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## Poetry

For the Christian Messenger.

### The Broken Nest.

The bitter sufferings past,—the pangs of death  
are o'er,  
And my little one has joined his brother, gone  
before;  
But oh, mine is a heavy heart, and I closer clasp  
the three;  
With many a fervent prayer to God, that they  
be left to me.  
The first that "was not," for God sent to take  
him home.  
(Where sin, nor any sorrow, nor pain can ever  
come.)  
Was the child we called our "Sunny-face," so  
beautiful his smile;  
The very care from weary hearts, our treasure  
would beguile.  
'Twas bitter, bitter agony, when my boy's dear  
face they hid,  
And with my poor heart breaking fast, they  
hailed his coffin lid,  
I tried another look to gain, but his form I'll  
never see,  
And a single curl of gold brown hair is all that's  
left to me.  
And then as if my bleeding heart must with its  
craving rest,  
I drew its cords the closer round my feelings  
broken nest;  
But another birdie fluttered, and faintly in the  
strife,  
Then condescending spread its tiny wings, and soared  
to higher life.  
And I am left waiting with my broken nest below,  
While the little ones above, much more than  
"mother" know  
Of all the many mysteries of the upper mansion  
state!  
And perchance for other children are watching  
at the gate,  
I can only bow in silence, and cry "God's will  
be done,"  
To me the comfort's given, for THEM the victory's won,  
I may hear the loud wind blowing around their  
earthly rest,  
But in heaven my boys are sleeping upon the  
Shepherd's breast.  
Sept, 1866.

## Religious

### Dr. Judson and Captain Laird.

Dr. Judson found it hard to interpret the providence of God which permitted his cruel imprisonment in Oung-pen-la. Mrs. Judson, meek and submissive, recognizing a divine hand in all things, said sadly "Two years of precious time have been lost to the mission, unless some future advantage may be gained." Perhaps they never understood in this world one good result gained, but it has been made clear to them in another world, how their suffering was the means of salvation to a fellow prisoner.

Captain Laird, an English merchant in Burmah, and connected with the Burmese nobility by marriage, was chained to Dr. Judson in the terrible march to Oung-pen-la, and an inmate of the same dreary cell after arriving there. He was the offending party, on whom the Burmese government wished to take vengeance, for he was supposed to have on his person important dispatches from the British Cabinet, revealing their designs, and the movements of the British army.

The faithful missionary, even in his sufferings, could not neglect an opportunity of doing good. During the weary march and the long confinement, he sought to win his way to the confidence and affection of his fellow prisoner. As Paul and Silas, in the dungeon at Philippi, even when fast in the stocks, sang praises to God, and their composure and joy were the means of conversion to the jailer, so the cheerfulness of Dr. Judson, and his submission to the divine will, made an impression on Captain Laird never erased. He listened respectfully to the inquiries of the missionary, and to his earnest Christian entreaties, but his mind was then so distracted by other thoughts that the labor of the missionary might have seemed fruitless. Their imprisonment ended, and no change was visible in the merchant. It is pos-

sible that their intercourse ended, for Dr. Judson wrote to the friends of Captain Laird, after his death, that he could give no information of his last hours, save that he was shocked on seeing a funeral procession in Rangoon, to learn that it bore the body of his former fellow prisoner to burial.

But Dr. Reid, of Edinburgh, who married a niece of Captain Laird, has given a charming account of the influence of the missionary on the worldly merchant. He was deeply impressed by the nobleness of Dr. Judson's character, by his sincere piety, and by his warm interest in him. He felt the truth and importance of Christian advice received, and when he came out of the dungeon to find himself a ruined man, with the fortune of \$150,000 accumulated by long and patient toil, swept away, the lessons of Christian submission taught in the dungeon brought forth fruit. He became a new man, writing, it is said, "beautiful letters" to his friends in Scotland, and ascribing the great change wrought in his feelings and life to the character and teachings of Dr. Judson in Oung-pen-la. Thus the time which Mrs. Judson feared was lost to the mission was blessed to the conversion of at least one soul.—*National Baptist.*

### Ye are the Light of the World.

Who? It is the individual humble professor of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Our Saviour said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," the mourners in Zion, "the meek, those who hunger and thirst after righteousness," "the pure in heart." "Ye are the salt of the earth, ye are the light of the world."

The world judges of religion by the conduct of individual Christians. Each professor is a light; either a beacon covering sunken rocks on which he has made shipwreck of faith, or a star of the bright constellation which clusters around and points to the polar star, the Lord Jesus Christ. The pulpit must preach and publish the truth, and the press diffuse it, but believers are to live down the opposition, and effect the conversion of those around them, by so shining that men may see their good works, and thus be led to glorify their Father which is in heaven.

