

# 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.

### NOVA SCOTIA AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

All hail Acadia of the rugged shores;  
Where freedom blest a tide of gladness pours;  
Dear home! where smiling cultivated glades,  
Alternate mingle with dim forest shades;  
Where stately trees on towering summits wave,  
Free, noble rivers, fertile margins lave;  
Where streamlets dancing through the waving grass,  
Sing strains of murmuring music as they pass;  
Where lordly oaks the forest monarchs tower,  
With tasseled pines of long enduring power;  
Tall elms cast graceful shadows o'er the vales,  
And aspens sigh and whisper in the gales,  
Here brightly blooms Acadia's own wild rose,  
Its perfume wafted by each breeze that blows.  
Her children fair inhale it as it flies,  
And pluck the flowers whose incense never dies.  
Here too 'midst velvet moss all thickly spread,  
The tiny mayflower lifts its modest head;  
While, like the mother's watchful eyes of love,  
The dark green laurel gently bends above.  
Ay, rugged hills are thine! soft smiling plains!  
Though not immortalized in classic strains,  
No Cicero here breathed words of living fire,  
Or Virgil tuned his world-resounding lyre;  
Nor sightless bards sung high immortal lays,  
To echo on through all thy future days,  
Not to thy plains are passing strangers led,  
To show the spot where dauntless heroes bled.  
For gentle Peace here folds her dove-like wings,  
And on thy hills, Acadia, sweetly sings!  
Or hovers o'er thy deep and crystal main,  
Which ne'er was crimsoned by the blood of stain.  
In natural features, rugged, strong and bold,  
In treasures rich—the iron and the gold,  
Thy vast resources well may cause to rise  
The spirit of unsleeping enterprise.  
Acadia, hail! thy hills and rocky shores,  
Teem, richly teem, with unexhausted stores.  
Thy towns and villages are graced by halls,  
Of tasteful, chaste designs; within whose walls,  
With eager eye fixed on its height sublime,  
Thy ardent sons the "hill of science" climb;  
The grave, the gay, the manly and the bold,  
Whose wealth of mind outweighs thy stores of gold.  
They may engrave, through life's short fleeting day,  
Names, time's rough waves can never wash away.  
New Scotland, hail! great hopes around thee twine!  
The past is gone! the future still is thine!  
Land where deep shades, with rocks and hills crowned,  
With foliage dark, low moss and wild box crowned,  
Of scenery soft and fair, then wild and grand,  
Which e'en might wake the harps of many a land.  
Land of the Mayflower, Fancy bids adieu,  
And to a lesser sister turns from you.

We leave Acadia's shores: pursue our way,  
Till length'ning shadows mark declining day;  
Then gladly see, within our vision's bound,  
What seems an emerald set in crystal ground.  
'Tis Isle Prince Edward's, green, luxuriant strand;  
By cool sea breezes gently, softly fanned.  
Sweet spot of beauty! lovely water sprite!  
Like a fair vision bursting on the sight.  
The bright sun sinks; yet while its radiance lasts,  
It floods of glory o'er the landscape casts.  
Day's waning, sinking, slowly fading fire,  
Sheds brilliant dyes o'er cottage, wood and spire.  
Pours streams of splendor o'er the smiling plains,  
And tree, cot, lattice tips with rosy stains.  
It adds fresh charms to rich luxurious halls,  
And lights with beauty humble-hamlet walls;  
Plays with the leaves around the open door,  
And casts their shadows on the cottage floor;  
Kisses the brook which onward gently purls,  
And makes more golden childhood's sunny curls.  
Of all such scenes, the pleasing, soft and fair,  
Thou hast a lavishly abounding share.  
Thy soft, low smiling shores, the waters lave,  
Thou might'st be styled a Lady of the wave.  
Thy gentle rivers sweep on to the main,  
Boaring rich treasures for the fisher train.  
Exhaustless minerals from the unbosomed earth,  
Awaken enterprise of untold worth;  
And mountain, cavern, rock and rugged hill,  
The elements of strength, thou wastest still.  
But yet thy sons are ardently inclined  
To train and educate the youthful mind;  
The buds of genius peep above thy soil,  
To train them into blossom be thy toil.  
Awake! arise! the crested waves of time  
Are onward rolling with a solemn chime.  
True souls press forward in a glorious line;  
Take! take! your places in the march sublime.  
Prince Edward! Acadia, loved, adieu!  
While your sweet scenes my thought has wandered  
through,  
Your shadows o'er the hill of Fancy cast,  
Shew strength and vigor, strongest in the last;  
While the presiding spirit of the Isle,  
Soft Beauty, reigns, and all her features smile.  
Hail, Nova Scotia! sister Island, hail!  
On the ship Progress crowd her every sail;  
Let favoring gales her fluttering canvass swell,  
And here I bid my pleasing theme farewell.

