

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Nellie; the orphan.

Lift not thou the wailing voice Weep not; 'tis a Christian dieth: Up, where blessed saints rejoice, Ransomed now, the spirit fieth:

High in heaven's own light she dwelleth; Full the song of triumph swelleth; Freed from earth, and earthly failing, Lift for her no voice of wailing.

It was a quiet evening in Autumn. The last, lingering, golden ray of the sun, was hidden behind the western hills, and night was slowly drawing her dark-lued mantle o'er the earth. Not a cloud was in the sky. And it seemed a fitting time for a soul to make its transit from earth to heaven. The cool evening breeze came in through the half open window of widow Grey's little cottage, fanning the throbbing brow of the sufferer. All was still save the half-stifled sigh, and muffled footsteps of those who ministered to the wants of one who soon would be beyond the reach of 'want and suffering. It had been a long, long, weary day to her who lay on a bed of pain and suffering, waiting to hear the welcome words, "Child thy Father calls thee home." The icy hand of death was slowly stealing o'er her, and the pale messenger had almost come to shut out from her sight the loved scenes of earth. The angels were hovering around that deathbed, waiting to open to her view that far off peaceful haven of rest, that "house of many mansions," which Jesus had gone to prepare. Her last sun on earth had risen and set. Before another setting sun she hoped to be released from her sufferings, to witness a more lovely dawn, a sun which knows no setting. With one slender arm, around a little girl, the only tie to bound her to earth, she waited for the silver cord of life to be loosened. She had seen a fond husband, sink into the tomb, in the early dawn of manhood, and after a few months of toil and sorrow, she was going to rejoin him in that place where there is known no more parting, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

In that pure home of tearless joy, Earth's parted friends shall meet, With smiles of love that never fade, And blessedness complete.

There, there alicies are sounds unknown; Death bounds not on that scene, But life, and glorious beauty shine, Untroubled and serene.

She feared not to cross the deep river, for He who neither slumbers nor sleeps, had promised that the waters should not overflow. Not alone was she to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, for His rod and His staff they should comfort her. She had fought the good fight and won the victory, and she knew there was a crown laid up for her in heaven. But oh! to leave that little one to the world's cold blast, without father or mother, to watch over her wandering steps. But a voice softly whispers in her ear, "I will be a father to the fatherless." And with one last loving kiss, and kind embrace, the spirit is freed from earth and gone to the God who gave it.

Kind friends took the little orphan home until she was removed, far from her mother's quiet, green grave, to the noise and bustle of the city. And thus was little Nellie Grey at the age of 5 years, without a mother or father. A rich aunt and uncle adopted her, but there were other influences thrown around her than those for good, and it is not to be wondered at, if she forgot much of that sainted mother's holy teaching, and that the vanities of this world had the first place in her thoughts.

In a room around which wealth has thrown its golden chains, sits a young girl, just blossoming into womanhood. But a cloud is on that fair upturned brow, a look in those clear brown eyes, as if the pleasures of this world could never fill the aching void there is within, a yearning for something more than those pleasures that pass away. Nellie Grey was usually the gayest of the gay, yet there were moments when alone in her quiet chamber she longed for something more. Something! she knew not what, that would give her that real peace and happiness which the world could not give. She could just remember a loved mother pressing her to her bosom, and then gentle as the sun sinks behind the West, so had she fallen asleep in Jesus, that sleep which knows no waking. The loving arms had loosened their clasp, and she was taken away from that heart that never throbbed, but in love for her. Sitting there in the dim twilight hour, serious thoughts like unbidden

guests rush in. Nellie unlocked a little casket and from among her choicest treasures, brought forth a small bible. Turning to the fly-leaf she read: "To my daughter Nellie," "meet me in heaven." The bitter tears of sorrow, fell upon the open page. How am I preparing to meet my sainted mother, she mentally exclaimed, and kneeling down she prayed for guidance and direction to enable her to live a new life, that at last she might join that happy throng, "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb." She little thought what a struggle it would require on her part to go contrary to the wishes of those who had sheltered her youth and given her a home. She forgot the world, the sneers of her young companions, and that the path to heaven is a straight and narrow one. God guide thee fatherless one and grant thee yet a place in his kingdom! Nellie's resolutions were soon forgotten. Alas how could it be otherwise, with no kind friends to show her the way. But God's ways are not as our ways, he will yet deliver thee out of the deep pit, and the miry clay, and set thy feet upon the rock Christ Jesus.

