

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

TREES.

I love to watch the glorious trees
When tossed by storm, or moved by breeze,
I love to see them calmly stand,
Like guardian angels of the land.

With arms outstretched as if in love,
With tops that point in faith above,
They stand a pure, primeval race,
Unchanged by sin, or time, or place.

Man lost not all with Eden's bowers,
God kindly gave us trees and flowers,
That we might feel his loving care,
And make bright bowers anywhere.

And Adam saw no lovelier trees
Than his remote descendant sees,
Unless, perchance, those mystic two
That side by side in Eden grew.

Smile on in beauty, happy trees,
Still moved by sun, caressed by breeze,
Wave, wave, blest trees! for many a day
Your forms have cheered my weary way.

Throw all your charms around me still,
And bless my longing sight, until
My eyes shall close, in the last strife,
To open on the Tree of Life.

S. S.

The following is sent us by a friend in New Brunswick. It is from the pen of one of the Teachers in the Female department of Horton Academy, but not published at her request.

ELLDACEIVE.

All that is noble am I to resign,
Tell me, stern Fate, as I kneel at thy shrine?
Must I give up every ardent desire?
Turn from the glories to which I aspire?
Fall 'neath the weight of oppression and care,
Crushed by this terrible doubt and despair!
Grey are the clouds wrapped around me
to-night,

Dismally veiling sweet Hope from my sight;
Thickly the shadows fall, fold upon fold,
Darkness and danger and terror and cold
Catch at my day-dreams and tear them away;
I am alone in the cold and the grey.

Alone in the stillness I fearfully wait,
When, hark! Ah, I hear thee, stern voice of
my fate!

"Out, out in the darkness the cold and the
dread,

On the rough granite, go, pillow thy head;
For I am Fate, and my mystical hand;
Over thy being holds constant command,
All you hold sacred to manhood or youth,
All you deem precious in love or in truth,
You must yield straightway to Fame and to me
Then in my kingdom, exultingly free,
You shall behold the soft lights and deep shades
Weaving the net work of Fate's tangled glades;
Bat up the mountain side, rugged and steep,
Foot-sore and weary, you never shall creep."

I linger, I listen, the voice dies away,
Oh, shall I accept this strange twilight for day,
Give thee my day-dreams, my hope and fair
thought,

All that my mind or my spirit e'er sought?
I hear the night breezes,—in sorrow they sigh
For the soul that from anguish seeks vainly to
fly.

I hear their low sobs in the tree top above,
As the maiden would weep for the death of
her love.

Then my spirit breaks forth in one wild,
piercing cry,
For the arm that can save me, the Friend ever
nigh;
And afar through the shadows there gleameth
a ray

Which tells of the dawn of a heavenly day,
And reveals unto me the lost pathway of truth,
The joy of my being, the hope of my youth,
Then I turn from my error, now grim—once
"twas fair,—

And tread the sure pathway, so free from all
care,
To where Faith stands waiting my soul to
receive,
And Fate's cunning mazes no more may
deceive.

C. C. R.

Sept. 21st, 1875.

Faith is the life of science. In some form it always precedes. Every revival of literature in the world, every new interest in philosophy, every notable quickening of the human intelligence, can be traced to something that may be called a revival of religion.—*Taylor Lewis.*

Religious.

BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Dear friends, what are you doing towards scattering the Bible? Do you give it away? Somebody may say it is very little use giving away Bibles and Testaments. That is a very great mistake. I have very seldom found it to be a lost thing, to give a present of a Testament. I was greatly astonished about a month ago. A cabman drove me home, and when I paid him his fare, he said, "A long time since I drove you last, sir?" "But," said I, "I do not recollect you!" "Well," he said, "I think it is fourteen years ago;" but he says, "Perhaps you will know this Testament!" pulling one out of his pocket. "What," I said, "did I give you that?" "Oh, yes!" he said, "and you spoke to me about my soul, and nobody had done that before and I have never forgotten it." "What," said I, "haven't you worn it out?" "No," he said, "I would not wear it out; I have had it bound!"—and he had kept it very carefully indeed. It encourages one to give books in that way. Sometimes people won't value a tract. I believe it is often the cheapest thing to give a better thing; that which costs you rather more will be more highly treasured, and—"a Testament for 2d."—who would not scatter such a thing broadcast? And should you be unable to give away the book itself, quote the Scriptures often. A colporteur last Monday said there was a man in the habit of addressing him upon religious subjects when he was half seas over, as they call it, or something of that kind. Whenever he had plenty of drink in him he always came up to the colporteur to talk about religion. He said, "He came and knocked at my door, and I felt vexed that he should so often come to me in that condition, and I hurled four texts at his head out in the street with all my might." He quoted the four texts. They were very appropriate to the man's condition, and contained a full statement of the gospel of Jesus Christ. He said: "I do not know whether I did that man any good or not, but there was a woman next door, who just opened her door to put two dirty children off her doorstep. She stood still and heard all the four texts, and the Spirit of God carried them home to her heart and conscience;" and he added, "I have been awakened at night many times, and glad to be awakened, by hearing her sing, whilst she lies dying up stairs in the room next to mine." I wish every person here who knows the power of the Scriptures on his own soul would incessantly be trying to spread the Word of God and to expound it.

