

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
VOL. VI.....No. 13.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1861.

WHOLE SERIES.
VOL. XXV.....No. 13.

Poetry.

[From *The Horton Academy Budget.*]

Our Inner Life.

Our Inner Life! How dark and deeply hidden,
And guarded from the reach of human eye!
Within whose shrine no stranger guest is bidden,—
Where dark and lonely midnight shadows lie.

There gather all the weary heavy aching
Which through the lighter tide of life sink down,
There spirit dreamers start to bitter wakings,
And find the phantom of their pleasures flown.—

And for within the human heart there lieth
An inland sea, whose ever ceaseless moan
Wakes hollow echoes in the gloomy caverns,
Where sorrows rest in darkness and alone.

Yet few there be who think of dim recesses
Where sad, sad moanings, from the lonely sea
Are answering echoes from life's troubled ocean,—
Echoes that swell as wild and mournfully.

We live and move—we follow forms and fashions;
And grasp the bubbles which earth's pleasure
brings,—
When the sad heart, all weary of its trifling,
Longs for a draught from deeper, purer springs.

And so the outer world moves on around us,—
And life's sad mysteries remain unsealed,—
While, far beneath the calm, cool tide above us,
There lieth many a longing, unrevealed.

And many a wish, to mortal man ne'er spoken,
But breathed in lonely hours, when earth is still,
To Him, who hears when voice and heart are broken,
And giveth strength to suffer and be still.

It will not always sleep; at times its waters
Dash wild and wintry on the lonely shore,
From whence, in bygone years, hope's barque had
started,
That cometh to an anchor nevermore.

And many wrecks are there,—full many a treasure
That may be gathered into life no more;
Oh! is there ought that human heart hath wished
for,
But may be found in ruins on that shore!

And many a white sail, spread by youthful fingers,
When the young heart mounts high with hope and
glide,
Lies solid, and torn, and with the driftwood lingers,—
Cast on the strand by the wild, surging sea.

Oh! in such hours the life within grows strongest,
And for a moment rules the outer world;
No rainbow tint is seen upon its waters,
And every flag of hope and love is furled.

Shall this be always? Must the spirit falter,—
Bowed to the earth by the deep weight we bear?
Nay! ask of God but strength to reach his altar,—
Then wearily to lay our burden there.

Father! we thank Thee there are hours in life
Which pay us for the agony of years,—
When the stilled heart knows nought of pain and
strife;—
Soothed are its tremblings,—quieted its fears.

'Tis but a foretaste of the eternal,—
An earnest of the blessedness above,—
When fainting hope shall end in bright fruition,
The creature perfect by the Father's love.

S. I. E.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

"For there shall be no night there."—REV. XXI. 25.

How beautiful! How glorious to faith's vision are the glimpses, sometimes caught and registered by Heaven's sunlight on the memory, of that city which to mortal eyes is out of sight, "whose builder and maker is God."

Like bright oases they meet us in our desert pilgrimage to gladden and refresh us as we toil onward, and for a few brief moments we are permitted to gaze on their loveliness, and as it were to taste the cooling streams, whose sources make glad the city of our God. But oh, how short their stay; for soon they fade like setting stars upon life's dreary horizon, as, wearily again, we urge our way through the rugged paths of the wilderness. We are all travellers bound for eternity, and must, to a great extent through all the journey, walk by faith and not by sight. Dark

clouds have been and ever will be throwing their shadows across our way, and if with the eye of faith we are enabled to penetrate the gloom, and in the strong confidence of faith to endure as seeing Him who is invisible, we shall find ourselves ever and anon stumbling in the slippery places of unbelief, and our cold hearts forgetful of all the mercies that have marked our journey hitherto, and all the "great and precious promises" which strew the way and turn our lingering souls on to their heavenly inheritance, will be turning back, like those of faithless Israel to Egypt, longing for the sordid pleasures and earthly enjoyments—the leeks and garlics—of our house of bondage. But oh, fellow-pilgrim, is it dark with you? is faith's lamp flick'ring in the socket? do you mourn with seemingly unavailing tears, the flight of those days when the candle of the Lord shone brightly about you, and in the fullest assurance of your acceptance with a reconciled God, you could look upward through your tears, and say 'Abba Father? does the Adversary come in upon you like a flood and tempt you to believe that there is no help for you in your God? and is the only gleam of light that steals through your soul's gloom the watchfires left upon the shores of Egypt? O fear not! Retrace in grateful retrospect the way in which you have been led hitherto, with all its mercies, and daily, o'er the scorching sun of worldly cares and anxieties rises upon you, gather your daily store of manna around the camp of your pilgrimage, and though weary and faint with the trials of the way, gird up your loins once more, and press forward to the bright land of your inheritance, "For there shall be no night there."

Do you mourn over the spiritual darkness and barrenness that surrounds you and grieve over the desolation of your beloved Zion, as the enemy breaks down her walls and exults over her ruins? She shall arise from her ashes for her King is in her, your prayers for her prosperity are registered on high, and her future history will show that "the Lord reigneth." She shall soon, yes, very soon, exchange her weapons of warfare for her crown of victory, and no longer militant in this vale of tears, she shall join the redeemed triumphant throng before the Throne, and ascribe salvation to her God who sitteth thereon and to the Lamb forever. Let us fight on still. A few more nights of watching and we shall be at home. A few more seasons of prayer and we will wake the song of praise "to Him that loved us." A little longer in the dark valley and the bright hills of Canaan will appear. "And there shall be no night there." Do you bow beneath the weight of earthly trials? has your wealth taken to itself wings and flown away? does the past appear like a dark cloud and the future full of anxious forebodings? Cast thy cares upon the Lord and he will sustain thee. Do you suffer from the injustice or malice of your brethren? Has your creditor cast you into prison till you shall pay the debt? Despair not; let your dealings be upright and honest; and, above all, seek Him for a friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and he will bring your righteousness forth as the light and as a lamp that burneth. He will never forsake them that put their trust in Him. And though the night appear gloomy now, remember that it lacks but a few hours of the dawning. The darkness that encircles you will but add lustre to the glories that shall be revealed. The mansions in your Father's house will be all the lovelier when you remember the prison walls of earth. You may soon be where the moth and rust do not corrupt and where thieves break not through nor steal. "There shall be no night there."

And you who have laid your loved ones to rest beneath the cold clods of the valley, "why weepest thou?" Was that precious one a follower of the Redeemer? O then let not the notes of mourning create discord with the new harp before the throne, but rather let your songs of gratitude arise continually, until you, too, shall lay by your clay tabernacle, and your freed spirit shall pass the same portals to eternal day. There are no tombs in heaven, the graveyard is a place unknown in the Land of Life. Its inhabitants shall never say "I am sick," and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. Eternity is the measure of life in heaven. No

bed of death! No silence of the tomb "No night there."

GERSHOM.

S—, C. B. March, 1861.

Education and the Ministry.

We have been requested to copy the following article from a late number of the *N. Y. Examiner*. It contains some valuable suggestions. Perhaps no body have ever had a higher appreciation of education for their ministers than Baptists, but then it must be—education—not the mere name arising from passing through a prescribed course of studies. May we in Nova Scotia never lower the standard in this respect! An ignorant ministry is not to be endured. Any man who at this day professes to aim at the ministry, and despises the cultivation of his mental powers, will not be long, we think, before he himself or his people will discover the great mistake he has made.

I have no taste for fault finding, neither I fond of controversy, but there are some things I feel constrained to speak of, and, as I trust, from right motives, to oppose. Among these things is the disposition that has been exhibited, during the past few years, unduly, as I think, to exalt the agency of Literary and Theological Institutions in supplying ministers of the gospel.

I yield to no one in appreciation of education—education in the true and full sense of the term—but I ask, if it is impossible for a person to be an educated man, without receiving a diploma of graduation at a theological institution; or an educated minister of Christ, without having passed up the ladder of some prescribed "literary and theological course?"

As I cannot sympathize with those who denounce such a course, as not only useless but wrong, neither can I at all sympathize with those whose efforts tend, whether they mean it, or not, to confine the Baptists ministry in future to those who have been taken, mostly when quite young, and passed through, or over, a prescribed routine.

I have sometimes been forced to do, what I have been sorry to be compelled to do, which is, to seem to place myself in antagonism to education in the ministry, because of what I regard as the injudicious language and efforts of some zealous advocates of "Education Societies," and Literary and Theological Institutions. I know enough of such institutions, having been connected with one myself, to know that a person who has "passed through" and received his diploma, is not necessarily a well educated man, and I know enough of the world, to know that there are thousands who have not "passed through" who are far better educated, than thousands who have. This being the case—Is it wise, is it right, for any to pursue such a course as will tend to depreciate, or cause the people to receive coldly, those whom God may call, and qualify for the ministry, through other means than directly through Literary and Theological Institutions?

But it may be asked, "Who is doing this?" Can that question be put by one who has heard the speeches of some who claim to be the special advocates of an educated ministry? That the tendency is such as I have suggested, no one can deny, who has carefully watched the current of events in our denomination, for the last few years, especially in some localities. The cry is continually for "young men," only for young men, and the means of sustaining them in some institution. And in order to arouse the churches to earnest efforts to supply materials for ministers, from among their poor young members (and those who are not poor, do not seem to be expected to devote themselves to the work) and to furnish the money required to pay the expenses of working these materials up, according to the prescribed form, they are told of the great destitution of ministers, especially "properly qualified" ones, and are left to infer the impossibility of getting a supply, except through these channels.

Now what must be the effect of such a course, if it has any influence at all? Will it not discourage the hundreds of pious, active, intelligent, and judicious men, whose minds and habits are already trained, who with the encouragement and assistance of their pastors,

and others, might be brought out, and be come eminently useful in the ministry? Will they not conclude, if all that is said, is true, that they are not wanted? Let us not, in attempting to open wider one gate, throw it back so as to close another, through which most of the present very efficient ministry, among us, has entered.

Modesty and diffidence are graceful characteristics of a true minister of Christ, and persons who possess these, frequently need to be encouraged forward, instead of the opposite. How often do many such linger for months, and sometimes for years, almost or quite persuaded that it is their duty to go forth and preach the gospel, but no one gives them an encouraging word, or offers a helping hand. On the contrary, one hears, perhaps, some earnest and eloquent advocate of an "Education Society" which is greatly in want of funds, who pictures in strong language, and glowing colors, the high literary and scientific, as well as theological qualifications necessary now to a successful minister, and which can be obtained only through the agency of an "endowed Institution," and he says to himself, "There is no hope for me, I must be content to remain as I am." I have in mind one very interesting case of this kind, which came under my observation not many months ago.—A man possessed of a good education and fine talents, with the gifts and graces calculated to make him an affectionate, earnest, and judicious pastor,—yet he was discouraged by being told that he must not think of the ministry, unless he could go through the course of a Theological Institution, and this his circumstances would not permit him to do.

But some may say—If a man is truly called of God to the ministry, will he not go forward in spite of obstacles and discouragements? He may. Many have done so. But do those who are laboring to depreciate, what they are pleased to consider "uneducated ministers," and who are calling so loudly for means to train young men to become ministers, recognize this doctrine more fully than others? If young men, from sixteen to twenty five, may be urged and helped forward, may not older ones be so, likewise? Is it not as likely that God calls strong minded, mature men, to the ministry now, as in days that are past? But it is said, "the people are more intelligent now. And admitting that the people now are superior to their fathers in intelligence, let the ministry still be called out directly from among the people, and we may depend upon it, it will be as equal to the emergency now as formerly. Let us go on, and promote education—real education; but let us not build up or sustain a literary and theological aristocracy founded principal on diplomas, and "Professional Certificates," or teach, directly or indirectly, that to be a properly qualified minister of the gospel, a man must be passed, necessarily, through a public institution, and come out after an approved pattern.—*Examiner*

For the Christian Messenger.

Our Foreign Mission.

GREAT FIRE AT HENTHADA, BURMAH.—THE MISSION HOUSE AND CHAPEL BURNT DOWN.

HENTHADA, Dec. 15th, 1860.

My Dear Dr. Tupper.—The 10th inst. was a calamitous day for our Mission. Nearly half this large town was destroyed by fire, and my house, with all it contained: books, clothes, furniture, everything, and the Burmese Chapel shared in the general ruin. I was absent at the time at the out-station of Donabew, and of course knew nothing of the disaster, until many hours after all had become a heap of ashes. It is a heavy misfortune indeed, for besides that, I'm expecting my family to arrive in 3 or 4 months, and in the hottest season of the year, when just such a house as has been destroyed is particularly needed,—my plan for travelling among the villages must all be given up for this season. Every effort must be made to erect another house before my family arrive.

All but one of the native Christians also had their houses swept away in the same great conflagration. But they show true Christian resignation and composure and wear happy and cheerful faces while the heathen around them are downcast and ulled under their losses.