

Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

I Find no Light.

I FIND no light,
Though long I've searched within my heart, to see
One filial act, one proof of love to Thee,
Yet all is dark, or but a flickering ray,
Which, self-deceiving, leads my feet astray;
I've sought to keep Thy law, but thoughts of sin
Are ever present, and I look within,
And find no light.

I see no light:
Though I have prayed, I still have vainly sought
To gain a victory o'er the sin I fought;
Upon a sea of doubts I'm tempest-tossed,
Despairing to be saved, yet fearing to be lost:
Rebellious passions and a stubborn will
I hate, and yet indulge them still,
And find no light.

I'll seek no light,
For I deserve none: I have sought to find
In my own darkness, guidance of the blind;
But now I'll seek, no longer, peace within;
I come to Thee, blessed Saviour, filled with sin;
Though I am vile, I pray that thou wilt dress
My soul in Thy fine robe of righteousness,
And be my light.

Be thou my light;
Though sin and darkness only reign in me,
Yet to Thy cross I cling, and my salvation see
There complete. Oh, help me to receive
Thy gracious fulness; by faith in Thee to live:
Save me from sin, and in life's darkest hour,
O'er death's cold waters, may my spirit soar
With Christ my light.
—Episcopal Recorder.

Selections.

Merciless Butchery in Syria.

For some weeks past every Eastern mail has brought intelligence from Syria which left little room for doubt that a war of extermination was nigh at hand; and what has made the matter more painful is the accumulative evidence that the Christians were to be the victims. A few days since the intelligence reached us that the war had actually commenced. Several hundred Christian families around Sidon, fled to that city for protection; but the gates were closed against them, and they were murdered in cold blood around the wall of the city. In an affidavit under date June 14th, Rev. W. W. Eddy, the U. S. Consul and an American citizen, testifies to the cruelties which himself witnessed as the soldiers and Moslem citizens were approaching the city. The Christian was the doomed victim, wherever found or whatever his condition.

The Syrian correspondent of the *Traveller*, under date June 14-15, gives further and painful intelligence of the work of death. We must give a few quotations which will be read with painful interest. The writer says:

Tyre has also been the scene of great excitement, though as yet the Moslems have not risen. The inhabitants however, so great is the alarm, throw themselves into the sea, and those who have not fled to Beirut, sleep in boats upon the sea. The American Vice Consul has requested leave of the Consul General at Beirut, to abandon his post and come to Beirut, as life is not safe, and no protection is given by the Government.

An English yacht, containing the family and crew of Mr. Hervey, its owner, lies off at Tyre, and has done good service in preventing an outbreak. As it belongs to the Royal Yacht Club of England, it is allowed to carry cannon, and its crew, armed with revolvers, have protected many panic-stricken Christians who have applied for refuge.

The Consuls at Beirut continue to hold daily consultations to provide for the safety of the Franks and the relief of the distressed and persecuted Christian refugees who are hunted down like dogs. Through their efforts five men-of-war have come to Beirut to protect the Europeans and to save the city if possible. An English war steamer has been sent to Sidon and to Tyre, and yesterday a French gun-boat left for Tyre.

We have now a Russian and a French frigate and an English corvette, besides a French and English gunboat, so that in Beirut we feel pretty safe; for the Moslems know full well that an insurrection here would bring the guns of the fleet upon the town and lay it in ruins.

But the inland cities are in the utmost danger. Damascus, Aleppo, and Hamoth are trembling in the balance, and it is believed that every Christian in these densely populated cities will be killed as soon as any act of intervention is seen on the part of the Europeans.

The fall of Hasbeyia, an American missionary station, would furnish ample material for a book of horrors. It contains a large Protestant community and a fine church edifice. It is situated near the source of the river Jordan, and had several thousand inhabitants. It was for some time besieged, but the contest commenced in earnest on Friday, the 8th inst., and continued for three days. The Druses were defeated and driven back, and the town was wholly occupied by the Christians. Then came the Turkish treachery to give success to the Druses. The commander of the Turkish troops stationed at that place, under a pretence of aiding the Christians, induced them to feign a retreat towards the castle, promising to fire upon the Druses with his cannon. The Christians did as they were desired; the commander fired blank cartridges only twice, and then ceased. The retreat became real, and the deceived Christians sought refuge in the castle. Upon their arrival the commander required them to deliver their arms, which they surrendered to him. He then allowed them to enter, compelling each one to say, "May God give success to the Sultan." He gave their arms to some muleteers, under the pretence of sending them to Damascus, but soon after put them in possession of the Druses. The unarmed were then turned over to the tender mercies of the Druses, who butchered a large number and burned the town, including all the American church property. Several hundreds of the Christians sought refuge with the Moslem Emeers of Hasbeyia, who were enemies of the Druses. They remained in the palace for several days when the Emeers were obliged to surrender for want of provisions. Thirty of the Emeers were killed, and more than eight hundred Christians were led out and slaughtered like sheep.

