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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Religious.

### Baptism a Symbol.

The discourse of Rev. George D. Boardman D. D., first preached we believe, in the Madison Avenue Course of Sermons, is now published in a very neat pamphlet, and affectionately inscribed to the church of which he is pastor. The following paragraphs so forcibly put the wonderfully comprehensive import of baptism, that we publish them here with the hope of their being read in every household to which our journal goes:

This, then, is one of the grand fundamental characterizing truths of the gospel, that Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light, being Himself the Resurrection and the Life. How then shall this Confessor of Jesus, who by the supposition has felt in his own breast the power of that resurrection as the earnest of his own—symbolize to others his blessed assurance that death has lost its sting—being swallowed up in victory? What symbol shall we invent which shall shadow forth to others his confident expectation that the day is coming when this corruption shall put on incorruption and this mortal immortality, and he himself shall walk with Christ in everlasting chastity and peace and glory? The first problem is to symbolize his own spiritual death; the second his own spiritual resurrection; the third, his own total defilement; the fourth, his own total purification; the fifth, the Reconciling Death by which he has been made alive and cleansed; the sixth, the Accrediting and Joy-giving Resurrection; the seventh, the resurrection of his own body, and so the heaven to come. What shall the symbol or symbols be?

Such are the leading truths which any one about to make a public confession of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ would naturally wish to express. They are the cardinal points of a Christian's creed, bearing him from this polluted earth to the saintly heaven, through the redeeming work of a Divine Mediator first abased and then exalted. I have asked you at the close of each successive point to select or devise some symbol which shall comprehend all these points in a single emblem. It will be a difficult task; for these truths contemplate the believer and his Saviour at the extremes of their conditions—the believer in his death and filth and also in his quickening and spotlessness; the Saviour at the nadir of His humiliation and also at the zenith of his glorification. Nothing is so wide apart as the uncleanness of sin and the chastity of holiness, except Jesus the buried and Jesus the risen. And now I ask you to express in one single emblem these antipodal truths. It is a colossal task. Put then your inventive powers to utmost tension. Search the heavens above—search the depths below—what do you find above—below—that will help you?

But I will spare you the fruitless trouble. I will give you the pattern shown me on the mount. Wouldst thou symbolize thy death in sin and thy resurrection to holiness? Then be buried by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so thou also mayest walk in newness of life. Wouldst thou symbolize thy total defilement and thy desire for total purification? Then arise and be baptised, and wash away thy sins. Wouldst thou symbolize thy belief in a buried and risen Mediator, and thy participation in His death and resurrection? Then be buried with Him in baptism, wherein also arise with him.—Wouldst thou symbolize thy confident expectation that thou shalt share in His blissful immortality? Then submit thyself to baptism—descending into the liquid tomb and emerging; for if thou art planted together with Him in the likeness of His death, thou shalt be also in the likeness of His resurrection.—Oh, glorious symbol this of the Christian's creed! He may tell me of his sins and his hopes—his tears for the past and his resolves for the future. He may tell me all that Jesus has done for him, and all he intends to do for Jesus. But when I see him silently submitting himself to holy baptism, I read a more eloquent story, told in a language which all peoples of the earth can understand—which changes not with the flight of years—

which no oratory can rival—which carries the head because it has first carried the heart—which is the truth of God expressed in the act of man. Not that there is anything in the ordinance which savors of regenerating or sanctifying tendency. For Baptism is a symbol, not a power, a shadow, not the substance. And it shadows forth at the same instant the most momentous events in the history of Christ and in the history of the Christian; all that Christ has suffered and done for us; all that we mean to suffer and do for Christ; all that we are by nature: all that we hope to be by grace. Verily, none but a God infinite in counsel could have devised a rite so simple and yet so dense with meaning and glory! To Him be all the praise!

### New York Shop girls.

New York is a vast vortex of destruction to hundreds of young men and women. The following vivid picture of one of the latter, drawn by a writer in the Boston *Watchman and Reflector*, may perhaps serve as a beacon to warn some from falling into the awful gulf.

Last week I gave a description of the every day life of one of the thirty thousand sewing girls of New York. I shall this week present another picture—a different phase of the same sad life—for the contemplation of the philanthropist and the Christian.

