

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
Vol. VIII....No. 29.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1863.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXVII....No. 29.

Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

Human Eyes.

Childhood's eyes.
Looking wonderingly on life,
All unconscious of the strife,
That the march of years will bring;
O'er life's untroubled spring.

Manhood's eyes.
Stern, to battle with the wrong,
That around their pathways throng,
Strong in hope and love, and youth,
Earnest for the cause of truth.

Girlhood's eyes.
Rays from sunbeams center there,
Gleaming out from silken hair,
Will there ever come a day,
When that light shall fade away?

Women's eyes.
Steadfast, though the beacon light
Of hope hath faded from her sight,
Though they calmly sadly move,
O'er the grave of buried love.

Quiet eyes.
Like the lake whose silvery gleaming,
Hath an ever peaceful seeming;
Shows rest and dark forms creep,
'Mid the caverns of the deep.

Doubting eyes.
Doubting whether God be loving?
Whither human life is tending?
Is the greatest good in life,
Worth its weariness and strife?

Waiting eyes.
Waiting for the brighter morrow,
Which shall dissipate all sorrow;
Waiting for the good that ever
Promiseth, but cometh, never!

Trusting eyes.
Trusting though the way be clouded,
Though the light of Heaven be shrouded;
Trusting in the Father's love,
In the power that rules above.

Dying eyes.
Turned imploringly to Him,
Who alone can cleanse from sin;
Lighted by the torch of faith,
O'er the dim, cold river death.

Angel eyes.
Gleaming out from 'mid the glory,
Hymning songs that tell the story,
How the eyes once dimmed by sadness,
Beameth now with heavenly gladness.
Hillsdale, July 6th, 1863.

Religious.

New Zealand.

There seems to be a much more friendly spirit prevailing amongst the Maori population, than was the case a short since. We select the following specimen, which occurred in Albertland, from the *Daily Southern Cross*, March 3rd.

"The natives of the Kaipara have for some time been preparing for a 'welcome testimonial' to express their good feelings towards the new comers. This testimonial commenced on the 11th of February, at the chief native settlement of the Kaipara, on the Otomatea. About 120 of the natives were assembled from various parts of the Kaipara, and had made extensive preparations for our reception. A tent capable of holding 300 was erected as a place of general meeting, and a boarded house provided convenience for meals and sleeping, while flags and rural decorations reminded us of some of our old English festival gatherings. At ten o'clock on Wednesday, some twenty-five of us from the Oranawharo arrived, and were greeted with the usual hurrahs and drums beating. The chief ceremony of the day was the presentation to the white men of nearly two tons of potatoes, two pigs, two kits of melons, and a large quantity of beef, for us to bring home to our families and friends here. The remainder of the day was spent in ample repast and equally abundant speech-making in both Maori and English. Our invaluable friend, the Rev. F. Gittos, acted as interpreter, a task of no small difficulty when Maoris once begin to talk. The burden of the speeches on both sides—poetically by the Maoris, plain matter of fact and compliment by the white men—was a hearty welcome, and an earnest hope that the two races might live together as

one family, to their mutual prosperity. On the Thursday morning a party from the Paparoa joined us, accompanied by Bishop Selwyn, who has been visiting this district, and manifesting a kind interest in our welfare. Many of the settlers having expressed a wish to see the native war dance, this occupied an hour or two of the morning, to the great delight of the Maoris, and the equal astonishment of the white men, who, accustomed to the stately and formal red coat show, could find little to admire in the almost naked bodies, the grotesque features, and wild gestures, accompanied by the intense and noble voices in almost perfect unison of some sixty dark-skinned Maoris. The lover of his race, to whom all war is at best a dire and horrible necessity, might look with profound and sorrowful interest, but doubtful preference, on both. This day, we all—about 170—dined together in the large tent, immediately after which the Bishop, having to leave early, addressed both races in the most free and friendly manner, and was responded to in a similar strain. With many sections of the Church present, all seemed to breathe a Catholic and brotherly spirit.

After the Bishop had left, much discussion took place on a variety of matters of interest connected with our settlement; and judging from all that was said, and the tone pervading the meeting, we should anticipate not only the prevalence of hearty good feeling between the two races, but the speedy rise of a brisk trade, with the establishment of our township and its monthly market. On the Friday morning we all returned to our homes; we need hardly add not a little satisfied with our first festival in New Zealand, the Maoris only regretting that we were compelled to bring to so speedily a termination their generous hospitality.

One event more is now transpiring which will tend greatly to fix a goodly number of settlers on our township, and, we believe, will originate a prosperity that cannot fail to be progressive.

