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POETRY.

Silence.

BY PROF. UPHAM.

When smitten, dost thou feel the rod,
Be still, and leave thy cause with God;
And silence to thy soul shall teach
Far more than comes from outward speech.

When secret arts and open foe
Conspire thy peace to overthrow,
In silence learn the hidden power
Which saves thee in that bitter hour.

Doth not thy Father take thy part?
Doth He not know thy bleeding heart?
And when it seems that thou wilt fall,
Doth He not feel it? bear it all?

Make no reply, but let thy mind
In silent faith the triumph find
Which comes from injuries forgiven,
And trust in God, and strength in Heaven.

Little Ones.

Only beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go;
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro!
Trying again so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee;
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest of language
Ever before was heard;
But mother—you'd hardly think so—
Understands every word.
Tottering now and falling,
Eyes are going to cry;
Kisses add plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, O guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the uphill road,
Braving the dust and heat!
Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathways blest;
And when the journey is ended,
Saviour, O give them rest!

RELIGIOUS.

The following paper will be perused with interest, especially by the ladies it being one of the Essays read at the recent Anniversary of Horton Collegiate Academy. By this means those who were not present may participate in what took place on that occasion. The Essay read by Miss Wile is highly suggestive, and will, we doubt not, open up to many of our readers, new avenues of thought and reflection.

Unwritten History.

Regarding History merely as a narrative of past events, these two words might seem to contain a contradiction. Yet who is willing to measure his ideas of what has been by what has been recorded? Looking over the annals of the past, who is not dissatisfied with the dim and fragmentary gleanings found there, and does not long to know of the various cycles through which time has eddied in reaching the present? History, in its widest sense, would include the solution of this mystery, and by rending the veil which separates the known from the unknown, present the past and future in one grand and living picture.

The wide region of events untouched by any human record, constitutes Unwritten History; embracing a landscape so wide and varied, that the imagination straining in vain to catch its outlines, knows not if they exist.

Though much of this wide field lies far beyond mortal ken, and will never be pierced by mortal vision, parts lay within our grasp. We can discover traces of its presence in all creation. It is found in the starry heavens above, in the solid rocks beneath, in nature around and within us, and in the great uncovered future. The vast scroll of the firmament, is written only by the finger of God. Fain would our vision pierce the infinite depths of blue, fain would we "roll back the tide of years," and discover the myriad worlds, as they existed a thousand centuries ago, and watch their onward march; or sweeping aside the dark curtain from the

future, behold the part they will play in eternity. It is easy to muse on the past and future of these bright orbs, cluster within cluster, and world encircled by world. It is easy to ask the How and the Why with regard to their origin, design, and probable destiny, yet human science can only evolve theories, and the problem of the Universe still remains unsolved.

"But scaling the edges of the Universe, we leave the central fields a fallow part," and will next look at the Unwritten History of the earth, as read in the rocks on which we tread. To us they merely convey an idea of an infinitude of time, the fossils in them speaking a language little better than a jargon, which may be interpreted many different ways; but to the ears of the geologist, they tell a wonderful tale, of the highly heated liquid condition of the earth in that far off mystical period "the beginning," when "grey twilight reigned in the primeval seas," of its subsequent cooling, and the wild scene which then ensued after the land was separated from the water, wave rising upon wave in giant disorder, while here and there a solitary peak reared its head above the hissing boiling deep, while Nature strove, with law. Later the dry land being covered with luxuriance, its seas filled with life, and all things prepared for the Lord of Creation, he makes his appearance upon the scene, and Nature, instead of governing, begins to be governed.

Then begins the history of nations, only a meagre share of which has ever been written. After the limits of the known, found in Bible lore, the first intimation of man's continued history is found in rude implements of stone, or other relics of his workmanship, speaking of a time when art slumbered in the brain of man, when keen discovery was not. Later remains, however, attest to the increasing development of his powers, until in the towers, tombs, and massive pyramids of Egypt, we find it in many ways rising to a height scarcely attained at the present. Here is Thebes, "the city of a hundred gates," whose history is lost in remote antiquity. What marvellous records of the mighty past must gather around these ancient ruins, had we but the ears to hear the tales they tell; of kings who had traversed her streets, of social and political life, as it was spent in that dim past, as well as the sad story of a nation's idolatry. The inscriptions on the towers, tombs, and pyramids, with the rosetta stone as a key, has partly given what Thebes failed to do, and line by line, the Unwritten may be read.

But Egypt is not alone in her possession of Unwritten History, nor in her means of reading it. Every country has a rosetta stone, which skillfully used may interpret the handwriting on the wall.

And even when written history commences, how meagre the record! How much behind the scene, not found in the printed page! Is it possible for any one person looking only on the surface, seeing results without always being able to trace them to their causes, to maintain a central unbiased position between extremes,—to give a perfect counterpart of the real condition of a nation? He would indeed be endowed with miraculous power who could do so.