On a deathbed lies a young and lovely girl, stricken down while in the midst of strength and beauty. Death is evidently near. She breathes slowly and on the marble white forehead, great drops of perspiration are standing. At one side of the couch bowed down by grief kneels Nellie, watching the eyes of her loved playmate and companion grow dim in death. On the other side of the bed are her friends, hushing their deep grief that it may not disturb the slumber of the sufferer. In agony they watch her, knowing that she has no strong arm to lean upon in the hour of death; no heaven with its pearly gates and golden streets for her. She moans uneasily and the thin lips move. Nellie, oh, darling Nellie come close to me, here, take my cold hand in yours. Oh, hold me close to you, I cannot, oh, I cannot leave you. What will become of me? Pray for me, oh pray that I may not die and leave you all. Nellie could only answer by her tears and with a low moan fainted away. It was long before she could again go out, from one fainting fit she went into another and this was succeeded by a long fit of sickness, until all hope of her recovery was despaired of. But, with returning summer, health returned, and she was once more able to enjoy the soft summer air. When she asked for her friend they could only lead her to a green mound in the cemetery, and on the large marble tablet she read her answer. From that day Nellie was a changed girl. No more was she to be found engrossed in the pleasures of the world, but by the bedside of some poor sufferer, speaking words of comfort, and pointing the dying to the Lamb of God who taketh all sins away, was she ever to be found. Nothing could now deter her from following the path her Saviour trod. Though the struggle was hard yet she conquered all, determined to follow Christ, and him alone. She asked for nothing but that she might obey her Master's command in all things, "He that taketh not up his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

It was Sabbath, a calm clear day, not a ripple is on the water. Just such a day as that on which a voice was heard from heaven, saying "this is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." The shore was lined with eager spectators, as the man of God who had been long years in the service of Christ, and the young girl just leaving the world behind her, stepped into the water and was buried beneath its yielding surface, to rise and live a new life in Christ Jesus. She has taken the vows of God upon her, has come out before the world and owned to being on the Lord's side.

Thou hast said exalted Jesus, "Take thy cross and follow me," Shall the word with terror seize us? Shall we from the burden flee? Lord I'll take it, And rejoicing follow thee.

Should it rend some fond connection, Should I suffer shame and loss, Yet the fragrant, blest reflection, I have been where Jesus was, Will revive me, When I faint beneath the cross.

And as they slowly sung that hymn, so suited to one who had left all for Christ, Nellie experienced that peace which is only the reward of well-doing. Soon by her example and through her prayers many of her young friends were brought to bow to the mild sceptre of King Jesus, and were buried with Christ, to rise from the emblem of the grave to live for God alone. Would we see Nellie Grey now? Far away from home she has gone to tell the story of the cross to the poor benighted heathen. She has gone

Like a messenger of peace and love, To people plunged in shades of night, Like an angel sent from fields above; 'Tis hers to shed celestial light.

On barren rock and desert isle, She bids the Rose of Sharon bloom; Till arid wastes around her smile, And bear to heaven a sweet perfume.

And he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature."

Cape Canso.

H.

For the Christian Messenger.

"The Copernican System Defective"!!

MR. EDITOR,—

I have been by turns vexed at myself, and at the Rev. W. I. Loomis, since the extract under the above head appeared in your paper—at myself for not being able to perceive the "error," and again at Mr. L. for not any better comprehending the Copernican System. Yielding to the latter impression, I was going to say that this Mr. L. must be some pious ignoramus, who believes the Bible not only designed to teach divinity, but astronomy, geology, chemistry, &c. On the other hand, there are the alarming considerations—that the Rev. W. I. Loomis may be some relation to Professor Loomis, L. L. D., astronomer, and mathematician—the error detected was published by a scientific periodical, that it has not so far as I know been laughed out of countenance by astronomers, to say nothing of the favourable notice given to it by the C. M., and especially of the sparseness of the writer's astronomical knowledge. Yet I have been consoled by the thought that the *Scientific American* has given publicity to the "error detected," merely as a trick to report the progress, or rather want of progress, not of the science but of some would-be ignorant folks; so that I have come to the desperate resolution either to expose my own ignorance or that of Mr. Loomis.

He says "The apparent diurnal star will have finished 366 revolutions and an arc of 92° + i. e., while making a yearly revolution,—and the apparent place of the star in consequence, will be advanced in right ascension 92° +." Now the fixed stars do not change their right ascension, except a trifle, on account of the precession of equinoxes; the ecliptic daily and annually advances with them; the turning of our earth does not affect the right ascension of any star any more than it affects the longitude of any point on its (the earth's) surface. Nor does the accepted system of astronomy lead to an absurd conclusion." Why should the odd or last 92° + any more than others, cause the star to slide over the ecliptic to change its right ascension?