One day last winter there came into my office a young girl whom I had known when she was a little child, light-hearted and happy, on her father's farm in New Jersey. Misfortune overtook her father, and she was eventually left an orphan. Having an uncle in New York she came here to live. They were in good circumstances, and made Minnie welcome; but a few months later the uncle was led into speculation, and lost every thing he had. In this position of affairs Minnie sought for employment, and found it; but such employment! She came to me, having learned my whereabouts, to solicit aid. She was now eighteen years old, and remarkably beautiful. It was piteous to listen to her story.

"I get up at six o'clock," she said, in substance, "dress myself in the cold, eat a mouthful of something—little enough there is to eat—and hurry to the shop. We are not allowed to warm ourselves by the fire, no matter how cold or wet we may be, and all day long I am shivering. My work is making paper bags, at thirty-five cents per thousand."

"And how many can you make in a day?"  
"One Thousand, when I work hard!"

Thirty-five cents for a whole day of hard labor, in a cold room, surrounded by girls who are prohibited strictly from conversing with each other, and among whom it is a grave offence to look out of a window or stand a moment by a stove.

"The first day I was there," said Minnie, "I felt so bad that I couldn't keep from crying; and when I turned and spoke to the girl who worked next to me, she stared in affright, and made no answer. The overseer of the room is a cross man, and he came and told me to go home if I wanted to talk—they didn't allow any gabbling there." I put on my overcoat and walked with Minnie to the shop where she worked, to see for myself. It was a long, barren room on the fourth story of the building, with a chilly air upon it that sent a shiver through me. It was about noon-time—a little after—and the overseer chanced to be away. About a score of girls, from ten to eighteen years of age, were seated at long tables, with piles of brown paper and pots of paste before them. Great was their astonishment when I took my place at Minnie's side to watch her work, for there was a card on the door, which said, "Positively no Admittance." Their faces were, without exception, sad and sickly, and they bent over their work with a weary air that touched me almost to tears.

The most expert of these girls is able to earn about three dollars a week, I was told; many earn less. None of them pay less than three dollars for their board. How, then, do they live? How clothe themselves? Can you unriddle this puzzle? Good men and women are shuddering over it every day. It was Minnie's misfortune that she had

never been taught to work. How could her parents have foreseen her destiny? I sought long in vain to find her employment more remunerative, in which she was capable of engaging. While thus seeking, I heard from her occasionally. First there came the pleasant tidings that the cross overseer treated her with especial kindness—spoke to her cheerfully, and gave her the lightest work to do that the place afforded. She was so gladdened by this, in the innocence of her heart! And then, not long after came another word; he had grossly insulted her, and when she repulsed him had turned her from the shop with curses.

Does my reader understand what all this means? I have related the incident only to illustrate, as modestly as may be, the perils which beset the shop-girl.

You will fail of realizing the ghastliness of this subject if you lose sight of the fact that those who suffer thus and are tempted thus—who lead a life of friendlessness only exchangeable for a drearier horror—of hunger, and cold, and exhaustive toil, the release from which can be bought but with death or shame—are a vast army in numbers. There are thousands who want even for the miserable privileges of such toil as I have tried to picture—who perish by the wayside year by year. No night passes over your head that does not cover with its darkness some poor girl wandering the streets of New York hungry, weary, friendless, utterly forlorn; who has no refuge but to give herself into the hands of a policeman, to be taken to the station-house, that she may sleep on its bare floor, in company with thieves, drunkards and shameless ones of both sexes.

Much attention is of late being directed to the subject of woman's rights, in the nobler meaning of the term, and it is well that this is so. The more fully the rising generation of girls are taught to be self-helpful, the better it will be for the future of our island—the more narrow will become the spread of distress among the sex as they become widowed, orphaned or otherwise protectorless. Meantime, here in New York is the existing evil of the hour, which ought not to be overlooked. God speed the work of all who labor in this field!

### Notes of a Traveller in Egypt.

ALEXANDRIA, January 30th, 1867.

One feels absolutely hilarious in the midst of the wild confusion of dress and manners; the picturesque blending of every color and costume under the sun! Our steamer arrived in the night but did not anchor till morning. We rose up early to watch with eager interest for our first Egyptian pictures. Out of low sandbanks rise the walls of Alexandria: a few flat boats heavily loaded passed us; the grouping attracted attention at once, but new sights in opposite directions admitted of no close examination of the curious objects and curious postures. After our last breakfast on her majesty's good ship "Kedar," we secured a little boat and came on shore. The scene at the custom house baffles description; such nondescripts for officials! How we laughed, but to them, our party, seemed to afford equal amusement, so in mutual merry-making over each other, we occupied the half hour of waiting—equal on that score. Our course to the Hotel Europe, was very fruitful in discussion and comment, arising from the uninterrupted displays that greeted us at every turn.

