

Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
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WHOLE SERIES
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

By J. J. C.

Noble Basin! calmly rest
With scarce a ripple on thy breast,
Glittering in the starry night
Like a glorious sea of light.

Mountains guard thy waters fair
And when Old Neptune's bold to dare,
And vent his wrath upon thy face
Majestic seems thy former grace.

Thy waters gently heaving flow
And to the boundless ocean go,
And thence return with rapid stream
And ceaseless flow and ceaseless gleam.

While walking by thy heaving side
Great thoughts obey thy swelling tide,
And rise and overwhelm the soul
Like floods of waters as they roll.

The waters of thy ancient shore
Recall the days and deeds of yore,
And warlike voices from the Past,
Are borne upon thine angry blast.

All silently thou since hast rolled,
Nor heed'st the tales that Time has told,
For times may change, and nations fall
Unchangeable—thou look'st on all.

Forever sparkling, heaving, free
The same majestic, rippling sea
On all things here is marked decay,
But thou disown'st its feeble sway.

Majestic Basin! roll along
A voice of music and of song,
The deep, great thoughts that come from thee,
Do savour of eternity,
Whose image is the boundless sea.

Digby, 1st September, 1869.

Religious.

THE BAPTISTS IN PARIS

The Rev. W. N. Cote, writes from Paris to the *Canadian Baptist*, under date August 11, 1869:

It is contemplated to secure in the centre of Paris a house that would serve the purpose of a chapel and day-school, a theological institution and a dispensary, making the whole establishment the head-quarters for the French Baptist Mission. The project has already enlisted the sympathy and support of prominent English and American Baptist brethren, who feel the importance of establishing this interesting mission on a permanent basis, and extending its operations. Our French brethren are working with might and main, devoting all their efforts to rescue souls from the heathenish darkness of Romanism, and bring them to the glorious light of the Gospel. With most commendable prudence, they carefully avoid all that might serve to sow dissension in the churches, and faithfully adhere to the principles of the New Testament as regards doctrine and ordinance.

The general work of the propagation of the truth continues in the country with some success. A lady writes as follows from Nismes:—

"For many years we have distributed a great number of tracts. Miss Blundell, with whom I am in correspondence, and whom I know personally, has translated several for me. She has, at different times, sent me her tracts gratuitously, but our necessities for some weeks past, have been so great that I am at present unprovided with them.

"I would now tell you what we are doing. First, I lend tracts to a large number of the children of the Free Schools, for themselves and for their parents. They bring them to be changed, and in a short time have read them all. It is an excellent way of leading the poor to read; and even Romanists, who are very fanatical here, do not refuse a little book offered by a child.

"In order to continue this, I need a very great variety of tracts, and know not where to obtain them.

"England has always given the impulse for our works of evangelisation.

"We have sent two colporteurs into our Protestant villages, of which the pastors are all rationalists, and where no Society has attempted evangelisation.

It is stated by the *Constitutionelle Zeitung* of Dresden that the Franciscan Monk Jager, formerly private secretary to the Archbishop of Prague, and confessor to his Saxon Majesty while in the Bohemian capital in 1866, has become a convert to Protestantism, and, after undergoing the examination required in such cases, preached for the first time on Sunday, 8th inst., in the Dresden Evangelical Court Chapel to the great satisfaction of his auditory.

"ONLY LUKE IS WITH ME."

The aged and imprisoned Apostle sends words of direction to his son in the gospel. He refers to his destitution and distress, his arraignment before Nero, the shame and fears of the professing Christians of the city, who were ashamed of his chain, and were not uncommon representatives of many of their descendants. He begs for books, the sacred Scriptures, new and old, and for his outer garment as a feeble protection from the damps of a fireless dungeon in winter. He was also troubled with extra plagues in the opposition of false teachers, who had come into the church and then assumed to know a great deal more about its doctrines than he, and, like some of modern times, declared the resurrection had already passed. He was also plagued with members who loved the world and their money more than they loved Christ. Others had been sent forth to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, so that the mighty man of God, whose associates, like those of Socrates, were young men who revered him, and more than those of Socrates, knew that he was a teacher sent from God—those ardent followers had all been ordered away on the work of salvation, while the Apostle, aged and infirm, was left to die alone. No, not alone, "Luke is with me." There is one cheering burst of earthly joy in that declaration. "What if all the Roman professors are ashamed of my chain, and only a visitor to the city has the courage to face the danger of avowing himself a friend of the criminal and a believer in his gospel?" "Luke is with me."