The lands having come into the hands of the trustees, they are offering to the settlers small sections of it, at a very low price, on condition that they erect permanent buildings thereon. Accordingly the settlers are contemplating removing in a body from the government reserve which they now occupy on to our own township, and commencing in earnest to form the nucleus of our future city. The additional interest that will be felt by those who occupy their own freehold will both give an impetus to the little body of men that have for months been struggling onwards here and form a considerable attraction to many who are not unwilling to make their home amongst us, seeing that they can do it both securely and advantageously. Discontent has now almost or quite disappeared from our community; a healthy tone of manly energy is prevailing, which will make the difficulties that remain to be encountered a trifle contrasted with those which for five months past have pressed with a crushing weight on hearts that were powerless through discord and discontent.

Charity outside of truth.

Our pedobaptist friends are often urgent that we should surrender our views of strict communion, and imitate the example of Robert Hall, and many English Baptists. They eulogize his liberality and noble Christian principles. Yet when we frankly ask them if they are willing, for the sake of Christian union, to meet us on his platform, they respectfully decline, and turn the cold shoulder. The following, from the *Christian Secretary*, is a good illustration:

The late Rev. Elisha Andrews, of New Hampshire, when travelling in Vermont soon after Robert Hall's views of communion had been published in this country, called on his kinsman, Rev. Elisha D. Andrews, then pastor of the Congregational church in Putney. These men, although distant relations, had to this time been strangers. In seating his caller, Mr. Andrews said:

"I have heard of you; I believe you are a Baptist clergyman."

"I profess to be one of that persuasion," was the reply.

"Are you one of the rigid, close communion sort? or are you one of the more liberal kind?"

"I make no pretension to liberality, sir."

"Sorry to hear it. I wish you could get Mr. Hall's work on Communion, and read it, and believe it, and practice it."

"It must be a good book, to be worthy of all that. Of what does it treat, Mr. Andrews?"

"Why, Mr. Hall is a Baptist, and of course does not believe that anything but immersion is baptism."

"Ah! he don't? Well, I should agree with him in that respect. Do you agree with him, Mr. Andrews?"

"O no, of course not. I believe that water may be applied in various ways and yet be valid baptism."

"Of what else does Mr. Hall speak?"

"Well, he does not believe that infants are suitable subjects for the ordinance."

"Of course not. Well, I agree with him here, too. Do you agree to this?"

"No, O, no! I believe that children of believers are to be baptized."

"Is there any other thing taught in this work of Mr. Hall's?"

"Yes, Mr. Hall takes the ground that baptism is not a necessary prerequisite to communion."

"Here I must dissent from Mr. Hall. Do you agree with him in this particular?"

"Why, no, not exactly. I have always thought that baptism should precede the Lord's Supper. I think this is the sentiment of our denomination generally."

"Anything further?"

"I don't recollect any other point worthy of note."

"I think, cousin Andrews, that you are a pretty fellow. You want me to read, believe and practice a book that you don't believe a word of, and yet I do believe two-thirds of it!"

Thoughts for preachers.

The following are specimens of what Prof. Park calls "the homiletic principles" which Dr. Emmons was accustomed to enforce upon his theological pupils and young clerical friends:

"Endeavor to leave the subject of your discourse on the minds of your hearers, rather than a few striking sentiments or expressions."

"Take care, in delivery, to stand behind, and not before, your subject."

"Preach upon your subject, and not about it."

"In composing, it is much less difficult to find out what to say, than what to leave unsaid."

"We ought to judge ministers not only by what they do say, but by what they do not say."

"Never try to do what you know you cannot do; never try to be what you cannot be; but try to preach better and better every Sabbath, which you can do."

"Let your eloquence flow from your heart to your hands, and never attempt to force it the other way."

Being asked, "What is the secret of popular preaching?" he replied, "To preach without meddling with your hearers' consciences;" and again, "Let your sermon be without beginning, middle or end."

"It is a great pity that certain men, who can preach so well, do not preach better."

"For attaining perspicuity and precision of style, first consider what you wish to say, and then how to say it."

"If you desire to be popular, do not explain your terms. Preach about total depravity, regeneration, &c., and leave your hearers to understand your language in their own sense, which they will all approve."

"Hearers will always give you their attention, if you give them anything to attend to."

"Be short, in all religious exercises. Better leave the people longing than loathing. There are no conversions after an hour is out."

"If a preacher conceals the gospel, the gospel will not conceal him."

The widow's son.

Mr. and Mrs. — lived in one of our large cities, and were people of eminent piety and devotion to the cause of Christ. They had one son, a well-beloved, but a neglecter and despiser of religion. They gave him such advantages as the best schools of the city afforded, and he graduated at one of the colleges in New-England with honor.

The father died, and the mother was left in widowhood, but she did not suffer the fire long ago kindled upon the family altar to go out. Morning and evening the family devotions were attended to. One thing she desired, namely, the conversion of her son. She talked with him, and prayed with and for him; still he remained a "lover of pleasure, more than a lover of God."

This hatred of sacred things was so great, that hearing his mother speak of — street church one day, he said, "Mother, I wish — street church was burned to the ground."

He expressed a determination to go to sea. She thought it not wise to oppose him in his plans, but the idea of his going from home influences into the midst of temptation and sin so unprepared to resist evil, almost overwhelmed her heart. His passage was engaged, and the vessel was to sail upon the Sabbath, which was an additional trial to this godly mother. She assisted him, however, as she was able, in his preparations, and as he was packing his trunks, she brought a Bible and a few small books or tracts for him to take, when he said, "Mother, you needn't put those in my trunk; I shall never read them, if you do." Supposing from her appearance she was about to place them there,

he repeated with emphasis, "Mother, you needn't put those in my trunk; I shall never read them." His faithful mother could not endure the idea of her son going to a foreign land destitute of a Bible, and before he left, succeeded in placing one in his trunk without his knowledge; hoping that if when far from home his eye should fall upon it, he might be inclined to open its sacred pages, and that the truths therein contained might have a salutary and abiding influence upon his heart.

The Sabbath came. She prayed with him once more; gave him her parting counsels, "and accompanied him to the ship." Its sails were spread, and he was borne from her view, but in her heart his best interests were hidden.

The next morning she sought the place of prayer in the chapel of the — street church, having first written the following note: "A mother asks your prayers for the conversion of an absent son." She entered the place of prayer, hesitating what to do. At length, beckoning to Deacon —, she handed him the note, which was read, and fervent prayer was offered.

In about six weeks a letter came from her wandering son, bringing the glad intelligence that he had consecrated himself to God, and was resolved henceforth to live a Christian life. "O mother," said he, "the first step I took from the wharf to the vessel, a strange feeling came over me, such as I never before experienced, and it followed me until I gave my heart to Christ. Those books you put in my trunk were the very books I needed, just suited to my case."

With a heart overflowing with gratitude, she went again to — chapel prayer-meeting, with another note, which read as follows: "A mother desires to return thanks to God for the conversion of her absent son."

"Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."—*American Messenger*.

LIGHT ON A DIFFICULT SUBJECT—INFANT BAPTISM.—The two following paragraphs from an exchange may assist some of our readers in their examinations of this subject:—

AMONG the manifold philosophies of infant baptism, the Rev. J. F. Clarke, a Boston Unitarian minister, in a recent Sunday School discourse, quotes Robertson, the eloquent Episcopal clergyman of Brighton, England, as denouncing the superstitious belief that a child's salvation can depend at all on the ceremony of baptism, and saying, "Baptism does not make him a child of God; it simply declares him to be so. We are, all of us, God's children, but we do not know it. Baptism teaches it with authority. It is like the coronation of a king. Coronation does not make the king; it declares him to be the king. To which Mr. Clarke adds: "So we baptize children, not to convert them; but to teach, that, being already God's children, they are Christians now, and do not need anything but to be made to realize it." Frank enough, and "broad" enough, certainly, that is; though somehow we are so dull as never to have observed that the sprinkling of a baby caused him to "realize" particularly that he was a Christian.

* A "DOUBTFUL ARGUMENT" for infant sprinkling, the *Christian Chronicle* reckons the following incident, related by a friend concerning an Irish woman of his neighbourhood, a faithful servant, though a blundering sort of Catholic. A conversation was being held in her presence with regard to infant baptism—its propriety, its necessity in the case of a dying child. At last she broke in upon the conversation, and with an air decidedly *ex-cathedra* said that the babe ought to be christened. "For" said she "it was me own sister who had a very sick baby years ago, and it was like to die, and they sent hastily for the Priest, and no sooner did the Priest put water on its poor little face, than the dear little angel either died or got well, for the lives of me I cannot now remember which."

SOME OF THE RESULTS OF THE TRAFFIC.—The following items are given as an estimate of what ardent spirits has done in the United States in ten years:—

It has made at least one hundred thousand maniacs.

It has destroyed one hundred thousand lives.

It has sent one hundred thousand children to the poor house.

It has cost the nation an indirect expense of six hundred million dollars.

It has instigated the commission of one thousand murders.

It has made two hundred thousand widows and one million of orphans.

It has burned, or otherwise destroyed, property to the amount of ten millions of dollars.

It has caused more sickness and suffering in the world than famine, pestilence, and the sword.

It has consigned at least one hundred and fifty thousand persons to jails and penitentiaries.