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## Poetry.

### A Homily on Preaching.

How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,  
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully preached—  
Men, that if now alive, would sit content,  
And humble learners of a Saviour's worth;  
Preach it who might, such was their love of truth,  
Their thirst of knowledge, and their candor too!

It should be brief; if lengthy, it will steep  
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep:  
The dull will yawn, the chapel lounge  
doze,  
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm, a living altar coal,  
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul:  
A saps, dull harangue, however read,  
Will never rouse the soul or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear,  
No fine-spun theory to please the ear;  
No curious lay to tickle lettered pride,  
And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,  
As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's fate:  
The fiery law with words of love allayed  
Will sweetly warn, and awfully persuade.

It should be manly, just, and rational,  
Wisely conceiv'd, and well express'd  
withal:  
Not stuff'd with silly notions, apt to stain  
A sacred desk, and show a muddy brain.

It should possess a well adapted grace,  
To situation, audience, time, and place;  
A sermon formed for scholars, statesmen, lords,  
With peasants and mechanics ill accords.

It should with evangelic beauties bloom,  
Like Paul's at Corinth, Athens, or at Rome:  
Let some Epictetus or Sterne esteem,  
A bleeding Jesus is the gospel theme!

It should be mixed with many an ardent prayer,  
To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there:  
When God and man are mutually adrest,  
God grants a blessing, man is truly blest.

It should be closely well applied at last,  
To make the moral nail securely fast:  
Thou art the man, and thou alone, will make  
A Felix tremble, and a David quake.

From an Old English Magazine.

## Religious.

### There shall be no Night There.

BY REV. F. T. HAZLEWOOD.

Carried in the spirit beyond the fixed conditions of earth, where seasons followed each other with unvarying regularity, and night gave place to day, and day in turn to night, the apostle was forcibly and agreeably impressed with this one feature of the heavenly city: there was no night there.

It may be well to look at some of the happy results of that change by which "infinite day excludes the night." These results may be considered of two kinds: first, the removal of causes which make the night undesirable. The present article will have reference to the former.

The main thought in the mind of John may have been the absoluteness of the security of heaven. This of course we cannot see and appreciate from his imagery so clearly and forcibly as the people to whom he wrote. For Eastern life in his day, whether of the field or of the city, was of such a character that provision had to be made constantly against surprise in the night time. The shepherd alone with his flock in the field, or on the mountain side, the caravan halting on its journey, found it necessary to make special provision against the stealthy approach of an enemy that lurked in the darkness. For this season the shepherd rested on his strong staff; for this purpose the caravan was concentrated, and human

life surrounded and protected by walls of merchandise and beasts of burden; and to this end the citizens built their strong walls round about the city, and as evening came on apace, closed their gates securely, lest in the unguarded hours of the night they should be taken by surprise. But the language of the apostle has a wider range than this, and to our minds may convey even more than to the minds of those who read it centuries ago.

Let us look at certain things which make the night now, at least, a great blessing. The night is a season of rest. There are few works in the language of any people so significant as this word which speaks of cessation of toil, and the loss of the weary sense of tiredness; and there are few of the longings of the soul so intense as that which looks for such repose. Hence the devout of all ages have sung in the spirit at least of the sabbath hymn,

"When the worn spirit wants repose,  
And sighs for God to seek,  
How sweet to hail the evening's close,  
That ends the weary week."

Now it is the night that brings such rest to the weary soul. For everywhere tired mothers, tired fathers, the merchant, the mechanic, the professional man, children and youths, yea, even the lower forms of animal life also, and even vegetable organisms seem to hail with joy the sinking of the sun in the west, and the drawing together of the sable curtains of the night. The song of the birds in the evening hour, ere they cover their heads with their wing, is but an expression of the universal feeling with which "tired nature" seeks her "sweet restorer," "balmy sleep." How suggestively full of rest from toil is "Burns' Cottager's Saturday night," when

"The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
How Abram was the friend of God on high;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
Or how the Royal Bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;  
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;  
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

"Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal king,  
The saint, the father and the husband prays;  
Hope springs exultant on triumphal wing,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days,  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear,  
While circling time moves round in  
an eternal sphere."

Again, it is this thought of rest that stands in prominence in the descriptions the Bible gives us of heaven. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God," exclaims the apostle, and we find the thought intensified by the long and contradictory wandering in the wilderness, and the forcible possession and settlement of Canaan, and the peace and quiet came at last in the days of Solomon, only after long years of toil and hardship. Hence it has come to pass that not unfrequently living in accordance with this type of Christian experience, the strongest aspirations of the children of men with reference to the future are for that rest, which Joshua could not give, but which he assigned to another day. Talk with the physicians, who have often watched life depart; read the note books of clergymen, who have ministered to the sick and dying, and you cannot fail to notice how frequently the thought of rest, of absolute rest, has taken possession of the mind of the departing to the exclusion of everything else.

