

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I"—  
PSALM lxi. 2.

The pleasures of earth are all blended with gloom;  
Their radiance is quenched by the shroud and the tomb,  
Great Father of spirits! who dwellest on high,  
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

I know, that oft crossing my pathway below,  
Moving sadly along, roll deep rivers of woe;  
Yet untroubled with fear, will their margin draw  
With my feet on the rock that is higher than I.

When on shelterless heads beats the pitiless rain,  
And pestilence stalks o'er the desert-like plain,  
I will safely repose while the tempest sweeps by,  
In the shade of the rock that is higher than I.

When I wearily roam where no clear waters burst,  
My tongue and my heart, well nigh failing for thirst,  
I will haste where is found an unfailing supply,  
To the blest, smitten rock that is higher than I.

I know, when a blooming oasis is found,  
Where fountains and palm-trees, like Eden's abound,  
Those clusters are fed, and those streams nourished  
By—  
Hidden springs from the rock that is higher than I.

The summit's not gloomy, ragged and bare,  
For the sunshine of heaven rests eternally there;  
My flight, with the unwearied eagle's shall vie,  
To the top of the rock that is higher than I.

The armies of Satan will surely prevail,  
Should I stay on the plain when their arrows assail;  
But powerless, the spirits of darkness pass by,  
While I cling to the rock that is higher than I.

Thank God! for dread shipwreck on life's stormy  
That my last earthly hope died, except of a grave;  
For the wild billows roiling like mountains on high,  
Washed me safe on the rock that is higher than I.

Blest Saviour! though sorrowful, sinful and frail,  
Though of purposes holy, I oftentimes fail,  
Though no merits I own, yet I fear not to die,  
Prostrate on the rock that is higher than I.

For the sinking one here to find safety, how blest;  
The deeper the anguish, thrice sweeter the rest;  
Thou haste ye despairing, sin-burdened ones try—  
The shade of the rock that is higher than I.

And when you have found it a covert secure,  
A fortress, which will through all ages endure,  
You then, will forever, cease wondering why—  
I thus sing of the rock that is high than I.  
Onslow, April 29th.

## Selections.

### Stray Leaves.—No. 1.

A LEAF OF GREETING.

"How do you do?"—"Glad to see you"  
—"Hope you are well."—"Mere words of  
form," says Snarling Sour, "all hypocrisy."  
—"Doubtless they are often so Mr. Sour, but  
then, not by any means always." "Humph!  
I don't know that," continues our tart ac-  
quaintance. Poor man he has drank too  
much of the vinegar of the world, to be cor-  
rected by any alkali we can administer. I'm  
afraid he has got as far as the Scotch callant,  
who on being asked, how he progressed in  
his catechism, replied, "I've gotten past  
redemption an' ower t' leaf." Our cynical  
friend (?) is I fear, beyond help, and for the  
sake of our own tempers, we have reason  
to pray, in the words of the old Litanic re-  
frain, From such friends, 'Good Lord deliver  
us."

But you know gentle reader that often un-  
speakable affection finds partial vent in these  
familiar phrases. You remember that these  
were the utterances of a dear mother, as she  
clasped you to her bosom, on your return  
from school to spend vacation. You know  
that these words veiled rather than expressed  
the love of a noble father, as he gripped your  
hand and welcomed you home again, from  
fighting your first life-battle. You are per-  
fectly sure that sincerity is in them, as they  
are uttered by your long-tried wife as she  
g greets you, with affection's tear glistening in  
her eye, after a long separation. You will  
be prepared to admit, that whilst there is a  
good deal of seeming in the world, counter-  
feit presentment is an irrefragable proof of  
the existence of the true, genuine, bill, of  
warm-hearted, sincere affection.

In such a spirit of love and regard for  
your welfare, I ask you then my reader, in  
this introductory paper, "How do you do,"  
and trust you are well. It will be matter for

thankfulness, if you can answer, "my health  
is good, my family are well, and my circum-  
stances flourishing." But how do you do in  
soul my friend? for whilst worldly prosperity  
is a blessing not to be despised, yet "what  
shall it profit a man if he gain the whole  
world and lose his own soul." Have you be-  
lieved in the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you  
devoted body, soul, and all to His service?  
If so, you do well. But if you cannot an-  
swer these questions in the affirmative—if  
you are obliged in candor to admit, that you  
have not given your heart to God—that you  
have not followed Him, in His appointed  
ways—that you are living to yourself rather  
than to Him—then, I am sorrowfully com-  
pelled to say, whatever you may think, that  
you are not by any means doing well—that  
your case is a very dangerous one—that you  
are in a perilous condition, and I deem it  
my imperative duty, solemnly, earnestly, and  
affectionately to warn you to flee from the  
wrath to come. I implore you, rest not a  
moment, till you seek on bended knee in  
sincere supplication the mercy of God, and  
grace to do better—go to Him who says,  
"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise  
cast out."