Never associate the Bible with anything that is dull and unhappy in the minds of your children. I think one of the wickedest things in the world is to make a child learn a chapter for a punishment. Make the Bible a sweet, dear book to your children; give them plenty of pictures, and try yourself to make pictures of the Bible by your conversation. A little boy once was at his mother's side, and she was reading to him. "Mother," he said, "would you let me go out and play for a quarter of an hour?" "What for, James?" said she. "Because then you will please read that book to yourself, and then, when I come in in a quarter of an hour's time, I will listen so nicely if you will tell me what the book says." That is the thing; read the book yourself, and get the meaning of it; then talk it out again to the children; they will receive it so much the better. We want subscribers to the Bible Society, but we want readers of the Bible and expounders of it, so that even the little ones may understand. I wish this to go home to every one here. There is a something for all to do. I believe there is a somebody in the world that God means to

bless through you and nobody else. He has given to His dear Son power over all flesh that He should give eternal life to as many as His Father gave Him, and I think He has divided that power out among us, and given to some of us powers over certain flesh, and others power over others. There are some who never will enter heaven through my preaching, but they will enter heaven perhaps from your private admonitions, or through the little New Testament which you intend now to put in their way, and the gentle word which you mean to add to it. Beloved friends, look at the great city that is now before you, which God is visiting. Now that we are speaking about the Bible, assist in the visitation of this city, house to house, all of you and connect with it the trying to discover whether the Bible is in the house, and if it be not there, let every house in London be supplied with the Bible. I wish the Bible Society would join, if it could, with that organization, and determine that every house in London should have a Bible at once. Let us all help in doing the work of visiting, and scattering the Word of God, and let this be your motive; if we love the Lord Jesus Christ, there is an intimate connection between us and everything that has to do with Him. Year ago, when servants used to be servants, there was a certain lord who was greatly amused with the way in which his old body servant always used to talk. They were down in the country, and there was a wagon standing at the door of the country seat, and his lordship said, "John, whose wagon is that?" "Oh," says he, "that is ours, my lord; it has brought some of our goods down from town." In a minute or two he said, "John, what coach is that coming up the drive?" "Well, my lord," he says, "don't you know—that's our carriage." "But," he said, "I see some children in it; are they our children, John?" "Oh, yes, my lord," he says, "bless their hearts, they are our children, and I am going down stairs to bring them in," and he went down stairs to bring them in. Now whenever we look upon poor, lost sinners, and look upon any whom Jesus Christ would look upon with love, let us say, "Oh, blessed Lord, these are our children, these are ours; we seek them because they belong to Thee." It looks rather daring to call what is Christ's ours, but his lordship was not vexed with his servant for entering into such a unity of interests with him, and our Lord above will not be aggrieved with us if we call this society our Bible Society, and as we call the Bible our Bible, we will try to spread it amongst our poor citizens all around us, in whom we have an interest, because Christ has an interest in them.

HOW MUCH WAS HE WORTH?

It is but seldom that a whole nation feels the terrible power of a financial pressure as it is now felt throughout our land. Even the rich men feel poor, and often know not what may be their condition to-morrow. In such a time there is much significance in the question heading this paragraph; but how much more terribly significant the questions sometimes asked when a wealthy man is laid upon his death-bed! "How much was he worth?" we ask. And the angels might reply, "Worth? He wasn't worth anything. His money was worth something. His body is worth something as a source of fertility to the soil. But he wasn't worth anything." So we vary the question: "Yes, but how much did he leave?" "Oh, leave?" it might be answered: "Yes, I will tell you. He had houses, lots, bonds, stocks, gold, notes, merchandise, farms. And he—great God! he left them all. He carried nothing with him. Naked and destitute came he into the world, and as naked and destitute did he go the way whence he came. He carried nothing; neither land, nor money, nor yet did he carry with him the blessing of the poor. He left all,—he

carried nothing away with him." But his neighbor has died: a man who was not known on 'Change, nor in the tax-list. "And what has he left?" we may perhaps, curiously ask. "Left? he has left nothing; but he has taken much with him. He has gone to heaven laden with the blessings and gratitude of the poor, of the helpless, of the young, of the aged, of the widow, of the friendless, of those whom he, by his counsels, and his acts, and his prayers, had blessed; of those whose poverty he had relieved, whose ignorance he had enlightened, whose darkness he had dispelled, whose bodies and whose souls he had fed." When Wilberforce died, Daniel O'Connell said: "He has gone to heaven bearing a million broken fetters in his hand." Happy he, whatever he may leave, or may not leave, on earth, who goes thus freighted into the other world.

MEN WITH HOT HEARTS.

A Chinese convert, in a conversation with a missionary remarked, "We want men with hot hearts to tell of the love of Christ." And if there is ever to be a widespread revival work in our land and the world, we must have such men. Only such have been the men who have told mightily for the Lord, and done valiant things in his name, whatever position in life they may have occupied. Such was Paul, the grandest of all revivalists, who endured hardship and sufferings, and death, in making known a Saviour in whom he gloried to the Gentile world. Such were many of the early Christians who lived during Pentecostal times of refreshing, and whose persecution and martyrdom could not intimidate or turn from their purpose of proclaiming Jesus and Him crucified. Such was Martyn, who forsook all for Christ, and whose love for his Master dispelled all difficulties that arose before him, in India and Persia. Such was Williams, whose intense ardor to carry the glad tidings of salvation to other Islands was so great that he exclaimed, "I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef."

Such was Boardman, who replied to the entreaties of his wife to desist from his mission to the Karens, "The cause of God is of more importance than my health. I want to see the work of God go on." Such was Vanderkemp, toiling in a brickyard that he might elevate the Hottentot from his degraded condition. Such was Melville Cox, who exclaimed with his dying breath "Though thousands fall, let not Africa be given up." And time would fail us to tell of others, of whom the world was not worthy, who are buried far from kindred and from home, either in the ocean's depth, or among those to whom they proclaimed the gospel.

But missionaries are not the only ones who need hot hearts to tell of the love of Jesus; this is what is required of his followers everywhere. The world's great want to-day, is Christians with hot hearts. They who send as well as they who go, should be imbued with the same heavenly zeal, the same intense longing for souls. Missionaries are no more required to exercise self-denial than other Christians. It was of a church Christ said, "I would ye were hot," and the command is to all, Deny yourselves; and until this is recognized and obeyed, Christ will not see of the travail of his soul. Churches may singly, and in union employ evangelists and revivalists, and men may preach with burning zeal and earnestness, but what availeth all this, if Christians remain luke-warm and, as individuals, do nothing? Oh, we want the men and women of our churches, the occupants of the pews, to have hot hearts. This done, and how quickly would they tell to their families, their friends and neighbors of the great love of Jesus, and what Jesus had done for their souls. God speed this blessed time.

It is better to lose a good coat than a good conscience.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

As to "the higher life," we take it nobody doubts but that some Christian lives are higher than others; and that the highest is the best. It is clear that every one should go as high as he can; he had better always keep on going. It is certain, too, that the upward path of the Christian is not always, nor indeed, usually, by regular and unvarying gradations. It is commonly like the going up a hill-side which has here and there its sharp pitches, with easier slopes between. Sometimes it may be a terraced hill, with banks of steep ascent and level flats above them. This last represents a peculiarity in some lives. It is a matter that depends much upon original constitution of mind, and upon habit as well as upon the orderings of Providence with each individual. Thus with some persons, much more than with others, there will seem to be one plane of Christian life distinctly cut off from and above another. Yet there are not of necessity, nor in fact, two such planes, one above the other, any more than there are three or a hundred. With some there may seem to be two, with others many. Besides, there are others still whose whole lives are neither thus terraced, nor strikingly marked in other ways by variations along the line of upward progress, but steady and even in their ascent. Let us each, then, climb as best we may, and let us help, but not judge, one another.—*Congregationalist.*

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

FROM TELOGOO LAND.

LETTER FROM REV. G. CHURCHILL.

Hoping that the readers of the *Messenger* are all in hearty sympathy with our new mission to the Telogoos, and if so, supposing that information with regard to the country, the people, and the prospects of success among them, would be interesting, I have decided to write a brief sketch of a tour through the country to the North of Cocanada.

Soon after arriving in the country Bro. McLaurin proposed that we should make such a journey, with a view to exploring this part of the country and selecting suitable locations for future mission stations.

He lately procured a fine large tent from Madras to take along with us. About the only mode of conveyance through the country is by bullock carts or bandies as they are called here.

These are rather curious primitive looking vehicles. The wheels are very much like cart wheels at home, except that they are about six inches higher than ours. The axle-tree is very short, scarcely four feet long between the wheels. This with the great height of the wheels makes the cart very easily upset. On the axle is fastened a light frame about eight feet long and three wide with stakes at the sides two feet high. To these stakes a light bamboo frame is fastened and covered with bamboo mats. What we would call the tongue of the cart, is made by fastening two bamboos to the axle and frame of the body and across these is lashed by ropes what would be called the yoke, though it is usually only a flat piece of wood more than four feet long. In yoking the cattle, the driver takes hold of the yoke, lifts it tongue and all and lays the yoke on the bullock's neck, passing a small cord under the throat and bringing the ends through holes in the yoke. Nothing like bows as at home are used—the draft all being from the top of the neck.

To make the bandy comfortable for travelling, a lot of paddy straw is laid on the bottom of the cart and on this a mattress and in such a conveyance people travel all over the country.

Having procured four of these carts—one for the tent, and one for each of us and having stowed away clothes for a six week's tour, we, McLaurin, Boggs and myself started on Thursday evening, Aug. 12th at 9 o'clock. We had along with us quite a party, composed of a catechist, a colporteur, three or four