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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

At rest.

When shall I be at rest? My trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden, sickening still
With hope deferred. Oh! that it were Thy will
To loose my bonds, and take me where Thou art.

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom, I scarce can see
The waymarks that my Saviour left for me;
Would it were morn, and I were safe with Him.

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp, and climb an ever steeper hill,
A rougher path. Oh! that it were Thy will,
My tired feet might tread the Promised Land.

Oh, that I were at rest! A thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me, lest I fail at last.
Would I were safe, all sin and danger past,
And Thine own hand might wipe away my tears.

Oh that I were at rest, like some I love,
Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou didst never shriek
For any toil or weariness for me.
Not even from that last deep agony;
Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord! for when I am indeed at rest,
One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface
The sternest memories of my earthly race,
Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
To bring me there. I know Thou canst not be
Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me!
Shall I not toil for Thee, when Thou for me didst
bleed?

Religious.

"The Master."

(John xi: 28.)

BY REV. JOHN GRAY.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."
No name was given. No name was needed
to be given. Mary knew who was come, as
soon as it was whispered in her ear, "The
Master is come."

This title belong only and supremely to
Christ. He alone deserves it. He only can
sustain it. Man nor angel cannot; but He
can.

MASTER—of all creation wide; of all
providences; of all blessings, temporal, spiri-
tual, and eternal; of all mankind; of all
angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim;
of devils; of all agents and agencies, and
likewise of Death—"Lazarus, come forth!"

And oh! what a Master for kindness of
heart, love and sympathy! "Jesus wept."
And what a Master to reward his faithful
servants! "I appoint unto you a kingdom,
even as my Father hath appointed unto me!"
"The Master is come." When came he?
In the hour of their extremity. This he
ever has done, ever will do.

The time of danger is the place
Where he does show his smiling face.

He came to man in his low estate, when he
had not an "eye to pity him, nor a hand to
help, and said unto him, Live." So comes
he to every child of woe who looks to him.
To Joseph in prison; to Daniel in the den;
to the children in the furnace; to Abraham
in the mount; and to those weeping sisters.

And how comes he? Not as an angel, but
as a man. In all the love, pity and sym-
pathy of the human mind. "Jesus wept;
yea, groaned in spirit, and was troubled."
O, what a High Priest is ours! Great is the
mystery of godliness. "God manifest in the
flesh"—coming to us in our troubles, weeping
with us in our bereavements, and restoring to
us our lost comforts! O Christ of love, be
mine, be mine in tears of sympathy; in power
of God-head.

But he comes as God, also. Comes in all
the majesty and power of Deity. "Lazarus,
come forth!" Others, many, had come to
sympathize and weep with them. This was
all they could do. Jesus did the same. But
he came as the Master, to wipe their tears.

Came as the "Restorer" and healer of the
breach. Came as the Comforter; one among
a thousand. "Lazarus, come forth! And
he who had been dead came forth."

"Mighty to save," the "Breaker," he
From all can save; the "Master," he
Of earth, hell, heaven, he has the key
Can open every door for thee.

"The Master is come." To whom comes
he? To the mourners in Zion; to the weeping
Marthas and Marys; to the afflicted, tossed
with tempest, and not comforted; to the
parentless orphans; to thee, whoever thou
art, who art in trouble, "He is come."
"Come," and by these very trials and troubles,
"calleth for thee" to come to him, in his
word, in his house, on the mercy-seat—to
come to his embrace, his heart, his home.

Calleth for thee. Religion is a personal
thing. Its blessings, its duties, its enjoyments
its promises and rewards are all personal.
He is come, and "calleth for thee" to personal
piety. "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye
die?"

And death is personal. And soon death
will come, and call for each of us.
Are we ready for his call?

Review.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS: Newley
Translated and Explained from a Mission-
ary Point of View. By the Right Rev.
J. W. Colenso, D. D. Bishop of Natal.

