

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES, }  
Vol. IV. No. 5.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1859.

{ WHOLE SERIES.  
{ Vol. XXIII. No. 5.

## Poetry.

### War and Love.

BY RICHARD FURNESS.

War and love went forth to fight,  
War and love in all their might;  
War with force, and love with wiles,  
War in frowns, but love in smiles.

War aroused the world to arms;  
Love for peace displayed her charms;  
War o'er all in ruin swept,  
Love beheld the scene and wept.

War in flames love's votaries bound,  
Love as quick her martyrs crown'd;  
War prepared the bitter cup,  
Love in pity drank it up.

War threw up his bolts 'gainst heaven,  
Love entreated—war's forgiven;  
War ungrateful, rages still,  
Love o'erburdened bears the ill.

War to dread collision came,  
Love stood trenched in scathless fame;  
War had swords, but love had darts;  
War struck heads, but love struck hearts.

War struck high, but love stooped low,  
War felt love's celestial blow;  
War had wounds, but love had none,  
War expired, and love had won.

## Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

### "Sic transit gloria mundi."

When I am dead, yes, when I've bent mine eye for the last time on all in life that I have held as dear; and when this earth that I have trodden, with a bounding heart and buoyant step, hath opened to receive my form; and when the darling hopes, the trusting loves of youth have all rushed back upon that heart from which they sprang; and chilled and frozen with its icy touch have fallen back to native dust again; and this green earth, with all its loveliness—its sun-set clouds, its streams, its woods, its strangely whispering winds, its sunny places—all that the great Creator hath called good, all that I've worshipped with an earnest heart, all, all moves on as it hath ever done, heedless that I am not. And those with whom I've mingled on the stage of life, and from whose eyes perchance a tear hath dropped as they bent shudderingly to look within the narrow heritage I claim from earth, will smile as carelessly to-morrow.

And is this all of life? Will man, created in the image of heaven's King, lie down and moulder back to dust, and be as though he never had been?

Shall all those longings for the infallible; those weary wishings for a better day; those thoughts that as the rivers to the ocean run, go back to their eternal source? Shall all this die, and the sad soil never be satisfied? Ah no, that bright immortal light that beameth from the eye of man can never die.—But through the merits of our Saviour King will live and burn and brighten in a purer sphere.

Then we are satisfied. And willingly will wrap the robe of death around us, knowing that at the last we shall come forth with immortality upon our brows.

IRENE.

### Saved at the eleventh Hour.

An affecting story is related of a young sailor, who died on board a whale ship in the South Atlantic. James Duboice—such was his name—had been carefully reared, but impelled by a strong love of adventure and an ardent desire to see the world, had gone to sea. The ship had made a prosperous voyage, and was on her way home.

Of all the men in that ship, none were more elated than James. He had been ashore at the Azores, and got a few curiosities; he had been ashore at Rio and Cape Verde Islands, and clambered up the rocky sides of one of the Falkland Islands; and he felt already his mother's kiss, and heard the cordial welcome of friends at home, and saw their look of wonder, and heard their words of astonishment while he showed his

shells, and related his adventures to them. He spent the whole of the middle watch in painting with enthusiastic words—the anticipated meeting, and the scenes which would occur at home. Poor fellow, it was only a waking dream with him; he never saw his mother again in this world.

The next day we went to work at "stowing down" the oil. It was a rough sea, and the ship pitched heavily, so as to make it hard and dangerous work to handle the casks of oil. The last cask was stowed and filled, and in ten minutes more the hatches would be down. Duboice stood on the cask, in the main hatchway, and was passing a few sticks of wood among the water casks, when the vessel rolled deeply to the leeward, a cask of water broke from the lashings at the weather rail, and rolled into the hatchway where he stood, and in one instant both his legs above the knees were literally jammed to pieces—the bones were broken into shivers.

