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## Poetry.

The following original Poem was read at the Associated Alumni Dinner at Wolfville, at the recent Anniversary:

Acadia College.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY MR. B. W. LOCKHART.

Pilgrims we throng to Wolfville once again,  
Where oft our feet have roved in halcyon days;  
Where oft our spirits thrilled with joy and pain;  
And where the alder stood, we stand and gaze  
On a fair temple throned on the height  
Which looks down on Acadia's Arcady.  
Now beams the eye of Athens with new light  
And Homer's song yet answers to the sea.

As Jewish exiles from a land of sighs,  
With joyful footsteps to their Zion come,—  
Exult to see her walls and towers arise  
And hymn with praise their spirit's temple-home,  
And tune their harps, long silent and unstrung,

To deeper notes than woke the by-gone years;  
So we, in presence of this triumph young,  
Sing hope, triumphant over loss and fears.  
The muses trip once more with twinkling feet—

By our re-opened spring of Helicon,  
And through the future vistas far withdrawn  
Resounds the lofty song, prophetically sweet,

Noble and fair thy new proportions rise,  
O Young Acadia! founded on the Old  
Dear classic ground we reverence hold  
As consecrated by the fathers wise,  
By memories and melodies of yore;  
And may thy prouder pillars never more  
In fiery fragments fall;

But even in hoary ruin call  
The future pilgrim to thy haunted shrines!  
Go! and fulfil the destiny  
The opening ages hold for thee.  
Let light of heaven thy life adorn,  
So shall a Sovereign God exalt thy horn,  
Preserve inviolate the faith  
That laid thy pillars deep in earth.  
Cast out the spirit foul which lurks  
In Protean form behind the works  
Of Science. Search where lie  
The germs of a divine philosophy;  
Drink deep Castalia's crystal fount,  
Bathe in the Naiad-haunted streams,  
But hold 'bove rapt Greekian dreams  
That Cross whereon ye mount  
Higher than flight of classic lore—  
Olympian mounts untrod before  
By mythic man or God.  
Be Christ the glory and the song  
Of thy deep soul; and be the throng  
Of bards and seers of old,  
The Gentile chorus preluding  
The coming age of gold.

Within thy ample halls shall stand  
The flower of our progressive land.  
From South and North, from West and East  
They come and gather round the feast;  
Some modern Horace drinks his fill  
Of honey from Hymettus' Hill.  
A new-born Plato steals the gleam  
Of the old Plato's God-rapt dream.  
Another Newton, through deep laws  
Of time, discerns th' eternal Cause.  
A Galileo oils his car  
To travel to the farthest star.  
Like bees I see an exodus  
Of souls drenched in the calculus,  
And differentiated well,  
Infinite, infinitesimal.  
The music swells; the Dorian lute  
Commingles with the Lydian flute.  
The deeper-toned Ionian lyre  
Burns with the red Aonian fire;  
And Science blows his organ too,  
With strength that Bacon never new.

And on this hill in coming time,  
I see a nobler host arise,  
To purge man's spirit from its slime,  
And light his darkened eyes;  
The sons of souls like Crawley, who  
On India's plain a trumpet blew,  
Whose echo never dies.  
They drink from Wisdom's sacred rill,  
The list the oracles which fill  
Their hearts with power divine;  
Some Paul, read in all modern lore.  
Some John, by love taught to adore,  
Shall speak the Word sublime.

Here, too, with equal rights shall come  
The daughters with the sons;  
From cottage roof, from stately house,  
The mingled current runs.  
And ladies grace, with manhood's strength,  
Shall educate our land at length  
In Christian chivalry.  
So cultured mothers, cultured wives,  
Shall give Acadia's finest lives,  
With brain as well as brawn.  
No poet shall lament with tears  
In looking on these happy years  
A golden age that's gone.

The song was hushed, I turned back to the  
old,  
And muse on scenes Time never can restore,  
And think on friends these eyes no more be-  
hold,  
But whose familiar footsteps evermore  
Make music in the glades of memory.  
By many a stream, in many a haunted grove,  
I wander, dreaming of the past and ye;  
Brooding upon the severing of our love

On the mere marge of life's unsounded sea,  
Shafner and Campbell! your familiar names  
I call, because I know ye well,  
And of your virtues in too feeble strains  
My faltering tongue erewhile assayed to tell.  
And you, my brothers, whom I never knew,  
Dead with the battle harness buckled on,  
Dear Chipman, Very, Grant, the hundred true,

Whose sun has risen in a nobler dawn,  
Methinks invisible ye hover now  
To press a kiss on our young mother's brow!