The lives of individuals run parallel with those of nations. Some few of the great mass of mankind, have so distinguished themselves above their fellows, that we find their names perpetuated in the printed volume, heralded with all the glowing epithets that an enthusiastic historian can bestow upon them. Others, whose position in life was lower and task humbler, but whose contest for the right was perhaps stronger, who acted their part in life's great drama with admirable fortitude, with noble self-denial, dying, leave their names, not in the mind of the public at large, not in the gorgeously bound volume, but only in the warm hearts of a faithful few. They lived, however, not to earn praise, but to work; and work is its own reward.

Yet, judging from the world's standard of great, it must not be said that all such have left their history behind them. Far from it. Very few names come down to us in Ancient History, yet many must have existed, as witnessed by the great results which have survived them. Of individual, no more than of national, life, can it be said that it is possible to present a true picture. Ignorance of the strength of facts, prevents their proper combination. Some parts receive too little colouring, others too much, and the whole picture becomes distorted. In the disappearance of some of the stars out of life's firmament, one sees nothing more than falling meteors. Another, with cloudless vision, beholds in them stars of the first magnitude, only transplanted in order that they may shine with brighter lustre in fairer skies. Amidst this confusion of tongues, truth and error appear to enclose us in concentric circles, and we wonder in which we stand. It is, however, the absence of the Unwritten that perplexes us. That given, everything would resume its proper order.

If our knowledge of the past is imperfect, what shall we say of the future? It lies before us a great unwritten blank, waiting for the tread of our foot-prints to record results. We, forgetting this, long to pierce into the mysteries of the beyond. The future has something magical about it. We hope for the best, until we meet stern reality, face to face, and then on the very grave of former hopes, reclothe the future in fancy's garments, only to be again disrobed. Our happy dreams of golden probabilities float hurriedly down the stream of time, only to break like bubbles as they reach the rough shores of the present. It is hard to strip the future of its visionary character,—to give it a real place in history. It is hard to remember that our present course is marking out what is before us. If we know the path we are taking, we know that our course in the future will assume the same direction. Time does not shape our steps, but we shape the steps of time. If the past has been glorious in results, it is because those who have lived in it have made it so; and if the future is to be made glorious, it rests with the present generation. They must shape the great current of events, and see them drifting in the right direction. Some may say that the age of great men has passed. Nay, let us rather say the age of great men has begun. Nor can it pass, as long as noble manhood beats in the breast of man, and heights beyond remain unattained. An original untrodden path lies before each one, and who shall say it shall not be immortalized by the tread of his footprints? And is it meet to bow to every noble soul who has lived in the past, rather than to work up the material which lies around and within us? If the heroes of by-gone ages had done so, we should not have their names to-day. It therefore rests with us, how much of the future shall remain unwritten, for it is the worthy and the true that God designs shall be lasting. And though we may never see our hopes for the future "take form in fact," we may rest assured that, "the world sits at the feet of Christ."

"So let our hearts with reverence bow, and trust the Unknown for the known."

J. M. WILE,
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A Missionary's Speech.

At the late Anniversary of the English Baptist Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall, there were a number excellent speeches—and these are the staple of their public gatherings. One of these we give to our readers for perusal. When they remember that our Foreign Missionaries are a part of the land which is referred to, they will receive it as an appeal to themselves as well as to our English brethren:

