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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

"ABIDE IN ME."

That mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Wearied of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by thy love,
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
Of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine—calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—
So when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand
Divine;
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the
Chords,
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

Abide in me: there have been moments pure,
When I have seen thy face and felt thy
Power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself."

How beautifully concentrative; how marvellously diffusive;—the whole human family, by command drawn to one common centre, and by the same statute happily reciprocal in their love for each other.

What law could better provide for the best interests of its subjects;—what lawlessness could more effectually destroy the happiness of men than that which ignores the precept either in relation to God or man? Why is heaven the abode of all that is really desirable;—why is hell of all parts of God's dominion the most deplorable and wretched; but because in the former, love is most perfect, and in the latter forever unknown? What countries, nations, tribes or people are most joyous, happy and elevated? Those where God is honored by the supreme affection of his creatures, and where men love each other as themselves, or where the precepts of the divine code are disregarded? What separates between the soul of man and its Creator, shutting off the light and glory of the Eternal; and leaving the soul a pandemonium of all the woes and sorrows that sin can create, but the absence of that love which Infinite goodness claims, and which is man's first duty and privilege to bestow? What wrings the heart of the widow, crushes the soul of the orphan;—what starves or reduces to beggary the poor, rather what makes the poor;—what fills the world with misery, seducing the innocent, breaking up the most sacred of earthly associations and the most hallowed of domestic ties, but a disregard of the precept "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!" And yet some who read this perchance, may so disregard the sacred precept as to be continually violating it; and thus widening the distance between God and their own souls, and also between themselves and their neighbors.

Dear reader shall this breach become so wide that there shall be no spanning it? The love of God in Christ has thrown a safe passage way over this, otherwise impossible chasm. "I am the way," said Jesus, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." We are assured that whoever believeth, shall not come into condemnation, but has passed from death into life.

N. E.

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

CHRIST'S DAY.

BY THE REV. WM. P. BREED, D. D.
Paul calls it, in Phil. i. 10, "The day of Christ;" and in 1 Cor. 1: 8, "The day of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and Peter, in 2 Peter iii. 10, "The day of the Lord."

Well, sin is having its day, and Christ is going to have his. The Chaldean lion, of which Daniel writes, (vii. 3-8.) and the Medo-Persian bear, and the Macedonian leopard, and the grim, iron-horned, iron-beeiled, iron-hearted Roman beast; unbelief, doubt, denial, false philosophy, materialism and rationalism, all have their day, and Christ, the Lord, is sure to have his day!

Sometimes, the Roman senate decreed a triumph to some captain who had, by victories, enlarged the boundaries of the empire. Such a triumph was decreed to Julius Cæsar. At the appointed day the people and the legions assembled in the Campus Martius, in the northeastern part of Rome. When all was ready the imposing procession moved. First came a great band of musicians, singing and playing triumphal songs; next, oxen for sacrifice, their horns gilded, and their heads streaming with fillets and wreathed with garlands; then came the carriages, full of spoils, taken from the foe—statues, pictures, plate-armor, gold, silver and brass; golden crowns and gifts, sent by allied and tributary States; images, representing conquered cities and countries. Following these came the captive leaders in chains, with their children and attendants; then the victors, with their faces wreathed with laurel; and then another company of musicians and dancers, dressed like satyrs and wearing golden crowns, and in their midst a Pantomime, in female garb, whose office it was to insult the captives. Next came a long train of persons carrying perfumes. And now, the hero of the day, standing in his gilded car decorated with ivory, drawn by four milk-white steeds; on his head a crown of laurel, on his shoulders a scarlet mantle embroidered with gold, in his right hand a branch of laurel, and in his left an ivory sceptre with an eagle on the top; on his breast a golden ball pendent from his neck, and in the ball a charm to defend the wearer from the blight of the envious eye. In the chariot, with the hero of the day, were his children, and a slave carrying a golden crown, which sparkled with gems—the slave at intervals whispering in his ear, Remember that thou art a man! Around the chariot thronged his relations and a great crowd of citizens clothed in white. After the general came the consuls and senators on foot, the consuls wearing a laurel wreath and a white mantle striped with purple; the senators wearing the white toga edged with a broad, purple stripe, and black sandals fitted with silver crescents. Bringing up the rear came the victorious army, crowned with laurel, and decorated with the gifts bestowed on them for their valor, singing their leader's praise and shouting in chorus with the surrounding throngs, *Io triumph!* The streets were strewn with flowers, and on either side altars poured incense on the air. On moved the procession, myriads of spectators viewing the pageant from every window, housetop and temple-portico. As they neared the heights of the Capitoline the chained prisoners, doomed to death, were marched away to the right, and let down through the circular opening in the top of the rocky Mamertine dungeon, while the conqueror pursued his way up the steep ascent to the capitol, to pay his devotion to his gods, where he tarried till word was brought that his captives had been put to death and their mangled bodies flung out upon the *Scala Cæmonia*—the stairs that looked toward the Forum—in view of the gaping crowds.

