

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Day Dream.

The duties of the day were ended. Wearily I walked alone, pondering how, with all the presence of worldly cares that crowd upon life, one is to keep their eye single and their heart free from the mould that earthly damps will gather. As I paused to rest, I fell asleep and dreamed.

I saw a form walking slowly along, in a path that would have been beautiful to the traveller, had not his whole attention been absorbed in devising means for carrying a number of bundles, under the weight of which his form was bent, so that he had no attention to bestow on the many objects of beauty and interest around him.

There were also many careless and some anxious looking ones by the way side, who seemed to be wandering about without any definite purpose, but so engrossed was this traveller with his various luggage, that he had no time to tell them that the way he was in, was pleasanter than the one they trod; indeed, though the path before him lay straight and smooth yet I could not but perceive that he had as many cares and difficulties as the others on account of his heavy burdens. As he moved slowly and wearily along, I saw a form that (unperceived by him) had all along walked in the same pathway—approaching the traveller, and standing directly in his path; he at length attracted his attention.

His whole form and bearing were strangely unlike humanity; the air of quiet majesty in the figure the expression of mournful pitying reproach in the countenance that I knew I must behold the form of the sinless One who far back in earth's history had meekly trodden the pathway of mortals, so that through faith in that glorious name mortals might awake to glorious immortality. As the eye of the traveller rested on Him, various shades of expression flitted athwart his countenance; at length the look of trouble faded into one of joy, and letting fall his burdens, he fell down and worshipped him. But the stranger raised him to his feet, and asked many questions concerning his pilgrimage, at which he seemed greatly confused, and replied, that he had not made that progress in the road to life that he wished, on account of the heavy luggage which he was obliged to take with him. "Friend," replied the heavenly messenger, "what are all those things of which you complain, as hindrances, and which I plainly see have retarded your footsteps? what are these?" And he laid his hand on a part of the luggage which I saw the traveller would fain have concealed, for in the radiant light that flooded around the heavenly form, his luggage appeared of much less value than in the common light of day. "These," replied the traveller, with a half trembling glance at his friend, "these are a number of worldly cares that must be attended to; cares of my family and friends, which Thy Word itself says, if a man neglect he is worse than an infidel; and these," said he, anxious to justify himself, and placing his hand upon another, "these are daily perplexities of worldly business which can not be cast aside; and those other smaller ones are composed of various things,—the trifling daily cares of life,—some grievances of friends who, undeservedly, have injured me, all too trifling to mention to my Lord, but which I cannot forget."

A look of the most heavenly compassion overspread the face of the sinless One, as he laid his hands on the bowed head before him, and replied, "Son, is aught that can disturb the lowliest Christian too trifling to bring to thy father in heaven? Said I not unto all who are weary and heavy laden to come unto me and find rest? The yoke that I lay on men's shoulders is never heavy; couldst thou not take God at his word, and, casting all your cares on him, have gone on more diligently in the heavenly pathway? Dost thou forget how in the days of my flesh I bore thy griefs and carried thy sorrows? I bear them still. Not a sigh is breathed by the redeemed on earth, but it reaches the ear of Heaven. Then, brother, lose thy grasp upon life's burdens. I will take care of them. Perform faithfully the duties of life, and leave the result with me; and while I remove those burdens from thy care, I expect the time thus given to be spent for me. The past cannot be recalled; lost opportunity comes not back; but casting off this dull cold weight of earthliness, go forward meekly, prayerfully, and in the strength of heaven, doing whatsoever thy hand findeth to do? until, the journey ended, thou shalt enter forever into the Paradise above, where thy willing feet may wander amid the green pastures and beside the quiet waters which flow peacefully around the throne of God.

Hillside.

Evil speaking indirectly reprov'd.

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

MESSRS EDITORS,—

From evil-speaking many pernicious consequences obviously result. Hence the frequency of such inspired injunctions as the following:—"Speak not evil one of another."—"Let all . . . evil-speaking be put away from you"—"Speak evil of no man," (James iv. 11. Eph. iv. 31, 1 Pet. ii. 1, Tit. iii. 2.) In accordance with these directions we very properly engage in our Covenant to "watch against . . . tattling and backbiting." There is reason to fear, however, that in the face of these plain prohibitions of Scripture, and this solemn engagement, many, neglecting the important duty of faithful admonition in private, indulge in this nefarious practice. This doubtless proceeds in numerous instances from a want of due consideration of the impropriety and injurious consequences of it. Every person should reflect seriously upon this subject; and endeavor to aid the suppression of evil speaking by example, admonition, and all other prudent means.

One of these evidently is, the manifestation of disapproval—an indirect reproof—when it is uttered in our hearing. So the wise man says, "The north wind driveth away rain; so doth an angry countenance a backbiting tongue," (Prov. xxv. 2, 3). If every one that hears evil-speaking would, instead of listening with apparent pleasure, evince disapprobation by the countenance, its prevalence would soon be greatly diminished.

As original anecdotes are adapted to attract attention, and are more likely to be remembered than general observations, it may doubtless be allowable to relate a circumstance that occurred nearly forty-five years ago, illustrative of the reprov'd of evil-speaking indirectly.