Rasheya is another missionary station and contains a Protestant community. The following letters from the Greek Patriarch of Damascus will explain the state of things there. This letter was addressed to the Consul of Damascus:—

To the U. S. Consul at Damascus.

SIR:—You must have heard of the complete destruction at Rasheya, as it clearly appears from the letters received yesterday from the remaining portion of them, a copy of which is herein enclosed, from which you may learn the true facts in the case. I beg of you, in the name of Jesus our Lord, to use your Christian zeal in aiding those poor Christians whose lives are in danger of Druses and starvation, as you see from their letter. This is the time for compassions, the time of mercy, time of Christian zeal. We beg you to help them. The Christians of Hasbeyia have been also attacked by the Druses on last Sunday, and they are now besieged by them. If they receive no help they will perish.

Damascus, June 9th, 1860.

Signed by the Greek Patriarch.

Enclosure.—Letter from the Christians of Rasheya to the Greek Patriarch at Damascus:—

"When the Druses began the attack, they requested us to deliver our arms to them, which we did. After taking possession of them, they said we do not wish for your arms, but we want you to leave the town and go to Damascus, to which we replied, 'Just as you like.' They said we must get ready to leave on Tuesday. We said, very well, but suspecting them, we sent our women to the houses of their Sheiks with handkerchiefs around their necks, (a mark of humiliation and surrender.) And so also we went with our priests and leading men, having handkerchiefs on our necks, and going round to the houses of all the Sheiks we said to them, 'our blood, our property and our families, are all at your disposal; and behold our priests and leading men, kill of us whomsoever you choose; and if you wish our children we are ready to offer them to you.' Then they gave us peace and proclaimed the same; but alas, that peace did not continue for more than a quarter of an

hour, when they began to burn the town and fire upon us in the beginning of the night.

It was a dreadful hour, they killed the men, cut the children in pieces, throwing them into the fire, violated the women and plundered the property. If any men reached you, these are all that remain. They took the arms of the murdered; we who are still alive are at the seraglio without food, having no homes, as the town has been burned into ashes, and the Druses come every day to the soldiers and demand the remainder of the women and children to butcher them. If we do not die of hunger, we may die of fear if they allow us to live until Thursday. The soldiers cannot protect us, as there are not many.

As for the priests, only two of them remain one of whom is blind. As for the men, none remain but those who may reach you. We women and children look up to heaven and say, Oh! God relieve us! Oh God! have mercy upon us!

These statements relate less than what actually occurred, as we are unable to express all. All this took place in the presence of the Governor and the Colonel, and Turkish officers, who saw our children thrown into the fire and burnt. We pray you, we pray you, we pray you who are able to help us, to deliver us, to redeem us, to save us, and have mercy upon us.

Signed by the residue of the Christians of Rasheya—women and children.

What a fearful, horrible record is this. Information was received the following day that all had been killed, and the Christians of Rasheya had been blotted out of existence.

HADJI.

The correspondent says the plot thickens. More than twelve hundred persons had been thus ruthlessly murdered. The few who escaped and arrived at Beirut had a sad story to tell; and as they counted over to the devoted missionaries the names of the Protestants whom they saw butchered in cold blood, the hearts of these pious men sank within them. But two of the entire Protestant community were living, when the refugees left Hasbeyia, and these were dreadfully wounded, perhaps fatally. The American church, and all the mission property, was consumed, and those benighted natives who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth by the American missionaries, and so instructed by them as to be able to sustain their own pulpits and schools with native preachers and teachers, were all cut down, and the Protestant mission blotted out! How mysterious are the ways of Providence!

Hasbeyia contained about six thousand inhabitants, and was governed by a family of Moslem Princes of the Great Shehab family. Seventy Princes of this name were also murdered, together with the Moslem Judge, his son, and about thirty other Moslems, who had incurred the hatred of the Druses.—*Christian Era*.

