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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

Enduring Treasure.

"The fear of the Lord is his treasure."—Isa. 33: 6.

What is man's treasure? Hoarded gold,
Begirt with fears and cares?
Houses and merchandise and lands?
They pass to stranger heirs.

Ships? With their snowy pinions spread,
They proudly leave the shore;
But smitten by the wreaking gale,
They sink to rise no more.

Fashion? The butterfly was gay,
Ere in the frost it fell.
Beauty and strength? The fever's breath
Their straw-like trust can tell.

Fame? On the fickle lip it dies.
Friendship? Alas, the cheat.
Love? Like the dove's soft wing it comes,
And glides away as fleet.

Power? Of the crownless kings inquire,
Who died with none to weep.
A name in history? Who shall read,
Or who the memory keep?

Yet when the strong archangel's voice
Time's funeral shall proclaim,
And earth and skies, like blackened scroll,
Perch in the doomsday flame.

With the true soul to Heaven allied,
One treasure shall endure,
For God's most holy fear hath made
That priceless treasure sure.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Selections.

Extraordinary Intelligence from Madagascar.

SUCCESSION OF A FRIEND OF THE CHRISTIANS TO THE THRONE.—THE PERSECUTIONS.

(From the Record.)

A Cape Town paper of the 6th July gives some extraordinary original letters just received from Madagascar, and read at the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, held in the South African capital. They were written in the Malagasy, and translated by Mr. Cameron, who explained that in January, 1860, four of the near relations of the Queen were suddenly put to death at Antananarivo (the capital of Madagascar). Two of them were officers of highest rank in the army; the other two were the Queen's own sisters, one of them being the mother of Prince Ramboasalama, the adopted son of the Queen. The letters received on the subject, from one of the Christian Malagasy at Mauritius, state that they were put to death for opposing or refusing to co-operate with the Queen in leaving the kingdom to her own son, Rakotondradama (a protector of the persecuted Christians), and gives the details as follows:—

Rakotondradama spoke in this manner to his mother: "I made known unto thee, mother, that as soon as thou art dead the people will also kill me, that they may raise the Prince Ramboasalama to the kingdom, because they say I am not the son of Radama (the former husband of the Queen, and her predecessor on the throne). And Ramboasalama, the people say, will be a better king, for both his father and mother are of the race of kings.

When the Queen heard this, she demanded, "Who are they that say thou art not the son of Radama?" The Prince replied, "All the people in town say so, but the words came from the mouth of — and — officers of the fourteenth rank, and from your own two sisters; from them the people have heard the words that I am not the son of Radama." And when the Queen heard this, she was angry, and caused the four to be put to death—it is said by poison.

After these four had been dead about one month and a-half, the Queen began to make arrangements for some great and important ceremony. On a certain day she decorated in best style a table in the palace, and she took two silver cups or goblets, and into each she poured a little water; into the one goblet she then placed a most precious jewel, and into

the other she placed a little earth taken from the grave of Radama; she covered both goblets and tied down the covers, and placed them both on the table; but no one knew for what purpose all this was done.

The Queen then called upon the judges (or the heads of the Civil Department) and the officers of the army to attend within the palace; and when the officers and judges had assembled there, she ordered the attendance of the two Princes (Ramboasalama, her adopted son, and Rakotondradama, her own son). The Queen then said, "See the thing that I have done; two goblets placed there upon the table. This thing which I have done is a joke, which will cause us all to laugh. See! the silver goblets are for you, the two Princes. But I have put something within them; wherefore each of you take one, and when you have done so we shall all of us this day commence a feast with these judges and officers."

And then the first Prince Ramboasalama stood up and received one goblet, and then Prince Rakotondradama stood up and received the other; and thus both stood near the table, while the Queen said, "Come near to the table, some of you judges, and you, Raharo, of the Fourteenth Honour, and look at what is within the goblets." And when they uncovered the goblet of Ramboasalama, they found the jewel within it, while Rakotondradama had the one containing the earth. So the judges and the officers reported to the Queen, "Blessed be thou, O Queen, for thus have we seen: in the goblet of Ramboasalama there is a jewel, and in that of Rakotondradama there is something of a dark appearance, as if it were earth."