We took him into the steerage, and did the best we could to bind up his broken limbs, and make him comfortable; but we knew, and he knew, that his days were numbered—he must die. That night, as I sat by his berth and watched with him, he was constantly calling, "Mother! mother!" O, it was heart-rending to hear him, in his piteous ravings, calling, "Mother! mother!" And then he would weep like a child because she came not. In the morning watch he grew calm, and spoke rationally again. After giving me his parents' address, and a message for them, he slept a little while. When he awoke he bade me go to the fore-castle and open his chest, and under the till I should find his Bible. I brought it to him, and he opened it at the blank leaf, and looked long and eagerly at the name. His mother had given it to him when he left home, and on the fly-leaf was written by her hand, "Presented to James Duboice by his mother, Sarah Duboice."

"Now read to me," said he, handing me the book.

"Where shall I read?"

"Where it tells us how to get ready for heaven."

I felt bewildered, and knew not where to read; but opening the book at random, my eye fell on the fifty-first Psalm, and I read to him from that Psalm till I came to the tenth verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

"Hold there! That is just what I want," said he. "Now, how shall I get it?"

"Pray God to give it to you for Jesus' sake," I suggested.

"O yes, Jesus is the Saviour. Shipmate, it is an awful thing to die; and I've got to go. O, if mother was here to tell me how to get ready!" and he trembled with earnestness. After a short pause, during which he seemed to be in deep thought, he said, "Do you know of any place where it is said that such sinners as I can be saved?"

I quoted 1 Tim. 1: 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

"O, shipmate," said he, "that is good. Can you think of any more?"

I quoted Hebrew 7: 28: "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

"That's plain. Now, if I only knew how to come to God!"

"Come like a child to its father," I suggested.

"How's that?"

"As the child feels that his father can help him in danger, so you are to feel God can help you now. And as the child trusts his father by fleeing to him, so you must trust Jesus by casting yourself upon him."

He lay a little time engaged in earnest pleadings with God, as was evident from the few words I overheard. Then the tears began to run down his face; his eyes opened, and a bright smile played like a sun-beam over his features.

"He forgives me, and I shall be saved," he said, with a voice like the sound of a flute's sweetness.

The day dawned—then the sun arose in regal splendor on the ocean. I held his

hand in mine, and felt the death-thrill: then he murmured, "He's come, he's come."

"Who has come?" said I.

"Jesus," he whispered, and he fell asleep. On sped the noble ship till four bells in the afternoon, and then we laid the main-tops to the mast, and buried him, closely sewed in his hammock, in the "deep, deep sea."

### The Extraordinary Congregations.

Is it not a common error, even among those who are earnestly scanning the indications of God's gracious working among us, to attribute to natural causes the extraordinary congregations which crowd extraordinary places, at the present time, to hear the preaching of the gospel? Let any one seriously consider whether, from past observation of society in New-York, and of the human mind, it might have been expected at any time, that the opening of a great opera-house, theatre, and lecture-hall, for simple preaching, would be sufficient of itself to fill those places simultaneously, with ten thousand attentive hearers every Sabbath evening for months? We must say that we see no necessary connection between the extraordinary circumstances and the extraordinary result. When we consider six thousand persons in one place, evidently not half church-goers, eagerly crowding every crevice in which, sitting or standing, the voice of the preacher can be heard, and that from six o'clock to nine, and that too for months in succession, and while other thousands come and go, unable to find a place—we cannot help feeling that the magnitude and importance of this gift of grace are not as yet duly regarded. It is true that there is a peculiar influence in the peculiar means: that is, the opening of these secular places leads to congregations that are not and would not have been gathered in the churches; but the secret of this influence is undoubtedly with the Holy Spirit. No pulpit star ever drew greater or more attentive audiences than the accustomed and old-fashioned ministers of the city have had in attendance at the Academy of Music this winter. It is the hand of God. It points out the way, and says, Walk ye—press forward—in it. *N. Y. Examiner.*

### "Leave all and follow Me."

The New Orleans *Christian Advocate*, giving a sketch of the life of a distinguished Texan lawyer and politician, who has given up prospects of worldly honor to become a Methodist itinerant, thus describes some of the circumstances connected with this point in his history. He had been put up by his party in 1857 to succeed Gen. Houston in the U. S. Senate; but feeling called to the ministry, and distrusting his own ability to resist the temptations of Washington life, was unwilling to accept the nomination. He laid the case before his wife, leaving to her the choice between the U. S. Senate and destruction to his morals, and the pulpit and salvation:

"Taking the letters and papers from all parts of the State, giving him assurance of election, he went to his wife and said:

"I can go to the United States Senate. Here are the evidences. If you wish it, I will go. But if I go hell is my doom. I shall die a drunkard as certain as I go to Washington. I can yet escape. If I pass this point, I never can. I can enter the ministry, which I ought to have done long ago, and save myself from a drunkard's grave and my soul from hell. But you shall decide."

