

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS : FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

The Stranger's Friend.

Be thou the stranger's friend;
Nor sect, nor party know;
To all, thy bounty bear or send,
In want, disease, and woe.
Thy heart, in mercy, melt
O'er all the sons of grief;
Where'er a pang of woe is felt,
Haste to afford relief.

Do good to all; let none
Thy pity e'er pass by;
All souls in sorrow 'neath the sun
To soothe and succour try.
Where'er a tear is shed,
Go thou and shed a tear;
By sympathy thy voice be led
The woe-wrung heart to cheer.

Where'er by dire disease
Thy fellow low is laid,
Go thou his pillow smooth, and ease
His palpitating head.
Where'er the hand of death
Has seized a human heart;
Haste thee, and as he gasps for breath,
Some elixir impart.

The sinner tell of One
He needs his soul to cure:—
The good Physician, who alone
Can pardon and make pure.
The saint console, and say
His Saviour suffer'd more,
And there will come, ere long, the day
His anguish shall be o'er.

Be thou the stranger's friend,
Nor sect, nor party know;
To all, thy bounty bear or send,
In want, disease, and woe.
Then when, as Judge, thy Lord
Shall sit upon His throne,
He shall to thee pronounce the word,
The thrilling word—"Well done!"
C. W. SKEMP.

Religious.

Western Africa.

"The wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain."

Our readers will remember the interesting operations of our English brethren in their missionary labours at the island of Fernando Po, on the west coast of Africa, and the tyrannical measures recently adopted by the Spanish government, in suppressing all worship not under the Roman Catholic Church. It will be remembered, too, that the missionaries had left the island in consequence, and had commenced a settlement on the mainland, at Amboises Bay, calling it VICTORIA.

The *Missionary Herald* for February, just arrived, gives some further information, which will, we doubt not, deeply interest many of our readers:—

The Committee have recently been in frequent correspondence with the Government respecting the proceedings at Fernando Po, by whom all their representations have been courteously received. They have forwarded to the British Minister at Madrid a memorial which had been prepared, setting forth the facts of the case, and a claim for indemnity for the value of the property there, and losses sustained in consequence of the proceedings of the Government, with directions to lay it before the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs. It also gives us sincere pleasure to have to state that, in compliance with the request of the Committee, Lord Malmesbury has communicated with the Board of Admiralty, and that in consequence orders have been sent out to the senior officer of Her Majesty's ships on the coast to render all the assistance in his power, as far as the exigencies of the service will permit, to enable the emigrants to be conveyed to Victoria with comfort by Her Majesty's ships.

The officers of the Society are also in communication with the Spanish Legation in London, and there is some ground for expecting that the Society's claims will, ere long, be recognised and met.

CLARENCE, FERNANDO PO.—By our re-

cent letters we find that Mr. Diboll has at length been constrained to leave the island, and is now resident at Victoria. Not only had orders been received to expel the missionaries, but notice had been given by the Spanish Governor, that the house inhabited by Mr. Diboll, and the land surrounding it, were imperatively required for the purposes of the Government of Spain. Claims for compensation were immediately sent by Mr. Saker. The Committee is also in communication with the Spanish embassy in London, and a memorial has been sent in to the Government of the Queen of Spain, after that the English Government had intimated to the Committee their intention to support the claims of the Society. We may therefore hope that the loss entailed on the Society by this act of aggression will, to a certain extent, be provided for, and a full compensation be granted for the damage and seizure of property, which our exclusion from the island entails. It may, however, be feared that a similar act of justice will not be accorded to the people, should they even be permitted to leave Fernando Po for the freedom of the new settlement in Amboises Bay.

Mr. Diboll, in his last letter from Clarence, dated October 18, thus writes:—

"The day after the last mail left us I received a communication, stating that a part of the mission is placed at the disposal of the government. A few days later a Spanish transport entered the cove, having on board twenty-three convicts and twenty-five soldiers. Others are coming. Fernando Po is a Spanish penal settlement! Mr. Lynsager is no longer Lieut.-Governor, and reports says that I am under orders to quit the island.

"Our position among our foreign neighbours becomes less agreeable every day. Their vigilance increases with their numbers. I need not say that the present time is with us a time of great anxiety. It is near five months since we were able to raise our voices in the sanctuary. And our poor members are saying, 'If the Spaniards send you away, what will we do?' I am thankful that many of them bear up well under the trial.

