

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Buried Talents.

"Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven."

How many buried talents will the final day disclose.  
Of whose neglect none but the God of Heaven who gave them knows.

How many will discover in that swiftly coming day,  
That their life, their health, their time, their means,  
Have all been thrown away.

How much of hoarded wealth, that scarcely ever sees  
The light,  
Might be transformed to Bible lamps, to dissipate the night.

In those far lands where now the gloom of superstition reigns,  
Where death but leads to endless death, and everlasting pains.

How many jewels sparkling now on beauty's graceful form,  
Might help to feed the hungry poor, and shield them from the storm.

Might bid the widow's heart rejoice, the mourner's tear be dry,  
And bear a blessed testimony up to the throne on high.

Nor would that form less beautiful be, because it wore no gem.  
But those which shed such radiance from our Saviour's diadem;  
Religion's light will lend a grace, unknown to glittering toys,  
And deeds of mercy fill the soul with never failing joys.

Do Christians realize the thought that every talent given,  
Is for the master's use bestowed, to be improved for Heaven?

Not to adorn these dying forms, our fellow-worms to please,  
But Him whose searching eye our secret thoughts and motives sees.

Oh could we in imagination stand before His throne,  
And hear His righteous sentence on the deeds which we have done.

How vain these trifling baubles then, compared with one kind word  
From Him who claims us for His own, our Saviour and our Lord.

No longer slaves to fashion's rules or what the world might say,  
Would we not strive to follow, where His footsteps mark the way?

Make that our aim which pleases Him whose gracious smile is Heaven,  
And render Him a just account of every talent given.

J. B.

Lower Stewiacke, March 1860.

## Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Letter from Burmah.

My Dear Messenger,

I send you, below, a journal of a missionary tour. As a plain record of routine missionary work, it can be attractive to those only who love the cause of missions, and are accustomed to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and to "watch" for the answer to their prayers. Human depravity is the same the world over, and the opposition and objections of Burmese to Christianity, springing, as they do, from hearts "desperately wicked," are substantially identical with those which are encountered in nominally Christian lands. Because this identity does not immediately appear,—because the poor worshipper of senseless wood and stone, ignorant but sincere and in earnest, presents himself to us coated in cob-web armor, proudly secure behind his transparent refuge of lies,—we are apt, at first, to think that we have only to show him upon what a baseless fabric he stands,—and then all will be easy. If this were all, missionary work would be easy and delightful indeed. But the young missionary does not long remain possessed by this pleasing-delusion. He strips the devotee of Guadama of his vaunted armor, drives him from his refuge of lies, even compels him to confess that he is a hopeless, lost, and ruined sinner, exposed to the wrath of the living God,—

and there stands before him—what? a soul humbled and trembling at the feet of Jesus? No,—but a careless, indifferent rebel against God,—and one just as much in need of the grace of the Holy Spirit to convert his soul as an impenitent sinner in Christian England or America. To compass into a single sentence all that I have been aiming to say above.—first, last, and always, we need the power of the Spirit of God to make these Burmans disciples of Jesus Christ. I sometimes think that we feel this need more than our fellow-laborers at home. Unless my hope for the heathen rested in that Great Influence, I know I should cease at once to use the means,—and return to that happy land which I can never forget, though I have never regretted having left it.

Yours faithfully,  
ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

January 4th.—In company with two assistants, left Henthada about midday—and reached the little village of Toung-bo-taya early in the evening. I have observed that, as a general rule, the inhabitants of small villages give much more candid and serious attention to the declaration of the Gospel, than those of large towns.—I can only account for it on the supposition that in the latter case there are always some men learned in their books who *whet* each other and their admirers to a zealous observance of the various rites of their religion—and advocacy of it against the "White Book," and all other heresies. Those who compose the population of the smaller villages, on the other hand, are mainly of the poor and unlearned classes, and hence are not so jealous of an attack upon their ancestral faith. A majority of the people here asked earnestly for books, and gave us good reasons to hope they will carefully read them.