Those blackened stones, that dark and ashy mound,  
Those levelled vaults, that shattered masonry,  
Those old foundations razed to the ground,  
Were they the only remnants left of thee?  
Thou didst not die, thy spirit lives for aye;  
Thy life's ethereal current, pure and deep,  
Yet pours along from heart of sire to son,  
Thou didst but, weary, go awhile to sleep.  
And wake to find a mightier youth begun.  
Acadia! offspring of the heroic past  
That led at the van of culture in our land,  
A fiery pillar of the night which cast  
Abroad a radiance ever clear and bland;  
Whose arms shall span the triumphs of thy hand?

What plummet sound thy depths of influence vast?  
The immortal soul expands and breaks away  
The faded garment which enclosed it here;  
And with perennial freshness in the ray  
Of deeper suns, reclothes its powers there  
With divine vesture for its high career.  
So thou a worn out garment didst unguird,  
And take a stronger body for the fight;  
Even as the spirit of the fabled bird  
Sprung from its body's ashes plumed for flight.

But yet the son weeps o'er a mother's clay;  
And we were sad thy desolate walls to see,  
No garret, class-room, hall or worn stairway,  
But spake with tongues a glowing history.  
Each nook had serious voices of the past,  
Blent with the laugh of boys of Grand-Pre;  
And names were carved on thee which live  
no more,  
Doubtless our vision, piercing through the  
vast,  
Would see them carved far higher than before.

In the recorded annals of thy years,  
'Mid other names two names will shine su-  
preme,  
With that soft light which hallows and en-  
dears.

And when we pass—forgotten as a dream,  
And other generations read thy page,  
They twain midst half remembered forms  
will stream,  
In dual glory over the closed age,  
Which saw thy loom of labor, strenuous ply,  
Crawley and Cramp, revered, the students'  
friends.

No grave can quench their immortality,  
While love, with truth in noble spirits blends.

Nor let the muse forget the tribute due  
To those who still stand in the toilsome van;  
But grateful give the well tried and the true,  
The honor that true manhood pays to man.  
They never failed in hour of deepest need;  
And when the old bell rang in dying tones  
They stood afront in word, in prayer, in  
deed,  
Firm Sawyer, rugged Higgins, kindly Jones,  
And with them hand in hand the latter  
three,  
Professors Welton, Tufts and Kennedy;  
Ye have a people's sympathy and love,  
Ye have the benediction from above.

Enough! I pressed, my daring muse retires,  
Time will not serve each generous heart to  
tell.

Farewell Alumni, brothers, reverend sires,  
Not all shall meet here more; a kind Fare-  
well!  
We go divergent ways as God hath given;  
O may they end in truth, in home, in Heaven.

## Religious.

Faithful Translation of the Bible.

Our readers will be pleased to see the firm position taken by our English brethren with respect to the faithful translation of God's Word. We quote the following from Dr. Angus' speech at the late anniversary of the Bible Translation Society:

"I maintain that the mightiest of all books for this business of conversion is the Divine Word, and we are avowedly a Bible Translation Society and doing Bible Society work, and circulating among the heathen the message of eternal life, whereby multitudes will be won to God. Besides this business of conversion, the Bible, as you know is the guide, both in truth and in practice of individuals and churches the world over. We take our religion from it, our church odor, and nearly everything besides. It is the instructor of the nations in all that is essential in the Divine life, and, besides this advantage of the Bible, there is a third. It is

