

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

### A Christmas Carol.

Pile up the ruddy embers,  
Bring out the festal cheer  
To crown the brows of Christmas,  
The glory of the year!  
His glad familiar footstep  
Is on the threshold now,  
Then weave a greenwood chaplet  
Fresh from the forest bough.

We have no English holly,  
All hung with scarlet pearls,  
No mistletoe to shadow  
The merry boys and girls.  
But we have spruce and evergreen,  
The fir and pine trees' plume,  
To droop above the chancel,  
And deck the household room.

We have no wags with carols,  
To usher in the morn,  
Of this dear holy festival,  
When Christ our Lord was born.  
But we have sound of Matin bell  
Calling our hearts to prayer;  
And the herald angel's anthem,  
In welcome for us there.

Our Mother Church has festivals,  
For all within her fold,  
But Christmas to her Calendar  
Is still the clasp of gold!  
Then let us stand in wonder,  
As did the shepherd throng,  
And chant the glorious burden  
Of Bethlehem's angel song!

Let gifts—a goodly benison—  
Fall round the poor man's way,  
For God the Father gave to us  
His only Son to-day!  
In grateful adoration  
Before His shrine we fall,  
And crown the Christ-child manger-born  
Redeemer—Lord of all!

So weave the Christmas coronal,  
Of fresh rejoicing green,  
All hung with sparkling frostdrops  
Pure in their pearly sheen,  
With happy hearts and hymns of praise,  
Salute the glorious morn,  
The new birth of Creation,  
When Christ our Lord was born!

M. J. K.

Halifax, Christmas Eve.

For the Christian Messenger.

### The Ingathering.

They come! they come! church of the Lord make room;  
Take to your fostering care these ransomed souls;  
Borne to your ark, in all their youthful bloom;  
As through your midst, salvation's river rolls.

They come; they come! from the broadway of sin;  
From Satan's wiles, from Folly's gilded shrine,  
Seeking the Saviour's loving smiles to win,  
Walking with cheerful feet the path divine.

They come! from threatening Sinai's fery brow,  
To him, whose love can every fear dispel;  
These young, rejoicing spirits, hasten now,  
Within the halo of the Cross to dwell.

They hasten gladly, from the shallow stream,  
Of earthly pleasure, which they long had drained,  
Yet thirsted still; attracted by the gleam,  
Of waters bright; for healing virtue tamed.

From Shiloh's waves which softly flow,  
Fed from the ocean of eternal love;  
From that blest fountain, they are drinking now;  
And hope to drink still deeper draughts above.

They come! they come! The crowded halls of mirth  
Shall echo with their footsteps, nevermore!  
Henceforth their walk upon this darkened earth,  
Will be as pilgrims to a brighter shore.

For heaven 'sweet heaven,' is now the radiant goal,  
For which they start, to run the glorious race;  
The powerful magnet of the ransomed soul;  
The great reward of all victorious grace.

They come! aspirants for a dazzling crown,  
Of costlier price than earthly monarchs wear;  
They meekly bow, in humble reverence down,  
Their great Redeemer's easy yoke to bear.

The white robed throng's glad hallelujahs ring,  
At the blest news of sinners hast'ning home;  
While angels strike their sounding harps, and sing—  
Before the Saviour's throne, "they come! they come!"

Saviour divine! while thou art passing by,  
May those yet slumbering, hear thy gracious call,  
Fly swiftly to the ark of refuge! fly!  
And at the footstool of Immanuel fall.

Refresh us still; till through the desert waste,  
Revolving streams majestically flow;  
Their margins be, by trees immortal graced,  
And youthful plants in rich luxuriance grow.

Oslo, Oct. 27th.

## Religious.

### "The Serampore Mission and the Missionaries."

The above is the title of a pamphlet, kindly placed in our hands by a friend, and a relative of the writer, a few days since. It is an address delivered by the Hon. A. Newton, before the Baptist Church, at Pittsfield, U. S. Mr. Newton was a native of Halifax, who formerly lived in Calcutta, a pious Episcopalian merchant, and was personally acquainted with the Missionaries, of whom he speaks. He afterwards returned to the United States, and lived a number of years at Pittsfield. We have also a Commemorative Discourse, delivered after the death of Mr. Newton, from which we shall, in our next, give a brief account of this excellent man, who, having passed his early days in this Province, raised himself to honor and affluence, and died greatly revered. The Rev. Howard Malcom says of him:

"The author of this Address, a decided Episcopalian, loved and labored with the earnest Baptists of whom he speaks. For many years, he performed for them various acts of service, and he frequently contributed to their expenses, while his personal affection was a constant support in their toils and trials. When I visited Serampore in 1836, both the Marshmans, father and son, spoke of him with the kindest remembrance.

