

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES,  
Vol. IV. No. 13.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1859.

WHOLE SERIES.  
Vol. XXIII. No. 13.

## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### LINES.

The fourth green branch is broken  
From off the family tree,  
And there's but ten remaining now  
Where eleven used to be.  
And there's wailing for our daughter,  
The fourth of that bright band—  
Her youthful feet have led the way  
Into the spirit land.  
Alas! alas! sweet daughter,  
Our daughter fair and young,  
We miss the light of her glad smile—  
The music of her tongue;  
And we mourn with bitter mourning  
For our hearts are crushed and sore,  
When we think of our departed child  
To come again no more.  
Our bright and lovely daughter—  
She passed from earth away,  
With her fresh beauty and her strength  
Unmarked by decay.  
No sorrow yet had found her—  
No heavy shade of care  
Was on her heart, but only hope  
And gladness, rested there.  
She went forth on a journey,  
With smiling lips and eye,  
In one short week returned again,  
And laid her down to die;  
And when we knelt beside her  
She words of comfort spoke—  
Told all to seek the Saviour,  
And bear his gentle yoke  
But on the solemn night she died,  
To our sad hearts 'twas given  
To watch beside the breathing clay,  
And then the link was riven—  
And that young loving spirit,  
So pure, and warm, and bright,  
Passed upward to that spirit land  
Where there is no more night.  
Oh! young glad-hearted daughter  
Our hearts are bowed with grief,  
To think a mother's darling child  
Should have a life so brief;  
And to see that mother drooping,  
And pining day by day  
For the light of that dear clay-cold face,  
Which death has snatched away.  
A father's heart is made to bleed—  
Bowed down with age and cares,  
And the burden of that heavy grief  
Which he so meekly bears.  
'Tis hard to leave our daughter  
In the cold and silent earth,  
And see her vacant place beside  
The family board and hearth;  
And ever more to miss her,  
In every path we tread,  
And feel whenever we speak of her  
We're speaking of the dead.  
Ah me! our home is lonely—  
Our hearts are crushed and sore,  
And yearning for the dead will thrill  
Our bosoms evermore.  
February 7th, 1859.

## Miscellaneous.

### Our Foreign Mission.

The Secretary of our Foreign Missionary Board, Rev. Dr. Tupper, received another letter from Burmah, of about the same date as the one in our pages a week or two since, and forwarded it to our N. B. contemporary, the *Visitor*. Although it gives but little information additional to that before given to our readers, yet a few extracts will be interesting to many.

Mr. Crawley gives an account of a visit to Taingdau, by the river, in company with Rev. Mr. Douglass, missionary at Bassein. After having hauled up for the night, Mr. D., he says, "fired his gun several times, attempting to shoot some birds for our boatman's supper. Presently we discerned in the dim twilight, creeping along in the shadow of the bank, a small boat well filled with men, 'Robbers or friends?' soon brought them up, when we heard that they were a body of river police. Attracted by the firing they had come with all haste to ascertain its cause. They were armed and prepared to attack robbers should the firing prove to proceed from them. As the country has been completely disarmed, the police know when they hear firing that it comes either from the 'white foreigners' or from dacoits. We preached to them and gave them tracts when they returned, with no very deep regrets, probably, that their courage had not been called into exercise."

Walking on the sand at the side of the

river they were alarmed on discovering a large snake, eighteen feet in length, asleep, as they supposed, but soon found that it was dead—the natives having "slaughtered him and made off with the gall, which they regard, for medicinal qualities equal to quinine."

Mr. Crawley says:—

"I was most cordially received at Taingdau. Even the heathen seemed glad to see me. I had not been there long before I was quietly informed that among the inquirers there was a man and his wife who intended to ask for baptism. Though inwardly most joyfully surprised at the intimation I said nothing, but followed the rule which I have laid down for uniform observance on such occasions, namely, to have the final decision, the last step which makes the breach between heathenism and Christianity, outwardly at least, widely unmistakable, and at once recognisable by all the idolatrous acquaintance of the candidate uninfluenced by me. \* \* \* The second and last day of my stay was wearing on. Crowds had come, heard, received books and departed. Still the house was filled, overcrowded, so that the slender bamboo flooring threatened to give way. Talking and argumentation had ceased. The people had understood that their fellow-townsmen had embraced the new religion, and was going to be baptized. Hence the expectant attitude of the assembly. Presently, in a tone of disappointment the male candidate said—'May I not ask for baptism?' This was the sign to begin the meeting for examination. I preached from the parable of the king's marriage supper to his son, expatiating particularly upon the impressive passage when the king interrogates the man who had not on the wedding garment, and enforcing its onerous bearing as a solemn warning to beware of trusting in anything but the righteousness of Christ for acceptance with God 'on that day,' upon the present occasion. The candidates both sustained a very satisfactory examination, in which two of the old disciples, who accompanied me from the Henthada Church took part.

They were baptized in the presence of a great crowd of spectators, to all of whom they were well known. The man is a son in law of Ko-oung-Ban, having married his eldest daughter. What a change has been wrought in him you may judge from the fact that when his father made a profession of religion he was furious, threatened to leave the house for ever, and upon Ko-oung Ban's remonstrating with him, seized the old man by the hair of the head and hurled him to the ground. May we not earnestly hope, that the same power which wrought effectually to the conversion of Paul has subdued this man, and brought him into captivity to it?"

### Extemporaneous Preaching.

Young preachers will do well, I conceive, to ponder the following from the pen of the late Rev. Spencer H. Cone, of New York—

A Student at Acadia.

"You will see a lawyer in a court of justice trying a case. His client's interests are at stake. He is their defender. Perhaps it is money interest; perhaps the deeper interest of reputation; or, dearest of all, life itself. The judge upon the bench—the jury in the box, have the fate of his client in their hands. To save him, their minds are impressed by argument; their hearts touched by eloquence and pathos. To what a task does a good counsel set himself. Every power of the body—every quality of the mind is taxed and strained to the utmost. His memory contributes its stores of learning. His rhetoric adorns what is dry, smooths what is rugged, and makes the path so pleasant that his hearers are enticed along with him wherever he will have them go. His fancy and imagination play with seductive brilliancy around the subject. His heart contributes all its tenderest emotions to heighten and fix the impression, and stamp his words with the mint-mark of nature and truth.

Does he not deserve success in a good

cause? But behold, man is arraigned at the bar of heaven. A God too just to look upon sin with the least allowance, is the awful Judge. The doom of the finally impenitent is a hell of endless torment, where hope never enters. The prisoner, careless of his fate, ignorant of his danger, stands there in hardened folly. The preacher who is to plead with sinners—who is to stand between the living and the dead—who is to warn a soul worth more than all the worlds, to flee from the wrath to come; who is to point him to Christ as the only Saviour for one so lost and guilty; the only Advocate with the Father; who is to endeavor to strike through the iron casing which bars the passage to his heart, and arouse him to the imminent peril in which he stands; the man who is to tell that wonderful—that soul piercing and enrapturing story of the Cross—reads it all from a well-written manuscript! Can that man's soul be lifted up to the mercy-seat as he does so? Can his heart be bursting with agony and love for precious human souls—his eyes fountains of tears—his whole being wrapt and engaged in the sublime responsibility of his office? It is possible it may, but can sinners see it in his eyes, and hear it in his voice? Can he forget himself—his mere words—everything but the infinite sorrow of a lost soul—the infinite love of a dying, risen, interceding Saviour? and will that be so palpable that conviction will strike the dullest? I cannot think it. And shall a lawyer, for the sake of the things of this world, task all the noblest attributes of man, and, but to save for some unhappy wretch an hour, a month, a year of painful breath, display unmatched devotion, energy, fire, passion, everything; and he who pleads for souls, whose object is to snatch men from the precipice, below which roll the fiery billows of eternal woe—shall he do less? Dare he do less?"

### The brave Engineer.

At the railroad station in Syracuse, N. Y., there is assigned to Mr. Glenn the duty of arranging each day to which of the engines the several trains are to be assigned, so that as the hour of departure for each comes, the engine will be ready to take its burthen.

He was for a number of years an engineer in active service, distinguished for courage and prompt resolution. There are some instances of this, which by their incidents ought not to be omitted from the roll of the truly brave deeds done by men.

He was at his bar, his engine careering on with the speed that only steam's strength can give; the road was clear; the busy wheels kept their regular roll; the huge drivers beneath his feet made swift circling, and they who in the cars were borne onward, knew no obstacle in their journey. Everything moved on according to the card, and they who were by the roadside found the car marking, by its passage, the movement as accurately as if it was the hand of a great dial. Suddenly, he discovered a small object near the rail. The human vision grows sharp beyond the optician's art in such an instant. The object moved, assumed form, became only too apparent. It was a little girl playing with the dirt between the rails.

One may in the race pull the blooded horse to his haunches and in a brief space control his movement; and springing muscle has but a light weight to control; the backward paddle soon changes the course of the steamer; but this large engine, with its rather rush than roll, ponderous, powerful, so earnest in its motion that it must have great space for change, how shall this stop before it shall crush out of all form of life the feeble child? The play with the soil is of such importance that the little one does not hear the roar of the wheels, or if it does, it is the child of a cabin proximate to the rail, and the sound is a familiar one—it continues its play, and nearer by an advance that is the very step of death, the train comes toward it. Mr. Glenn determined in a test accuracy of judgment that his train could not stop in time! What if it was checked, and the speed that was measuring the mile by the very few minutes,

diminished, the death blow by the swifter would be the more merciful—destruction was certain—the little one must meet the force that would crush it from the record of the living, and its play went on as if it were at its mother's feet.

The brave man read the realities of the scene in an instant! He left his bar! The fireman's heart forgot to beat; as for the passengers, they were acting out the everyday scenes of a commonplace peaceable journey; perhaps the checked speed caused somebody to lay down his newspaper; of the intense scene without he knew nothing.

He left his bar, and walked firmly over the top of the locomotive, over the boiler, past the smoke stack, he climbed over the front and down the step-like framework of the pilot, and grasping that with a desperate strength, he leaned over! The bars of iron seemed to glide dizzily beneath him, and now the struggle for the child was one between death and bravery, and as ever in this mortal time, the King of Terrors seemed to have all the might in his skeleton hand. He leaned over! he reached forward! and at the instant, at that period of time, (moment is too long a word to express this) that the cruel edge of the pilot was about to crush the little one, he, not the locomotive, struck the child; if ever there was a bold love touch, this was one; and the child laid between the ties; and on the fast train darted. Then down went the brakes, the strong arm of the brakeman strained the wheel lever to crowd the delaying surface against the speed; then passengers aroused to find the train coming to a halt, while neither station nor tank was near; then this brave man trod his locomotive top back again, and as soon as the power of the advance could be subdued, jumped from his iron step and ran down the road; the wonder was that agitated limbs could move so fast, and here—there was the child, living, unharmed, not a bone broken, not quite recovered from its astonishment at the life-giving blow which had turned aside the dart of death.

Restored to its parents, who thronged around its deliverer, the little one, too young to realize that it had quivered on the very verge of another world, was taken home, Mr. Glenn returned to his engine, and the locomotive careered on its grand progress with not a stain of blood upon its burnished metal.

And is not this the record of a deed of the highest order of bravery,—the courage that saves life?

SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF AN ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—We copy the following from the *English Baptist Magazine*, for February:—

If any of our readers are of speculative turn, the following advertisements contained in a single newspaper may interest them. Those who "trade in the souls of men" seem to be driving a brisk business from the number of livings in the market. To save space we only give a brief outline of each "cure of souls" to be put up to public auction:—

"The vicarage of *Audlem*; the tithes commuted at £700 per annum, with a good parsonage-house; incumbent in his sixty-third year.

The rectory of *Caterham*, with good parsonage-house; tithes £500 per annum; incumbent fifty-three years of age, population small.

The rectory of *Crathorne*; population VERY SMALL; age of rector near seventy; income about £260; good rectory-house and buildings.

A living in *Devonshire*; income about £400 a year; a superior rectory-house; population about 300; immediate legal possession.

A rectory, well situate in an agricultural district; the net income exceeds £400 a year; population moderate; prospect of immediate possession.

A living in a favourite midland country, seventy miles from London, a clear income of about £350 a year; population small; incumbent nearly seventy. Part of the purchase money could remain on mortgage,