

Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

Dead among the Living.

ARE there any who do not count among their loved ones, at least one spiritually dead? The following lines touchingly and truly depict the condition of such, as well as show where we are to look for aid:

Dead, though over his beautiful eyes
Nor coffin-lid nor the grave-sod lies;
Dead, though he wears his living smile,
And his step falls firm, as it fell ere while;
Dead, though his lips of "bearded bloom,"
Never have gathered the dust of the tomb;
Lost, though his footsteps do wot roam,
And he wanders not from his olden home;

Dead to the loftier life of hope,
That once was his, in its glorious scope;
To the radiant promise of earlier years,
Dead and benighted with passionate tears;
Lost forever out of the arms
That gladly would shield him from earthly harms—
Out of the heart that fain would brave
All things to save him, yet could not save—

Dead while he liveth! God pity us all
Who thus o'er the living must spread the pall,
Who watch the slow ravage of sin's deep blight,
And never can bury our dead out of sight!
O pitiful God! who to beauty and bloom
Yearly dost waken the earth from its tomb,
Strong to deliver and mighty to save—
Quicken this soul, in its living grave!

Selections.

For the Christian Messenger.

Stray Leaves.

HOME.

How intimately connected is that sweet word with everything beautiful that earth possesses, with everything tender, and endearing that human friendship can bestow; around it cluster all the recollections of our happy spring-time—of our infant pleasures, unsullied by the touch of worldly care or sorrow, unchilled by the cold world's neglect, unstained by vice. Years may roll on, and leave their imprint on the brow and heart, and many a league of blue ocean may spread its waters between the wanderer and the home of his childhood, but ever and anon the thoughts will flash back to days and scenes hallowed by early associations, and deeply enshrined in the heart's temple, and though a day of sunshine may have been the exception in his weary pilgrimage, those home scenes will ever be invested with a brightness, that childhood's innocence alone can give.

The mind of the wayworn peasant reverts to the vine clad cottage and the murmuring brook, the household ingle and the smiling faces there; with the same pleasurable emotions—the same enthusiastic associations that are linked by the peer with his ancestral halls—with courts and pageantry; the exile from his home among the alpine crags, and the Bedouin in his tattered tent on Ishmael's heritage, the slave torn from the banks of his native Niger, and the Israelite, "stranger in a strange land," all share in the same irrepressible love for the happy homes of their childhood; there, are gathered in joyous circles those that yet remain on earth, and there those that have passed away are calmly sleeping with the dead; the latter perhaps constitute home more than the former, and form the stronger magnet that draws the spirit to its goal. Ask you hoary son of Abraham of his home, and though his soul may yearn towards some hallowed spot where the living idols of his heart repose, he will point you to the valley of Jehoshaphat and the tombs of his ancestors; there he would live beneath the shadow of the holy mountain, and there it is his one desire to lay his bones with the ashes of his fathers.

Home! sweetly solemn word,—bright fountain of earthly bliss, mingling its crystal waters with the ocean of eternity—unbroken chain that connects the present with the unseen—chequered pathway of joys and sorrows, from the cradle to the sculptured stone, and on to the palm of victory or the "lake that burneth," no wonder that it weaves itself with the tissue of our existence, and exerts over us an influence omnipo-

tent. Home! speak but the word, and see eyes all unused to weep, gush out with unbidden tears: the long sealed fountains of the heart unstopped, and thoughts that have lain hidden in its deepest chambers, trooping forth in resurrection from the grave of years. Home! breathe but the name, and the bearded soldier that could face war's iron-storm unmoved, will turn aside and weep; the vision of a mother's grave perhaps, or the recollections of other scenes and other days, has wakened a chord in that heart, that sterner realities could never reach.

Homes of earth, oh potent is your influence! to strew with flowers or fill with thorns, our pathway to eternity; blessedly ye blend with all our day-dreams of earthly happiness, and though in yourselves fleeting as all else terrestrial, ye dimly foreshadow a happier state of existence, and lead to the contemplation of another home, beyond life's rubicon, a home on which time shall never set his seal, mansions like their Founder eternal, immutable—whose Builder and Maker is God.

