to him, and to receive a satisfying absolution, she has again recourse to him. She tells him of her vain thoughts, that she does not love the Lord with all her heart, and likewise of her want of *god-likeness*. On these matters he did not seem to feel strongly. But, unfortunately, she also tells him that she has heard the strange preacher! At this his face becomes black as a thunder-cloud. He denounces it as the very climax of transgression. A heavy penance is imposed, part of which is the performance of certain stations at Lough Derg. N. is obedient. She wants peace with God—a pearl of such price in her view, that to obtain it she will do, dare, or submit to anything. She performs carefully, and to the utmost, the prescribed penance. She attends to all that the most exacting superstitions can require. In the anguish of her mind, she makes full proof of all the benefit which the remedies suggested by her priest can impart. But she found them vain remedies. Her distress of mind continued. All her penances had been but miserable comforters. The little light she had received gives her still to see that she has become no better than she had previously been, that she is still a sinner and deserving of hell. "Fear and trembling came upon her, and horror overwhelmed her." At length it is again published that he who preached before is to preach in the same place again. Will she go? Will she brave the priest's anger? Will she risk further penance? "A wounded spirit who can bear?" Therefore is she again present, listening—oh, how eagerly—if there be any comfort for her. With what majesty and power did those words come home to her stricken soul,—"*The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.*" This was just the balm she wanted. Her case was now met exactly. But what is the consequence? She has peace, but how? It is from *Christ*, not the priest—from the *blood of the cross*, not from penances, the *absolution*, or the *unction*. This blood takes away *all sin*; and wherefore, then, a *purgatory*? Wherefore, then, the continual repetition of the *sacrifice of the mass*? What a condition! Has she been all her lifetime the victim of fatal error? Does the *infallible church* prohibit inquiry, with the view of concealing her *apostasy*? Such were the conclusions forced upon her in spite of herself. But she searched the Scriptures daily as to whether these things were so. Like a little child she received the truth in the love of it. After a time she moved from that neighbourhood to a locality where she might enjoy, what her soul now panted for, the privilege of Christian fellowship. Our church at T. became her home; and, all her remaining days, her humble and earnest walk adorned the truth she had received.

But her heaven-born soul dwelt in a body oppressed with a complication of diseases. Her sufferings were almost without interruption. She was entirely dependent on her needle for support. Is there, then, any work in the Lord's vineyard to which such a one is equal? Without education, of but weak capacity, poorest among the poor, and, likewise, a continual sufferer, need poor N. attempt anything for Christ? The love of Christ constrains her—love stronger than every opposing difficulty; and she must render again according to the benefit she has received. Accordingly, she knows several young people, amiable and excellent, but strangers to the true grace of God. How dare to preach to them? This is not her plan. This she will not think of for a moment. No; she will get them to preach to her. Accordingly, she explains to one that she is not proficient in reading, but she dearly loves her Bible, and she would take it as a very great favour if he would come and read a chapter with her occasionally. He does so. N. has a great many questions to ask, to which, in his generous kindness, he is anxious to give the fullest replies, little imagining all the time that,