"Having obtained permission to do so, I have, on the last two Lord's-days, preached on board the 'Margaret Ann,' of Liverpool, Captain Hortley. I have had more religious conversation with the captains of English vessels these last few weeks, than in as many months previously.

"I went to the mountain last week, saw a few of the chapels and some of the people. But the greater number were far away at their farms. I fear my visit was of but little value; but I did the best I could. It is not probable that I can go again. It is likely that many of them will go further back into the bush, to avoid collision with their unwelcome neighbours."

The *Herald* then proceeds:—This may be said to close our direct missionary work in Fernando Po. All further communication with its people will be confined to mere secular arrangements. The darkness of ignorance and superstition once more settles down on that interesting and beautiful island. Gospel light is quenched so far as Rome can extinguish it—we trust indeed to rise more brightly on the great continent, yet leaving to priest-ridden Spain the guilt of driving into exile the servants of Christ, and shutting the Word of God to the poor ignorant people over whom she claims the rights of sovereignty. So far as the past is concerned we have cause for gratitude to God. Many souls have been converted. Many have died in the faith. Many live to serve the Saviour in simplicity and holiness of life. The entire colony has been for some eighteen years under Christian oversight, its youth educated in true piety, and its principal inhabitants have become the acknowledged servants of God. Probably one-half of them will emigrate to the new colony; but, in the hearts of those who remain, the seed of the Word of God has been sown, we trust to withstand both the threats and the allurements of the priests of Rome. The example of Tahiti encourages the hope that this aggression may be found as fruitless, and that our coloured brethren in Fernando Po will remain faithful to the pure gospel of Christ.

Mr. Diboll landed at Victoria towards the end of October, with some loss of goods owing to the imperfect means of landing at present existing. The first days of his arrival are thus described:—

"I found one efficient man, and one boy; our own party from Clarence added seven more to the colony; and we were soon strengthened by two arrivals from Cameroons. We now number thirty

persons, some of whom go to Clarence to-morrow with Mr. Saker.

"Of the place, as I found it, no description that I can give would convey an adequate idea.

"I found the 'Palace,' a building the growth of a few hours, about thirty feet square, with one opening, and rooms about nine feet deep, all opening into a yard into the centre of these rooms; one is the cooking-room for the whole community, and one is set apart for the celebration of Divine Worship, and here we raise our voices in praise of our dear Redeemer. Here we unite in lowly prayer, and here we commemorate the Saviour's dying love and rising power, and here we rejoice that in the forest we find liberty to worship God.

"I am now residing in the iron house, with my two daughters; and our conveniences are arising round it; every day witnesses some improvement. I assure you that 'a man is famous as he lifteth up the axe upon the thick trees.' Mr. Saker is a wonder at it. I have made some feeble attempts, and failed; it has always sent me to bed; however, I contrive to employ my time in some way for good.

"We have our regular morning and evening religious services, and our Lord's day services are of the same character as at Clarence."

Thus the new colony may be said to be fairly launched. An asylum is opened for the oppressed, and another light set up for the illumination of this great portion of the earth. May the prayers of the church be heard, and the kingdom of our Lord have a wide extension from this forest-home of his people.

PATIENCE.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

"Try again," said Mrs. Brown, encouragingly.

"I have tried again, and still again, until I am fairly discouraged, and it's of no use."

"Every day"—Mrs. Edwards had proceeded thus far, when romping little Jenny, a merry child of six years, burst into the room, followed by Willie, two years younger, who, in his eager haste, stumbled over the baby, seated upon the carpet, and threw him prostrate, upon which the little one set up a series of cries and screams in no way pleasant.

Mrs. E. sat still a moment, with compressed lips, and darkening brow; then springing from her chair, she caught Willie, and put him out of the room, and closed the door violently, saying, "There, don't let me see your face for an hour." Then seizing Jenny by the arm, she placed her, not very softly, upon a chair near the door, and said, "You are enough to craze one, now see if you can behave a moment." Picking up baby, she gave him his playthings, not once noticing the little eager, outstretched arms and sorry look, as she left him to himself, and went back to her rocking-chair, and her conversation on her peculiar trials with these same children, who had so rudely interrupted her.

"There; I declare it is enough to weary the patience of Job," said she, passing her handkerchief over her moist brow. "Did you ever hear such noisy children? What I shall do with them, I'm sure I don't know."

