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## POETRY.

### The Paradox of Time.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Time goes, you say? Ah no!  
Alas, time says—we go;  
Or else, were this not so,  
What need to chain the hours,  
For youth were always ours?  
Time goes, you say? Ah no!

Ours is the eye's deceit  
Of men whose flying feet  
Lead through some landscape low;  
We pass, and think we see  
The earth's fixed surface flee;  
Alas, time stays—we go!

Once, in the days of old,  
Your locks were curling gold,  
And mine had shamed the crow;  
Now, in the self same stage,  
We've reached the silver age;  
Time goes, you say? Ah no!

Once, when my voice was strong,  
I filled the woods with song,  
To praise your "rose" and "snow";  
My bird, that sung is dead;  
Where are your roses fled?  
Alas, time stays—we go!

See, in what traversed ways,  
What backward fate delays  
The hopes we used to know;  
Where are our old desires—  
Ah, where those vanished fires?  
Time goes, you say—ah no!

How far, how far, O sweet,  
The past behind our feet  
Lies in the even glow!  
Now, on the forward way,  
Let us fold our hands and pray;  
Alas, time stays—we go!

### The First Sunrise.

There was no sun, but there was light,  
The bonds of darkness rending;  
There was no earth, but shores of night  
With seas of day were blending;  
And o'er the world, without a sound,  
In grand, eternal silence bound,  
The dim-lit flood extending.

God spake the word: up rose the earth,  
The waters round it clinging;  
And with glad wonder at its birth  
The highest heavens were ringing;  
Through all the world a sound went out,  
The sons of God for joy did shout,  
The morning stars were singing.

There fell a silence from on high,  
And hush'd the wondrous story;  
God spake; and sunrise drenched the sky,  
And smote the mountains hoary;  
Then burst from Heaven a mighty song;  
The sons of God, so bright and strong,  
Gave unto him the glory!

Sunday Magazine.

## RELIGIOUS.

### Mr. Spurgeon on Bazaars.

Mr. Spurgeon recently opened a bazaar at St. Mary's Concert-hall, Agricultural Hall, in aid of the funds of Arthur-street Chapel. He was accompanied on the platform by his father, the Rev. J. Spurgeon, of Islington Chapel, and the Rev. H. E. Stone, the pastor, and delivered a characteristic address, in the course of which he said some people objected to church bazaars, but they were generally the people who objected to every means of raising money to which they were likely to be asked to contribute. He never knew a good object proposed but what some person, who was in the habit of rubbing his finger round a threepenny piece to see if it was a fourpenny, objected. Some said the ladies dressed too much at bazaars. He had never observed any superfluity of dress, and he did not share the opinion of those who considered the things sold at bazaars were sinful vanities. If any there had that opinion he recommended them to buy all things up so that they might not tempt other people. Ornament was in no sense a vanity. If they were to be all dull and prosaic, when God made the stars He might have ranged them in squares with mathematical precision, but He seems to have scattered His star dust in glorious confusion all over the heavens to their everlasting delight. It was the same with the flowers and

the beauties of the earth. According to some people all the beauties and joys of life ought to be reserved for sinners, and because some people were certain of joys hereafter they were to go through this life as a burden and a sorrow. He thought this an odd theory. Let them be puritans in character if they would, but they need not call all pleasures and joys vanities. Bazaars enabled some to help a good cause who could not in any other way. There was a good deal of Christian earnestness in the making of the goods. The women of old made the curtains for the temple, why should not the women of to-day make the things which were to aid in the support of the temple. The women were as ever foremost in this as in every good work. He believed that they would find that God's election of grace was quite in the proportion of three women to every one man. An eastern sultan, whenever a rebellion broke out in his dominions, used to ask of his grand vizier, "Who is she?" because he believed in every mischief there must be a woman at the bottom of it. If he (Mr. Spurgeon) saw a good Christian work in progress, he was also inclined to say, "Who is she?" for he knew there must be a woman at the bottom of it. Standing in the Agricultural Hall, where so much good was done last year, and so much was now being done every Sunday, he could not help saying that extra efforts made from time to time by evangelists would always be required. They were a fillip to the Church to attract by extraordinary means some who were not to be attracted by ordinary means, but the great bulk of Christian labour would never be so done, the enduring work must be done by the chapels and the pastors, according to a permanent organised method. (Cheers.) He was reminded of the Wesleyan Methodist who was invited out to a grand dinner, and who, on being asked to say grace, said, "O Lord, we thank Thee that we don't have such a dinner as this every day, or else we should be ill." (Laughter.) He liked evangelical efforts, but it would not do to have that sort of excitement every day, or else they would be ill. (Hear.) Referring to Arthur-street Chapel, and to its minister, Mr. Spurgeon said Mr. Stone was a good earnest preacher, but he never went in for showing himself off. He gave them none of those wonderfully ornamental sermons, those grand intellectual flights in which preachers went up to the skies. He had often heard such, and he looked and wondered, just like a man gaping at Blonden on the tight-rope, wondering whether he would ever get to the end of the rope, or fall off. (Laughter.) People said, "What an intellectual treat!" Why God never found a sinner with "an intellectual treat." So-called intellectual sermons were a great, a shameful sin—the sin of a man preaching himself instead of his Master. (Cheers.) There was one thing pleased him much in connection with this church. 478 men were now students in his college, and two were coming in, and while they were far from educated men, they were earnest-hearted, pious men. It was such Mr. Stone gathered around him. He begged the people to help such a church, and concluded his speech with an earnest exhortation to those who knew not the joy of pardon to delay no longer, but go to Christ who would pardon and receive. The bazaar was then declared open.