Viewed in this light, then it would not seem desirable that the night should be done away with. But when we consider that the absence of the night is the absence of that which made the night necessary, or for the relief of which God wisely and benevolently gave the night, we can rejoice in the

doing away of the night for the reason that there will be no weariness there. For neither the mind nor the body will then need rest, and for this reason will not need the night. What a blessed comfort, then, is suggested from this, that the life and activities of heaven will not tire the soul, and wear away the edge of its appreciation and relish of them. In that most beautifully poetic utterance of the 104th Psalm, we are told that man goeth forth unto his labor until the evening, and we cannot fail to notice that this interpretation of the evening is, according to the economy of nature, necessary, that God may renew the face of the earth. But where there is no night, in the economy of God, there can be no need of night; and where there is no need of night, there can be no wear and tear of the spirit in its employment. How absolutely free, then, must the life of heaven be of those unfitnesses of nature and surroundings and experience, which are the cause here of the wasting of physical strength, and the paralyzing of mental and spiritual energy.

But again the night is a wise and kind provision of God, for the forgetting of our cares and troubles. We can imagine that it would not have been difficult for God to constitute us, so that we would stand the wear and waste of life without rest. But it is a wise and blessed provision that man is able, for a while at least, to forget everything; to lose for a season his consciousness; to be for a few hours as though he were not. Did the reader ever think what an inestimable blessing is the oblivion, which nightly settles down upon the weary world? For a little season, at least, in the twenty-four hours, the convict in his narrow cell forgets that he is a prisoner; the maniac in his chamber is not tormented with the contradictions of reason and unreason; the poor man in the mouldy basement, or in the stifed attic, does not feel his poverty, the bankrupt his loss, the betrayed and the ruined their troubles and their disgrace and their shame; and the sorrowing mother, daily brooding over her grief and yearning once mere to enfold her child in her bosom, loses all consciousness of her affliction. For the waters of oblivion like an increasing tide sweeps over them all, and they are for a while as though they were not. Grant that there are some passages in life which are not like the marks on the sand by the seashore, to be obliterated by the incoming tide, but are rather like the rough and angular fissures and boulders to re-appear when that tide flows back again in the morning, yet what an inestimable blessing it is, that that tide of oblivion periodically, for a while at least, flows over us all! Oh! the secret has become almost a dangerous one, so that men in the rashness of suffering or disgrace seek forbidden means to prolong this oblivion, some for a day, others as they vainly hope, for eternity.

But since there will be no night in heaven, it follows that those evils which make the oblivion of night so desirable will not there exist; no bodily pain; no mental suffering; no losses to forget; no shame from which to hide, no oppressive burden to lay down; no care to escape.

"O happy harbor of God's Saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrows can be found,  
No grief, no care no toil."

"In thee no sickness is at all,  
No hurt nor any sore:  
There is no death, nor ugly sight,  
But life forevermore."

"No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,  
No cloud nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God himself gives light."

"There is no hunger, thirst nor heat,  
But pleasure every way."

"No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,  
No woful night is there;  
No sigh, no sob, no cry, is heard,  
No well-away, no tear!"

But again the night seems to be in an

especial sense the season of recall for the mind as well as for the body. There are no notes of the bugle so sweet as those which, closing the day, sound the retreat. To one who has stood upon the heights, which overlook the valley of Potomac, as the sun was sinking to rest, and heard the rich notes of this almost human voice, echoing far and near, and calling the soldiers to quarters, there is perhaps no other memory so full of the far away longing for home. Dante, alluding to this hour, thus wrote:

"Twas now the hour when love of home melts through  
Men's hearts at sea, and longing thoughts portray  
The moment when they bade sweet friends adieu;  
And the new pilgrim on his lone way,  
Thrills, if he hears the distant vesper bell  
That seems to mourn for the expiring day."

