

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XVIII., No. 19.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, May 7, 1873.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXXVII., No. 19.

Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

LOOK UNTO JESUS.

If thy path on earth is thorny,
And darkness seem to shroud the van;
If thou walk'st thy way in sadness
Through the falsity of man;—
Then look to Him,—still proved to be
A friend through all adversity.

If thy life be one of errors,
And sins bring the contrite tear,
While for Him thy work and labor
Wrought with tremblings, small appear:
Yet lean on Him, still thou Him trust;
He knoweth well that thou art dust.

'Tis the path of sorrow only,
That will lead to endless rest,
'Twas that way our Saviour travelled,
That rough path His feet have pressed.
O! look to Him, who is the way
From death to life, eternal day.

Then the grace He giveth freely,
'Tis a spring of happiness;
While His proffered hand of mercy
Leads safely through this wilderness.
O! follow Him, though dark the way,
He only leads to endless day.

Lower Grenville, March 1873. C.

HEAVEN.

Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross,
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh,
Home after wandering,
Praise after cry.

Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sigh after misery,
Peace after pain,
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb,
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss!
Right was the pathway
Leading to this!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Religious.

The following article from the London *Christian World* of March 21st, might well have the title of "A Sermon," if the writer had known the alarming fact that of the ships which sailed from Quebec last year seventy were lost, abandoned, or not heard from. This would be a solemn text from which to preach such a sermon.

A SERMON ON ROTTEN SHIPS.

Mr. Plimsoll is most creditably determined that, if he can help it, Parliament will not separate until some decisive and immediately operative steps have been taken for rescuing our sailors from the murderous hazards to which their lives are at present exposed. We cannot be too wide awake to the tendency of the public, always bent upon some new excitement, to let important subjects pass out of sight before anything has been done. How quiet, for example, have we all become with reference to the *Northfleet* disaster! A few weeks ago, the country was ringing with excitement upon that matter; the tumult has now died quite away; and yet there has not been so much gained by all the writing and all the talking as that a special signal has been fixed upon for cases of danger at sea, or that certitude will be afforded, before a ship with hundreds of human beings aboard leaves port, that she carries boats sufficient to accommodate her human freight, or that the boats which she does carry shall be launchable at a moment of emergency. Mr. Plimsoll appears to be aware of the important fact, which no public man ought to forget at a moment, that it is by hammering, hammering, hammer

ing—by keeping to the point; refusing to be quiet; poking up lazy, selfish, apathetic persons; getting the character of a man of one idea, and of a bore of the first magnitude—that valuable reforms are carried through. How often did the easy-going member of Parliament mutter a curse when he beheld that prince of bores, Richard Cobden, again on his legs about those Corn Laws!

Mr. Plimsoll, knowing that his agitation on the state of sea-going vessels has for its direct object to save life, does not scruple to attach to it a certain character of sacredness, and to promote it on Sunday as well as on Saturday. At Leeds, last Lord's day, having attended Divine Service in the amphitheatre, and being by some happy inspiration of the audience, called upon to speak, he delivered what we may call a sermon on the subject which he has made his own, and which we clearly affirm, was appropriate both in time and place. "If it was right," he said, "to lift from a pit a horse or an ass which had fallen into it on the Sabbath-day, he thought it was also right that, although it was the Sabbath-day, he should take the opportunity of saying a word or two" on the duty of snatching men in so far as human endeavours can avail, from the jaws of the devouring sea. Mr. Plimsoll then stated a few of the facts which are pouring in upon him every day in illustration of the existence of the evil against which he contends. Of course, he does not guarantee the accuracy of those facts. So soon as they are laid before him, he takes measures for investigating them. But, if this is borne in mind, they are both interesting and important, and it is our duty to give them as wide a circulation as possible. There is a seaport town in the north of Scotland from which a ship had been sailing "longer than anybody that lived there could tell," and which "ought to have been broken up for firewood any time during the last twenty years." The captain had sailed in her so many years that he seems to have formed the notion that she must, for some inscrutable reason, go on sailing for ever, as the sun continues to rise and set. But the crew became gradually dubious as to the soundness of this theory, and at last no able-bodied seaman could be found to sail in her. Then the owners and the captain—he had a large family, was a poor man, and thought, perhaps, that he might as well die at sea as on shore—laid their heads together, and managed to induce a parcel of boys, the eldest not more than seventeen, to go to sea in her. She sailed and went to the bottom, and the old captain and young boys were drowned. Within a week of the day on which he spoke at Leeds, Mr. Plimsoll had seen in the West-end of London a gentleman driving a pair of very fine horses, with a smart groom behind him. The next day he got a letter "from the North-west" informing him that one of that man's ships had just come to port so grossly overladen that if she had had the least heavy weather she must have foundered. A ship, the name of which Mr. Plimsoll knows, though he cannot at this stage communicate it to the public, sailed so overladen that the crew put her shortly afterwards into port and refused to proceed in her. They were prosecuted on a criminal charge, and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. Another crew was hired, and the ship again sailed. Next day she put into Falmouth, and the second crew refused to go on. They were sent to prison for three months. Strange to say, a third crew was found, and the ship once more put to sea. While the first and second crews were in prison, the third crew went to the bottom of the sea. A governor of a gaol wrote recently to Mr. Plimsoll, enclosing a copy of a letter written by two young men, "as respectable and well-behaved as ever he saw in his life," but who had been imprisoned for refusing to go to sea at the imminent peril of their lives. They were writing to their parents in the utmost anxiety and dis-