A well-known member of the Established Kirk in a small Scotch village lately put a shilling on the plate and coolly helped herself to elevenpence-halfpenny, remarking to the attending elder: "I forgot tae get change ye'streen, Maister Broom; see I'll just put in a shillin' and tak' out the elevenpence-halfpenny. Ye'll be gayen gled to get rid o' the coppers, nae doot."

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, and in company our tongues.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Rev. G. F. CURRIE writes the *Canadian Baptist* that he arrived at Cocanada on the 12th of February, after a sail of six days from Rangoon. He says, "We went ashore at Bimlipatam, and were greeted by Brethren Sanford, Churchill, and Armstrong. The latter had been touring in the North, and was returning to his home at Samulcotta. He accompanied us the remainder of the journey. On the morning of the 12th inst., the steamer anchored off Cocanada, some five miles from the town. Soon bro. McLaurin came on board, and gave us a warm greeting and welcome. We came with him to the commodious mission premises recently purchased by him for the Society, and were there cordially received by Mrs. McLaurin."

### Mr. Timpany in Hindostan.

Our readers have become interested in the letters of Rev. A. V. Timpany on his visit to the more northern parts of India, from Telooooland, where he labors under the American Baptist Missionary Union. We have before us two more letters in which he very pleasantly relates what he observes and learns as he proceeds on his way. Of his visit to Serampore the scene of the labors of the first Baptist Missionaries to India—Carey and his coadjutors—Mr. T. says:—

"It had been over eight years since we were on the cars; so, the sensation of moving rather quick once more and especially going somewhat faster than 'ox express,' in conserving India, was a treat. Reaching Serampore, we found we had a mile to go. We told Brother Thomas we would prefer walking to riding. So we walked along in the clear moonlight until we reached the banks of the Ganges. We turned to the right and stopped before a high massive looking building, that we thought at first was the Baptist College; but we were told that it was the house given to the 'Immortal Trio' and was a dwelling house. We found a lot of college boys were living in the lower rooms, a number of whom were Christian Karens. The upper rooms were occupied by Mr. Thomas and family, and Mr. Martin, with whom we shared rooms and bed during the night. Mr. Martin is a brother-in-law of Rev. P. Grant, now in Canada. We spent a very pleasant evening with these brethren in this old historic house. As we had to leave the next morning for Calcutta at 9 a. m., we were up betimes to see what we could of the old place. The first thing that we saw, as we passed along the river road to the right, was Mrs. Marshman's famous girls' school house, or rather the ruins of it. Here this noble woman earned thousands of pounds sterling which she devoted to the mission. It made me feel sad to see the ruins. It would have been so much nicer if there had been a school still. Next we came to Dr. Marshman's house, and then to the printing houses. They are now forsaken. Only recently 'The Friend of India' newspaper was removed from here to Calcutta. This paper, started by the missionaries in the interests of India, and truth, became a power in the country. It is even yet, we believe the foremost and most influential Indian newspaper. In this same Compound, or what we presume is a part of it, stands the chapel. It is a most substantial building: all about the pulpit and down the aisles it is paved with variegated marble. In the vestry we saw Carey's old pulpit. In shape it looked very much like a wine-glass. It is a mystery how they managed to use it without upsetting. From the chapel we went to the college. This is the *magnum opus* of those mighty workers. As a private work it is wonderful. They planned a University for all India, and laid their plans accordingly. There can be little doubt, if the Government had not taken the matter up, and established the Calcutta University, the Serampore college would to-day be all that Carey and his

fellow helpers purposed. The convocation room is a grand one as are also some of the class-rooms. We went into the library and hunted up the Telugu version of the New Testament that they published. We could not contemplate those musty old lexicons, and commentaries, and ponderous manuscript books, without intense emotion. We, in imagination, went back and saw the missionaries in their work, their hopes, and fears, and their trust in God, putting in the foundations of this great edifice, and building it as if it was to last forever. They did it all and died debtor to no man for a cent. Close by the college is a dwelling house. We went in for a minute to see Bro. Jordan, who is President of the College at present. We found him in Ward's study. If we recollect rightly Bro. Thomas told me that it in many respects was much as the old master left it.