the means of perpetuating amongst the nations the truth of the gospel, for you will find that wherever the Word of God has been given to a people the Christian Church has been preserved age after age; as, on the contrary, among nations where the Gospel was carried, first of all, by the living voice, and where there has been no translation of the Divine Word, the message of the Gospel generally dies out, or the truth itself gets corrupted. I want you therefore, to keep in mind the three things I have mentioned, that the Bible is the great converter and the great instructor, and the great preserver of the Divine life among the nations; and all that are interested in this important work ought, I think, to co-operate with us in our chief business of giving the Bible to the world. But no doubt you will say, Yes; but why don't you keep with Bible Societies? This is their business as well as ours. That is a very fair question. (Hear, hear.) I am only maintaining in the first instance, that we have all the claims of the British and Foreign Bible Society, being ourselves a Bible Society and doing their work. (Hear, hear.) And we have the additional claim which I am about to mention. "Why not work with them, and why must there be in this thing, as it seem to be needful that there should be also in other things, a distinct Baptist organization? Are you not the troublers of the entire Church—the dividers of the Bible?" Well I have heard that argument used, and I never hear it without remembering the old fable of the Wolf and the lamb—the lamb occupying the lower part of the stream, and the wolf the higher part of the stream, and the wolf complaining, as he stood in the stream and troubled the water, "Why are you, the lamb below, disturbing the purity of the stream and creating this mischief?" (Laughter and applause.) Would it be supposed that for more than thirty years the British and Foreign Bible Society helped us in doing our work, and appealed, on the ground of our translation, to the Christian people of England for large funds? Nearly all the funds of the Bible Society, during the first thirty years of their work, were obtained on lists of translations, two-thirds of which were made by our missionaries; and from that time till now we have never changed our principles. We are doing now what our fathers did at the outset—translating God's Word; and the versions which now the Bible Society decline to help are what they had been helping for thirty years, till there came a change in their practice. Now, what is the reason of the change? Forty years ago they said, "There are brethren of other bodies in India who say that you translate this word 'baptizo' (as indeed you had always been translating it) so that when they circulate your version they feel as though they were supporting immersion. They cannot do it comfortably, and they protest against our aiding you. Unless, therefore, you change your translation and hit upon some word that shall commend itself to everybody, we must withdraw our support." Well, we say at once, "We have been working for thirty years on this plan, and you have been helping us. Out of the thirty-two old versions which you are circulating all over the world, more than twenty have been made by our missionaries. They are immersion versions, and you have not objected to them. What will you do?" "Well, we doubt whether you will get a word to suit everybody unless you stop translating, and we fancy that what you will have to do is to transfer the word-bodily out of Greek into the languages of these countries. You are doing the same thing in English, and why not in Bengalee?" That is the kind of argument. Well, I say, let the thing be done in Bengalee, and let us see how it reads. "He that believeth and pooh-pooh-pooh shall be saved." (Laughter.) I mean it seriously. "He that believeth"—and then follows a word which a native, of necessity, knows nothing about—"shall be saved"; and wherever the word "baptize" shall

be found, you require, in order to get rid of a temporary difficulty, that the word be transferred bodily and unintelligently, because that is the essence of the case, into these languages. We say, "Do you doubt that it means to dip?" "No, we do not doubt that." "Then why not translate it 'dip'?" Well, it is not convenient." What will you translate it?" "We will not translate it at all, but leave it as it stands—an unintelligible word to the entire 'mass of the people.'" That is the proposal. Now, we look at that question, and we say to ourselves, "Is there any doubt anywhere as to the meaning of the word?" The entire Greek Church says, "There is no doubt at all." And the Eastern Church agrees; and even the Church of Rome, which is disposed to say that you may sprinkle or dip, maintained, until the thirteenth century of our era, that the word means "to dip," and that that is the only proper mode of administering the ordinance at all. And not only did they hold it so, but in our own country it was held so, and there is decree after decree, down to the time of Queen Elizabeth, prohibiting the administration of the ordinance of baptism in the Established Church in any other way than by dipping; and as you know, it still stands in the Prayer-book that the child is to be warily dipped, and when that Church comes to explain the ordinance as a symbol, they say that it sets forth our burial with Christ, and our rising to newness of life. The only body in this country which I have heard seriously maintain that it means anything else was our Presbyterian friends. They say that they follow in that respect John Calvin, and John Calvin says that "properly 'baptizo' means 'to immerse' only," as a modern eminent divine of the English Church says, "only the church may exercise a wise discretion, and use either pouring or sprinkling."

## The Watcher in the Desert.

A TRUE IRISH STORY.—BY MRS. T. WAKEHAM.

There are parts of the western highlands of the coast of Ireland where nature may be seen in her sternest mood. Bare and scanty is the herbage of the storm-swept land, wild and rugged the scenery. Some parts can only be described as a stony wilderness, a scene of sterile desolation. In others great rocks seem as though they had been hurled from the mountain tops in some grim game or war of giants, and left upon the plain as trophies. Some stand towering aloft in solitary grandeur like solemn monuments. Others, heaped together and overgrown with a rich carpet of moss and lichen, form all sorts of weird and fantastic combinations.