The father of the author, for upwards of fifty years held an important official position in Halifax, and was also a member of the Legislative Council of the province.

After the delivery of the lecture the writer sent the manuscript to the Baptist Historical Society, by whom it has now been published. It is a valuable and interesting contribution to the history of Missions, and all the more so from the circumstance of its being given by one of another denomination of Christians.

Some few of our friends may be familiar with the facts, in the early history of the English Baptist Missionary Society. These will not be unwilling to have them again brought to their remembrance, whilst the younger portion of our readers may be instructed by a perusal of this epitome of the things of which they should not be ignorant.

We have read the Address with much pleasure, and believe our readers generally will be gratified by a perusal of some passages of it. They refer to men who although but lightly esteemed, by the world, when they lived and laboured for the teeming millions of India, yet belonged to the nobility of the christian family. Their memory will be revered by all coming generations, as the honored pioneers in modern missionary operations.

After some introductory remarks the writer says:

"The principle founders of the Serampore Mission were three remarkable men of the Baptist Church in England. It will be seen in the course of this address, how wonderfully adapted they were 'for the work whereunto they were appointed.'"

"The actual founders then, of the Serampore Mission, were Drs. Carey, Marshman and Ward. I shall give a brief account of the origin and early training of each."

Dr. WILLIAM CAREY was born in a small village in Northamptonshire, one of the inland counties of England, in the year 1761. His parents were poor—his father, by occupation, was a weaver—but in after life the master of a small free school in his village. It is manifest that his relatives were religious persons, after the standard of the day, which was not very high. He was providentially led to the perusal of many good religious books, and accustomed from early life to read the Holy Scriptures. Let this be carefully remembered. His father was, also, sexton

of the Episcopal Church, which his family attended, and he says of himself, "that the constant reading of the Psalms, Lessons, &c., therein, which I was obliged to attend regularly, tended to furnish my mind with a general Scripture knowledge." He further adds, "It is still a matter of thankfulness that I had so general knowledge of the Bible when I was a child; by that means my mind was furnished with a body of subjects, often influential upon my heart, when I had but little time to read; to this the constant reading of the Scriptures in the Church contributed not a little."

I have presented this extract for the reason, which I hope will be deemed excusable, that the like circumstances have had precisely the like influence on my own mind and heart. I can recollect nothing earlier in life, than my attendance on family prayer at my father's house, who always read a psalm, whatever other portion of Scripture he might add, and this, with the regular reading of the Psalms in the Church, has so filled my memory with them that I can nearly repeat the whole book with ease; and have had, I humbly trust, a gracious influence impressed on my heart in consequence.

At the age of fourteen Dr. Carey was apprenticed to a trader in his obscure village, where he remained—working also at his trade as a shoemaker—until he commenced the exalted career which it is my design to unfold.\*

In personal appearance, Dr. Carey was short and stout, but well proportioned, and of a very grave and unattractive address. I think I never saw him smile. He was slow of speech, and remarkable when I knew him for great neatness and propriety in his dress. He was very blunt and reserved in his manners, and impatient of having his time unprofitably occupied by visitors. I shall relate an instance. I had gone to Serampore with my family to see the establishment, expecting to find Dr. Marshman there, with whom I was more particularly acquainted, but he was absent and Dr. Carey very kindly offering to be our guide. He went about with us everywhere, and when coming round by his own house, suddenly mounted the steps and turning abruptly towards us said, "and now, madam and sir, I believe I have shewn you everything worthy of being seen in Serampore, and as I have a great deal to do besides, I wish you good morning"—and thus we were left to get back to Calcutta as we could.

Dr. MARSHMAN, the next in order, was born also in an obscure English village, in 1768. His father, also, was a weaver. His mother was a woman of great piety and exemplary benevolence, and it was under her influence her son came forward into life. At the age of fifteen he was sent to London and apprenticed to a bookseller; but not liking the employment, he returned to his native village and took up the business of a weaver, which he followed for about the space of ten years. He was distinguished for early piety, and an insatiable thirst for the possession of knowledge, reading every book, of every sort, he could compass, which an astonishing memory enabled him to profit by throughout his life. He was very unprepossessing in his personal appearance, but remarkably affable and friendly in his address. I had much and pleasing intercourse with him. He was as rapid in his movements and conversation as Dr. Carey was slow. It is affirmed, that the only learning he ever acquired through the agency of others was how to read, for even writing and arithmetic were not taught in his native village.

Dr. WARD was a native of Derby, a large inland town in the north of England, and was born in 1766. His father was a carpenter and builder, who died when he was young, and he was educated by his mother, "a woman of superior parts, and exemplary piety,

an attendant on the ministry of the Methodist Church." Dr. Ward was bred a printer, and followed the occupation until he went to India as a Missionary. In his personal appearance, manners and address, he was more attractive than either of his associates. Being chiefly engaged with the press at Serampore, he was seldom seen in Calcutta.

Thus, very briefly, have I thought it desirable to place before you the origin and early acquirements of these afterwards illustrious men, with the intent to show, that not by the mighty, not by the great, not by the learned, nor by the rich in this world,—primarily at least,—but by the *spiritually minded*, and the spirit of God operating through such, is the great work of evangelizing the heathen world to be accomplished.

It is very difficult to conceive at the present day, when most of the christian communions in our land, and in England, have large and well supported organizations for carrying the Gospel to the heathen, that within the memory of many of us now living, and of myself among the number, no such organization existed. The poor heathen were left to exclaim in the plaintive language of the Psalmist, "No man cared for my soul." Let us thank God it is otherwise now, and, *with our privileges, be mindful of our responsibilities.*

In 1792 the Baptists in England were the first to put in execution what so many had been considering.

In 1792 Dr. Carey, then 31 years old, preached at Northampton his celebrated Sermon from the 54th of Isaiah, 2d and 3d verses—"Enlarge the place of thy Tent," &c. From this text he enforced two great principles—1st, *Expect great things from God.* 2d, *Attempt great things for God.* The audience was greatly moved, but at the ministers' meeting subsequently on the same day, the old feeling of doubt and hesitation predominated, and they were about to separate, when Dr. Carey, seizing Mr. Fuller by the hand in an agony of distress, enquired, "whether they were going away without doing anything?" The exhortation was successful, and at their next meeting at *Kettering* they formed the Society which sent out Dr. Carey to Serampore.

Well did that great statesman, philanthropist and christian, Mr. Wilberforce, exclaim in the British Parliament, "I do not know a finer instance of the morally sublime, than that a poor cobbler working in his stall should conceive the idea of converting the Hindoos to christianity. Yet such was Dr. Carey. Why, sir, Milton planning his *Paradise Lost*, in his old age and blindness, was nothing to it."

Early in the year 1793, Dr. Carey, Mr. Thomas, two ladies and four children, embarked on board an English East India ship for Calcutta. In those days no British vessels were allowed to go to India but those in the India Company's employ. Mr. Thomas, who had been a Surgeon on board this ship, induced the commander to take them on board clandestinely, for no one at that time was allowed to go to India to reside, unless he were in the Company's service—and missionaries especially of all men were forbidden; they were the dread of the Government. They had scarcely reached the ship when their embarkation and object were discovered, and they were compelled to return on shore. It was a moment of intense agony to Dr. Carey, and "he wept bitterly." Shortly afterwards it was discovered that a *Danish vessel* was about to sail for Calcutta, and they obtained a passage on her, and were carried safely out.

With the knowledge and experience says Mr. Newton, I have personally had of the ordinary difficulties in their way, combined with the hostility of the authorities of the land, I deem their success so wonderful as to be accounted for only by the direct interposition of Almighty God in their behalf,—and that the faith and perseverance of these missionaries is an exhibition of heroic devotion almost unparalleled in human history. The Bishop of Calcutta is reported to have said of them—"There have been but few men at Serampore, but they were all *Giants*."

After enduring incredible sufferings in Calcutta, Dr. Carey, having succeeded in borrowing a small sum of money and embarking in boats, set off to form an establishment in

\*NOTE BY REV. DR. MALCOM.—"At the age of 22 he was baptized in the river New, and was soon after chosen Pastor of a small Baptist Church not far from Northampton. Here he prosecuted his studies with great ardor, acquiring several languages and making himself a proficient in Botany and Natural History. After being Pastor here about three years, he was in 1787 removed to the pastorate of the Church in Leicester, where his flock contained many educated and literary persons, and where he still further extended his acquirements."