Good old Mrs. Brown said nothing, but the rapidity of her knitting showed that her mind was busy. She was one of Mrs. Edwards' neighbours, and had come in to pass the afternoon. Kind, pleasant and loving always, Mrs. E. looked up to her, as one of her best and truest friends. More than once had her timely advice been of great service, and now she hoped for assistance in her perplexity. Mrs. B. did not speak, however, and so Mrs. Edwards kept on. "I get all worn out and discouraged during the day, and when James comes home at night, I sometimes begin to tell him over my trials, when he just laughs, and tells Jenny what a comfort she is to her mamma, frolics with Willie, calling him a fine boy, dances baby, and makes him caper and crow, telling me all the while how good natured they all are!" In the morning they are all asleep when he goes away, so he knows but little about them!

"O dear! when will woman's troubles be less?" Here the excited mother stopped to take breath, and looked at her friend, who was now knitting as calmly as if there was not a child on earth. Thinking Jenny very still, she looked next to where she sat her, when lo, she was gone. Taking ad-

vantage of her mother's excited talk, she had stolen softly out to join her brother. This did not tend to calm Mrs. E., who started immediately in pursuit. She found them both in the back yard, running to and fro, falling down, now and then, by way of variety, and greatly to the detriment of white pants and aprons. Shaking Willie, and saying sharply, "Look at your clothes, you careless child," she left him, and took Jenny into the house, seating her upon the chair again, at the same time giving her three or four smart blows upon her cheek, saying, "Now see if you can sit still; I'll learn you not to sly off so, miss." Once more she seated herself, when baby finding all his playthings beyond his reach, and tired, also, of sitting upon the floor so long, commenced crying, and she must get up again and take him.

Just then Willie came in with a huge rent in his apron, his face red with temper and excitement, and wanted water. "O! dear, dear," sighed poor Mrs. E. Aunt Brown kindly offered to get the water, and going into the kitchen, she not only gave him to drink, but bathed his face and head in the cool water, and the little fellow was soon at his play again, while Aunt Brown sought the sitting room. Jenny sat in the chair, her curly head thrown back, and the traces of tears upon her plump cheeks—fast asleep! She could not sit still awake, so nature came to her relief. Taking her in her arms, Mrs. Brown said, "Katie, where shall I lay her?" Mrs. E. started from her study; all her anger vanished at seeing Jenny asleep, and she quickly placed a pillow upon the sofa, and she was laid down. The baby, too, soon followed his sister's example, and was laid upon the other end of the same sofa, and Mrs. E., with a sigh of relief, turned to her sewing.

Then Mrs. Brown spoke. Her large brown eyes were filled with tears, her lip quivered, and she said, "Katie, shall I tell you a story?" Mrs. E. nodded assent, and she commenced. "Years ago I learned the lesson you must learn. I had a husband then, and three dear little ones. I was young, energetic, impatient, and nervous. The noise of my children disturbed me. I wished them to be quiet, and thoughtful, like men and women. One day, not feeling well, their noise disturbed me even more than usual, and I sent the two oldest out to play. In a little while, Jamie, my second and only boy, came running in, rough and boisterous as he always was. He carelessly hit my arm as I sat sewing, and I pressed my needle deep into my finger. The pain and the provocation unnerved me, and I raised my hand and struck him, on the head, a blow that sent him far from me, at the same time saying, with my voice choked with passion, 'Now be more careful.' He put his hand to his head, burst into tears, and left the room. I was sorry I struck him; I did not intend to inflict so severe a blow; my conscience smote me a few moments, and then the event passed from my mind. He played out till tea time. I had recovered my usual good spirits, and at the table noticed Jamie's wit and fun as he played with his father. When I undressed him, I called his father's attention to his looks, so rosy and so healthy. He repeated his little prayer, kissed me, and said sweetly, 'Good night, mamma,' and was soon asleep. About 9 o'clock he woke up screaming, and I saw him sitting up, trying to ward off some imaginary blow. His eyes were open, but he did not know me. I took him up in my arms. His hands were hot and dry, his lips parched. All-night we watched by his couch, listening to his piteous cries, 'Don't whip Jamie, mamma, don't whip Jamie, he is so sorry,' and then he would place his little hot hands upon his head, and cower down, as though the blow was coming. O Katie, the anguish of that night! How I prayed for his life. How I begged forgiveness for that thoughtless blow. I knew it was the first cause of his sickness, and if he died, the cause of his death, and I—I—his own mother, had dealt it! But reason at length returned. He had a long and tedious fever, but recovered. God heard my prayer, and I never struck another blow in the heat of passion. My simple tale is finished, Katie,