A young man who had recently professed religion heard an excellent sermon, and enjoyed a rich spiritual repast. Being from home, he went to a house of which the mistress was an eminently pious woman, where he met with an aged Christian brother of great moral worth. He therefore naturally anticipated a pleasant and hospitable interview. Unhappily, however, his venerated friend, whose discourse was in ordinary cases judicious and edifying, entertained an antipathy toward an elderly sister who belonged to the same church. By some means he was led to refer to her imperfections. Having commenced, he proceeded to give a minute account of unpleasant occurrences. The one for whose edification this statement appeared to be designed, would have been glad to be relieved from the infliction. But reluctance to treat a venerable disciple of Christ with apparent disrespect, induced him to listen till the narration was ended. He then availed himself of the opportunity afforded to walk abroad. His mind, however, had become greatly depressed; and an apprehension of having done wrong, even through deference to age, debarred from access to a throne of grace. Under a burden of deep disquietude, he deemed it indispensable, in order to the recovering of spiritual peace, to do all in his power for the rectifying of what he had, in his present view of the subject, done amiss. He would not consistently "rebuke an elder;" but it was unquestionably right for him to confess his own fault. He therefore went in, and stated frankly to his aged friend, that he thought he had committed a great sin by listening to his conversation.

Were all instances of evil speaking treated in a similar manner, this fruitful source of trouble would soon be circumscribed within narrow limits.

Yours in gospel bonds,
C. TUPPER.

Aylesford, Feb. 1st, 1860.

For the Christian Messenger.

Nature and the Bible.

We see much in the beauties of Creation to admire, and kindle in our souls desires above this world. When our souls have a knowledge of the Divine being who has so wonderfully constituted us, and filled the vast universe with everything that could contribute to our happiness, we turn to nature from nature's God, and look with admiration upon the great display of his love, in providing for our varied necessities, and promoting our happiness.

The flowers that surround our pathway, filling the air we breathe with fragrance; the wild evergreen that waves its lofty branches far above our heads—the wide expanse of ocean spread before us, now so quiet and tranquil, a ruffle only appearing here and there by the sudden plunge of some finny inmate, the oar of

the fisherman, or the movement of one of the many white-winged messengers that seem to hang over rather than rest on its surface. (How this reminds the Christian of the sea of glass, clear as crystal before the throne of the eternal.) But the scene is changed. The little ripple has become a wave, and those waves are rolled into lofty billows that rise mountain-like, and seem to bid defiance to every work of man, proclaiming the power of Him who can say "peace be still." Those tiny barques now seem near being engulfed or driven on the rocks, and then again are delivered from their danger, and move on in safety and quiet. Would we see the majesty of the Creator. Let us gaze upon the sea, while the storm rages, the lightnings flash and the thunders roar.

But our souls are most drawn out toward our Creator in the silent solemn gloom of night, when the earth is mantled in darkness, how every boisterous thought in calm subsides, when we gaze on the star-bespangled arch of heaven. How hard to turn our thoughts again to earth, after treading the milky way to the bright palace of the Lord of day. We feel an indescribable rapture, mixed with awe, when we turn to the flaming Borealis, and watch its varied movements—admire its fiery glow, and are impressed with the solemn thought that soon the air we breathe will turn to flame and the elements melt with fervent heat.

Once more. Seest thou yon star? Although its lustre does not equal many others; it far exceeds them all in value, and importance. It is the Polar Star. Its tiny light has guided many mariners o'er the trackless deep to their desired port.

We also are out on a boundless ocean, and I fear some of us have no star to guide us, no chart by which to steer. But Glory to God a Star is given—a Chart is provided with the course all marked.

"Hast thou heard of such a book? the author God, The subject God and man; salvation, life and death, Eternal life—eternal death. Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds. Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord! Star of eternity, the only star. By which the bark of man could navigate The sea of life and gain the coast of bliss Securely; only star which rose on time, And, on its dark and troubled billow, threw a ray Of Heaven's own light, and to the hills of God, The eternal hills, points the sinner's eye."

M. B.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Manning Professorship.

MR. EDITOR,

Permit me to acknowledge the following additional payments to the Edward Manning Professorship. Those sums marked P. S., are also for a Nathaniel Parker Scholarship.

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes Elizabeth Sterns, John Rand, John Wheelock, Rev. C. Tupper, D.D., Mrs. Charles Tupper, John E. Pearson, Rev. Ab. Stronach, Mrs. Ab. Stronach, Elisha Eaton, Enoch Gates, Ambrose Dodge, Mrs. Ambrose Dodge, Stephen A. Dodge, Robert A. Dodge, Isabella B. Dodge, Alexander Morse, Obadiah Dodge, Mrs. Obadiah Dodge, George Dodge, Mrs. George Dodge, John Dodge, 1st, Mrs. John Dodge, David C. Lunders, Wm. A. Morse, P. S., C. E. Gates, F. S., Daniel Morse, P. S., Mrs. D. Morse, P. S., Lydia S. Morse, P. S., Mary A. Morse, P. S., Robert Charlton, Clarence, Robert Marshall, Paradise, Theodore H. Vidito, Avard Longley, Mrs. Avard Longley, W. H. Troup, H. H. Morse, Mrs. H. H. Morse, Handy C. Morse, Phoebe F. Morse, Simeon Daniels, Wadeville, Mary Eaton.