And then the Queen arose from her seat, and said, before all the officers and judges, "The meaning of what I have done with the two goblets is this: I, Ranavalomanjaka, am now old, and I have two sons. But as neither I, the Queen, nor you, our officers, know who shall best hold the kingdom, I have done this; I have called upon and invoked all the dead, our ancestors Andrianimpoinimerina and the twelve kings, and the grave of Radama, and the strength of all kings; for the sanction of those have I called, for God has sanctified them all. And this I declare: the one who will be able to govern the kingdom, who will be able to guide the people, and hold the land of Madagascar, is one who holds the goblet with the earth in it. And further, as I prepared this thing myself, unseen by any of you, for I alone prepared it, and as the receiving of the things belonged to the two princes, and as the inspection of the contents of the goblet was yours alone, and as now you say that the earth is found in the goblet of Rakotondradama, so I declare unto you that to Rakotondradama shall be the land of Madagascar; for it was the flesh of Radama which I took from the grave of Rakotondradama is this Madagascar."

And then stood up Raharo, the 14th Honour, and replied to the proclamation of the Queen. He said, "Blessed be thou, O Queen. It has long been the oath of us thy people that we will choose death rather than fail to execute thy commands. And now in our presence thou hast done this; this is good; this we approve, O Queen."

And then Ramboasalama stood up and said, "This I say unto thee, O Queen, and to all you people of wisdom, that whatever Rakotondradama commands, I shall obey, for he is the sovereign of the land of Madagascar."

And when this ceremony was finished, all the people rejoiced greatly; and a great feast of fat cattle was prepared, with strong drink, which, it is said, lasted in Antananarivo for four days.

The importance of the intelligence contained in the above letter cannot well be over-estimated, for by the superstitious actions of the Queen, Rakotondradama, the heir to the throne, who is favourable to the preaching of the Gospel, is doubly confirmed in his right. Two other letters were read at the meeting, written by Malagasy Christians still in the furnace of persecution. One of them was one of the early scholars in the mission-schools, afterwards a teacher in the schools, then a first rate printer in the mission printing-office, and an occasional preacher. After the suppression of the Christianity he was chosen as pastor of one or more of the native churches, which office he appears still

to hold. The writer of the other letter was an ordinary member of the mission church, who, with his wife, made their escape at the time of one of the early persecutions.

(From a Correspondent of the Freeman.)

Revival in Scotland.

GLASGOW, Sept. 20, 1860.

For more than twelve months our land has been the scene of a special work of Divine grace. God's people have been stirred up to pray in a very wonderful manner, and thousands have been brought out of darkness into marvellous light, and are steadfastly pursuing the narrow way that leads to life everlasting. For some little time we were led to fear that the Revival had come to an end. We have reason to believe, however, that times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord are not past, that the Holy Spirit is still working with mighty power upon the hearts of the faithful, moving them to pray and work with increasing fervour and diligence, and upon the hearts of the ungodly, convincing them of sin and turning them to the Lord. Open air meetings for prayer and preaching the Gospel are being held all over the country, attended by thousands, and followed by most blessed results. A few weeks ago there were great gatherings for prayer and preaching at Huntly, in Aberdeenshire, at which it is said there were 10,000 souls present. The meetings were held in the Castle Park, which was granted by Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon for the occasion; and, besides the services conducted in the open air, there was a large tent erected, capable of containing 1,500 people. When the aggregate meeting for grown persons commenced, the tent was used as a place for conversing with anxious inquirers; and it is believed that not a few returned from that Bochim enjoying the peace of God, "having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." It has been said that between 300 and 400 persons, under spiritual anxiety, were conversed with by ministers and others within the canvas walls of that capacious pavilion. On the Wednesday the chief blessing appeared to accompany the services in the tent; but on the Thursday the power of God seemed to rest more particularly on the services in the open air, where 6,000 or 7,000 were assembled. Similar meetings have been held in Aberdeen, Crieff, and Perth, and with manifest tokens of the Divine presence and blessing.

On Wednesday and Thursday of last week, open air services, originated by the committee of the daily prayer-meetings, were held on Glasgow Green, and were attended by immense multitudes. *The Wynd Journal* says:—"Such assemblies on Glasgow Green, for such a purpose, would not have been possible a year ago. There has been nothing like them in Glasgow, at least since the days of Whitefield."

At eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning many hundreds were gathered around the principal platform, and the important services were commenced by Rev. D. M. Coll, of the Bridgegate Church, who presided on the occasion. Very soon it was found necessary, in consequence of the vastness of the multitude assembled, to commence another meeting, for which provision had been made by the erection of a second platform. Until four o'clock the immense assemblies continued to listen with eager attention to the words of eternal life addressed to them.

On Thursday morning the meetings on the Green began at eleven o'clock. The crowds assembled were greater than on the previous day. Besides the services that were being conducted at the two platforms, ministers and others were seen here and there addressing smaller companies, while in many places a few praying souls were bending together on the green sward, earnestly seeking the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

It is said that more than 20,000 people have heard the Gospel in connection with the special services of last week. Says *The Wynd Journal*,—"It was most interesting to notice the variety of persons present. Many who had leisure were there. But the great bulk were working people—a large number in their best attire, but many evidently just from their work—men pulling their Testaments from their jackets—railway guards and

porters—some on the night-shift, curtailing their time for sleep; postmen in their red coats, spending their brief intervals from duty in hearing the Word; carters with their leathern pockets still slung across the shoulder, rushing out of breath, to get half-an-hour of their meal-time there; girls from mills and warehouses; men of business, who had stayed out their last minute, might have been seen rushing off at full speed to make up for time not lost, but well spent.

On Saturday a meeting for children, which was numerously attended, was held in Hope-street Gaelic Church, at twelve o'clock; and at seven o'clock, in the same place, a thanksgiving meeting concluded those services, the full fruit of which the light of eternity alone will reveal.

The efforts of Mr. Richard Weaver, the converted collier, added much to the interest of our meeting, and I doubt not, great good resulted from his homely appeals, addressed with much fervour and earnestness to the consciences of the people. He seems to be a man of hearty, cheerful piety, one whom God has raised up to do a great work. Our land would be all the better for having an army of such Christian men. No address told with greater power than that of Robert Cunningham, the Bridgegate butcher.

Correspondence from Ireland.

BELFAST, August 27, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—You ask me for explicit information about the late revival, and respecting the prospects of the Baptists in Ireland. I cannot do better than preface my remarks on these topics with some description of the remarkable town which has been the chief place of my residence in this country, and which may justly be regarded as the centre of all intellectual and religious development, at all events in the North.

No town in the United Kingdom, I believe, has grown with such surprising rapidity as Belfast. During the last twenty years it has more than doubled its shipping trade, which may be taken, I imagine, as a fair criterion of its general commerce. Within forty years, moreover, it has actually quadrupled its population; and as this is almost wholly engaged in the linen manufacture, it is evident that the branch of trade must have proportionately advanced. But one hardly needs statistics to assure him of the flourishing condition of Belfast. Its streets, its harbours, its public buildings, all proclaim the same fact, and one of the latter in a very striking and palpable manner. For example, on the quay there stands a large quadrangular edifice, with two facades of Palladian architecture, one fronting the water, the other the High-street. This building, not unworthy of our own metropolis, is the new Custom House and Post Office, and is only three years old. Immediately opposite stands the old Custom House, a little warehouse-looking place, not the twentieth size of the new, and apparently nothing better than an old house adapted to the necessities of public business. Yet already the good people of Belfast say that the Custom House and Post Office will have to be separated to meet the demands of increasing trade.

Both the commercial activity of Belfast and its rapid growth are obvious at a glance; but there are other characteristics that incline one to predict with confidence that, by the end of this century, Belfast will be numerically and influentially a more important metropolis than Dublin itself. As it is so evident in Dublin that the Protestant half of the citizens comprises nearly all the intelligence, the active enterprising industry, and real thriving prosperity of the city, so in Belfast it is; eminently Protestant character that has originated its remarkable growth and ever increasing prosperity.

Had I not been apprised of it beforehand, I should certainly not have supposed that there had been a "revival" of religion in Belfast. The signs of it are not evident, though they may be found on careful enquiry. There is no more the excitement of last year, nor any further degree of animation in religious matters than you would expect to find in a well-conducted Protestant community, where evangelical doctrines are generally circulated. No doubt, however, the comparison ought to be made with what Belfast was pre-