Bishop Colenso is a missionary bishop of
the Church of England among the Zulus in
Southern Africa. He has lately achieved an
unenviable reputation by two volumes he has
published on the Pentateuch, in which he at-
tempts to overthrow the divine authority of
the Books of Moses, as a part of the Sacred
Canon. This translation and exposition of
the Epistle to the Romans is not written with
any corresponding design upon that book of
the great Apostle. It fully recognizes its
authority as a part of God's word, and seeks
only to set forth its meaning, as that meaning
appears to the author. The translation,
though in many respects different from that
ordinarily received, is not, so far as we have
perceived, essentially at variance with the
text in any important points. But the ex-
position and commentaries, on the contrary,
are marked by great peculiarities, and give an
entirely different, and we may add, a very
objectionable gloss to the whole Epistle. The
author professes to explain the Epistle from
a missionary point of view, and in doing this,
he allows himself to appear as the champion
of the virtues of the heathen world. He
does not deny that gross vices prevail among
the heathen generally, and among the Zulus
particularly; but he insists that there is a
broad discrimination among the several classes
of heathen, as to their spiritual condition in
the sight of God. It is not that there are, or
may be, here and there, individual instances
in which heathen minds have been enlighten-
ed by the Divine Spirit; but that there are
whole classes of heathen who will stand very
differently at the bar of eternal judgment,
because less brutal in their appetites, and
less addicted to degrading vices, than many
others are. This theory of human nature is
largely at variance with what we suppose to
be the teaching of the great Apostle. In
other points, also, Dr. Colenso's views are
very questionable. Among these the most
conspicuous is, perhaps, the importance which
he attaches to ordinances. In this, to be
sure, he agrees with a considerable section of
his own communion, and with formalists
of all churches; but he certainly does not
agree with the general tenor of Scripture, or
with the essential nature of Christianity.
Equally questionable are the views which he
puts forth concerning the punishment of the
wicked in a future world. To the work is
also appended a sermon by the author on the
Lord's Supper. On the whole, we greatly
doubt whether this work of the Bishop of
Natal will be any more useful in promoting
Christian truth, than his other work on the
Pentateuch, though it may be received with
some favor in quarters in which that was re-
jected. We are bound to concede, however,
that the book is very well written, and that
on many points of doctrine it is unexception-
able.—*Examiner.*

"A little child shall lead them."

A soldier in a European army, whose life
and conduct was anything but Christian, was
quartered for some weeks, in the winter, with
a pious farmer and his family. They were
kind and hospitable, and truly religious.
His first meal in that house made an impres-
sion on his mind. Before eating, the parents,
children, and farm-servants each stood behind
a chair, and bowed the head, while the father
asked a blessing. After they had eaten, all
did the same, and the father returned thanks.
All went to their occupations, the children to
school, except Johnny, the youngest. The
soldier sat down after dinner, gazing from the
window on the surrounding objects, feeling
impressed with this thought—these people
love God.

While thus meditating, the little boy came
to him lovingly, looked into his eyes, and
said: "Tell me something about the dear
Jesus." Rather startled at the request, he
began talking about dogs, horses, cows, and
other things. When he stopped, the little
one looked into his face again, and said, "Do
tell me something about Jesus." Somewhat
ashamed, the soldier replied, "I don't know
anything about him." Johnny, much surprised
at the answer, replied, "And you so big, and
don't know anything about Jesus Christ. If
you don't love him and serve him, when you
die you won't go to heaven." The soldier
could not reply. This was an arrow from
God. He felt miserable. He soon left the
house, and joined his comrades in the village.
In vain he tried to forget the child's words.
"And you so big, and don't know anything
about Jesus." He lingered till dusk, and
returned to the farm-house, hoping the family
would have supper, that he might avoid the
praying. The careful wife had reserved his
supper, and as he sat down to the table, and
was about to eat, his little friend said, "Pray
first, then eat." Quite discomfited by this
rebuke, he laid down his knife and fork, not
knowing what to do. The little fellow, see-
ing his embarrassment, folded his hands, and
asked God's blessing on the soldier's supper.
Strange thoughts passed through his mind
while he was eating.

When the table was cleared, all the family
were seated for evening worship, and each
one was supplied with a Bible. All united
in reading the Scriptures, the good father
making a few comments. The soldier read
with them. All joined in singing a hymn.
The father prayed, and did not forget the
soldier; they then retired for the night, all
except their guest, and the farmer and his
wife. They spoke kindly to the young sol-
dier, and read other portions of Scripture,
and prayed, then showed him his room. The
strangest kind of feelings come over him.
The Spirit of God was shedding light on that
dark mind. He was ashamed, troubled,
hardly knew what to do. So he knelt
down by the bed and prayed, "O God of
this house, be my God." The first prayer
he had offered for many years. He now
prayed for mercy. He was led to the sanctu-
ary, found peace in believing on Jesus, and
is now a devoted disciple of Christ, laboring
for the extension of his kingdom.

