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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

The Other World.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet, they glide—
So near to press they seem—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this;

Scarcely knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarcely asking where we are;
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

Religious.

Week of Special Prayer.

JANUARY 7—14, 1866.

The Evangelical Alliance has issued the following order of exercises for the Week of Special Prayer:

The beginning of this year, as that of previous years, was marked by the gathering of Christians in all parts of the world for united prayer; and it was abundantly clear that our Father in heaven was, by His Holy Spirit, drawing His children together in love, that He might bless them.

The Evangelical Alliance, by its British and Foreign organizations, would again affectionately and earnestly invite Christians in all countries to make arrangements for meeting during the Week of Prayer, at the commencement of the New Year.

Much encouragement is felt from the fact that in almost every land, even the most remote, the previous invitations had been largely responded to, and multitudes have acknowledged, with devout thankfulness to God, His gracious answers in "crowning the year with His goodness," and conferring special blessings upon the Church and upon the world.

Let us again set apart the week beginning with the first Lord's-day of the New Year for united application, with thanksgiving, in the spirit of love, and in sympathy with our brethren who in every place call upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, both theirs and ours. Surely the need is great. Error is abounding; masses are ignorant of the Gospel; the children of God are still far from manifesting the upity of the body of Christ—and whether as nations, or families, or individuals, we have urgent dangers. Meanwhile, our Heavenly Father is ready to supply all our need according to the riches of His grace, and not only to keep us secure from all harm, but is able and willing "to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or

think." May we not confidently expect that suitable blessings will be bestowed in proportion as prayer is offered with "one accord" by those who are united by a common faith, and who share in the blessings of a "common salvation?"

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.—*Psalm lxxv. 2.*

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.—*Psalm cxlv. 18.*

And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts: I will go also.—*Zech. viii. 21.*

Seeing, then, that we have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God—let us therefore come boldly unto the Throne of Grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—*Heb. iv. 14—16.*

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.—*Eph. vi. 18.*

The following topics, amongst others, are suggested as suitable for exhortation and intercession on the successive days of meeting:—

Sunday, Jan. 7.—Sermons on the duties of Christians to each other, as members of the body of Christ.

Monday, Jan. 8.—Acknowledgment of Divine mercies and confession of sin.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.—The Christian Church: That its testimony may be clearer, its faith stronger, and its devotedness, liberality, and zeal enlarged.

Wednesday, Jan. 10.—Nations: For their temporal and spiritual welfare; for kings, and all in authority; for the maintenance of peace; and for the increase of "righteousness, which exalteth a nation."

Thursday, Jan. 11.—For Christian Families, for Servants, and for Schools and Colleges.

Friday, Jan. 12.—For Christian Missions and Ministers, and for all engaged in Christian work.

Saturday, Jan. 13.—For Christians in sorrow, in sickness, and in persecution: For the Widow and the Orphan.

Sunday, Jan. 14.—Sermons: The Blessing to be expected from the manifested Union of believers in all countries.

What Christian Missions effect.

We copy the following from the London *Freeman*. It will be read with deep interest, and is a triumphant exhibition of the fruits of missionary labor:

To the Editor of the *Freeman*.

DEAR SIR,—On the appearance in the public journals, of certain statements made at the meetings of the Anthropological Society last Autumn, our treasurer, Sir Morton Peto, now in America, sent out copies of them to our senior Missionary at Cameroons.

His reply has come to hand, and I forward a copy to you, and respectfully request the insertion of it in *The Freeman* at your earliest convenience.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
F. TRESTRAIL, Secretary,
Baptist Mission House, 2, John-street,
Bedford-row, October 23, 1865.

Cameroons, July 10.

Before me are Extracts from *The Morning Star*, dated April 20, 1865, containing a report of statements made at a meeting of the Anthropological Society, by Mr. Harris, Captain Burton, and others, traducing missionaries, degrading their converts, and exalting to admiration the low vices of the heathen.

"Being one of the assailed class, and intimately acquainted with mission work on the coast of Africa for nearly a quarter of a century, I am competent to write a few lines both for missionaries and their converts, and especially of the mission in the Bight of Biafra.

Mr. Harris says, "Missionaries do no work. They wear the black coat and the white neckcloth. They live in the high house, and eat expensive dinners."

"This order we need not follow. He tells us 'they wear the black coat, &c.' And what if they do? Is there more disgrace in black than white: It would help Mr. Harris to a little knowledge could I have him here for six months, and make him go through our daily toil, and yet wear the 'black coat and white neckcloth'—both of which, by-the-by, he must bring with him, for he would not obtain them here.

"But 'They live in the high house and eat expensive dinners.' I would this were true of all missionaries on the coast of Africa. If any class of men here need the high house and not the hovel, it is the missionary class; and they, if any do, need the good dinner to sustain them in their perpetual toil. Can nothing be done, Mr. Harris, by the English public, to compel you to make this your charge a true one? In my case the first part of this charge is true; I have the high house. But from whence comes it? You assert 'missionaries do no work.'

"Did I not put tools into the hands of these natives and teach them to fell the timber, to covert it into plank, and then to make the doors and windows? Did I not dig up the clay and make the first hundred of bricks, that the 'imitative animal' might do as I did? Did I not dig out the foundations and lay the bricks in mortar until these 'animals' could be trusted to build alone? The result is, I have a house, and it shelters me, and compared with native huts, it is something more than a palace. You say, 'The African, like the monkey, is an imitative animal.' True: and his imitative powers go a little beyond the 'animal.' He does 'copy the missionary;' and hence it is the mission has a second house also; and these animals have just completed a school-room, and are now building me a chapel which bids fair to eclipse my house. These are all in brick! Hence also it is that you will find in these towns a body of artisans who, twenty-two years since, had not seen the saw, the chisel, or plane. They now saw timber and work it; they make bricks and build; they hammer iron and weld it; and these men owe all their knowledge to the missionary. Yet you say—'Missionaries do no work!'

"Mr. Harris, have you thrown yourself among a heathen people without book or other aid, and through long months of attention and study have, little by little, gathered up the sounds floating around you; giving these sounds a form in writing; step by step formed a vocabulary, and at last, after a long period, made an African tongue your own? And was this 'no work'? Or having thus learnt a language, was it 'no work' to go among the heathen preaching six times every week, at the same time keeping the schools in daily and efficient operation?

"If we preach, the people want the Scriptures. You may despise the book which teaches, not Islamism, but that God has made of one blood all nations of men. We do not despise it, but we seek to secure a good translation. If the book be written, it must be printed. These youths—'imitative animals'—must be taught to compose in type, and to work the press. Have you thus written, and taught, and laboured till the entire New Testament is presented, and half of the Old? If you have done none of these things, you assert of the missionary, who has done it all, that 'he does no work.'

"And of that youth! It may be the one-time mechanic, (all the better if he be, if he compines with mechanical knowledge devotedness to the loving Saviour, and deep sympathy with the objects of his life), will you assert of such a youth, who attempts to master the language only, and dies in the attempt, that he 'did no work'? Or of him who learns the language, and thenceforward preaches daily; journeys weary miles, battling oft with fevers, and daily with physical weakness. This work I see in others every day of my life.

"Go to Calabar, and you will find a repetition of this toil. Go to the Gaboon, and you will find two languages written, and Scriptures printed in both; and the men you thus malign are carrying the light of truth into the deep darkness of Africa.

"These things have not done in a corner; they have been in progress for years, and are open to the inspection of all the world.— Yet, in sight of all, 'they do no work.'

"Mr. Harris, I have done with you. I am well-nigh worn out with labour. Weakness compels me to restrict my toil to twelve and fourteen hours daily, and sometimes prostrates me entirely, and I shall, ere long, be where lies will not assail me, and the perverse heart will work me no harm.

"We have been introduced to an 'imitative animal.' In his native state, not a 'nice one,' says Captain Burton, but 'infinitely superior to the African converted to Christianity.' To this he adds a special charge against the converts in Sierra Leone. I can leave to others the special slander against a people 1,800 miles away, but I may speak of men nearer home.

"Captain Burton, you have been to Victoria, you have seen Horton Johnson. He was with us in the first stage of the mountain journey. You saw Joseph Wilson, probably several others. Is it there we are to look for 'animals so infinitely beneath the wild ones?' Twenty-one years since I preached at Fernando Po, and Horton Johnson, for the first time, heard of the way of reconciliation with God for fallen men. His eyes were opened, and his heart and life were changed. During these long years he has lived a holy life; and you know that he is manly and honourable—universally honoured. And Wilson, too, for twenty-two years has borne the high character of a Christian man, and who, rather than remain with a prosperous business in the land where Catholicism forbids men to worship God, and substitutes the worship of images and dolls, exiled himself and family to the then wilderness of Victoria. Sacrificing all that men of this world hold so dear, can you charge him with wrong doing? I specify these because you know them. What is to be said of that noble hearted man, William Smith, who, for years maintained the worship in Fernando Po during my much absence, who journeyed with and for me to mountain tribes? But why further individualize. I could go on to name a hundred converts once worshipping in the Church at Fernando Po, whose Christian life showed they were freed from the disgusting vices of the 'not nice Pagan animal.'

"'Not nice,' you say. No! we found Biso, a chief, a Basipu; his head covered with the 'bosuper,' that mass of clay and fat with which those animals mat together the hair of their heads. He was painted, too, with earthly pigments, oil and ashes; with sundry snake skins, incisors of the bush-cat, bones and feathers of fowls as ornaments round his neck, arms, and loins, the ordinary type of the Fernandian gentleman. He heard the tale of human redemption, and, animal as he was, he became interested; he heard till he believed in the power and willingness of the Son of God to save him, degraded and debased as he was. He washed his skin. He worked at his farm right manfully to clothe himself and maintain his family. He became a convert, and, in after life, spent much of his time in telling the tale of mercy to his fellows in their mountain homes, and doing this for three years, unpaid, till death laid him low. He was not alone; many of the Fernandians followed him, whose Christian manly life testified to the falsehood of the slanders heaped on native converts; and although two instances occurred where they returned to their mountain life for a time, yet I defy you or any other man, visiting or resident at Fernando Po, to point me to a single instance of theft or drunkenness in converts from that wild race up to the time of our expulsion from the island. Wrong-doing did occur among the resident converts at Fernando Po, but it led to their immediate expulsion from the Church.

"You tell us that 'converted Pagans lose their own code of morals, and do not acquire ours.' 'Ours?' Do you mean that code of morals Englishmen practice on the coast? Oh! at any cost keep the converts from such a code. In this you point us to 'incontinence in women.' Captain Burton: Do you thus invite me to proclaim some fearful truths in the ears of the English nation? I forbear. Yet I may say that twenty-four years since we found the community at Clarence living in common, marriage unknown. Ten years later, and you could not find domestic union without marriage. Did it not become the complaint of men bearing England's proud name that 'Fernando Po was spoiled by the