Christian reader, "how do you do?"  
"Well, Sir," you reply, "I am not very  
well—sickness and sorrow seem to be my lot,  
yet I don't wish to complain—the Lord is  
better to me than I deserve." That's true  
my afflicted one, no affliction for the present  
is joyous, but these "light afflictions" shall  
work out for thee a far more exceeding and  
eternal weight of glory." Cheer thee, then,  
in God's promises—"Whom the Lord loveth,  
he chasteneth," thou art beloved, think of that!  
one of God's beloved ones, dearer to Him  
than the apple of the eye. He is preparing  
thee, meetening thee for a better land. I  
cannot but think that thou art doing well,  
getting ready for that "rest which remaineth  
to the people of God." Soon thou wilt be  
with Him and He will wipe away all thy  
tears.

But there is probably no more faithful  
reader of this paper than the Christian  
minister. My brother, "how do you do?"  
"Not very bright." What's the matter?  
"Well, you seem to have some sympathy for  
poor humanity, I'll tell you, and telling may  
do me good. The fact is, I'm hard up for  
money, my salary is very small and on account  
of the extraordinary expenses of a sick fam-  
ily, I can't make both ends meet. Yesterday  
I was dunned by a tradesman for a small ac-  
count, and I could not pay it. I really feel  
ashamed, but what to do, I don't know."  
Well, my disconsolate friend it's a hard case,  
but you are not alone, if that's any relief, the  
old proverb says "misery loves company."  
Have you no wealthy friends? No? none  
that you can ask. Well, let me see, I  
wouldn't advise you to try your church, for  
they think that you are well paid already.  
I have it! its your only resource, go to God!  
imitate your good Bristol brother, Müller—  
God will do it, He never failed any one yet,  
that put his trust in Him. Believe that he  
takes an interest in your temporal affairs, as  
well as your spiritual ones. Depend upon it,  
He'll bring you thro'—go to Him trustingly,  
believingly, expectingly, and you'll do bet-  
ter. I never knew this course fail, and  
I have tried it. "Go thou and do like-  
wise."

"Ah, but," says another of my ministerial  
brethren "my case is worse still." Very  
likely you think so, my brother, for every  
one thinks his own trouble worse than his  
neighbor's. But what is your grievance?  
"I am heart-sick, from lack of success in  
my work, I have studied hard endeavored to  
preach earnestly, in the pulpit and out of it,  
and tried to pray as well as preach, but alas!  
but little is accomplished. I see no conver-  
sions—what must I do? It seems sometimes  
as if I'd rather die than continue to be an  
apparent do-nothing." My poor brother, I  
fear that thou art struggling in the slough of  
despond, bethink thee man who thou art!—a  
servant of the Most High God!—who de-  
clares that his word shall not return unto him  
void, and shall his word fail? Never! The  
seed thou hast sown is doubtless not all lost.  
Rest thy head on the strong promises of Him  
who is immutable. "Thou shalt yet reap if thou  
faint not." Thou may'st serve Him often as  
well by patient waiting as by active working.

Unite the two, if thou canst—work actively,  
wait patiently. "The work is the Lord's, and  
he will do it. Oh, thou of little faith, where-  
fore dost thou doubt."

But I am reminded that these leaves must  
be small, therefore, I conclude, bidding my  
readers God-speed, and trusting they will  
excuse the imperfections of this little leaf,  
blown by good wishes from a neighboring

Canadian Baptist.

COPSE.

## Who shall bear the burden?

We are likely to fail, in making out our  
minister's salary. A subscription has been  
circulated, and the brethren have pledged  
themselves to the full amount they think they  
can conveniently pay, and still there is a de-  
ficiency of fifty, sixty, or a hundred dollars.  
Some have fallen off five, some ten, some  
fifteen dollars, from what they have been ac-  
customed to pay, because, as they say, it is  
hard times. Now, what is to be done? We  
have been to nearly every individual from  
whom a dollar can be expected, and yet the  
full amount is not subscribed. What is to be  
done?

We will appoint a committee to wait on  
our minister, tell him the circumstances, and  
ask him if he is going to insist upon the full  
amount that has been pledged to him. He  
is in debt some, to be sure, and has nothing  
laid by for his family, in case he should be  
taken from them, or be laid aside from his  
labors. But then he is used to retrenching,  
bearing burdens and anxieties, and I dare  
say he will consent to relieve us by bearing  
this burden entirely alone. His best coat, it  
is true, is getting rather threadbare, and as  
he has worn it four or five years, it is getting  
a little out of date, but he can give it an extra  
brushing, and somehow he can get through  
the year with it. His frugal wife can remodel  
her worsted dress, for the third or fifth time,  
perhaps, add a little new trimming, and make  
that do for another winter. Deacon A.'s  
wife, in her husband's congregation, has had  
two or three new winter dresses since her's  
was purchased, but then the deacon's wife  
would take it hard if her husband should  
sign so liberally for the minister, that  
she should not have her usual complement of  
dresses.