Self-denial.

"Had the Saviour of mankind made his advent into this world surrounded by the pomp, and in the pride of an earthly potentate, had he promised to his followers unlimited indulgence in the carnal pleasures of this world, had he exacted no self-denial, no cross-bearing, no humility, of his disciples; this would all well have accorded with the inclinations of the unrenewed heart, and instead of a few poor 'fishermen,' we should have seen the world immediately gather around his standard. But no! this was not our Saviour's mission. He came in meek and lowly guise, and the religion he taught was one of meekness, self-denial, and holiness. His mission was to seek and save the lost,—to save us from our sins. He laid down, for a time, the glory he had with the Father,—'took the form of a sinner,' 'became of no reputation,' 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' 'that we through his poverty might be made rich.' And now having finished the work of redemption,—led captivity captive, and ascended to the right hand of the Father, he still calls to us, as his witnesses, by his word, 'to walk also even as he has walked'—meekly and humbly.—If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." If, then, we would be true disciples of him who was

meek and lowly, we must deny ourselves.

How many there are who practice little or no real self-denial, and yet presume to take upon themselves the name of Christ! What is this self-denial? Of what does our holy religion call upon us to deny ourselves? Of that only which it is no sacrifice, which gives us no pain to surrender? Nay! What saith our divine Exemplar? "If thy right hand or eye offend thee." No idol, however good in itself, may come between God and our soul. "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." This is the self-denial taught by our Saviour and practised by his apostles, and nowhere in the holy word are we told that time, custom, or circumstances will render that right which he, "with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning," hath pronounced sinful. It is not sufficient that the world commend our walk, or that we have been faithful in the observance of the outward duties of religion. What was the Saviour's reply to the rich young man who came to him—"One thing thou lackest." Jesus looked upon the young man tenderly,—he loved him. His daily walk was orderly and upright, and he was undoubtedly esteemed by others as a model of piety,—yet he that seeth not as man seeth, knew that his heart was fixed upon his possessions. Our Lord required of him, as he does of us, that every idol be laid upon the altar.—"Sell what thou hast," said he. There was the trial of his faith and love to his Saviour. Will he deny himself? Will he part with his idol, or his God? Part with Christ, whispered Satan, if thou must sell him, but keep thy wealth. He went away sad and grieved, it is true, but hugging his darling idol closer to his breast. He will not part with this. How many would-be Christians there are at the present day, who, wrapped up in their robes of self-righteousness, are vainly expecting to merit eternal life by "the good things which they do," who, nevertheless, if tried to-day, would "sell their birthright for a mess of pottage,"—would part with their Master for "thirty pieces of silver." "Be not conformed to the world;" "love not the world;" "deny thyself;" and many other commands of the same import are accounted by them as idle words. The Christian's whole life is one of self-denial and cross-bearing, and he who expects to reach heaven by any other path, will find his hopes vain,—vain will be all our prayers or protestations of love to God, if we obey not his voice, and follow not where he leads!

Fellow-Christians, let us examine ourselves, and see if we are living up to the standard of gospel purity and self-denial, and if not, let us now seek out our bosom idol, and lay it, together with all we have and are, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of consecration; believing that it is accepted through the merits of the Beloved. Then, and not till then, shall we be fully prepared, through grace, to go forth without the camp, and bear his reproach joyfully,—to take up our cross humbly, follow him faithfully, and glorify him in all we do. How have we followed him hitherto? He went about doing good. We profess to be his followers. May it not be said of some of us, "what do ye more than others?" We do good to our friends,—we are anxious about their souls. Are we equally solicitous about the salvation of others?—Do we go out into the "high-ways and hedges" to seek out the sick and sorrowing, the despised and degraded, to pour into their wounded hearts the balm of love and kindness, and "point them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world?"—The great mass of mankind are still unmoved. "The harvest truly is great." God grant that the number of efficient laborers may be greatly increased! Oh for a holy Church, a "peculiar people," baptized with the Holy Ghost, to labor in this field! If our hearts are thus prepared with the "anointing" from above, we shall be enabled to perform every known duty, regardless of the opprobrium which the world will cast upon us. We shall be as willing to follow our Leader to the rescue of Mary Magdalene, as into the sumptuous apartments of the proud Pharisee, "having respect," not to the opinion of the world, or cold-hearted professors, but "to the recompense of reward," "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt or of the whole world."