January 5th.—Donug-Gyee, another small village. The people much less inclined to listen than the people above-named. They manifested a cavilling spirit, and made us feel most painfully how determined is the opposition of the natural heart to God and His free salvation.

January 6th.—Tsalong, a town of about five hundred houses. We have taken up our abode in a zayat which forms one of a large cluster of Kyonugs, pagodas, and other sacred structures. The superior of the Phongies here, is a little blue-eyed man, lives in a richly carved Kyonug or monastery, and almost foams with rage and bitterness of spirit when we try to gain his attention to the great salvation. He leads us to think that he recognizes in the efforts of the missionary, a work which, if successful, will result in the inevitable submission of his thatike (rice-pot).

January 7th.—Leaving the assistants to preach to the visitors who were constantly coming to the zayat, went into the town and preached from house to house. No lack of listeners and recipients of tracts. One or two of my hearers excited most hopeful feelings by the questions which they asked.

January 8th.—Sunday.—A congregation to preach to all day long. Went about the town before breakfast, preaching and giving tracts, to all who wished to read them. After breakfast some priests called, and as there was a large number of hearers in the zayat at the time, I endeavoured with all possible clearness and earnestness to enforce the great truth, that out of Christ there is no salvation. The priests were silent, and seemed to have no inclination to court discussion, and run the risk of exposure and defeat, before so many of the laity. Buddhism knows no Savior. According to their sacred book, Guadama was constantly repeating this formula,—“Your own sins you must bear,—my own sins I must bear,—only after having endured the punishment due to your sins can you obtain salvation.” The priests, too, acknowledge very readily that no man can, with his utmost efforts, keep the commandments. Hence they say retribution in a future state follows the present existence, “as inevitably as the cart-wheel follows the footsteps of the ox.” One would think that, to the bond-slaves of such a dark, hopeless system, the true Gospel would come with life and joy unspeakable. And so it does to all who have been enlightened by the Holy Spirit. To all others the Savior appears only as a root out

of the dry ground, and the very idea of atonement through another, is, in their eyes, a subject for ridicule. In the afternoon a company of Christian Karens from a village a short way off, came in. Had meeting with them, in presence of many heathen, in the zayat, and afterwards went to their village, where all assembled, and we enjoyed again the opportunity of uniting our prayers and praise to our common God and Savior. Returning to the zayat, found that the assistant left behind had been improving the time in preaching to the numbers constantly coming and going. There is here a large brass idol—recently set up to be worshipped, and in order to attach to its inauguration as much eclat as possible, the priests invented the following history. During the last war the British carried off the idol—and it eventually reached England. The Queen, out of reverence to the idol, ordered it to be taken back to the place it was originally stolen from! Hence, with great pomp and pageantry, the brazen God has been reinducted in his place in a temple at Tsalong.

January 9th.—Late last night we were startled by a confused noise and tumult, as if the whole town were rushing together to one place. And so it was—for multitudes were gathering together before the great idol—some prostrate and muttering prayers, others striking with a deer's antler a huge bell, and many were shouting at the top of their voices. And what was it all about? Why some one had reported that “a divine brightness,” dazzling and effulgent, was seen to issue from the head of the idol and irradiate the whole temple. The priests of course are at the bottom of all such artifices, for from the devout impulse which follows, they immediately and largely profit.

January 10th.—Much encouraged by the number of earnest hearers and applicants for tracts, who came to us at Tsalong. We left that place yesterday, and stopping at a small village by the way, arrived here (Saga-gyer) this evening. Our intercourse with the people here has been marked by no peculiar incidents. We have discovered the usual willingness to listen, argue, and receive tracts. Our hope is in Him who hath said, His word shall not return unto Him void.

January 12th.—Arrived at Donabew this morning. Although unable myself, on account of a severe attack of rheumatism, to go out, still the assistants spent the day in itinerating about the town; and on their return reported that they were well received. Hope soon to have one or two assistants stationed here. Since Moug Thet Nau disappeared us so sadly, there has been no regular native preacher.

January 14th.—Took advantage of the arrival of the mail steamer and returned to Henthadah. We have sown the seed. May God soon “give the increase.”

