

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.  
VOL. VII. No. 46.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1862.

WHOLE SERIES.  
VOL. XXVI. No. 46.

## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### The waiting Saviour.

Spirit, touched by God's own finger,  
Tossed by storms of dread and doubt;  
Weary sinner will you linger,  
While the Saviour waits without.

Waits, with arms of love extended;  
Waits, with showers of grace divine;  
Richest blessings, sweetly blended!  
For that thirsting soul of thine.

Waits, to light the dark recesses,  
Of the temple of thy soul;  
Save thee from thy deep distresses;  
Stay the waves which round thee roll;

Open up the way before thee,  
All thy heart with rapture fill;  
Hush the tempest sweeping o'er thee,  
With his blessed, "Peace, be still."

Think not mourner, Christ is sleeping;  
That he does not hear thy cry;  
He, will hush thy voice of weeping;  
Sinner! to his bosom fly.

Hark! a voice like music calling  
On thee, blest returning one;  
At the cross, he prostrate falling;  
Trusts the merits of the Son.

Listen! listen! myriad voices,  
Like the rush of waters sound!  
For the heavenly host rejoices,  
That a sinner lost, is found.

Onslow, Oct. 27th.

## Convention Documents.

### Address to Her Majesty.

At the late session of the Baptist Convention held at Moncton, the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to prepare an Address of Condolence to our Gracious Queen, and that the following brethren be that Committee:—Revs. Dr. Cramp, Dr. Tupper, Dr. Spurden, J. Davis and I. E. Bill.

At a subsequent sitting of the Convention the Committee reported the following ADDRESS.

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, VICTORIA,  
QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,  
&c., &c.

#### May it please Your Majesty,

The Baptist Convention of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, in their annual meeting assembled, beg to convey to Your Majesty, the expression of their hearty sympathy and condolence under your heavy affliction.

By the death of His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, your Majesty has been bereft of the affections, and counsels and care of one who was eminently qualified to render aid and support in the discharge of duty, and whose constant endeavours to promote your Majesty's happiness will ever be gratefully remembered.

The Members of the Convention share with their fellow-subjects in every part of the Empire in the deep regret which this loss has occasioned.

In the character and public conduct of His late Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, they saw much to admire. They observed his laborious efforts to encourage education, science, and the arts; his discriminating benevolence; his patronage of useful Institutions; and the moral and religious tone of his addresses on public occasions. They regard his death as a great national calamity.

Your Majesty has needed, under this trial, such strength and consolation as God only can impart. The bestowment of these blessings is implored continually by the millions who own your Majesty's sway.

The Members of this Convention unite with their christian brethren of all denominations in praying that your Majesty may be enriched with heaven's best gifts and choicest comforts; that your reign may be long, peaceful, and prosperous; and that at length "an entrance" may be "ministered unto you abundantly into

the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

On behalf of the Convention,

J. W. JOHNSTON, President.

ISALAH WALLACE, } Secretaries.  
E. C. CADY. }

Voted, That the Address be prepared and signed by the President and Secretaries of the Convention, and forwarded at an early date.

On Wednesday last we received from the President of the Convention, Hon. J. W. Johnston, the following documents in acknowledgment of the above Address:—

Government House, Halifax, N. S.  
4th November, 1862.

Sir,

I am directed by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor to transmit to you the copy of a Despatch received by last mail from the Duke of Newcastle, in which he acknowledges the receipt of an Address of Condolence to the Queen from the Baptist Convention of the Lower Provinces of British North America, and states that he has laid it before Her Majesty.

I have the honor to be  
your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM HICKMAN, P. S.

To the Hon. J. W. Johnston.

(COPY)

Downing Street, 14th October, 1862.

Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge your Despatch No. 89 of the 2nd Instant, enclosing an Address of Condolence to the Queen from the Baptist Convention of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island; and I have to request that you will inform the Convention that Her Majesty has received with much gratification their expressions of sympathy and attachment.

I have, &c., &c.

NEWCASTLE.

To the Officer Administering the Government of Nova Scotia.