The pastor of this wild district was one whose venerable form harmonized well with the picturesque and rugged beauty of the scene. His white head, and tall, but bending form were familiarly known to all that country side, and Mr. Hope was revered and beloved wherever he was known. Like another Felix Neff he wept in search of his scattered flock over the wildest and most difficult paths, nor did he confine himself to the members of his own church. Full of the love of Christ, he delighted in speaking of Him to everyone he met. His one object in life was to win sinners to the Saviour, to bring back lost and wandering sheep to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

There had been a time when he had sighed and pined for a more cultured sphere, and for more congenial companionship; but that time was long gone by. As John loved the island-prison which "opened into heaven," so did he learn to love the wild solitude where God so often spoke to his soul. Nor was it to him a prison; but now a dearly loved home, which he would not have exchanged for one in the richest metropolis on earth.

Sometimes to his devout and reverent mind it seemed as though he were pacing the isles of some vast cathedral.

Truly it was a lofty and impressive one! Its dome the sapphire sky, its towers and pinnacles, its columns and arches—all sculptured in the wild architecture of the rocks—toned down to gravest hues by the mellowing touch of time, and draped by nature, that most exquisite of artists, in her softest, richest tapestry. Then its music! What anthems could be grander than the distant thunder of the Atlantic; whose solemn peal has rolled on, reverberating through these solitudes, from age to age, while kingdoms rose and fell, and empires vanished like a dream?

One day while Mr. Hope was making his way along one of the wildest and least frequented parts of his parish, scaling a steep and rocky ascent, and praying aloud as was his habit when he believed himself to be quite alone, he was startled to hear a voice calling his name, "Mr. Hope! Mr. Hope!" He stopped, and looked around. But as there was no one to be seen, and no appearance of any dwelling, he thought he must have been mistaken, and was moving on, when again the voice came ringing out in a tone of urgent entreaty, "Mr. Hope! Mr. Hope!" He now gazed earnestly in the direction from which the voice seemed to come. There was no cabin, no appearance of any human habitation.

Still at intervals, the voice came again and again, with such pathetic pleading in the tone as Mr. Hope felt it impossible to resist. Astonished and startled he walked towards the place from which the sound came, looking earnestly around in most eager anxiety. No one was to be seen! Nor was there any cabin in sight!

At last, at the side of a great rock he descried a little shed like a pig-sty, built of turf. Much as Mr. Hope had seen of squalor and degradation, he could still scarcely believe that this miserable hut could be inhabited by anything human. Still he made his way to it, stooped his tall form to look in at the low doorway, and then indeed found the object of his search. There, on a rude pallet, lay a young man, apparently in the last stage of decline. He was wasted almost to a skeleton, while his deep-sunken eyes shone out like stars in the gloom. He welcomed Mr. Hope with upraised hands and expressions of fervent thankfulness.

"Oh, thank God, sir, you are come! God only knows how I have longed for this!"

"My poor fellow, what do you know of me? Why did you wish to see me?"

"Sir I was within hearing one day when you were talking to one of the neighbours, and what you said came home to me here," and he pressed his thin hand upon his heart. "The sickness was upon me then. It was almost the last day I was able to get about. Oh, sir, how I have longed to see your reverence, I made this hole in the wall, that I might watch for your coming."

Mr. Hope looked; and there, opposite the wretched bed, was a hole where a few sods of turf had been removed. Through this the weary eyes had watched day after day, while the long hours dragged their weary length in that lonely hut. Oh, what joy when at last his prayer was heard and answered; when at last the venerable form was seen in the distance! And oh, in what trembling eagerness did his heart go out, in the cry which was to call the pastor to his side!

"Thank God you are come at last! Oh! sir I want to hear more from your reverence about the Saviour of sinners."

Bending his snow-white head, Mr. Hope made his way into the lowly hut, and knelt beside the dying man. Never through all the long years of his ministry had he felt more deeply moved than at this strange and affecting scene. From a full heart and "simply, as to a little child," the aged pastor told the story of redeeming love; and his words fell upon his listener's ear like rain upon the thirsty ground. Only, the very simplicity of the gospel seemed at first to stagger his perplexed and benighted mind.