

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

For the Christian-Messenger.

### "HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

Peace! be thy pathway child;  
For our Saviour meek and mild,  
Like Himself would't have thee be  
Robed in undimmed purity.

When the way is rough and long  
Remember Christ is very strong;  
And thy soul He's pledged to keep,  
Till in Him that soul shall sleep.

Is the tempter at thy side?  
So is Christ—what'er betide  
He'll not suffer thee to fall,  
Only trust Him, all in all.

Wisdom trust; thou may'st not trace,  
Soon thou'll know, when face to face  
All the way shall be revealed,  
Books be opened, seals unsealed.

O who would not here endure  
When the future's so secure?  
Murmur not for earth's brief day  
Shall soon forever pass away.

July 1864.

## Religious.

### MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

**TURKEY.**—Dr. Koelle, of the Church Missionary Society, says:—"Formerly it would have been certain death for a born Mohammedan to embrace Christianity, and now we have here several converts from Mohammedanism who are not only unmolested in their own persons, but can even do missionary work among the Mohammedans. This shows that a wonderful change has come over Mohammedan Turkey. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake if it was thought that we have full liberty to preach Christ to the Mohammedans, or that it is generally acknowledged that any Moslem might embrace Christianity if he wished to do so. It seems to me, rather, that the Turkish Government have hitherto abstained from directly interfering with us simply because they think that, as yet, they can afford to ignore us, or, perhaps more correctly, because they apprehend that to interference us might cause more harm than to let with us alone.

The long-continued and disinterested efforts of Mr. Skene, the British Consul at Aleppo, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Arab tribes roving between the Orontes and the Euphrates, have been crowned with no small measure of success. Under his influence, considerable portions of these tribes have turned their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Fertile wastes have been reclaimed. The swift horse and dromedary have given place to the yoke of oxen and the plough. Comfortable cottages have superseded the black tents of Kedar. Some forty new settlements have thus been effected. At the consul's suggestion, six forts were built along the cordon of settlements, and 150 horsemen are kept at each fort, with a couple of light field-pieces, for protection of the settlers.

**INDIA.**—The Rev. G. Shrewsbury, of London Society during a tour in Berhampore, writes:—"Of a very large portion of the people." I think it may be said that they are altogether careless about which is true—Christianity or Hindooism. It contents them to do what their fathers did and their neighbours are doing, and they cannot conceive that they ought to change their religion because they have not a better reason for keeping it. Besides, they like, as it is natural they should like, the licence which their religion allows them; and then there is the fear of breaking caste. They commend the truths of the Bible, admit the entire reasonableness of the Divine plan of salvation, offer not a word in opposition to what we advance, but just go away ignoring the question altogether. The Mohammedans, as usual, treat us with indifference and contempt. Say they, 'We worship God, what do we want with your Jesus? Our books do not tell us to worship Him.' And so they turn from us with scorn,

or noisily oppose us. Books of all kinds are eagerly sought after.

**MADAGASCAR.**—From Madagascar we learn that the Government of the Queen is acquiring stability, and that the country is again tranquil. Under an impartial administration of justice, and the complete possession of religious freedom, the work of missions advances. New places of worship are opened, congregations are enlarged, and the monthly additions to the number of church-members, many of whom are connected with the influential families of the capital, afford conclusive proof of the growing strength and social influence of Christianity. "Quietly and satisfactorily," says the Rev. Wm. Ellis, "the Gospel continues to spread among the people, and as continually is it our privilege to behold the evidences of the work of the Divine Spirit on their hearts. No month has passed for a long time in which additions have not been made to the number of communicants in our churches, and few weeks pass in which we have not letters from distant places conveying Christian salutations and asking for books." Dr. Davidson thinks that since his arrival the numbers of Christians—that is, hearers—have increased at least one-third, and the members in still greater proportion. "One most pleasing and hopeful sign is the regard to the Sabbath. The market which stands opposite my house on Andohalo, is nearly deserted on Sunday; in fact, in this respect Antananarivo is decidedly in advance of London."