How to be miserable.

Sit by the window and look over the way
to your neighbor's excellent mansion which
he has recently built, and paid for, and fitted
out. "O, that I was a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbor and think
you have not a friend in the world. Shed a
tear or two, and take a walk in the burial
ground, continually saying to yourself,
"When shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget
your kindness, and every hour in the day
whisper to yourself—"I wonder if he will
ever pay that note?"

Think everybody means to cheat you.
Closely examine every bill you take, and
doubt its being genuine until you have put
the owner to a great deal of trouble. Put
confidence in nobody, and believe every man
you trade with to be a rogue.

Never accommodate if you can possibly
help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and
never give a farthing to assist the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down

to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and
hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of
talents, and believe that at no very distant
day you will come to want. Let the work-
house be ever in your mind, with all the
horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these recipes strictly, and you will
be miserable to your hearts' content—if we
may so speak—sick at heart and at variance
with the world. Nothing will cheer or en-
courage you—nothing throw a gleam of sun-
shine or a ray of warmth into your heart.

A wife's question.

The son of the minister and the daughter
of the deacon in—loved each other, and
were pledged to walk together the paths of
life, much to the satisfaction of both families.

The young man, some time before his
marriage, attended a church of Universalists.
By flattering his self-righteousness, and lead-
ing him to believe that if he would throw
aside his "bigoted views and narrow-minded
prejudices," as they termed his evangelical
profession, he could do more good and be far
happier, he was at last drawn in to espouse
their doctrines. They praised his talents and
placed him in their seats of honor, and he
became a leader among them, rejoicing in
having burst the shackles of superstition.
This joy was grief to the hearts of his own
parents and those of his betrothed; but his
letters to her, aided by the affection in her
heart, led her to believe that he was right,
and she too forsook the principles of pure
Christianity, and they were married.

None but the great Intercessor knew the
prayers which were offered for these dear
erring ones by their sorrowing parents, as
they saw them depart for a new home in the
far West. By the side of a swiftly flowing
river, with hundreds of prairie miles stretch-
ing away on all sides around them, and
human habitations few and far between, the
young husband and wife pitched their tent
and entered on a new life. Visions of happi-
ness and wealth and future greatness peopled
the lovely surroundings, and lent brightness
to many a stormy hour. Children were born
to them pleasant and lovely, and they prospered.

Years passed on, and the wife, still in her
youth, was laid low in months of excruciat-
ing suffering; while her husband, called to
leave his employments and become both nurse
and housekeeper, saw his dreams of earthly
bliss fading away. Shall we let him tell his
own tale of the sequel? He wrote to the
parents of his loved one:

... "When all hope vanished from
Anna's heart, and she was assured that she
must soon die, she became alarmed concern-
ing her future existence, although I had read
the Bible to her almost daily and talked in
the best manner I could, in order to prepare
her for the great scene on which she was
soon to enter. But this was not enough.
She felt she had not received full pardon for
all her transgressions, and had no assurance
that she was accepted of God.

"What more could I do than I had done?
I had administered to all her temporal wants;
I had watched over her by night and by day,
and I had read the Bible to her. Oh, there
was one thing I ought to have been prepared
to do—to administer in Christian faith and
hope to her agonizing spirit, but I could not."
His faithful record of all her touching
desires to be renewed and saved by Christ is
honorable to the man, as well as most deeply
interesting. He proceeds to say,

"On that memorable evening, two months
before her death, she was talking of her
father and mother, and expressing a wish
that some one could offer prayer. She then
turned to me, saying, 'Oh, W—, we have
lived as we ought not; years ago we ought
to have been Christians; could I live my
life over again, I would seek religion in my
younger days.' Most baseeingly then she
looked in my face, and said, 'W—, is it
your wish that I shall die in the faith of
Universalism?'"

"Oh, mother, horror-stricken was my soul.
Had a thunderbolt from heaven pierced my
heart, I could not have experienced a greater
shock. I was dumb. I knew not what to
say; agonizing thoughts passed through my