### The Prayer was too long.

Well, that is a fault. We have no model in the Bible for a long prayer. The longest recorded is that of Solomon, upon the momentous, special occasion of the Dedication of the Temple. The deliberate offering of this would scarcely occupy eight minutes. One of the shortest, that of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," may be offered in one breathing; and it was heard and answered. "Lord, save, I perish," and "Lord help me," are patterns of earnest, effectual prayer. Earnestness utters its desires directly, briefly, even abruptly. We are not heard because of "much speaking."

The prayer was too long. It is certainly difficult for us to concentrate our thoughts with the intensity that devotion requires, for a long time, or to maintain without weariness the proper attitude of prayer. Remembering this, he who leads publicly in prayer, representing not simply his own desires, but those of the congregation, should go no farther than he may reasonably hope to carry with him their thoughts and devotions. All beyond this, if it be sincere, is private prayer, and should be uttered in the closet; if it be not sincere, it is hypocrisy.

The prayer was too long. Perhaps the good brother did not know it. In the self-forgetfulness of devotion perhaps he took "no note of time." As the prayers of the social meeting are generally too long, he was but extending a bad custom. Now, if you were kindly to mention it to him, not complainingly, but as though you really desired to promote his usefulness and influence, might it not have a good result? Just try it, and if he is a reasonable christian he will thank you for it.

The prayer was too long. Perhaps your own heart was not in a proper frame to sympathize with the devotions. You did not pray in private before you came to the public meeting, and consequently you wanted a praying spirit. There was then but little fellowship of spirit between you and the brother who sought to express what ought to be your desires, and if his heart was warm and yours cold, it is no wonder you thought the prayer too long.

The prayer was too long. Was there any preaching in it? Sometimes brethren aim to instruct the congregation, and substantially turn their prayers into exhortations, or statements of doctrine. I think in all such cases, it would greatly add to the interest and profitability of the meeting if a division were made, and the things that differ were separated.

The prayer was too long. Was it formal and heartless? Without unction and earnestness, did it seem as though the brother prayed merely because he was called upon, without appearing to have any special errand to the throne of grace? Did he seem to pray merely to fill up the time, or to perform his part in the prescribed routine of service? Was it the same old stereotyped prayer, which he always offers, as though circumstances never changed, and our wants and supplies were always the same? If it were so, then the prayer was certainly too long, even if it occupied only one moment.

There may not be much poetry, but there is common sense and piety in the following stanza—

"Few be our words and short our prayers,  
When we together meet;  
Short duties keep religion up,  
And make devotion sweet."

### Pleasures and privations.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

Waking up from a good night's rest, I feel exceedingly grateful for so great a mercy. What a refreshing thing is sleep; How many nights of good sleep I have enjoyed, for which I never prayed, and for which I never praised God. But now I cannot sleep as I once did. Hour after hour I lie sometimes, and get no rest. I feel, with Job that "wearisome nights are appointed to me." Sleep is valued now as a great blessing, though it was once looked upon as a common thing. Now I pray for sleep, and when I get it, I praise God. How little praise God gets from us for his mercies, unless he deprives us of them! Then we prize them, pray for them, really enjoy them, and give God thanks. What we win by prayer, we should wear with praise. Nor do we sympathize as we should with the poor things who have not the blessings we enjoy. During a sleepless night, our thoughts will wander to the hospital, the sick-room, and the dying-chamber, and so sympathy is excited for others, and thanksgivings ascend to God. Nor only so, we think of that good land where sleep is no longer needed, where pain is no more felt, where darkness never reigns; for there is no night there. Lord, teach me to enjoy the mercy of sleep, when I have it, with gratitude, and to improve a sleepless night when I have it not! Sleep is thy gift, and an invaluable gift it is. May I enjoy it as thy child, and improve the testimony of thy Word, when I read that thou "givest thy beloved sleep."