## Missionary Intelligence.

### BURMAH, RANGOON MISSION.

The following interesting letter from Mrs. Ingalls will gratify many of our readers:—

A YEAR OF BLESSINGS.—*Thongzai, Aug. 25.*—I have not time for a longer letter, but must tell you that the Lord is still with us, and we continue to have the joy of seeing these people come to Christ.

Last Sabbath we spent the day at a large town five miles from this. This is the place where some fifty of our Christians accompa-

nied me last year and spent a week. Then we had but one Christian in the place. The Lord poured out his Spirit there, and a blessing rested upon the people, so much that the great mass of the people have continued to acknowledge that our religion is the true one, and they all wished to enter it, but could not forsake all their former customs. As I said before, the Lord has been with them during the year, and three new families have joined the one Christian man.

ANOTHER NEW CHAPEL.—Several Christians have removed to this town, so that a few months ago they commenced a Sabbath service, which I thought preferable to such a long foot trip in this climate as the one to Thongzai. They had given for the erection of this chapel, so that they were not able to build another for their place; so they met in private dwellings, which were uncomfortable.—But the Lord did not leave us, and we decided to put up a bamboo shed. While this was under consideration, a kind English officer paid me a visit, and the Lord put it into his heart to build us a small chapel, which has been completed, and last Sabbath we had our dedication service.

We reached the place on the Friday previous, and the news of a baptism spread through the town, so that we had a great assemblage of heathen besides our companies of dear Christians from the station about us. I thought of dear Christian friends at home. It was one of our happy seasons, and just such a time as I should like our people to witness, that they might rejoice over their answered prayers. Their prayer and alms, and sons and daughters have not been laid in vain upon the altar of God.

THE CHILDREN'S VISIT.—The kind friend who has built us the chapel has made a small room for me on one end, and I was sitting there while the chapel was being swept, thinking of these changes, when familiar sounds fell upon my ear; and, as I went into the chapel, the scene was before me. Ah, it was not the sound of heathen revellers. On they came in their little canoes, with the dip and the splash of their little oars, while little voices swelled out the sweet song of "Happy Land." It was the teacher and the school from one of our stations, who had come to spend the Sabbath with us. They changed their garments on the bank of the river, and then the little company of forty came to greet me. I asked some of the children who were not over nine years of age, if they were not very tired after the long run. "O, no," they replied, "we sang almost all the way, and it did not seem like work. After a little while I called them all together, and they repeated the catechism, commandments, and the Lord's prayer, &c.

One little bright-eyed boy came very close to me, and when I asked him what he desired, he said "O, nothing, only I want to say we are so happy, we don't say bad words any more, and we know that God is with us all the time." As I smiled upon the little fellow, they whispered to each other, and then many of them joined the little boy and said they were very happy.

BAPTISM.—When the Sabbath came, it was a nice gathering of Christians, and with them a multitude of heathen. After the service the great assemblage of at least a thousand repaired to the river, where the pastor baptized two men. They have been asking for baptism for a whole year, but they had been strong Buddhists, and we wished a strong test of their sincerity.

Sunday evening the interest was so great that the Christians said they must have a school, and Monday morning the heathen parents filled a long list of pupils, and the school has commenced in our chapel. I want to ask your prayers for the people of Lounway. Satan will not be idle there, and we need much prayer.

All my people seem to be progressing, and we have much to encourage us. I am in good health and happy in my work. I long much to see my loved ones at home, but we shall all meet by and by, and these Burmans and Karens will be one with us there,—all washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Mr. Stevens, in writing from Rangoon, July 27th, gives an account of the death of a native preacher.

Two days after my arrival, Ko Dway died, after protracted sufferings, at the age of seventy-three. He was long associated with Dr. Judson, and with the press. He was a man of superior mind and by far the ablest preacher in the Burmese church. But I am sorry to say the latter years of his life were clouded by the developments of an unsanctified temper. Yet his faith in Christ was unshaken, and he told me his hope was in the blood of Christ alone. The funeral gave opportunity for a large gathering at his house on successive evenings, as well as at the time of burial, which we endeavored to improve by urging on the heathen and other unconverted persons an early acceptance of the offers of salvation through Christ.

## CALVIN.

The following is given in a London paper as a brief summary of a lecture recently delivered in Exeter Hall, on this great divine and reformer. The lecturer, Rev. E. L. Garbett called attention to some points of contrast between the French reformer and Luther. The history of Calvin might not be so romantic as that of Luther, but in moral grandeur it was not inferior. It revealed a temper more calm and constant than Luther's and an influence which extended over a larger sphere, and secured for Europe more progressive results.—The state of incipient change in which Zwingle and Luther found society required other treatment than the cautious policy of the one and the destructive work of the other. With all his vigorous intellect, Luther never worked out to a perfect theological issue the fundamental doctrine of his creed. Consubstantiation is weighted with all the difficulties of transubstantiation, and with some of its own in addition. The movement of the Reformers needed a theology. Without it, the Reformation could not have survived. Calvin contributed this gift. In the observation of Calvin's distinctive faculties, his force of will and his intellectual powers must command our astonishment. These made him without exception a master in every branch of scholarship, judged even by the light of the nineteenth century. His rigid logical method—an instinct of the French mind—was his weakness as well as his strength; for, as logic is a dangerous quality in the interpretation of Scripture, it led him to cross the line beyond which man's faculties have no legitimate function, and to carry his propositions to an extreme issue. So great and masterful was Calvin's power of will, that it would be difficult to measure his natural constitution by the side of his acquired character. Of this, not withstanding there could be no doubt—that he was once timid, and even bashful—that his spiritual struggles in the crisis of his reconciliation to the new doctrines were marked by an acuteness proper to the noblest natures, and that by the side of harsh conceptions of duty there reigned an affection and tenderness of apostolic depth and fervour. Referring to the case of Servetus, Mr. Garbett said there could be but one opinion about this dark act of Calvin's life. The death which the poor Spaniard met with such gallantry was contrary to the just liberties of man and the spirit of the Gospel. It was utter arrogance to usurp God's place towards the human conscience, but it must be remembered that Calvin's prosecution was not on account of a difference of opinion, but because Servetus was to him a blasphemer. In this question Calvin was entitled to be judged in the light of his own age. So lamentable an act must also be viewed in the knowledge of Calvin's doctrine of the divine sovereignty, a doctrine to which he sacrificed his own life by an unrelenting and prodigious energy of body and soul. Deplored the shadows on so great a character, and remembering his purity, self-sacrifice, and mental grasp, we might well desire more of such men as Calvin.

## WHAT IS CHRISTIAN LIFE?

It is the use of the body according to its laws; it is the use of the lower faculties of the mind according to their laws; it is the use of the reason according to its laws; it is the use of the moral sentiments in just the relations and proportions in which God gave them to us; and it is the use of them all for the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow-men. Christianity is not any one thing. It is not a simple tune played on any particular part of the key-board. Some men seem to think that a man is like a piano, and that one part is secular, and the other religious; but I say that it is all religious, from the highest to the lowest key. And he is the Christian who takes every thing that is in him, and takes it in the proportion in which it has been given to him, and serves God and men with it. And whether your veneration is weak or strong, use it. If it is strong, use it for Christ, and if it is weak, use it for Christ. Whether your reason is weak or strong, use it for Christ. Whether your affections and moral sentiments are strong or weak, use them for Christ. Though your mind is weak here and strong there, use the whole of it for Christ. You are to take just what God has given you, and serve Him and your fellow-men with it. That is the idea of being a Christian.

## THE MONTREAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

The following report of the state and operations of the Montreal Baptist Church indicates a condition of activity which promises well for the future. We copy it, thinking that some of our readers may gather from it a hint worth taking.

On Sabbath evening, the 6th instant, the pastor baptized five candidates at the close of the usual service. On the Wednesday evening following, the annual church meeting was held, and the various reports for the past year received. The results are of a most cheering character. The church is united, brotherly love in some good measure prevails, and a large proportion of the members are actively engaged in their Master's service. In the Church Clerk's report, special mention was made of the young men's meeting, at which nine of those baptized had found the Saviour, and under the management of which many of our city missionary enterprises are being conducted. The average attendance for the past month (a fair specimen of the year round, except during the summer vacation season) was thirty. According to the report, there are in the schools and Bible classes altogether three hundred and fifty pupils under religious instruction, and forty-five teachers employed, exclusive of the pastor. A Sabbath evening service is regularly sustained at the Point St. Charles Mission School, with very encouraging prospects. A social meeting of the church and congregation is held monthly, and a scheme of systematic beneficence adopted, which it is hoped will tend to increase the contributions of the church to benevolent objects. The hand of fellowship has been given to seventy-two new members during the past year, of whom thirty-eight were received by baptism. Twelve have been dismissed to other churches, and two excluded, leaving a net increase of fifty-eight, and a present membership of 221.

Exclusive of contributions per Sabbath-schools, the regular income of the church has been, according to the Treasurer's report, \$2,328. Over \$200 besides this have been contributed and expended in connection with the Poor's Fund. Over \$200 have been subscribed and partly paid to the Grande Ligne Mission. The Building Committee also gave in their final report, and were discharged. By this report it appeared that \$24,305 51 had been paid on account of the new church, being about the amount of its cost. Of this, however, \$6,000 is due per mortgage on the building. It was strongly urged upon the church to wipe off this debt as soon as possible, that the interest which now absorbs a considerable proportion of our annual income