**WEST AFRICA.**—Of the indirect and civilising influence of missions we have some examples in a letter from the Rev. J. Diboll, a missionary of the Baptist Society on the West Coast of Africa:—"Early in the month all the women in our town, about 100 in number, left their husbands and their work, and fled to a place about four miles distant, alleging as a reason that the women of the town were dying very fast, and that their husbands were bewitching them, or suffering them to be bewitched. In two days I took a boat and followed them. I found them all together beneath a large tree, and there, with the first verse of the 40th Psalm before me, I endeavoured to set before them the folly and wickedness of their doing, in leaving the Word of God to seek after witchcraft. The next day they sent a messenger to me stating their desire to return, and wishing me to go and fetch them, an honour which I declined with as much politeness as I was capable of, allowing one of the head men to take my canoe and use it for that purpose.

"A few days later I went to preach at a place where I found the chief had all of a sudden declared war, and was preparing to come down upon him. I went immediately to that chief to dissuade him from his purpose, and happily succeeded: he had seen the face of a white man, and would not go to war." He then told me that his people wished me to preach to them. I promised, and have been, and I shall go again. The people in that place declare that but for me Cameroons would have been all spoiled. God has in mercy twice made me instrumental in quieting the chiefs in that neighbourhood, and so preventing bloodshed.

"I told you in my last of a chief having a great number of wives, two of whom I saw in chains under trees. Upon inquiry I found that there had been nine of them who had gone aside and done wickedly. Seven of them had been punished by flogging, and had had their flesh severely cut with a knife. These two awaited similar punishment. I interceded, but got no answer; was to go the next day. Again I got no answer. A few days after his son came to my house, saying that his father heard what I had said, and had unchained the women and let them go without further punishment."

Many a child of sorrow who has worn a chain, lifts the hands in blessing at sight of the missionary. These are not the only instances of his success.

### LETTER FROM LONDON.

London, June 18th, 1864.

We are on London Bridge. It is just ten o'clock in the morning, and the living tide over this great thoroughfare is at its highest pitch. By a moderate estimate, two hundred

thousand pedestrians—about the entire population of Baltimore City—cross this bridge every day. When we consider that this is only one of eight or ten such magnificent structures connecting the northern and southern sections of London, we may have some conception of the mighty life-streams pouring into the metropolis. Two miles lower down, is the Thames Tunnel—consisting of two arched avenues, twelve hundred feet long and lighted with gas, running under the river-bed, from shore to shore. This is called one of Mr. Brunel's *concoits*; for it is little else than a mere curiosity in the way of engineering, and not a commercial success, as it was designed to be.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Come with me over London Bridge and take a ticket at the railway station for the most beautiful and wonderful place of all—the Crystal Palace. In addition to its own attractions, a grand choral festival of the metropolitan schools is announced for to-day. Happy teachers, happy parents, and happier children have hardly time for impatience, when we whirl past Sydenham and are at the Palace Gardens, and park, is over two hundred acres.

The Rosary, or Mount of Roses, is our first point of observation within. This is a mound, crowned by an arcade of arabesque iron-work, composed of a hundred and twenty lattice-worked columns, lifting twelve arches, and all covered with sweet honey-suckle, clustering roses, and evergreen. The mound is circular, and belted by beds of loveliest blooming flowers. Water-temple of octagonal shape—sixty feet high and built of richly gilded ornamental iron-work—with bronze figures surmounting the dome-shaped roofs; undulating lawns, with winding walks and shrubbery; terraces; fountains with little jets like trellis-work around the outer edge of the basin, and inner circles of larger jets playing fantastically around the central, largest jet of all, shooting its sparkling sheet full a hundred and fifty feet in the air; lakes lying off in the hollow and winking at you in the bright morning sun, and startling you with that rustic bridge and representations of those gigantic reptile-like animals of former generations—all, with finest statues of heroic size scattered in picturesque groups and attitudes from terrace to lake, present a picture of indescribable beauty.