Home, happy heavenly home! oh, who as he journeys through this weary world, does not often raise his eyes thitherward, and long for the time when he shall plume his soul's pinions, and wing his way to the bright fields of immortality; when he shall cease to commune with earthly things, chained an unwilling captive here, but in all the glorious freedom of the spirits of the just disengaged from the shackles of the flesh, he shall range in growing wonder the celestial fields, where seraphs gather immortality, fast by the throne of God.

Home, happy home! where we shall see face to face Him whom our souls loveth, and go no more out forever; and bow before Him in ceaseless adoration, and cast our crowns at His feet, and ascribe salvation to the Lamb; and with ten thousand timesten thousand wake heaven's choral symphonies, and sing "to Him that loved us"; when, freed from all temptation, perfect, as God is perfect, sin forever done with—the battle fought—the victory won, the purchased crown secure forever, we shall joyfully shout with all the redeemed, Home, happy home!

Here we see but as through a glass darkly; there, we shall realize the full fruition of what we now possess but in anticipation, and hail with joy unspeakable our exceeding great reward.

Oh, for a faith to pierce the azure! to relax our hold upon times fleeting shadows and rest upon eternal realities, and with more exalted conceptions of those "things that eye hath not seen," confess that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Why do we cling to earth's trifles so? why lay up our treasure here where moth and rust corrupt, when on the boundless treasury of our Heavenly Friend we may receive unlimited drafts and "grace for grace"; why do we seek to pitch our tent and rest upon this battle-field of toil and suffering, when we know that for us there are mansions prepared above; a home where toil and suffering are unknown forever?

GERSHOM.

The Two Givers.

There was once a collection for Foreign Missions at the church-door, and all the people, as they passed by, dropped their contributions into the plate.

The richest man in the congregation put in a five pound note, and a poor little girl, who came in immediately after him, put in a penny.

Men were looking on, and, as the rich man's money was laid on the plate, they admired the liberality of the gift, but they took no notice of the poor little girl's penny.

But Jesus and the holy angels were looking on too, and they were not like the elders that stood by; for they noticed the little girl and her penny, but they took no notice of the rich man and his five pounds. And why?

That same morning, the rich man said to himself, "What shall I give to this collection for Foreign Missions? I must give a five-pound note, for that is what will be expected of me, and I wish my subscription to be above all the others."

That same morning the little girl had been reading her Bible, and had seen there the story of the love of Jesus, and she loved him in return. She thought within herself, "If Jesus did so much for me, oh! what can I do to show my love to Him? There is to be a collection for the Foreign Missions this day, and I have only a penny; but I will give my penny for Jesus' sake, and it may be He will accept it from me, for I love Him very much."

The little girl took the penny, and kneeling, prayed thus for a blessing: "O my God! here is a penny which I wish to give to thee. Oh take it, Lord, although I am not worthy to give it, and bless it so as to make it do good to the poor heathen."

The little girl when she put in her penny never thought about the men that stood by. She saw gold and silver on the plate, and as she felt how little was her offering, she felt also how good it was in God to permit her to give it, although it was small.

There was a meeting for prayer in the Sabbath school that same evening, and the heathen were not forgotten in the prayers. But the little girl especially was very earnest that God would send His gospel to the poor heathen. She followed her penny with her prayers.

The two givers had their reward. The rich man was seen of men, and was greatly admired. His offering made the collection mount up higher than the offerings of many others, and the elders spoke about it. But that was all. He paid five pounds for the praise of men, and he obtained it.

The little girl also was rewarded for her penny. Her heart was enlarged; her love became stronger; her zeal for Jesus increased. Was this all? This was not all; and yet this was more than the rich man got for his five pounds.

Jesus wrote down upon his loving heart a memorandum of the prayer, and also of the penny, because it was really given to Him, and opposite the entry stood the words, "Ask, and it shall be given you;" and further on, "Whoever shall give a cup of water to drink in my name, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward. He shall receive a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. Thy Father, who seeth in secret, Himself shall reward thee openly."

Habits of the Beavers.