The Rev. T. Morgan, missionary from Howrah, said: I thank you all—the secretary, treasurer, and every boy and girl who has given a penny towards our work. I am attached to the Baptist Mission, and earnestly desire its prosperity. It is an honest mission. (Laughter.) I have known it for thirty-seven years. I am a good witness, and its missionaries are treated as men who are responsible to God—(Hear)—and that was the great burden I had. The committee have their own responsibility and throw us on our responsibility, and that often made me work till I worked my throat good for nothing. (Laughter.) I sympathise with the committee and the loss of their missionaries, and especially in reference to India. When a man has acquired the language so as to be able to preach fluently; when he has made himself acquainted with the philosophical systems of the Hindoos; when he knows the mythology of the common people, if he is a man of a genial disposition, of broad common sense, and has gained a large amount of experience, such a man is invaluable—money cannot buy him—(applause)—you can't order him ready-made—the University cannot give him to you—and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with his consecrated hand, cannot communicate to him these qualities—Hear, hear. Such a man was our brother Sale; there were years before him of work, as we thought, but God took him, and he has declared, "My ways are not your ways, and my thoughts are not your thoughts." There are a few weak points entertained by the people of England in reference to India; but the root of the mistake is this, that Hindooism has undergone three modifications; first, that as contained in the ancient Vedes, written 1500 years before Christ, consisting in the simple worship of the elements. In the ninth century there were a great number of sects who set up different gods. This will convey to you an idea of the second modification—the Puranic—and at a later period the third change was in the Tantro, a revelation of the god Shiv, so abominably bad, that Mr. Ward says they can never see the light of day. These changes have occurred, but Hindooism is not dead. If I see 100,000 people at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna, getting their hair cut and getting shaved, and believing that for every hair cut there is added to them a million years in heaven—(laughter)—when I find that some families spend yearly £10,000 in three days, in the abominable worship of the goddess Doorga, Hindooism is not dead. I saw, just before I left Howrah, £300 paid by a few shopkeepers for a row of images on a road, and women from all parts flocked there every night to see those images. I could not then persuade myself that Hindooism was dead. Hindooism is not in the image or in the book, it is in the heart of the people—(Hear, hear)—and when we have quelled it there by the power of the Gospel then you can say it is dead. (Applause.) There is another little mistake about caste—people suppose that there is a very great relaxation of caste. A Hindoo, in a lecture delivered somewhere in the North of England, asserted that young hindoos went about Calcutta with a bottle of beer in one hand and a beefsteak in the other. The whole press of India declared that it was a deliberate falsehood. In order to observe caste in all its strictness there must be a purely Hindoo Government; ours is a foreign one, therefore, the circle of caste is a little narrowed, but it is still matched with the greatest care. The cooking-pot, the drinking-glass, the smoking-pipe, are absolutely sacred, and the last thing a Hindoo will part with is his caste, because he is ruined in time and for eternity. Travel even ten miles in a Hindoo district, and see if you can go into a Hindoo house—you can't. The modern Vedantists, or Brahmos, of which sect Keshub is the head, assert that the volume of nature tells us all that we want to know of the nature of God,

and of the future destiny of man. These men are inveterate enemies of Christianity. I see nothing in them that is favourable; they are a new regiment, commanded by the devil himself, like a broad phalanx determined to oppose Christianity, and they have told me over and over again, they are going to convert us. (Laughter.) Young lads have told me "there are Brahmos in America and in England, and that all England will be Brahmos soon," adding that "we are going to do it." These men are clever, intelligent and educated. I am not come here to utter platitudes, or to try and make an eloquent speech. (Hear.) My time on earth is short, your time is valuable, and our necessities are urgent. All I want to do is this—to give you some clear tangible reason why those who have supported the mission may be encouraged, that those who do so only feebly may do more, and that those who do nothing may be stirred to the work. (Cheers.) That is my object. I will try and bring it before you as clearly as I can, like a little panorama. First of all, there is important work to be accomplished, there are 260 millions of people in India, we are amongst them like a few soldiers in an enemy's country holding small forts. What is to be done? It is not a question of time, but of work. The winds will not carry the Gospel, nor will the waves bear it as they do to newly-formed coral islands; the clouds will not distil it. I know but of one way, namely, men saturated with the truth, men filled with love to God, men burning with zeal to go to men who are dead and tell them about Christ. (Cheers.) The people of India and China and Central Asia will remain just as they are for 10,000 years if men do not go and preach the Gospel.

We have the command of Christ, the example of Christ—He went everywhere preaching the Gospel—the example of the Church at Jerusalem; the example of the Primitive Church, that had its evangelists; the example of the poor Nestorian Church, in the seventh century, which sent men to China and other countries, and brought back the products of these countries as trophies, and hung them up in their churches to show where they had been. We must have money and men, but in the accomplishment of this work there are difficulties. There are climatic difficulties. In Bengal and Upper India, where you get three months' rain, three months' intense heat, and, say, about five months of beautiful cold weather, when we can itinerate. Government surveyors, and others who do out-of-door work, go out in November and are back in April, and then work in offices at home. True we can work at home in the bad seasons; but to be exposed at certain times to the climate is a matter of physical impossibility. In England I take my staff and my wallet, and a few shillings in my pocket, and I can travel from one end of the land to the other. I know where I can get lodgings and all necessary, but in Bengal I have to take provisions in a boat for a month, and when going twenty miles inland, the best place I could get a night's lodging in is the bullock's house. I was not clean enough as a beefeater to be put into the lodging-house, and I was only thankful to get that accommodation. We cannot work as rapidly as you can. There are difficulties arising from suspicion of the people. The late governing company were afraid of the people, and the people were afraid of them; it was like two bulldogs, one looking at the other, and challenging a bite. (Laughter.) Now, wherever I went, and the people had never seen any missionary before, I went to a shop to ask a man who was writing, "Will you take a book, sir?" "No, nobody can read." And the next said the same. Well, then I was obliged to go on the village green and get the people out, and mount a platform and tell them that I had nothing to do with the Government, but had been sent by the people of England to bring them the true religion of the golden age. Until I did this, the people would have nothing to