A. C.

### Union among Baptists.

BY REV. S. REMINGTON.

Extract from Circular Letter of N. Y. Baptist Association.

“May we not hope that the time has arrived when Baptists will unite harmoniously in every good cause, and strife and contention be known no more amongst us; when all the institutions connected with Zion will be not only worthy of our love, but will be cherished and sustained by our united strength and co-operation? We have enough to do; and by the Divine blessing upon our united strength we can do it. Millions of the human family are looking up to us for the bread of life. If they ever receive it they must receive it from our hands. God has committed them to us, to look after them and to bring them to the knowledge of the truth, that they may be saved. Let us not be divided as to the means, and their appliances, by which to fulfil our mission in this world. Let us seek peace, and pursue it. Let us pray much for the Holy Spirit to enlighten and guide us into all truth; and that the love of Christ may be the moving, controlling, and governing element of our lives.

We cannot be too often reminded that we, as Baptists, while we have a special mission to perform in the world, must do our work in

our own way. We are never so strong and influential in doing good, as when we uncompromisingly maintain all our distinctive features, and fearlessly hold them up so that they may be seen and read of all with whom we came in contact. A compromise of Baptist principles, while it may seem to meet with the approval of Pedobaptists, who may compliment us for being less bigoted, and more like themselves, nevertheless never fails to weaken our strength, and cripple us in the prosecution of our great work.

Our early fathers were well taught in the school of Christ; when they preached, the people were sure of hearing Baptist sermons. They kept Baptist principles and practice constantly before their hearers. True they were fined, imprisoned, whipped, and persecuted by the tongue of slander, as fools and bigots, but undismayed they continued to hold up the light as God's candlesticks, multitudes came to it to bask in its beams, and despite of all opposing influences, it has steadily increased, and found its entrance into Pedo-Baptist churches, so that multitudes of them are more than half Baptists at the present day.

In this age of progress the most we have to fear, as a denomination, is that of receding from the old paths, which if we do, our progress will be in the wrong direction. Would we advance proportionate to our numerical strength, then, let us stand in the way and see, ask for the old paths, and walk therein. As the Bible is the only rule of our faith and practice, let us unite together in giving it to the world pure as possible from all human errors and imperfections in its translations and versions.

Let our religious sentiments be taught to our children in the Sabbath School—to our youth who are seeking an education, or launching forth upon this uncertain and tempting world, and to all, as far as possible, by a dissemination of our doctrines and practice, in the form of religious tracts, and books strictly denominational.

While we are not ashamed of our religious views and practices, let us not fear to let all men know that we believe that the Lord's Supper is restricted in the New Testament as the exclusive privilege of baptized believers. That so we believe and so we practice. From the history of the past, we need entertain no fears as to the final results. Facts demonstrate that our views have been the most successful when we have refused to compromise truth in relation to the recipients of the Lord's Supper.

Truly God has blessed us, while we have unflinchingly held fast to the apostolic practice. Amid hisses and groans, and contumely, the glorious Gospel has heedlessly rolled on, gathering thousands upon thousands of ransomed and redeemed souls.

Finally, dear brethren, let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Let us all work—together, and be always employed in our Master's work. Let us rejoice that there is so much good being done by others, and let us unite and harmonize with them so far as we can in pushing forward the conquest of truth in the world; and hope that the glorious day is not far distant when the watchmen shall see eye to eye, and kings shall come to his light, and Gentiles to the brightness of his rising.

“Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love.  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.”

“Before our Father's throne  
We pour our our ardent prayers,  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one  
Our comforts and our cares.”

The name brethren—O, lovely distinction! When will it swallow up every other? When shall the religious world remember, that all real Christians, notwithstanding their differences, are justified by the same blood, sanctified by the same grace, travelling the same way, heirs of the same glory, children of the same Father, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

DIVINE THREATENINGS.—What are the threatenings of the law but the warnings of divine love. They are a fence thrown round the pit of predition to prevent rash men from running into ruin.—Waugh.