This was the hero's day! During this day his form was the one form in every eye, his name the one name on every lip. This day the Roman matron

inflamed the imagination of her boys with tales of valor, and fired their hearts with the love of glory. This was the Roman hero's day!

But a greater than the Roman Senate has decreed a day of triumph for a greater than Julius Cæsar—Jesus Christ is to have his day. On that triumphal day he is to ride upon a white horse. "And I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True." (Rev. xix. 11.) Of the conquering hero upon that horse we read, His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns, and his name is called The Word of God. He, too, wears a crimson mantle. He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood. Him also shall conquering legions follow clothed in white. "And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

The spectators of the scene will comprise the whole intelligent universe, myriads of them participants in the triumph and sharers in the glory. "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Phil. ii. 10, 11. "And I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I, saying, Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever!"

The triumph of the Roman hero closed with a sumptuous feast spread in the capitol, on the Capitoline Hill, for his friends and the chief men of the city. The triumph of Jesus Christ will close with a sumptuous supper—the termination and crown of all the suppers of the Lord which his friends and followers shall have celebrated with the bread and the wine to the end of time. "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." (Rev. xix. 9.)

Of that scene of triumph we shall all be spectators. But only by faith in him, and repentance for sin, we secure the white stone which shall give us admission to the supper. The Gaius Chief, Vercingetorix, saw the triumph of Cæsar; but while they were feasting in the capitol, his lead body was lying exposed to view on the horrid stairs—the *Scala Cæmonia*. And while myriads are feasting at the marriage supper of the Lamb, others will be mourning in darkness and woe!

But true piety wishes not merely to sup with the ravenous in the capitol, but to share in and contribute to the triumph. It wishes to have a hand in the world's conquest. And it may. We all may. What blows Paul struck for Jesus. What jewels Harlan Page set in Jesus' crown! A goldsmith at his bench, setting diamonds in gold, when asked, What are you doing? answered, I am crowning the king. He was making a crown for his monarch. We may be goldsmiths to Jesus Christ! How? By living Christ. By glowing with the life of Jesus. By showing our life, as Paul did, how Christ my live in human life. And also by doing souls for him. Faithful, prayerful Sabbath-school teacher, in winning that young soul for Jesus you are helping to crown your king, helping to swell the linen-cloth through that shall march in that procession, and the crowd that shall sit around the table of the marriage supper of the Lamb.

FORESHADOWINGS OF HEAVEN.

"Where is heaven? What is heaven? We don't know anything about heaven, and it is of no use to pretend that we do!"

How often do we encounter some such reply from professed children of God, when we speak of heaven as the grand compensation for all the discipline of life. Too often, alas, under these utterances we perceive a strain of bitterness, a muttered complaint against God, an implication that it is ungenerous not to have told us more about it, not to have given us some vivid pictures, photographs, like those we have of Rome, Athens and Constantinople, of the Alps, and of the lakes, of rivers, gardens, meadows, trees, birds and clouds. Heaven is conceived of as some unimagined combinations of these and of a thousand other components, which the murderer is sure might be set before us in a way to satisfy, in some degree, our insatiable longings.

But heaven is not given to sight; is not even promised to the senses, nor to any sensuous conception. It is always so spoken of as to show that any credible conceptions of it must come of personal friendship with Jesus, of oneness of mind and heart with Him.

"Whither I go ye know," He said to His disciples, challenging attention to what He said by assuming that they did know what they might and ought to know. But when they disclaimed this knowledge, then He announced to them this great truth: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." If you would know God, who is the center and glory of heaven, cultivate intimate, loving, obedient knowledge of me. He that has not this knowledge cannot even see the kingdom of God. There can be no foregleams for such an one. Foregleams of heaven are the pictures painted by a loving heart, with materials supplied by Him whom the soul loves. The secret of the Lord—and surely heaven is the Lord's secret—is with them that fear Him; that is, reverently and with devoted love. Why should it not be so?—James William Kimball.