Later, after hot coffee, rolls and oranges, we took a long drive, first encircling the town, then intersecting it,—visiting in the meanwhile the most pointed objects of interest, "Cleopatra's Needle," and "Pompey's Pillar,"—the two well known granite columns, the former like any other obelisk, and the latter a great column upon a pedestal.

From an elevated position we looked down upon the cemetery,—it was horrible, the graves are so huddled together; poor wretches above ground, and poor enough beneath though I presume that is of little importance. So strange that the race, who devoted their energies while alive to preserve their bodies intact after life had become extinct, should have come to this misery and degradation apparent everywhere. Oh! how degenerate,—how low have the mighty fallen; now the filthiest of

the filthy; dirt abounds,—they live in it, eat it, breathe it. And yet this place was once the cradle of learning, and from this point all civilization spread. Words of mine must fail to give any idea of the present condition of things; to be conceived they must first be seen. There were whole groves of palms with their foliage against the ultra-marine blue of the sky, which for depth of coloring, serenity, and cloudlessness cannot be surpassed.

We saw the small boats in which parties go up the Nile; and so many genuine sights that my pen fails utterly to portray. In the midst of such bewilderment to make a good word-picture is quite out of the question. Of course, strip these miserable looking people of their costumes, and there melts away the warmth, and fades away the glow from our vision. Put on the stiff European dress, and they are dull and tame enough. But now, Greek, and Jew, and Syrian, and Turk, and Nubian, and European, all appear in their own habit; and so every hue of the rainbow may be seen. I would like to photograph some of the groups, but the likeness would lack its principal adjunct,—color, and would be dark indeed compared to the living, vivid reality.

Our windows open upon the great square; the people are of every shade, from the blackest Ethiopian to the ruddiest Englishman, all rigged out in their peculiarly quaint and picturesque costume. The donkeys are the smallest imaginable of the species; and amble and gallop, belabored by a boy in loose tunic and red cap, who runs behind using furiously the rough stick. Carriages too roll rapidly by, and some—the very elegant—preceded by a swift-running footman, to clear the way for their high mightinesses who are taking an airing.

The town is not at all Oriental in its aspect; the buildings are of ordinary stone or plaster. The bazaars are very curious; we saw exemplars of the Eastern system mentioned in Scripture. The gardens were superlatively dusty, and although the assurance was iterated and reiterated that they were very fine, we decided them forlorn indeed,—even the Pasha's was in a poor condition. A procession of Dragomans have visited us, to assert their respective claims upon our employment; they offer highest recommendations, and come in and go out quite dejectedly one after another. We are not quite ready at this early stage to engage services of that character for the tent-life that is to come. It is too early for Palestine; we are to crowd into the next month whatever we can of novelty, interest, and amusement,—and Egypt can afford them all.

One day in Alexandria gave us the impressions which I have lightly sketched. We left early the following morning; our way lay at first through the flat mud-fields which rise now and then to hillocks, and upon them cluster villages composed of little dome-covered hovels of that same mud and straw, baked to hardness. We passed through too rapidly to get more than a glimpse of men and women crouching upon the ground, basking in the sun. As the land grew a little higher, and stretched away like the prairies of our West, the brightness of its verdure seemed only surpassed by the brightness of the sky. And through an atmosphere of transparent clearness we could see to an almost incredible distance. The habitations assumed more the character of human dwellings, and the large towns were built of the unburnt brick, and thatched with straw, which hangs in ragged patches from the sides. The dwellings are generally alike, built without the slightest regard to a human being's need of light and air, or to any possible home comfort or convenience. The chimney is a mere projection of clay; the windows very small and high, mostly void of glass; and the door, a hole in the wall. The circular summits of the mosques were a trifle higher than the roofs of the houses, and the circular tops of the tombs only a trifle lower. Further on, these people were at work in the fields tilling the ground, with a camel and an ox yoked together, or toiling busily among the fields of cotton. Beside the river dipping up water, we see numbers of both sexes. They use the same jar in form and appearance, that prints of ancient Bible figures have made us familiar with. We see men going to market riding their donkeys, while the drivers lag behind; heavily laden camels plod dreamily on with