After the matter has been thus carefully  
weighed, the committee is appointed to lay  
the matter before their pastor. The minis-  
ter, all unconscious of what his brethren  
have been doing, is quite unprepared for  
such an emergency. He stammers out  
something in his embarrassment, that they  
construe into a consent to forego the amount  
named, and they leave, highly pleased with  
the result of their most unwelcome visit.  
They are much relieved, now that they have  
got the burden off from themselves on to  
their minister. Not so with the poor minis-  
ter. A great load is added to his already  
numerous cares and anxieties. He had  
hoped to get out of debt, and procure, this  
year, a few things that he had long felt the  
need of. But now these must be given up,  
and his retrenchments increased (though he  
hardly knows where he can retrench any  
further than he has done), or his debts can-  
not be paid. Day after day he groans over  
it, for the sum, though only fifty or a hun-  
dred dollars, is a great one in his circum-  
stances; and so heavily does it press upon  
him, that it not unfrequently obtrudes itself  
upon his hours of study, when he is trying to  
prepare a message adapted to the wants of his  
flock.

Is this right? No doubt some have done  
all that they are really able to do, and all it  
would be their duty to do, if the church gen-  
erally would come up to the measure of their  
real ability. But if some are delinquent,  
must the burden all fall on the minister? We  
venture to say that there is not another  
member of the church (I say another mem-  
ber, for the minister is one of the members),  
though his income, besides supporting his  
family, may be more than equal to the full  
amount of the minister's salary, who would  
be willing to bear it alone, and yet he is, per-  
haps, of the number who are willing to have  
it all laid upon the minister. How many  
can appeal to God and say, "Lord, thou  
knowest I have done all my duty in this mat-  
ter? Thou knowest I could not do more

without subjecting myself to as great priva-  
tions as the minister would be subjected to in  
doing without it?"

Is it right that our Baptist ministers should  
be required to live on just what they can,  
with all possible frugality, and not be per-  
mitted to lay by a dollar for their families,  
in the event of their being taken from  
them?

Is it right that the minister's family should  
become paupers the moment the husband and  
father is taken away from them, or laid aside  
from his labors?

I know a Baptist minister, with a large  
family, who, by an attack of paralysis, has  
been suddenly laid aside from his labors, and  
his family are to-day objects of charity; for,  
though several years have passed away, he is  
still unable to resume his labors.

O, that I could fix in the minds of my  
readers the stern realities of cases of this  
kind, that they might feel the injustice of  
heaping all the burdens upon their ministers,  
instead of sharing them themselves.

A PASTOR'S WIFE.

N. Y. Examiner.

## Heat allayed.

There are various ways by which this can  
be done, but those somewhat amusingly de-  
scribed below were certainly the most effectual  
that could have been practised under the cir-  
cumstances. We copy from the *Western  
Advocate*:

Many years ago Cincinnati saw hot dispu-  
tations between Joshua Wilson and Lyman  
Beecher—the former now dead, the latter  
verging to his ninetieth year. H. W. Beecher,  
in a description of the scenes as they took  
place in the Fourth Street Presbyterian  
church, says of the venerable Dr. Bishop,  
formerly President of the Miami University,  
Oxford: "As the heat became dangerous the  
discussion was suddenly arrested by a voice.  
All looked at old Dr. Bishop, now turned  
fully upon them and straightened up to his  
full height, and with a voice clear, firm, com-  
manding, but not loud—Moderator, sing  
Sal-va-tion." Then one might have seen a  
sight worthy of Rembrandt's pencil. Some  
ready singer instantly raised the tune,

"Salvation, O the joyful sound."

Very joyful to men hot with argument; to  
good men red in the face; to men pushing an  
adversary with fierce logical fidelity! But,  
the hymn over, the old man walked slowly  
and solemnly up and down as before, while  
the members recommenced the business, quite  
smoothed and softened. But, in an hour, the  
flame was again shooting forth in every part  
of the room, when suddenly the strong Scotch  
accent sounded out peace again: "Moderator,  
let us pray." Some resented such interrup-  
tion. One man over-hastily blurted out,  
"Mr. Moderator, this is too bad; it's no time  
for prayer now." But the absurdity of the  
protest by the minister among ministers set  
every one to laughter, which always human-  
izes, and to prayer they had to come.

A similar scene occurred in the Methodist  
General Conference of 1844, when, in a great  
caucus, the venerable Glezen Filmore, with a  
view to sweeten the spirits of the excited  
brethren, proposed singing

"Come on, my partners in distress."

## Henry Ward Beecher on Liquor- selling.

There are thousands of men that are said  
to be well-meaning men, who gain their live-  
lihood by retailing spiritous liquors. I do  
not wish to say anything disrespectful of  
them; but I must say that the business in  
which they are engaged is very wicked and  
mischievous. It seems to me that if a man  
would allow himself one moment's thought,  
if the incubus of money could be taken off  
from him, if that whispering devil could get  
away long enough to let him say to himself,  
"I have power to inoculate men with intem-  
perance, but I have no medicine that can  
cure them after they are once inoculated," he  
would never consent to become a dealer in in-  
toxicating drinks. Of all piteous things in  
this world, the most piteous is to see a noble