In other words, says Brown, "while it is Christianity which is to carry all before it, it is not the Christianity of books, nor even of mere preaching, much less of an empty profession, but the Christianity of life, its humility, not as preached, but as practised. It is contrition, not as depicted, not as inculcated, but as exemplified. It is meekness manifested. It is spiritual aspiration, not as enjoined, but as beheld in men on whose whole carriage may be seen written, *Excelsior*. It is mercy embodied. It is heart-purity in flesh and blood. It is peace incarnate. This many-sided manifestation of a divine life in men mixing with their fellows of like passions, is the divinely ordained specific for arresting the progress of human corruption, diffusing wealth and sweetness through it, and irradiating it with the fruitifying and gladdening beams of heavenly light."

Thus may we unfold and embody religion in living form, thus make it touch life in all its departments. Thus shall Christ, with his enabling principles, be manifest in the senate chamber, the court room, the shop, the manufactory, the busy mart of trade, as well as in the pulpit, the sick room, or on a death bed. Let our religion be with us wherever we go, whatever we do.—*American Messenger.*

### Different Experience.

We do not remember ever to have met a young convert, and our experience has been large, who believed immersion to be "the only divine ordinance of baptism," unless he had been under Baptist influence; and even then we have always found a direct appeal to the Bible sufficient to satisfy him that it is not.

We have met a great many young persons educated in pedobaptist families and Sunday schools, and never under influence specially

Baptist, but who have been Baptists in opinion. They have agreed with the experience of one of them, who said, "Oh, I always knew the Baptists were right on that question." A youth of 18 years, who was a child of pedobaptist Christians offered himself to the church of which we were pastor. Being asked why he wished to join a Baptist church, he said he believed that immersion is essential to baptism. Being asked how he came to believe this, and whether he had not been induced by the arguments of Baptists to abandon the church of his fathers, he said he could not remember the time when he did not hold the same belief. He had ever since he first thought of the subject, been aware that if ever he was a fit candidate for baptism, he must join a Baptist church.

Such we have found to be the prevalent opinion among the young; or rather, we ought to say, among the young who have expressed their opinion to us. We have never in a single instance, brought the subject to the notice of a young Christian of a pedobaptist family, but have many times been addressed by such persons on the subject. When our advice has been sought by such persons, we have invariably declined to lend them any books on the subject, but have referred them to the Bible, and in almost every case, but not always, reading the Bible has made them Baptists. Averse as we have been to forcing the question on the attention of young Christians, it is nevertheless true that one quarter of all the persons baptized by us have been either members of pedobaptist families, or themselves members of pedobaptist churches.

We remember that many years ago, a candidate for ordination in a Congregational church in New England, a man who has since become famous as an author, was able to give satisfactory reasons for every opinion that he held until he was asked for the reason of his opinions on baptism. He said that was a subject he had never investigated, that he had received the opinions of his church, and was satisfied with them, but could give no reasons for them, for he had never examined the subject. We have good reason for believing that the fact remains the same to-day, that he has never examined this question, through a certain fear, not very well defined, of the result of such an examination. We imagine it is true of many a pedobaptist minister, that he has never examined the subject, and he would prefer not to investigate lest the result should be against his prejudice. And many, we think, are in the position of a pedobaptist minister, who once told us that if the question at issue was simply this, what was the baptism administered in the days of Christ and his apostles as to its outward form, he could not hesitate a moment in giving in his adhesion to the Baptist principle and practice.

We can add our testimony to the above from the Philadelphia *National Baptist*. Not only is it so on this, but also on the other side of the Atlantic. We have yet to find the Pedobaptist making "direct appeal to the Bible" on the subject.

### The Bridal Wine-cup.

Pledge with wine,—pledge with wine, cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood: "Pledge with wine" ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale,—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; but breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously intrude upon the rules of etiquette; in your own house do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a conventionalist, but of late, his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits, and to-night they watched him to see, as they meaningly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed; and her

hand shook not, as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it, as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid,—"a sight that beggars all description; and yet, listen,—I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist; that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, the Indians gather; they fit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form,—but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him,—may I should say kneels, for soe, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins,—oh! the high, holy looking brow! why should death mark it; and he no young? Look how he throws back the damp curls; see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister,—his only sister,—the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See! she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered upon his seat,—see! his arms are lifted to heaven,—he prays how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins; the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together.

There was a hush in that princely parlour, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister,—death is there. Death,—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder! he is dead!

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described, seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again; her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies,—my father's son,—my own twin-brother!—a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered,—"No, no, my child,—no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously, every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned