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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

### Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er:  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer wearing the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down into the night,  
Is the dim and unknown stream  
Which leads at last to the light.

Father, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen my feeble faith;  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the shore of the river of death.

Let me feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink;  
It may be I'm nearer home,  
Still nearer than I think.

### The wealth I've got.

Not houses or lots in a principal street,  
Not rich fields waving with golden wheat,  
Not darksome mines deep stored with gold,  
Not piles of ingots in coffer's old;  
Not these, though they fill so many a lot—  
These form no part of the wealth I've got.

I'm poorer to-day than a year ago—  
I was poorer then than I cared to know;  
The future has nothing but struggle and care,  
For the bread to eat and the raiment to wear;  
Yet I still look onward and murmur not,  
For I'm very rich in the wealth I've got.

I've kind ones to love me, rich or poor—  
I've friends whom I hold with a friendship sure;  
I've pleasures and duties, day by day,  
And work for each hour that passes away;  
I've a home with its treasures—earth's dearest spot,  
Where I hoard like a miser the wealth I've got.

I've a heart, thank God! that loves mankind;  
I've a spirit, thank God! that can be resigned;  
I've a hope to finish some trifle of good  
Before I lie down for the grave-worm's food;  
I've a hope that neither stain nor blot  
Will cling, when I'm gone, to the wealth I've got.

I've a trust in the Master, whose tender care  
Giveth bread to eat and raiment to wear;  
I've a firm, stout heart, that He giveth me,  
To bear whatever my fortune may be;  
So earth can be never a sorrowful spot [got.  
While kind Heaven leaves me the wealth I've  
HENRY MORFORD.

## Biographical.

### The late Hon. Edward A. Newton.

According to the intimation in our last issue, we proceed to give a brief notice of one who spent his early days in this, his native city. After a life of piety and industry he acquired a considerable share of wealth and respect, and descended to the grave after many years of usefulness, and amidst the regrets of a large number of good men.

The Commemorative Sermon, from which we obtain the following information, is from 1 Samuel ix. 6, "A man of God." It was preached by the Rev. George M. Randall, of Boston, at the special request of the Rev. Dr. Wells. The preacher describes the various characteristics of "the man of God." An extract will best shew the character of this able discourse.

"The man of God" believes the Word of God, and receives it as a revelation of the Divine will: a message from his Father to himself, written for his learning. He believes in its inspiration, in its infallible wisdom, its gracious promises, its Divine laws, its system of salvation. He makes it the rule of his life in time,—the foundation of his hope in eternity. He loves it and he honors it, and

holds fast to it, as the most precious treasure that the Creator has committed to his hands.

The "man of God" is a man of prayer. His filial, fervent love makes him such. As a child, he seeks for communion with his Father in Heaven. To Him he looks, and delights to look, for pardon for the past, for strength for the present, and for direction in the future. Feeling his sinfulness, he hastens to confess it; conscious of his entire dependence upon the bounties of the Divine hand, he implores the gift which both soul and body require, and as gratefully, thanks the mercy that bestows it.

He sees the hand of the Almighty in every event that betides his pilgrimage, and seeks to have his prosperity and his adversity sanctified to his best good.

The "man of God" is, moreover, a man of faith. This is the light of the law by which he walks, and by which he sees two worlds at once. By this his religion is made a reality. His faith in the power and wisdom and goodness of Him, in whom he believes, is firm and abiding. He has faith in the Gospel as the only way of salvation, in all the means of grace therein ordained, for the rescue of a ruined world, from the joint dominion of death and the devil.

The "man of God," has faith in the Son of God: in His divinity, in His atonement, in His intercession, in His all-sufficiency, as the Saviour of mankind.

He has faith in the Holy Ghost as the world's regenerator; the soul's sanctifier; the christian's comforter.

"GOD IN MAN, is the immaculate model of the man of God." Jesus Christ is his great exemplar. To walk in the steps of the Son of God, as He walked when he was in the flesh, to have His mind, to cultivate His spirit, to imitate His conduct, to obey His precepts, to follow after Him and as near to Him as he can, is the aim and the effort of the "man of God." All his duties and all his pleasures are graduated by the scale of a divine love and law, marked by the unerring hand of Jesus. Hence, as a sinner, seeking his salvation, as a saint glorifying his Redeemer, and laboring for others' welfare, he abides in the church, and proves by the soundness of his faith, by the faithfulness of his labors, and by the integrity of his heart and life, the genuineness of his profession.