For this is the season of all seasons, by the subtle spirit that seems to pervade it, and to brood over it, rich in aids to reflection. The devout in all ages have learned its secret charm, and as the evening has come on apace, have turned themselves aside to their sanctuaries, that they might commune with themselves and with their God. At such a time the far away seem to return; departed saints come back to earth; pictures of the beloved almost speak to us, and vacant chairs are once more filled. Alluding to these things Richter exclaims: "Why does the evening put warmer love in our hearts? Is it therefore that the letters in which the loved name stands written on our spirit, appear like phosphorus writing, by night on fire, while by day in their cloudy traces they do but smoke?" But whatever may be the philosophy of this universal fact, that as the shades of the evening gather, and the thick pall of the night falls upon us, our thoughts are taken from the outward and remote and fixed upon things more allied to ourselves. Like as soldiers on the frontier retire to the garrison by night so the thought of men from their going to and fro retire in the evening hour to their citadel; and like as soldiers thus gathering bring each his story of the day to the conversation of the hour, so the thoughts of men thus returning add each its part to the meditations of the eventide. The night has thus served many a man well in aid to pious reflection, and in loving remembrance of friends, and in maturing plans for the coming day.

But the need of the night for such a purpose will not exist in heaven. For there we shall be near friends most beloved; there the separations, which have existed here will never again be known, and the life will no more be divided between the secular and the religious, the earthly and the heavenly, or the wants and activities of our physical nature, and those of our rational being.

Surely there is comfort in the assurance that "there shall be no night there."

For the Christian Messenger.

### Our Foreign Mission.

#### III. THE LANGUAGE.

Telugu, or Tenugu, the language of the people among whom our missionaries are laboring, is not a mere jargon, or rudimentary gibberish, but a well-developed and thoroughly grammatical language. It is one of the principal tongues spoken by the Hindoos. Throughout the great country of Hindostan, upwards of twenty distinct languages are in use, most of them differing as much from each other as French, German, and English.

It is an ancient language, having been cultivated by native poets and other writers for many ages, and long ago reduced to regular rules and principles by learned pundits and grammarians.

It belongs to a great and widespread family of languages, derived from the Sanscrit, which is described as "the most compositive, flexible, and complete language yet known." Sanscrit bears somewhat the same relation to

the languages of India, that Latin does to those of Europe. It is the most learned and sacred language of the East. If one could afford the time to study Sanscrit first it would doubtless be a great advantage in acquiring a knowledge of Telugu or any other language of India, as words of Sanscrit origin very frequently occur in them.

The literature of the Telugus is very extensive, embracing many original poems, and also translations from the other languages of India. Some of these works, such as the celebrated Hindoo classics, are exceedingly voluminous.

The first work of a missionary on reaching his field is to acquire the language of the people among whom he is to live and labor, for though there are some English-speaking people in most of the large towns of India, yet they are not generally heathen, but nominal Christians; and although many of the Hindoos themselves understand a little English, such as is used in business, and the common transactions of every day life, yet a discourse, in the English language, on any moral or religious topic would be wholly unintelligible to them. So, in order to labor directly for the evangelization of the heathen, one must be able to address them publicly, and converse with them freely in their own tongue.

The first step is to engage a native moonshie, or teacher. The plan generally recommended is to have one for a few months who also understands English, until the learner is sufficiently advanced to do without explanation in English; and then to secure one who speaks the native language only, so that the learner will be obliged to use it constantly.

Telugu does not bear the slightest resemblance to English, either in appearance, construction, or sound, so that the student finds himself grappling with something new, intricate, and difficult, and requiring in order to master it a large amount of patience and determination. It also differs entirely from the languages of Farther India, the Burmese, Karen, Siamese, &c., so that a knowledge of any of these is of no direct benefit to one studying Telugu. The characters or letters are totally dissimilar, and in other respects it differs widely from them. Those languages are all tonal; that is, there are certain tones or inflections of the voice which must be used in pronouncing words, in order to give the sense. There are the rising falling, circumflex, depressed, straight-forward, and several other distinct tones. It requires a quick ear to detect them, and a ready tongue to sound them: to disregard them is to render one's self unintelligible to the natives. Now the Telugu has nothing of this kind, and on that account is much easier; but it has difficulties peculiar to itself.

Again, most of the languages east of the Bay of Bengal are monosyllabic, nearly all simple words being of only one syllable. But in Telugu it is quite different, many of its simple words having four, five, or six syllables, while the compound words sometimes have as many as ten or twelve.

In Telugu there are fifty-four letters, sixteen of them being vowels, and thirty-eight consonants. It is easy to read, being pronounced exactly as it is spelled; so that as soon as one knows the powers of different letters he can read. But serious difficulties soon begin to arise.

One of the first difficulties is the construction of sentences, or the order in which words are put together. It is so unlike English, and apparently so unnatural, and complicated, as almost to discourage the learner. As an illustration, the first verse of the first chapter of Mark may be given. In the English Testament it is, "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God," but a literal translation of the Telugu in the order in which the words occur would be, "Of God who is the son Jesus-Christ-of-the-gospel the-beginning." The words connected by hyphens are expressed in one word in the Telugu. This construction is difficult enough in reading and translating,