We hasten on to the Great Central Transept, and, tearing ourselves from the ravishing prospect, hurry into the building, which we have not yet noticed. We do not stop to examine illustrations of the mechanical genius of the country, ranged in the basement, even though those laughing water-wheels do frolic so merrily right in front of us. We mount twenty steps, and whew! go all our ideas in a twinkling. See there! we involuntarily exclaim in our republican simplicity. We stand in the centre, under its prodigious dome of glass, with the vast Handel orchestra on our left, and a fine model of Shakspeare's house on the right, with terse sentences from him appropriately set, and the flags of all the nations swinging over our heads. Art and instruction, commerce and business, in the most enchanting representations, are before us and behind us. Nature, in some of her finest forms, appears everywhere around. In the distance is the Monti Fountain, among the palms, bananas, and gigantic ferns of the tropics. Along the nave, exquisite marble statues are lifting grand heads and colossal arms, or else tossing dainty bare arms and coy looks from behind the rich shrubbery. To the left and right, the fine art courts appear, enabling you to see within a single girdle of glass—sixteen hundred feet long and three hundred wide—specimens of the highest production of ancient and modern art, from Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, Italy, Spain, France, England and America. Michael Angelo looks at you from a magnificent statue of Moses, and our own Crawford bewitches you with his beautiful Flora. In a word, the world has been ransacked to make this palace what it is.

Early in the afternoon we are called from the picture-gallery by the lively strains of music. The orchestral band of the company is crowding the concert-room. The last of half a dozen marches, airs, and overtures is the "Flageolet Solo," which we encore because we can't help it. Now it is two o'clock, and the band of the Royal Military Asylum continues

the musical entertainment in the grand orchestra. This is an amphitheatre, and seats five thousand children. There they are, clapping tiny hands, cheering, waving sheets of music over a sea of little heads, and making in all the prattiest sight I ever looked upon. The great Handel organ leads the accompaniment, and a tide of living voices, in perfect time, rises and falls and swells through nave and aisle and loftiest dome with matchless melody. Of course I am enthusiastic over this wonderful performance in this most wonderful place, while I nearly look my eyes out in the midst of ten thousand people.—*Cor. of N. Y. Methodist.*

### "NONE OTHER NAME."

A few persons were collected round a blind man who had taken his station on a bridge over a London canal, and was reading from an embossed Bible. Receiving from the passers-by of their carnal things, he was ministering to them spiritual things. A gentleman on his way home from the city was led, from curiosity to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in the fourth chapter of the Acts, lost his place, and, while trying to find it with his fingers, kept repeating the last clause he had read—"None other name—none other name—none other name." Some of the people smiled at the blind man's embarrassment, but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying in many ways to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits, all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load, and enabled him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their solemn music in his soul, "None other name." When he reached his home and retired to rest, the words, like evening chimes from village towers nestling among the trees, were still heard—"None other name—none other name—none other name." And when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like matin bells saluting the morn, the strain continued—"None other name—none other name." The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life. "I see it all! I see it all! I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save me. To him I will look. Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name—none other name—none other name given among men whereby we must be saved."

**A PROFITABLE MISTAKE.**—One day, as Felix Neff was walking in Lausanne, he saw at a distance before him a man whom he took for one of his friends. He made up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and before looking him in the face, asked him: "How does your soul prosper, my friend?"

The stranger immediately turned round and looked at him in surprise. Neff perceived his mistake, apologized, and went his way.

About three or four years afterward a person came to Neff, and introducing himself, said he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognize the man, and begged that he would explain himself. The stranger replied:

"Have you forgotten a certain person whose shoulder you once touched in one of the streets of Lausanne, whom you asked: 'How does your soul prosper?' It was I. Your inquiry led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul."

"Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living."—Job 33: 29, 30.

A MAN may have true christian manliness, and yet desire to serve himself; but no man who has true christian manliness would ever serve himself in such a way as to infringe upon the rights, or interfere with the interests of another. True christian manliness leads a man to desire to serve others as well as himself. A man that in everything he does is open, simple, direct, straight-forward, truthful, so that there is concordance between his inward thought and motive and his outward life, is manly.