But the "man of God" is not only a faithful christian, but a dutiful citizen. He regards Jehovah as the King of two kingdoms, and himself the subject of both. Hence, he is as careful to be as correct in his business as he is devout in his devotions; and is loyal to the State and to the Church, since the government of each is divine.

In rendering to "Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," in "honoring and obeying the civil authority," in cheerfully bearing the burden of the public weal, in promoting good order, in respecting the laws, in sustaining the government, he does what he deems to be the duties of his religion; and thereby shows to the world, that he is "a man of God."

The preacher designates the person, whose name is at the head of the present article a "man of God," such as he thus describes. He says in reference to his early life:

"Mr. Newton's father was for fifty-one years, the Collector of the port of Halifax, N. S., and for half a century was a member of the Supreme Council of the Province. His son, Edward, enjoyed the advantages of school until he was fourteen years of age. His father died when he was sixteen years old, and in consequence of the destitute circumstances in which his mother and her children were left, he was compelled, at once, to depend upon his own exertions for a support. That spirit of indomitable energy and enterprise for which he became distinguished, and which contributed so largely to his success in life, was early developed. When he was seventeen years old, he borrowed £200 and chartered a small fishing schooner for a trading voyage, along the coast. This speculation resulted in a serious loss. He then went to Liverpool, in Nova Scotia, and was employed by a Mr. DeWolf, as a clerk in his store. This gentleman was a passenger with him, on board the packet, on a previous voyage, and noticing the lad dressed in a "check shirt," and regarding this as an evidence of humility and energy, he was

strongly prepossessed in his favor, and made a contract with him to attend his store.

A change in his employer's business affairs, the next year, left him without employment, and he directed his steps to the United States, whither his mother and her large family of children had removed the previous year. In June, 1804, he landed at Portland, and proceeding to Boston, he obtained a situation in the mercantile house of Stephen Higginson & Co. who were largely engaged in the East India trade. After continuing with them for a year, he embarked in January, 1805, in one of their vessels for India, in the capacity of assistant to the Captain, who was supercargo. He landed at Madras, and though not twenty years old, was left alone there, entrusted with thirty thousand dollars, to execute the business which had been committed to him, without any friend or counsellor to direct him. Having succeeded in accomplishing the purpose for which he was sent out, he remained for several months waiting for an opportunity to return home. He improved this interval in obtaining information relative to the India trade, and in cultivating an extensive acquaintance among the European residents, which was subsequently of great advantage to him. It was during this period of business leisure that he first cultivated a taste for reading, which up to that time, he had very much neglected. A friend advised him to make it a rule, not to sleep until he had read at least two hundred pages, 8vo. of some useful work. This he did, and continued the practice for many years afterwards. On his voyage home, in 1806, he landed at the Cape of Good Hope, where he remained until the following year, when he returned to the United States. His earnings during his absence, were nearly all consumed in the support of his mother and her family, so that when he returned to Boston, he was nearly as poor as when he left home, yet rich in the honorable reflection that he had been able to contribute to his mother's support.

In 1808, he again left home, to prosecute an enterprise which he had long entertained, and by the aid of friends, was now enabled to carry out. For this purpose he sailed for England. There he chartered a ship for India. His business boldness is here illustrated by the fact, that he had borrowed fifteen thousand dollars, which was his entire investment, and yet he had contracted to pay freight out and home, amounting to thirty thousand dollars. At this time he was but twenty-three years of age. This voyage was a great commercial success, and laid the foundation of his subsequent fortune. On his arrival at New York, he disposed of his cargo, with the exception of one article, to sell which he bought a schooner and went in her to St. Domingo. On his return to the United States, after paying all his indebtedness, he found himself worth fifteen thousand dollars. All this was accomplished before he was 24 years old.

In February, 1812, Mr. Newton sailed again for India, as supercargo. On the return passage from Madras, the ship was captured, near the island of St. Helena, by an English privateer, who gave them the first intelligence of the war between the United States and England. He was carried to Ashburton, whence he soon embarked on board a cartel, and arrived in Newport in May, 1815.

This year, he entered into copartnership with two others, for the transaction of commission business in Boston, which was so far unsuccessful, as to result in the loss of nearly all the property which he had accumulated.

In the autumn of 1816, he left the United States for Calcutta, where he continued to reside until the year 1825. During this period, he visited this country once. Soon after his arrival in India, he became a partner in the most important agency house at that time in that country. He conducted the correspondence of the company. This responsible position brought him into the best society of Calcutta. Three of the partners of this firm subsequently became, after their return to England, members of the English Parliament. Here, Mr. Newton's commercial success secured a fortune, which enabled him to retire from business in 1825, affording him ample means of support, enabling him, at the same time, to enjoy the luxury of a large philanthropy.

The most interesting feature of his residence in India, and on which he himself delighted to dwell with profound gratitude to God, was his intimate relations with the great and good men whom he met in Calcutta—the heroic pioneers of the Gospel in that benighted country—the advance guard of that noble army of missionaries, who went forth from England and America to the conquest of this great strong hold of idolatry.

"On his return in 1825, he purchased a place in Pitt-field, which at that time was a small village. The nearest Episcopal Church was that of Trinity Church, Lenox. In the year 1828, Mr. Newton represented that parish in the Diocesan Convention. From that time, until his decease, a period of thirty-four years, he has, I believe, been elected annually, a delegate to the Convention, and has rarely failed to be present, and to take an active and prominent part in its proceedings."

"In 1828 Mr. Newton was elected a Deputy to the General Convention. For thirty-four years in succession did he represent the diocese of Massachusetts in the great ecclesiastical council of the church. He was one of the oldest members of that august body, and no layman of that convention commanded profounder respect."

"In his death, a man of rare ability and of unique character has passed away from earth. His family have been bereaved of their best beloved friend. The rich have lost one who did honor to their class; the poor, a liberal benefactor. The community has lost one, whose eminent worth, public spirit, warm and wide philanthropy, and wise counsels, rendered him an object of veneration to all who knew him."

Mr. Newton died August 18th, 1862, in the 78th year of his age.

### The Mysteries of the Fall.

Before a man can understand his errors there are several mysteries which he must know. But each one of these mysteries, methinks, is beyond his knowledge, and consequently the understanding of the whole depth of the guilt of his sin must be quite beyond human power. Now the first mystery that man must understand is the fall. Until I know how much all my powers are debased and depraved, how thoroughly my will is perverted, and my judgment turned from its right channel, how really and essentially vicious my nature has become, it cannot be possible for me to know the whole extent of my guilt. Here is a piece of iron laid upon the anvil. The hammers are plied upon it lustily. A thousand sparks are scattered on every side. Suppose it possible to count each spark as it fell from the anvil; yet who could guess the number of the unborn sparks that still lie latent and hidden in the mass of iron? Now, brethren, your sinful nature may be compared to that bar of iron. Temptations are the hammers; your sins the sparks. If you could count them (which you cannot do,) yet who could tell the multitude of unborn iniquities—eggs of sin that lie slumbering in your souls? Yet you must know this before you know the whole sinfulness of your nature. Our open sins are like the farmer's little sample which he brings to market. There are granaries full at home. The iniquities that we see are like the weeds upon the surface soil; but I have been told, and indeed, have seen the truth of it, that if you dig six feet into the earth, and turn up fresh soil, there will be found in that soil six feet deep the seed of the weeds indigenous to the land. And so we are to think merely of the sins that grow on the surface, but if we could turn our heart up to its core and centre, we should find it as fully permeated with sin as every piece of putridity is with worms and rotteness. The fact is, that man is a roeking mass of corruption. His whole soul is by nature so debased and so depraved, that no description which can be given of him, even by inspired tongues, can fully tell how base and vile a thing he is. An ancient writer said once of the iniquity within, that it was like the stores of water which it is believed are hidden in the depths of the earth. God once broke up the fountains of the great deep, and then they covered the mountains twenty cubits upward. If God should ever withdraw his restraining grace, and break up in our hearts the whole fountains of the