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.

A heathen Indian woman once said to a Christian Indian, named Esther, "I often go to your meetings, and always hear something. One Sunday lately the minister exactly described the state of my heart. Indeed, I fully thought he would soon say, 'There sits a woman who is just what I have been saying.' Do tell me how the minister knows, and who it is that tells him?"

"O, yes," said Esther, "I will tell you. The minister preaches the pure word of God, and that word speaks to our hearts. If we are willing to listen to it, God works in our hearts by His Spirit, and shows us that it is spoken to us. Then we see and hear what is our real state; and every one thinks, 'That was spoken to me!'"

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Although our last had the latest intelligence respecting our Brother Boggs' movements, yet as the following letter from him to the *Visitor* has an account of some interesting matters of what he saw in Burmah, we copy it into our columns:

RANGOON, BURMAH,
Nov. 18th, 1874.

Dear *Visitor*.—My last experience in America was similar to my first in Burmah. Attending the meetings of the Convention at Portland occupied the last few days before leaving my native land and attending the Convention at Henthadah, the first few days after arriving at this side of the world. The former was an interesting occasion, on which to bid my brethren in the West farewell, and the latter scarcely

less interesting, as the first place of meeting my friends in this hemisphere.

On arriving, I found that four of our own missionaries, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, Mr. Armstrong, and Miss Armstrong, with a number of the American missionaries, had already gone to Henthadah. So on Saturday, Nov. 7th, I left Rangoon in company with Rev. J. D. Colburn and some other missionary friends, to attend the Burmah Baptist Convention.

The town of Henthadah is situated on the Irrawaddy River, about a hundred miles from Rangoon, though the way the steamers have to take, at this time of year, when the water is low, makes the distance much greater. The river is broad, and there are many sand banks and shoals. The water is exceedingly muddy. The country through which we pass is low and flat, and is either covered with jungle of thick, rank growth, or devoted to the culture of rice.

Our steamer, the *Aloung Pyah*, is a powerful one, as she needs to be to make headway against the strong current of this mighty river. She takes with her, in tow, a large flat or barge, loaded with freight for the different towns along the river. They usually take two of these flats, one on each side of the steamer, and they carry a large number of deck passengers (natives). The steamers of this line run up the river as far as Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, seven hundred miles from Rangoon. From that point, another class of smaller steamers, belonging to the same Company, go on to Bahmo, three hundred miles farther.

At length we reach the landing-place at Henthadah, about a mile from the town, and among the party on shore, who have come to meet us, we distinguish, with a thrill of joy, the familiar faces of Bro. George and Bro. Sanford. On our way to the Mission premises, another well-known face appears, and we grasp, with pleasure, the hand of Brother Armstrong. Having arrived at the Burman Mission House, the residence of Brethren Crawley and George, we receive a cordial welcome from these dear brethren and their excellent wives. Here we find a large number of missionary friends who have come together from the different stations to attend the Convention. Another company of missionaries is entertained by Rev. D. A. W. Smith and wife, at the Karen Mission House, within a short distance. The kindness and hospitality of these American friends knows no bounds. By each and all we are most heartily welcomed to Burmah.

The regular meetings of the Convention are held in the Karen Chapel, a place hallowed by memories of the sainted Thomas, who here labored with intense zeal, and saw such triumphs of Divine grace among the Karens. In one part of the chapel is the class-room, where, for some time, dear Sister DeWolfe devoted herself faithfully to the interests of these people.

Besides the regular meetings of the Convention, a meeting of the Burmese disciples is held every evening in the Burman chapel, and the missionaries meet every morning at 7 o'clock on the large verandah at the residence of Brethren Crawley and George. It is delightful and soul-refreshing, in this far-off land, to unite with these dear servants of Christ, in their hymns of devotion, and their supplications at the throne of grace, and to hear them relate what the Lord has done for them in their different spheres of labor during the past year.

As we attend the meetings of the Convention, and see native brethren taking part in the transactions with such evident intelligence and ability, and remember that not many years ago, nearly all of them were benighted heathen, "without God in the world," we feel thankful to God for the abundant grace manifested among this people, and for the spirit that actuated His servants to bring them to the light of life. How great the reward of the faithful and fearless pioneers