We had only time for a hurried breakfast and started in a cab for the R. station, intending to take the Baptist cemetery on our way, which we did. On the left hand, as we enter, sleeps all that is mortal of Carey. About him rests a large number of his family. To the right is Marshman, and with him also rest numbers of his family. Straight on at the end of the centre walk is the tomb of Ward. All over the graveyard we see the names of many whom we became acquainted with long ago in mission lore. Here the sainted dead rest and their works do follow them. We lingered as long as we could, feeling that we were face to face with some lessons of consecrated toil and honored rest, that the young missionary of to-day would do well to lay to heart.

We left Serampore that morning realizing somewhat more than ever before what consecrated hands, heads and hearts could accomplish despite all opposition. The determination of the men, and their faith in the permanence of their work, could be told by the massive way in which they built, and could be read from base to roof of the houses they have left behind them.

Can any one say that it was mere chance that threw three such men together in those stern times?"

Mr. Timpany gives a detailed account of a visit to Mrs. Etherington, and of her successful labors in establishing at Benares a superior school, on Christian principles, for young ladies. Here is what he writes respecting

### THE IDOLATRY OF BENARES.

Early on Saturday morning we drove right away to the river, and there took a boat, and went up the stream the whole river front of the city about two miles we should say. As we before remarked the bank is very high. For most of the distance the river is terraced with hewn stone. The terraces are crowned with high, and in some cases magnificent houses. The terraced places are called "Ghats," and have roads for footmen down so that the people can bathe. It was a feast day, and multitudes of both sexes and all ages were bathing in the water. There were the aged so feeble that they could hardly move, and the young and blithe some who saw more of fun than anything else in the doings. The rule appeared to be to dip themselves completely in the water three times at the same time invoking the river goddess Gunga. The devotion of many was most marked, and well it might be for they thought that they were then being cleansed from all their sin. Everything was decent. On coming out of the water they would change the wet clothes for dry ones. This is done by throwing the dry cloth over the wet one, and so covering the person, and then the wet clothing is removed underneath. They would then wash the wet garments in the water. Before leaving many would get the attendant Brahmin priest to say some prayers, for which payment was made—at least we saw money given seemingly with this object. Many of the women and girls are loaded with most valuable gold jewelry. Formerly, and for aught we

know to the contrary it may occasionally occur now, expert divers would mingle with the bathers. When one of these jewelled ones dipped she would be caught and drowned for her jewelry. No one of all the multitudes present being any the wiser for it. Those present, if they did notice that she did not come again out of the water would think she had been carried off by the current and drowned. We went up the river as far as the "Burning Ghat." There were two or three dead bodies burning, and another corpse was being made ready for the pile—this is "cremation." We dropped down the river from there till we came opposite to the famous Mohamedan Mosque, with two lofty towers standing right in the thickest of the Hindoo temples. We landed and went up to the top of the Mosque and thence into one of the towers. Up and up we went until our knees fairly shook. On reaching the top we found ourselves high above the city. The scene was splendid. There was the Ganges with its graceful sweep looking like a great belt of silver far as the eye could reach. At our feet all about us were countless temples and dwelling houses, further away were the European Quarters, both civil and military. We could but ask ourselves the question—"When shall Jesus reign over this city?"

Some would say "never. As it has been the past thousands of years it will be." Jesus must reign. The gods and goddesses of Olympus no longer are feared or loved by any, and so it will be said, and that sooner perhaps than most think about the Hindoo Triad and their myriad attendants. We descended, took our boats and went to another Ghat, where we paid the boatman and went on foot to see the temple with the golden roof. The narrow street was wet with Ganges' water, and in many places covered with flowers, native offerings of devotees. As we walked along its idols and temples on the right-hand side, idols and temples on the left hand, and when we came to branch or cross streets, it was idols and temples there. It made us feel sick at heart. When we reached the golden-roofed temple there was a regular crush of people. A Brahmin who had joined himself to our party took us in. There it was a solid shield of gold. The value must be something enormous. On every hand resounded prayers and cries, etc. We turned and walked out; we had seen enough of idolatry in Benares. As we passed along the priests of the temples would invite us to come and see their great god. Of course they did it in the expectation of getting a fee. We bought some elaborately wrought brass cups, which some of you may see hereafter, and an idol made of the wood of the Ganges. We got ourselves out into more Christian places. Dr. Lazarus told me that many of the proprietors of temples had in conversation complained to him that their receipts were nothing what they used to be. Where formerly they had gifts of gold, now it was hard enough to get brass and copper coins. He is an earnest Christian worker and believes in missions.

We saw none of the Benares' missionaries save the Baptists. From these we ascertained the state of the work. The English work appears to have tied them to Benares, and prevented them touring into the surrounding country as much as they desired. An effort will be made to give the missionaries at least six months of every year to itinerate in the villages. It will pay better in the end to make Christians and then train them, than train so many heathen. Christ will not permit His servants to do year after year that which will not be to His glory.

A gentleman in Fife, whose name is withheld, has sent the Rev. Dr. Hehlman, Conveger of the Church of Scotland's Foreign Mission Committee, the sum of £5000 for India, and £1000 for the Church's new African mission.