ress to explain how they had got into a gaol. A late captain in the Royal Navy, now governor of a county gaol, told Mr. Plimsoll that "it was literally true that many of the best of our fellow countrymen had only to choose between death by drowning and the common gaol." Captains in the Royal Navy and governors of prisons, though often humane and tender-hearted men, are not likely to be feebly sentimental, or to have any sickly sympathy for convicts.

What Mr. Plimsoll is bent upon is that the present Session shall not pass without something being effected on behalf of poor seaman. A Commission has been granted, and that is well; but a Commission may hang the matter up for years. There is no reason why a Bill upon the subject, brief, clear, and decisive, should not be carried in the present Session. We want no proof that ships ought not to be permitted to put to sea overladen, or with rotten or leaking timbers. Practical men know well enough what requires to be done. The problem of sending ships to sea in what may be called a sound and safe state has been solved. Private enterprise has pioneered the way for Government, and the committee of Lloyd's have proved that death at sea may be prevented to an extent which, to our fathers, might well have seemed incredible. The surveyors are at hand. The rules and methods have been elaborated by half a century of experience. Great Britain is asked to do, for the sake of human life, what British capital has already, to a large extent, done for property at sea. Mr. Plimsoll urges the formation of local committees to co-operate with the London committee, and advises that "every town in England should depute one or more persons to wait upon Mr. Gladstone, before the end of the month," to press upon him immediate action. Mr. Plimsoll has taken steps for the gratuitous circulation of 100,000 copies of his appeal. Mr. Plimsoll concluded what we call a reasonable and truly Christian sermon by quoting our Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these little ones, ye did it unto Me."

SHOES OF IRON AND BRASS.

Moses, shortly before his death, in bidding farewell and in blessing the twelve tribes of Israel, used these words: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Deut. 33: 25. They had had a toilsome journey through the wilderness, and had reached the promised land, where they thought to rest from their labors.

Moses does not deceive them, telling them they might walk with slippered feet over smooth places, but he says, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass," in order that they might tread beneath their feet all difficulties and pulverise all obstacles; and then he adds the promise which applies to all of God's children: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be;" and farther on in the chapter we have the words: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

God never meant that we should be burdened with the cares of the future. We are anxious and troubled often without cause; the evils we most dread never happen. Christ says: "Take no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

If Christians could fully trust God, their lives would be full of joy. Surely no one suffered more than St. Paul, yet he could sing in the darkness of his prison; and he bids us "Rejoice in the Lord always."

There is work in life for us all to do, and we need shoes of iron and brass that we may pass over the rough places with our feet unbruised. There are sorrows and crosses to be borne; we know not how soon nor how heavily they may come upon us; but we need not fear if we believe the promise: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—*Am. Messenger.*

THE TWO VOICES.

An Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco, and one of them having some loose in his pocket gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, and inquired for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, 'Why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now; the good man say, 'That's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, 'No, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel glad."

For the Christian Messenger.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Dear Editor,—

Twenty four hours in the cars transports one from Richmond, Va. to Columbia S. C. The freaks of the thermometer in this country are not unlike the pranks of the same instrument in our province. Unfortunately for me the greatest fall of mercury occurred on the night of my passage from one to the other of the above named cities. That cold night was preceded by 70 above zero in the shade; and followed by 80, yea even 90, where a ray of direct sun-light never falls; but that night sealed the pools and honey-combed the surface of the red earth along the rail road. The peach trees were in full blossom when this frost fell upon the earth; it reached even to the warm state of Florida. This was the 27th of March. The conductors performed their work that night with their hands in mittens. Hickory and oak overspread this part of the Country. And the soil for the most part is red or grey mould. Ploughing had begun, but not generally. The mule does the trucking and farming in the south. It is very seldom an ox or a horse is seen at work.