His poor wife, unwilling to relinquish the glittering prize in view, replied, weeping, that she could not see why he could not be a great man and a Christian too. But, after prayerful reflection, she would not incur the fearful responsibility of deciding against the conscience—and told him to go into the itineracy and she would go with him.

To the astonishment of the whole State, a letter from him appeared in the papers, just before the meeting of the legislature, declining the office, and announcing his

retirement from political life. The next thing that was heard of him was, that he was preaching.

The editor (who does not give the name of the subject of his sketch, but vouches for the truth of the narrative) says that the hopes entertained of his success as a preacher have been more than realized. It adds:

What renders the case more remarkable, is the fact that before he declined the United States Senatorship, by a legacy left him in England he became possessed of an ample fortune. Wealth, and the hopes of high position, have kept many out of the itineracy; but few, very few, are those who have declined eminent earthly advantages for it, or rather brought them as additional forces into it, that they might be the more largely useful.

### Alas for the Infants!

A Paris correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, among other matters, describes a baptismal scene which he witnessed in that city. As he is somewhat precise in his descriptions, we give it entire, in order that those who wish may draw the contrast between a Romish baptism, as practiced by that church at the present day, and the baptism of John the Baptist and the Apostles, as described in the New Testament:

"I witnessed the baptism of a score of infants in the Cathedral of St. Denis, in the same chapel where fifty generations of their ancestors might have been baptized before them. Here were the smallest specimens of humanity I had ever seen in public. On inquiry I found their ages varied from four to twelve days. A marble font stood in the centre of the chapel; on its brink there was a gallipot of oil, and another of holy cream, and a little stick in it with which to touch it on, and a silver shell containing salt, a tin pitcher of warm water, a napkin, and pieces of cotton wool, with which to remove superfluous oil. The Suisse stood ready to make responses. The priest wore a black cape, trimmed with white rabbit skin, over his tunic, and above this, a narrow mantle around his neck, with the purple side out, to express sorrow and contempt at the presence of the devil, who still abode in the babies. The infants were presented two by two. They were stuffed into tight white pinning blankets, their little red and black heads well propped up, and all stiffened in some remarkable manner, so that the nurse held them out by their pedal extremities, like fowls to be singed. The priests blew on their faces; the children squirmed, and were supposed to receive the breath of life. Then the priest put salt into their mouths; the little ones puckered and grew redder. After this the devil was commanded to go out of them. He went in peace. Then the priest put spittle on the mouths and ears of the infants, and their spiritual deafness was removed, and their tongues deformed for praise. Then the first little god-father and god-mother, who were children, clasped their hands over their charge and made their vows. Then the nurses gave an off-hand to the infants, discovered the nape of their necks, and the priests anointed them with holy oil, that they might bear with ease the yoke of Christ. The children thus purified, the priest put the white side of his mantle out, to express joy; then poured warm water three times on the faces of the children.

At this moment, according to the catechism, they were changed from the deformity of demons to the beauty of angels—and truly the little cherubs did cry continually thereafter. Then the sacred cream, made of oil and balm, was administered. After these series of bastings, the Suisse held a lighted taper, and the priest put the ends of his mantle over the heads of the infants, and pronounced a benediction. During all these ceremonies long Latin recitations were made, which, to heretical ears, seemed set to the tune of 'The House that Jack Built,' so rapid was the enunciation, and so great was the explosion on the last words of each sentence. After the baptism the young god-father slipped something slyly into the leaves of the book in which the priest made the records, and the