Since my last letter two educational meetings have been held in Lower Aylesford and Upper Wilmot church, two in the Nictaux church, one in Wilmot, and one in Bridgewater, at which other subscriptions were taken for the Manning Fund. I am convinced that no plan is better adapted to enlist the sympathies of the people in behalf of their institution of learning than this which is now being adopted. What we want is general co-operation in the measure. It is to be hoped that the friends of the institution will make a simultaneous effort to extend the plan of dollar subscriptions in every locality throughout the provinces. The Agent can only be in one place at a time, and for him to visit every locality and solicit each individual for the amount would require a greater number of years than he is willing to spend in the work, however good and beneficial in its results. And besides he has to spend most of his time in collecting notes and pledges for current expenses. We shall always be in trouble till we have about ten thousand pounds in good securities. Our fund is now six thousand, though not all paid. Raise the Manning fund, and the whole ought to furnish what is requisite to give the College stability. We have had "the long pull" with its reverses. Let us now have the "strong pull and the pull all together" and success will follow.

Yours in the work of the Lord,
D. FREEMAN.
Berwick, March 5th, 1860.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

Letter from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Crisis in Europe and America viewed religiously—Demand upon Earnest Christians.

DEAR BRETHREN,—Upon the minds of many in this land who have the spirit of discernment in an eminent degree, there is just now a gloomy foreboding of some catastrophe at hand. I must confess that I share in their conviction, if not in their fear. In the order of nature the harvest is followed by the vintage, and hitherto there has been an almost uniform analogy between nature and grace. The harvest we have had, and you have enjoyed it even to a greater degree than ourselves. And what if these days of revivals are to be succeeded by great tribulation and sore distress? Does not the ingathering of the elect always precede the visitation of sinful nations with woe and wrath? If the apprehension be unfounded, it is certainly not absurd, and is worthy of some little regard. Every man in England must have perceived the universal expectation of some great war which is stirring up many to the preparation of carnal weapons, and others to the use of nobler arms. It were useless to indicate the various forms which our apprehension assume, but I write what can be right well proven, when I assure you that in many of our hearts there is the silence of suspense until some fresh vial be poured out, or the glorious kingdom be hastened. We wait in anxious prayer, crying with David, "O Lord how long."

Let not our hearts be troubled even should the worst of our fears be realized; for the falling of nations is but the establishment of the church. These things are shaken, that the things which cannot be shaken may remain. The crash of empires and the devastation of nations have been the whirlwind in which "the Lord hath his way," and the fearful desolations of cities have been the thick clouds which are the dust of His feet. We are anxious concerning the events of the future, for we are human; we are not in doubt with regard to the final result, for our faith is Divine. Perhaps the worst in the judgement of reason, will prove in the end to be the best. "Things are not what they seem." Should our glorious nations, of whose liberty and civilization we are mutually proud, should these be subjugated by tyrannic power, would the principles which they embody be scattered all the more widely by the banishment of our citizens throughout the world? Might not the wind which rent up the old planet, bear on its wings the seeds of a thousand others which should fall where never that good grain had grown before? If it should ever come to pass in some black day that our happy Christian fellowships in England and America should feel the fire of persecution, or know the terrors of invasion, in what respect would our Redeemer's kingdom suffer? Might not this be the sharp physic for our ecclesiastical diseases? A purge for our heresies? A stimulant for our sloth? If we will not go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature of our own voluntary will, we need not marvel if one day we are scourged into it. If we will not ride forth among the nations in the chariot of peace to carry the glad tidings, it may be that the King of kings will sling us forth with the sling of war or persecution, that we may be as a burdensome stone among all nations.

You will probably imagine that I am in a very nervous condition, and you will remind me that such fears are idle in your new world. Now against this kind suggestion I beg to enter my protest, for my temperament is rather sanguine than desponding; indeed, the inward peace which I enjoy at this moment, is a fully sufficient contradiction to your supposition of any trembling in my nerves. Moreover, I am not sure that you have any cause for boasting that your mountain stands firm and can never be moved, for if you may not dread calamity from without, you have a certain black and abominable cancer within, which may well cause you serious alarm. The dangers of nations lie in their sins, and both the old country and the new have a full measure of iniquity to answer for. Other nations may go unpunished because they have not our light and knowledge, and therefore God winketh at their sins of ignorance, but of us the Lord may well say, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore I will punish you for your iniquities." Surely you are not so blind a lover of your republic as to hold her guiltless, while before the entire world she scourges her helpless captives, and makes merchandise of the flesh of men. No, my friends, we may alike expect the chastening of the Lord upon our fellow-citizens; for the lands are defiled by our iniquity against God and the oppression of men. May we have the