

# The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.  
Vol. XXII., No. 12.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, March 21, 1877.

WHOLE SERIES.  
Vol. XLI., No. 12.

## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.  
Have Faith in God.

Why art thou sad to-day?  
Is not Christ thy friend?  
He loveth thee alway;  
Even to the end.

Trust His gracious power—  
Thou wilt never see  
One so kind and tender,  
Or so true, as He.

In the darkness trust Him,  
He will give thee light.  
Thou must learn his patience,  
Walk by faith—not sight.

Know He careth for thee;  
And His love is great—  
He will be thy helper  
If thou only wait.

Times of deepest trouble  
Are the times to trust.  
The Master says: "Be faithful,"  
And we surely must.

S. B. E.

## Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.  
Christianity.

Dear Editor,—

What is it? Christ-likeness. Does not this cover the entire subject? The more perfect the likeness the more perfect the christianity.

How few know the real difficulties of exemplifying christian character. It has been said by some one that the "Art of war was in being strongest at a given point." There are certain points in christian life that show its strength or weakness. There is much to test christian principle even in a land so highly favored as our own. No civil enactment to prevent the most perfect freedom of thought, expression or action; nor opposition of public opinion to the popular idea of christianity;—but on the contrary, every one is protected in religion, both by the State and public sentiment. And yet "the offence of the Cross" has not ceased, nor the difficulties of a decidedly pious life removed.

Setting aside for the present the consideration of the personal warfare in every christian heart and life; there is in all his relations to the world around him a constant struggle going on, between the maxims of the world and the principles of christianity. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." There is no blending of these together. So long as the world is the world, and God is God, so long that enmity exists. There has been a desideratum and an effort from the beginning, to unite these two in one harmonious whole, that man might serve them both at the same time, notwithstanding it was early written, "No man can serve two masters." . . . "ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

This struggle often exists when the christian in his efforts is "unequally yoked with unbelievers, for the accomplishment of some purpose, in itself noble and good, owing to the means employed. The child of God can never subscribe to the sentiment, "The end justifies the means," and hence when the "grab-bag," or the jewelled cake, at Bazaars, or the race-course at a Provincial Exhibition is called for, the consistent christian will refuse, as has been done, to act in concert with his less scrupulous associates. The question here assumes a very distinct and important feature, it is equivalent to a choosing of Christ or the world, and cannot be decided in favor of the latter, except at the cost of wounding the conscience, and bringing reproach upon christianity.

The Christian is exhorted to "Abstain from all appearance of evil." He is to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather to prove them. A motive of self-interest, and the influence of worldly friends may create a severe struggle,

but happy the Christian who has the moral courage to honor his high vocation, and keep himself "unspotted from the world."  
March 3, 1877. UNA.

For the Christian Messenger.

To the Mediterranean and back.

UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

We are now in Eastern longitude, having passed the meridian of Greenwich. Longitude which has been decreasing is now increasing, and time which has been later than Greenwich is now earlier.

The first scene witnessed upon this great sea is one of grandeur and sublimity.

We are skirting the Spanish coast, and Malaga, famous for its rains, has just been passed. The coast is high and rocky, and above it the table lands are spread out like a great plain covered with groves and vineyards, upon which the fleecy clouds are resting. Beyond and above the clouds tower the summits of lofty mountains, crag above crag, peak above peak, ravine beyond ravine, while upon mountain and valley alike are heaped, drift on drift, of the white driven and almost perpetual snow. The wind blows a gale, and the waves are tossing up their white caps in merry glee. The sun has just risen to give additional splendor to the scene, and his glorious rays bathe the snowy tops in golden beams of refugent light. These mountains are the Sierra Nevada, and the highest peak is Mulbacen—11,650 feet. Upon all the Spanish headlands stand old Moorish castles or watch towers.

From here we cross over to the African coast which we keep in sight until Malta is reached. The Atlas mountains extend along this shore from Cape Spartel to Cape Bon, and vary in height from six hundred to six thousand feet. The coast is very irregular, bold and rugged, with scarcely a harbor. Night has come upon us and as we walk the deck a thunder storm is seen raging over the Desert of Sahara, and among the lofty heights of these mountains. To the South of the Atlas the clouds are blacker than night itself. Ever and anon there comes the most vivid flashes of lightning, dazzling the eyes and lighting the heavens from the Eastern to the Western horizon. Again all is dark and quiet, save the moaning of the winds and the never-ceasing rolling of the billows. Suddenly there leaps from mid-heavens the most fearful chains of lightning, for an instant laying bare the mountain peaks, and then passing away, leaving the night apparently darker than before. Such scenes, always grand and awful, are even more terrible to one upon the seas.

While America is celebrating the glorious fourth of her centennial year, we are passing the Bay of Tunis upon the shores of which once stood the city of Carthage, so long the rival of Rome: Carthage alike familiar to the student of history and of classics. It brings to mind thoughts of Acadia and the studious Academician, burning the midnight oil over the *Æneid* of Virgil to discovery the mythology of this ancient city: "That *Æneas*, exiled from Troy by the unrelenting hate of Juno was hither driven by *Æolian* blasts; that *Dido*, who was probably a Queen of this Tyrian colony, gives him a magnificent reception and desires him to relate the history of his adventures; that the affairs of state being neglected he is warned to fly from Carthage and again to set sail over these waters for Italy and the *Lavinian* shores: and that *Dido*, discovering his flight, ends her existence.

"And must I die, she said,  
And unrevenged! . . .  
She said and struck. Deep entered  
In her side,  
The piercing steel, with reeking purple  
dyed.

A few weeks later and we are beneath the ruins of Troy, having completed this part of the voyage of *Æneas*. At a later period we find Rome and Carthage struggling for the supremacy of these shores. But Rome through the greatness of her civil institutions conquers the genius of the one great Carthaginian chief.

Between Tunis and Sicily we pass a number of islands and shoals, very dangerous to the mariner. These extend in a line across this passage of about eighty miles. The narrow strait, the Apennines running to the very extremity of Sicily, the line of shallow sea, the re-appearance of a mountain range at Cape Bon in Africa, and especially the volcanic origin of the island between the two points, would lead us to infer that Europe and Africa were here once connected, and that the Mediterranean was divided into two great though unequal seas.

To the North we sight Sicily. Its scenery presents a far different appearance from the bold mountainous frontage along the African shore. The land rises gradually for many miles into the interior. These gentle slopes appear from a distance to be covered with one vast forest, but on nearer approach we discern the soil between the trees, and discover that they are laid out in parallel rows, like our orchards. The whole of this island is thus thickly covered with orange, olive and mulberry trees, interspersed with thousands of acres of well cultivated vineyards. The low white villas among the groves, the pretty villages along the coast, the fertile fields separated by hedges or narrow defiles with winding streams, the many acres of fruit trees and vineyards, the clear sky and a most salubrious climate the year round, all combine to make Sicily one of the most desirable dwelling places on earth. But with brigands on shore, and myriads of common house-flies on sea as pestiferous as ever were combated by men, preventing you from enjoying the scene, working or sleeping in peace, one who takes a more practical view of things might be inclined to form a different opinion.

In the distance, rising in dark outline against the light blue sky, is Mount *Ætna*. It is now slumbering like some great giant, with not even the faintest breath of smoke issuing from its lofty summit. The three islands of the Maltese group are next approached. These were once ruled by the knights of St. John, and were long a bone of contention between the French and English. On Malta, the largest of the three, the Apostle Paul suffered shipwreck. St. Paul's Bay on its Northern side is believed to have been the scene of this most interesting Scriptural event. An open boat called a "*felucca*" passes here, manned by a number of Maltese sailors. From their appearance we think that the term "*Barbarian*" people may still be applied to them. They are in a craft of such a depth that standing on the keelson their heads are just in sight above the side, and odd enough looking to have been built in the dark ages; but on the other hand carrying nearly as much canvass as at home would be found on a schooner of thirty or forty tons.

Each day brings with it new incidents, of greater or less interest. Land-birds in their flight across the sea light upon the rigging to rest their wings, or fly upon the deck to pick up the scattered crumbs. Robins and swallows, sparrows and hawks, the early rising larks and flocks of wild pigeons are among the different kinds. The clear depths of the blue sea are frequently alive with fish of all sizes, from the small sardines to the huge sperm-whale, puffing like some great engine; sun fish float slowly along at mid-day, and the brightly colored dolphin darts under our bows; the shark follows in the wake for days, and the Portuguese man-of-war lifts his sail-like fin to the favoring breeze: more often, schools of porpoises, leaping into the air diving into the sea, rising and falling with the waves, disturb the surface for miles around. Memory ever delights to return to

the days spent upon this, the clearest and most mirror-like of seas, beneath a sky shading from the brightest tints of blue to its darkest hues with the whitest and softest of clouds floating across its surface, in a climate the mildest and most delightful in the world; to evenings, when the starry hosts sparkle in countless numbers on the brightest of canopies, and the moon throws its silvery light across the heaving waves, while on either side and far in the wake are rivers of seething foam oftentimes glittering with those diamonds of the deep phosphorescent light; and above all to the resplendent beauties of the various colors and changing hues of sunset in an Italian sky. B. R.

An "Evening Party" in St. Giles's, London.

So complete is the organisation of spiritual effort that no one can complain of the Gospel not being brought within his reach. The modes, too, by which it is sought to influence for good the different sections of society are as varied as ingenuity could well devise. Perhaps the latest development of religious strategy takes the form of an "evening party," the invitation to which leaves the guest considerable latitude in the choice of his attire and the scantiness of his toilet. There are thousands of lazy people in London, but the man has yet to be discovered who would refuse an offer to vigorously wield a knife and fork should the opportunity arise. Add to this an evening's entertainment, which in all its bearings smacks of novelty so far as the bidden guests are concerned, and you have a magnet which "compels them to come in." Who could resist an invitation like this—"Admit bearer to Supper and Entertainment, given by the friends of Bloomsbury Chapel, on Friday evening, January 26, at the Mission Hall, Five Dials. Singing by a choir of twelve friends. Short addresses by the Rev. J. P. Chown, and Messrs. Harrison and Pavitt"? On arriving I ascertained that my companions for the evening were for the most part made up of "Sandwich" men—those woebegone perambulating advertisements, who with blue noses and pinched frames shuffle along the gutters bearing a board front and back—men who pick up a miserable pittance, and seem glad in the warmth and shelter which their burden affords. They had, however, soared above sandwiches proper on the present occasion, for 150 knives and forks made short work with 150 pounds of hot roast beef, 140 pounds of potatoes, 120 pounds of plum pudding, and 20 quarten loaves, to say nothing of the disappearance of gallons of water. All day carrying boards announcing, say that a choice dinner is to be had at such and such a place is certainly a good appetizer, as the same mode of making it known to the world that a great tenor will sing whets the relish for a musical evening. These men had been invited from the lodging-house kitchens by a visiting band in connection with the mission. Four long rows of tables were so well packed that a fierce war of elbows raged for a considerable time. Their faces had a cleanly look, due probably to the late incessant rains; but far distant must have been the day when a comb found its way through their shock heads. I did not notice a face sufficiently intellectual to betoken the presence of the degenerate nobleman who is always supposed to be met with in the "kitchens." They were a listless lot; but "How various his employments whom the world Calls idle, and who justly, in his turn, Esteems that busy world an idler too."

Mr. Harrison, the missionary, after giving the assembled a hearty welcome, said they would sing what was called a "grace." This was very creditably got through, thanks to two ladies who presided at the piano. Ladies came well to the fore, and a whisper reached me that ten ladies belonging to Bloomsbury Chapel had given £10 each to-

wards the expenses of the party. Mr. Pavitt said the Queen had plenty of music during dinner, and they would follow the Queen's example. When the consumption of viands had ceased Mr. Chown, who was accompanied on the platform by a number of friends, said they would consider themselves a large family gathering. They had had a feast of the body and would have a feast of the soul by his offering a few words of prayer. This announcement called forth hearty applause, and while some fastidious people would say such a manifestation of feeling was a little ill-timed, it was nevertheless quite in keeping with the free-and-easy nature of the entertainment. We had some capital singing, and one solo, "Tom Bowling," proved too much or not enough for the guests, for it had to be repeated or they would have demolished the tables with their by no means delicate fists. So time wore on, Mr. Chown ever and anon offering a few wise and witty remarks—now putting in a good word for temperance and anon exalting the Saviour. A tender chord must have been touched in some hearts as he spoke of a mother's love by way of illustrating God's regard for the most wayward of His creatures. Thus lessons of godliness and sobriety were pleasantly imparted, and must have formed food for reflection after the party broke up.—*English paper.*

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

From Burmah.

A LETTER FROM MISS PAYNE.

HENTHADA, BRITISH BURMAH,  
Jan. 14th, 1877.

My dear Mr. Selden,—

I believe I promised you on our way from Convention last autumn that I would remember the *Messenger*. As yet I have little to write, save that I am on ground dear to Nova Scotians from the fact that here Mr. Crawley lived and labored so long and so faithfully. Many of the Christians cannot speak his name without tears, and they regret that he did not die among them that they might have the privilege of caring for his grave. Mrs. Baily and I are alone in the large Burman Mission house, but we are too busy to feel very lonely; she, in looking after the business matters and making or trying to make things move; and I, in doing the littles and studying the language, which really bears a striking resemblance to the cawing of the crows, but which I hope to conquer nevertheless. I can say a few sentences and am fairly into the spelling book; I said "Pey bar" with such effect to a priest whose monastery we visited that he actually took an image of Gaudama, made of Alabaster, from its niche, and presented to me. I made him understand that I wanted it to send to America. Pay bar, means, Please give. They suffered us to shake hands when we left, which is not allowed by their rules, and invited us to "come again." The people are very friendly and I feel drawn towards them, although some of their habits are the reverse of attractive; smoking is a universal custom; even the infants stretch out their little hands for the cigar from their parents' mouths.

Our Sabbath school meets at half past six, A. M., rather an early hour, but necessary here in the hot season. I started this morning with a long line of scholars after me, (we go to the town) their gay colored dresses and shawls, or rather handkerchiefs, forming quite a picture. They appeared quite attentive to their lessons and were questioned by the superintendent at the close and he repeated their answers to me. Then he clapped his hands and one class after another fled out and waited till I appeared to form into line again. I think I can get an English Class (of half castes) to occupy my time till I can speak Burmese. One old lady passing through my room stopped to smooth down the bed-quilt and say, "I hope she'll be happy