"The beloved physician" stays by him, to nurse his weak and wearied frame, worn down with perils, suffering and years: the learned pupil competent to converse on the deep and mighty things of the Evangel of which they were the first of a great multitude that should follow in all ages of time. How rich must have been those prison talks on Jesus! One had seen and associated with him, the other had been his chief preacher. How Paul must have plied Luke with questions, and brought, by his tact and passion of inquiry, many things to his remembrance! How they must have conferred on conflicts and triumphs of the Word; noted its enemies, so mighty and many; noted the falseness of its professed friends, the errors already germinating, and that must grow into disturbing and almost destroying powers! How they must have contemplated their future victories over all these foes, within and without, and reduction of all faiths, tongues and realms to her sway! How, especially, do they look to that home whither their Forerunner had for them so lately entered, and where they would soon be summoned by violent hands, perhaps, as was he, yet none the less welcomed, honored, and blessed forever!

How refreshing is Christian intercourse; why should disciples fly to all other themes, and shun this? Why talk on politics, trade, or worse topics—slandercus and satanic—and leave the high themes of Christ salvation and heaven? Paul and Luke thus strengthened and blessed each other. "Only Luke." There is a plaintive touch in this "only." Is he alone, of all the crowds that have run after him and hung upon his lips and eyes, willing to come and share his danger? Where are the men who worshipped him as a god? Where

the judges and ladies of rank in Athens? Where the members of Caesar's household? Just across the Forum in his palace. It is not ten minutes' walk from its gates to those of this prison. Where are those disciples? "Only Luke." Perhaps persecution has driven the others forth, but persecution only drives him nearer. He clings to his master and friend. He was with him in the Ephesian arena, in the Lyeonian idolatry in his appearing before Agrippa, in his shipwreck, in his early and later imprisonment; he will cling to him to the end.

Thus should the disciple ever adhere to his supreme Master, Christ. He, too, exclaims: "Will ye also go away?" Sorrow fills his heart at your possible departure. Let not the strife of tongues, the waxing cold of others' love, the fears and shame of feeble professors, the rage of the powers of darkness, the expectation of even a violent death, make you shrink from his side. Let him see you near him, let him hear your cheerful confessions, let him answer your earnest questionings, let him fill you with the fulness of his peace. Imitate Luke, the beloved, in seeking the sad and solitary, the prison and the sick; make their chamber or cell your favorite retreat—and God will give you equal happiness and honor; and to him, if not to the ear of man, shall the beautiful word from the afflicted and solitary one ascend, "Only Luke is with me."—*Zion's Herald*.

ABOUT DREAMS.

A writer in the *People's Magazine* has this to say on this poorly understood topic:—

Dreams generally occur when sleep is unsound, and are supposed by many to be excited chiefly by the memory of something which has occurred a short time previous to falling fast asleep; but this is the exception rather than the rule. They consist more frequently of the revival of old associations, and not seldom of events which seem to have been quite forgotten. One of the most remarkable things connected with dreaming is the absence of judgment. We converse with the dead, and even though we may know them to be dead, this excites in us no surprise. Fear also is generally absent. Another curious circumstance is, that space and time have no existence in dreams. It has happened to most people to dream that they passed through some long period of days, or even years, while they have only been a short time asleep. But still more curious is the fact that some sudden impression on the senses—such as the noise of shutting a door, or the entrance of a light into the room where a person is asleep, and by which he is awakened—is often the exciting cause of an elaborate dream, in which the noise or the light is the point upon which all the incidents turn. There seem, indeed, to be many things connected with our mental structure which are, as it were, analyzed and dissected for us by the process of dreaming, could we but interpret them rightly.