Not long ago I was affected with a degree of deafness, so that much that was said I did not hear; never did I value the sense of hearing as then. It must be painful to be in a silent world. To hear no sweet sound, to be unable to hold social intercourse, to know that others are communicating thoughts, and we cannot catch them. To see others intensely interested by them, and greatly enjoying them, and ourselves shut out from that interest and enjoyment. How many years I have been able to hear well, and how few praises has a gracious God ever received from me, for so great a favour! But I do feel grateful now; it is therefore well to lose our mercies in part for a time, if the restoration of them will fill us with devout thanksgivings to God. How painful to a child, to be unable to drink in the sweet sounds of a mother's voice; or to a wife to be unable to converse with the husband she loves! But how very painful it must be to the Christian to attend the house of prayer, and be unable to hear the sound of the preacher's voice. Yet there are many who are suffering these privations, while millions who enjoy the gift of hearing never think of rendering again to the Lord, according to the value of the favour conferred. Blessed be God, that I could ever hear, that I have heard his holy Word, and have, I trust, heard it to good purpose.

Blessed be God that I can hear now, and may he preserve to me that blessing while life shall last!

The other day I mislaid my spectacles. I wanted to read a note which had been sent to me, but I could not decipher a word. A reply was required, but a written reply I could not send. Never did I feel the value of spectacles as I did then. Never did I feel my ingratitude for not praising God for the good sight which I had enjoyed for so many years, as I did then. O what a privation the loss of sight must be? To be in a beautiful world like this, and be unable to see any of its beauties. Unable to look up and see the clear blue sky or the firmament studded with stars. Unable to see the sun in his glory, or the moon walking in brightness. Unable to look at the green fields, or admire the productions of the lovely garden. To be shut out from all that is beautiful in the world of nature, and to be deprived of the power of feeding the mind by reading. What should I do without my books, or power to read them! What should I do without my pen, and power to use it! How sweet I have found it, to feed on the thoughts of others; and how grateful I have felt when I have ascertained that I have awakened good thoughts in the minds of my fellow-Christians, and my fellow-creatures! How sweet, how inexpressibly sweet, is the sense of being useful, especially being useful to the souls of men! Blessed be God, that he ever gave me sight! Blessed be God, that he has continued my sight so long! Blessed be God, for the gift of spectacles to aid my sight, now it has become weak and imperfect!

I could use to walk well, and a good distance too; but now if the atmosphere is thick, or the weather foggy; if the distance is long, or the road hilly, I find my breathing affected, and get weary soon. This indicates the presence of disease, and that old age is creeping on me apace. But what a mercy it is that I am not confined to my house, to my room, to my bed! What a blessing I feel it, that in looking back, I see that I have not lived in vain; and in looking forward, to believe that I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! Where I am going, the inhabitants are never sick, and all the people there are forgiven their iniquities. There are no asthmas there, no failing sight there, no weary limbs there. Perfect health, perpetual day, and unsullied holiness, characterize the place. Thanks be to God that ever I could walk, and thanks be to God that I can walk now, though not so well as I could once. Thanks be to God that I am not always suffering, but have many profitable hours, pleasant days, and refreshing nights. Yes, yes; the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage. May I never complain, when there are so many thousands suffering more, and after having enjoyed so many mercies for so many years! Rather, let me say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Gratitude becomes me, but complaining or repining would be altogether out of place. I have had my trials, and I have them still; but what are my trials to my mercies, what my privations to my privileges, what my present pains to my future prospects?

A short time ago, I was called to suffer severe pain of body, and who ever forgets pain? We may forget months and years of ease, but one week's severe pain is not soon forgotten. There can be no doubt but pain is salutary. I am persuaded that it has done me good. But nature does not like medicine, especially when it is bitter, and given in large doses. How it seems to lengthen time! one hour's pain appears longer than two hours' pleasure. How it changes the appearance of temporal things, and seems to lessen their value! How it prompts us to look forward to the time, and upward to the place, where there shall be no more pain! Having had so many months and years of ease, I ought not to shrink from a few weeks' pain. I ought, at least, to bear it with patience. But philosophy is of little use in suffering. I find that prayer is more soothing. If I am to suffer as a Christian—if I am to glorified God in the fires, I must ask the Lord, who sends the pain, to send special grace with it. What a wonderful thing is grace! It makes the impatient patient; the ungrateful