The difficulty with Mr. L. seems to be, that the daily revolution of the star is not contained an exact number of times in the annual, and consequently that the same point of the earth's surface will not turn up to the star at the close of the year, as it was turned up at the beginning,—the end of the year and of the day will not correspond,—should it begin at twelve it will end at six o'clock; but the odd and troublesome 92° + will bring a correspondence about every four years. How would the difficulty be stated were the yearly revolution of the star an exact multiple of the daily? I do not understand whether Mr. Loomis means to make out from the fact that the daily revolution of the earth is not contained an exact number of times in the annual, that it moves too slow, or too fast, or that it does not move at all.

To attempt to place this rolling earth again upon the back of old Atlas, like a bag of corn meal,—if that indeed has been the design of Mr. L.—is enough to bring up Copernicus, after having for three centuries been rocked in his slumbers by its revolutions.

SAGITTARIUS.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Fragment.

A boy was basking in the sunshine of an Alpine valley; the golden curls of childhood clustered on his brow, and smilingly he wreathed the blossoms that sparkled on the green sward around him. It was spring time, and the unfettered laughing waters danced and tumbled from his native mountain sides and glittered in the sunbeams. The sweet birds carolled from the thickets which skirted the hills and embosomed the home of his childhood, and the soft breezes came laden with a dreamy perfume and played caressingly with his silken hair. Behind him towered the mountains till their whitened peaks pierced the azure. The clouds rolled around midway to their summits, but imagination

Painted the upper regions as always beautiful with rays of everlasting sunshine centering there.

I watched that young aspirant as in after years his heart thrilled and bounded at the thought of some lofty achievement;—the mountain should be scaled, and he would place his foot where never man had trod before.

He had passed from the dream-land of childhood and life; stern march and battle field lay before him, but the fire of determination and high resolve flashed from his eye, and he betook himself to the journey.

Untiring, unrelenting, he urged on his mountain way, with his eye bent upward and his loins girded, the low rock-begirt vallies were not for him; he would breathe the purer atmosphere that bathed the peaks and hold familiar converse with the stars.

His mountain-path was long and toilsome. Weary and foot-sore many a day he traced its windings where no foot print led him on; but he passed the level of the clouds triumphantly, and gained the laurels that he sought to win.

From his lofty stand point he turned, and wondered; the clouds gathered blackness, and the thunder pealed and rattled beneath him, but the vanquished lightning's owned their conqueror, and laid their blasted arrows at his feet.

His cry is still "Excelsior," the summit shines with more dazzling lustre, but it blends yet with the blue of the ether, and his poan rings on the heights for victories achieved, while he presses on to still more glorious conquests.

Such is the pursuit of wisdom. Up a like craggy steep have they toiled who have outstripped their fellows in the race. Undaunted energy; untiring zeal, unflinching courage, unswerving application must be possessed who would gain this world's wisdom, and to secure that which maketh wise unto salvation we would add, unspotted holiness, unshaken faith.

NEMO.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Sabbath School,

A SUITABLE PLACE FOR ALL AGES.

Sabbath Schools have been justly termed "nurseries of the Churches." If this be true of them how desirous should parents be to place their plants (little ones) in them as early as possible for cultivation. So that instead of growing up dwarfish, as regards religious instruction, they may be made thoroughly acquainted with Bible truth,—may get the fallow-ground of their hearts broken up and spiritual seed faithfully sown.

Christian parents, do you not think there is more hope for the conversion of your little ones, by their attending the Sabbath School, than by their remaining at home, and often profaning God's holy day. When your children are placed in these nurseries, I ask if it would not be well to attend them yourselves, and thus show your approval of them, as well to assist, and thus know the kind of training your children are receiving. Remember "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." How important then that the young mind while tender should be carefully trained.

My own impression is that were children properly trained in scriptural knowledge, even though they were not converted in early life, yet from the fact that the bible truths fixed upon their minds when young, would shine for in all their brightness, and if converted in after life they would become more consistent Christians.

I regret Mr. Editor that so few professing christians are found engaged in this important department of the christian labor. Ministers sometimes make a great mistake by treating this good institution as something separate and apart from their great work, and give it but poor encouragement.

I hope that the able Essay on Sabbath Schools, recently published, may have the desired effect, that the good work of Sabbath School instruction may be carried forward with that interest the importance of the cause demands.

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

Bridgewater, Dec., 1862.

For the Christian Messenger.

Donation Visit.

DEAR BROTHER,—

Permit me to acknowledge in the columns of the Messenger, a visit of surprise made us, on New Year's eve, by our friends and brethren of this place.

The number present, the repast furnished, the addresses given and the amount contributed, each and all were worthy of the people of Stewiacke, yea, worthy of any people.