Columbia, like most of the cities of the south, is regularly laid out with wide streets, well decorated with trees. But the war-curse fell heavily upon the capital of the proud state of South Carolina. Sherman's army passed through it. They found it a very Eden; they left it largely in ashes. Evidently the vials of military wrath were bottled up for South Carolina. Sherman's soldiers dealt tenderly with Savannah; but a citizen of that fair city told me that the soldiers, who guarded the street where his house was, said to him, Savannah would not be hurt; but every thing in South Carolina that would burn should burn. Much of the burnt district has been built up; but with inferior houses; and young shoots have been planted in the place of the blackened stumps of the old trees that once gave grateful protection from the sun's vertical rays to the past generations. Whatever may have been the sins of South Carolina, she has received double for all her iniquity. The unobscured afflictions of the representative fathers and mothers make even strangers weep. Go out of the city, and turn to your right along an old carriage way, and when you have gained a certain eminence, stop your horse and survey the scene, and meditate. There are two chimney stacks, and the quadrangular brick walls of a once palatial home. Here and there little clumps of box that once fringed well kept walks survive. Mock-orange, magnolia, and other trees which abound in the South still remain, and here and there rare flowers struggle through the tough sod, and unfold their beauty and emit their perfumes, as if to preserve for the place a remnant of the beauty that once reigned there. This was

General Wade Hampton's summer residence. Now it is in commons; and the goats crop the grass and surviving shrubs. A shabby negro emerged from a delapidated hut, and told us of days now no more, when he was in his glory as Hampton's coachman, and when the suburban residence of the General's flourished like a garden.

A walk over the grounds of the South Carolina University, whose buildings fortunately escaped the incendiary's torch, remind some of what was, but now is not. Forty or fifty students are here, where they were once counted by the hundred; and professors go through their work with heavy hearts. One of these grey headed veterans received me kindly; but it was evident that his heart is burdened. Death has lately snatched a dear son—a medical doctor—and the wife of his youth was dangerously ill. The Legislature, composed chiefly of negroes, may pass a law at any day opening the doors of this University to the coloured man; and then away would fly the white folks. Poor South Carolina! No faith in Republican government, longing for a monarchy; and under the heavy heels of her former slaves. Go into the house of Parliament, and there are the black men grinding up tobacco plugs, and projecting their filthy spittle into great earthen dishes, just as "de white folks used to do" step into the court house, when the list of names for jurymen is read and when nearly a hundred names have been called out, not ten white men have responded. A negro sits on the bench as judge. Negroes walk the streets, clad in broad cloth; and negro women sweep along the sidewalks in the richest attire with the airs of feminine domination. Ladies and gentlemen of colour ride in the finest carriages, drawn by fleet, beautiful horses. All this is wormwood and gall to South Carolinians. What? to be trampled under feet by these "niggers" who used to do our drudgery; and take our favors and our whips? Must I keep boarding house, must I collect fare on a street car from "niggers" who once groomed horses and kept my house? These and many other bitter interrogations are silently put by many a crushed South Carolinian to himself and herself. We would say, why not open the college doors to the black man? why not give him a fair chance? why not rejoice when he wins in learning, money and politics? Provincial and New England Colleges are not closed against the sons of Ham. They may take their chance among us in every sphere of labour. Of this the Canadian and Yankee make their boast. But stop, and let us see! Very likely all this may be true. But what of the facts in the North as compared with the facts in the South? Let there be eight black faces out of every ten in the Legislature of Massachusetts. Let a black hand hold the purse strings of the State. Wait till the negro is first in every court of law, from the police office up to the highest tribunal—first in the governing power of Harvard College and outnumbering the whites, in the roll of students, two to one; and when they shall have put on permanent exhibition, in airs and arrogance, their victories and assumed superiority; then the white boys would run from Acadia, Brown, Rochester or Harvard, as fast as they would now from a Southern College.

I doubt the genuine purity of the tender mercies of the people North of Mason and Dixon's Line to the coloured man, quite as much as I disbelieve in the treatment he has received in these Southern latitudes. North he is weak and whatever he may have of rights and standing beyond the disputed line, it is understood that it is enjoyed on sufferance. With human nature, it makes all the difference in the world, whether there is the power to grant and to take away; or whether there is no power to withhold, and no power to regain. A walk through and about the State House at Columbia will give a stranger a vivid impression of the great purpo-