A book might be filled with the account of the so-called prophetic dreams which have been published. Many otherwise strong-minded persons have been so struck by a dream of this kind, as to give entire credence to the connection between it and the event which it foreshadowed. But it has always seemed to us that in such cases one consideration has been entirely overlooked, it is this: People are continually experiencing remarkable coincidences, such as the unexpected meeting with persons of whom they have been at the time thinking or talking; or the coincidence may be of such a nature as to make it important or valuable in connection with something about to be done or not to be done. But it never occurs to them that in such a matter anything supernatural has supervened. Now, since coincidences are by no means rare in the waking world, why should they be regarded as rare in connection with the world of dreams? Why, in other words, should it be thought necessary in the one case to attribute that to the supernatural, which is accepted as in accordance with the doctrine of chances in the other case?

Let it only be considered what thousands of dreams are nightly experienced, and that out of these thousands a considerable number have sufficient point to be remembered afterward. Is it then surprising, considering what occurs in every-day life, if in a few instances our dreams seem to be fulfilled? This, without question, is the true explanation of so-called prophetic dreams. Dreaming is not peculiar to man. Horses neigh in their sleep; and every one is familiar with the angry growls as well as the cheerful bark which proceed from the sleeping dog. There can be no doubt that the memory of incidents in dog-life, such as of the combat or the chase, are in such cases present to the animal's consciousness. Children dream almost from birth, and they suffer more from frightful dreams than adults do. Some of the dreams of childhood not unfrequently make impressions upon the mind, which endure throughout life. It has been supposed that our dreams become less extravagant and inconsistent as we grow older. This seems true on the whole; but at times the most extraordinary dreams occur at every period of life. Old people seem to dream more than the middle aged, but, unlike the young, the aged seldom speak in their sleep.

AN INSTRUCTIVE ANECDOTE.

Late one dark night, Dr. Elliot being summoned to a patient in a neighboring parish, he went for his horse to his barn, which was at some distance from the parsonage. Just as he was about to enter, he heard some one coming out, and immediately concealed himself behind a large bush in the lane, hiding his lantern under his cloak. Presently the wide barn-door swung open, and a man appeared, bending beneath an immense load of hay bound together by a rope. Through loops of this rope he had thrust his arms, and he carried the huge mass like a peddler's pack. The Doctor suffered this thieving Atlas to pass him; then, taking the candle from his lantern, he crept softly forward and set fire to the hay; then again concealed himself. In a moment that moving hay-cock was one great, crackling blaze, and the thief, with wild cries, was frantically flinging it from his head and back. He succeeded in extricating himself without help, and then ran, as though pursued by fiends, across the snowy fields.

Some months after this, there came to the Doctor's study a pale, thin, melancholy looking man, who, after much painful hesitation, expressed a desire to make a confession of sin. With a serious and sympathetic manner, yet with, I suspect, a sly twinkle in his eye, the minister set himself to listen.

"I've had a dreadful load on my conscience Doctor, for a considerable spell; and it does seem as if 't would kill me. I'm eeny most dead now."

"Ah! is it possible? What could you have done? You are a respectable man and a Church member," replied the Doctor, in seeming surprise.

"Yes; I joined the Church thirty years ago," replied the old farmer; then, sinking his voice to an awesome, confidential tone, he continued: "But I'm a dreadful sinner, for all that, Doctor; and bein' a church-member, my sin, you see, was of too much account to be winked at, and judgment folered close arter it. Oh, dear, oh!"

"Pray, tell me your trouble, brother."

"Well, doctor, it consarns you."

"Indeed!"

"Yis. One time, last winter, I got a leetle short of fodder, and I thought to myself as how you had more'n enough for your critters; and so, one night, the devil tempted me to go over to your barn, an' tu— Oh, dear, oh!"

"To help yourself to a little of my surplus hay; eh?"

"Yis, Doctor, jes so! But I never got home with that are hay. The Lord wouldn't let me du it. I had a load on my back, and was a carryin' it away, when all tu once it burst into a blaze about my ears!"

"Struck by lightning?"