The law of industry among the working beavers is well attested to by hunters. Their dams or houses are built anew or remodeled every fall, and in a way to suit the height of the water during the succeeding winter or spring. The object of the dam seems to be to regulate the height of the water at their houses, where they have two or three berths at different heights, where they sleep dry, but with their tails in the water, thus being warned of any change in the rise or fall of the water. Some houses stand six feet at least above the surface of the meadow, covered with mud, and in the form of a round coal-pit, but so intersected with sticks of wood, as to be strong, and the weight of three or four men makes no impression upon it.

A "full family," as hunters call them, consists of the parental pair and the males of the next generation, with their mates. When the tribe get large, they colonize. Some time in the fall, all the single ones of both sexes congregate from considerable distances, at the deepest lake in the vicinity, where they choose their mates; how ceremonious the nuptials, we cannot say; then they all go home, the female following her mate, and all go to work, first putting the house and dam in order for winter, then laying in their stock of wood, the bark of which is their winter food. They go up the streams some three miles for their wood, and float it down to their houses, and then in some mysterious way make it lie in a pile at the bottom of the pond, outside of the house, where they may take it at any time in the winter for use. It is said that no human hands can disturb that, without its rising and remaining afloat till the beavers have the handling of it.

But we do not feel quite sure what is fact and

what is conjecture respecting the beaver, whose works are so much in the night and deep under water. The fall of the year is a busy time with them, and it is interesting to see their new dams in process of building, as we sometimes find them across large boating streams; and not unfrequently boatmen and river-drivers tear away their dams, and get a good head of water for their use. They usually build at the outlet of natural ponds, and sometimes they flow large lakes and long pieces of dead water, but are always moving and reconstructing. How they keep their teeth in order for so much eating, when the best steel would wear out, is a mystery. They cut logs sometimes a foot through, and every stroke of the tooth tells toward the job, and never does a tooth get dull, as we can see.

Two winters ago, some lumbermen encamped near one of their ponds. One afternoon they felled a tree across a lumber road, and before morning it was cut up by the beavers, and handsomely piled out of the road.—*Aroostook Pioneer.*

Repent and be Baptized.

"We do indeed baptize children," said a Christian minister, as he went down into the liquid wave, leading by the hand a little boy, whose sunny brow scarce nine summers had shed their light. He had been born far away, in a land of idolaters, and his little hands had been joined by a heathen mother, in adoration before the altar of a senseless idol, ere he was yet capable of choosing between good and evil. But in God's providence he had been brought to this Christian land, and by His abounding grace led, at the age of nine years, to devote himself to His service, and thus early was he received into His visible fold. The well known opposition of the Baptists, to what is termed in other churches "Infant Baptism," induced some to charge Dr. F.—with inconsistency, in consenting to baptize a child of such tender years. Hence his words on descending into the river—"We do indeed baptize children, but they must be believing children, those who by their own act have renounced sin, and for themselves, not through the agency of another, promise henceforth to lead a new life unto the Lord." It was a solemn and beautiful sight, one upon which angels might look with joy, and probably not one of those who saw it will ever forget it. And is it not meet and right that little children should repent and be baptized, as well as grown up men and woman? Little children sin, alas! every one, and every day of their lives, and they too are often called to die, and to meet God in judgment. Should they not then early remember their Creator, give themselves to His service, and become members of His visible church? Should their lives be spared to mature years, they are thus trained to greater usefulness in God's vineyard; and if early called away, they will rejoice in a dying hour, that they were permitted to "confess Christ" before men, and leave to sorrowing friends the consolation that no stumbling block was placed in the path of those little ones who believe in Christ.—*Young Reaper.*

"I can do all things"—Yet doing nothing.

Paul says, in the name of all Christians, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I say, not in Paul's name only, but in the name of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, *How is it then that some of you are doing nothing?* If you could do nothing you might be excused for not attempting it; but if you put in the slightest pretence to my text, you must allow my right to put this question to you. You say, "I can do all things;" in the name of reason I ask why are you doing nothing? Look what multitudes of Christians there are in the world; do you believe if they were all what they profess to be, and all to work for Christ, there would long be the degrading poverty, the ignorance, the heathenism, which is to be found in this city? What cannot one individual accomplish?