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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

The Two Worlds.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again:
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead;
We see them—visions strange—amid the
Nevermore.

The merry song some maidens used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay cold—to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land—the realm of
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tender hearts and truer,
People that happy land, the realm of
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land,
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand,
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods unruffled by the wild wind's roar;
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge,
One moment—and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe— [soul.
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carolings
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away;
They drink that river of life which flow for
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago;
The sorrow burdened past shall fade for
Evermore. *Dublin University Magazine.*

Selections.

A Fighting-man Converted.

A young man, at a recent noon-day prayer-meeting in Fulton St., New York, said he wished to relate his experience. "I once belonged to that class who infest our city, known as fighting men, and frequenters of corner grogeries. I indulged in all manner of vice. Last November, a few days before the election, I was confined in the Tombs for disorderly conduct, and was liberated through the influence of some political friends.

One day, in company with several of my companions, I visited a corner groggery on the Five Points, which I was in the habit of frequenting. After drinking with my companions, I promised them, after going home to my supper, I would return, and then we would have a grand spree. I went to my home, where my good wife, who was a very pious woman, had a very nice supper prepared for me. Looking around the room, I perceived her shawl and bonnet upon a chair. I asked her where she was going. She replied she was going to the prayer-meeting at the mission chapel in the ward. I told her she had better stay at home; they were all a set of hypocrites. She insisted upon going. Finally, I told her, if she would remain until I had finished my supper, I would go with her to the prayer-meeting, intending to remain at the table until it should be too late for her to attend the meeting. I became tired of sitting, and told my wife I would go with her, intending to go with her as far as the door of

the chapel, leave her there and meet my companions at their haunts of dissipation. When I arrived at the door of the chapel, my wife proceeded up the steps, and turned around, noticing how I hesitated. She looked so imploringly, and invited me so kindly to go in with her, that it touched my heart. I thought to myself, I would go in, and make trouble, in order to break up the meeting. I went in, and sat down.

The prayers which were offered were very earnest, and made an impression on my heart. During the evening an invitation was given to any one who desired an interest in the prayers of Christians, to arise. My wife turned to me, and with tears in her eyes, said imploringly, 'Do arise, William.' I told her to shut up, do not talk such nonsense to me. Some had arisen for prayer. The leader of the meeting arose, and said, 'We will sing a hymn. It may be there are others present who desire an interest in our prayers. We will still give them an opportunity to manifest it by rising, at the close of the singing.' I felt a very heavy burden on my soul; it seemed as if all the sins I had ever committed rose up before me. After some effort I arose, and said, 'Brother P—, you may throw me in with that batch, if you please, and pray for me.' It seemed, when I arose on my feet, that a part of my load was gone. I went home that night, and, for the first time in my life, prayed, and erected the family altar. In a few days, I surrendered my heart to the Savior, and found peace and joy in believing. 'And now,' said he, 'my once miserable home is one of peace and happiness. God has blessed me with two beautiful children. Before I was converted, when I had been amid scenes of dissipation, and came home, I often whipped and abused my dear children for singing their Sabbath School hymns, and saying their prayers. I treated them so badly, that my wife sent them away to live with a sister. After I was converted, I sent for them to come home. When they came home, they said, 'How glad we are that father is a Christian; now he will not whip us any more for singing our Sunday School hymns, and saying our prayers.'"

Was St. Patrick a Papist?

The oldest piece of writing in the Irish tongue is called "St. Patrick's Armor or Breastplate." It is a prayer or hymn, written as St. Patrick was going to Tara, to preach before the king and nobles of Ireland, and at that time all the great people in Ireland were pagans, and he greatly feared he should be killed at Tara. Now it was remarkable that St. Patrick should have written such a prayer at a time of such great trouble, and not once mention the name of the Virgin Mary in it! Yet we find there is not one word in the whole prayer addressed to any but God alone. He does not once ask the help of the Virgin Mary. Hear the prayer of St. Patrick: "At Tara, to-day, the strength of God pilot me—the power of God preserve me—may the wisdom of God instruct me—the eye of God watch over me—the ear of God hear me—the word of God give me sweet talk—the hand of God defend me—the way of God guide me. Christ be with me—Christ before me—Christ after me—Christ in me—Christ under me—Christ over me—Christ on my right hand—Christ on my left hand—Christ on this side—Christ on that side—Christ in the heart of every person to whom I speak—Christ in the mouth of every person who speaks to me—Christ in the ear of every person who hears me at Tara to-day." Now this is the doctrine and faith of St. Patrick, and not one word is there in it about the Virgin Mary. This is the faith of Protestants—therefore St. Patrick and Protestants agree.

An Idol maker's card to the public.

The following advertisement appeared in a Canton paper, China, a few years since, inserted in a regular business way, and with as single an eye to the profits of trade as if the gods had not been concerned. The manufacturer was evidently a shrewd man, and understood the art of puffing as well as a Yankee dealer in tea or silk. As a burlesque on idol worship, it is complete, and it seems as if even a Chinaman must have laughed outright in reading it. The advertisement ran thus:

I, Achen Tea Chichen, a lineal descendant of Coup Boi Rache Chichen, the celebrated sculptor and carver in wood, who, through his unremitting studies to promote rational religious worship, by the classical touches of his knife and chisel, has been honored by emperors, kings and rajahs of the East, and supplied with superior idols for public and domestic worship, now humbly offer my services in the same theological line, having travelled from hence, at a considerable expense, to perfect myself in anatomy, and in copying the most graceful attitudes of the human figure, under those able masters, Nollekens and Bacon. Achen Tea Chichen is now in possession of casts of the most approved models and Elgin marbles. He is ready to execute to order idols from twelve feet high, well proportioned, down to the size of a marmoset monkey, or the most hideous monster that can be conceived, to inspire awe or reverence for religion. My charges are moderate. For an orang-outang three feet high, seven hundred dollars; ditto rampant, eight hundred; a sphinx, four hundred; a bull with hump and horns, six hundred and fifty; a buffalo, eight hundred; a dog, two hundred; ditto couchant, one hundred and fifty; and an ass, in a braying attitude, eight hundred. The most durable materials will be used. Of statuary granite, brass, copper, I have provided sufficient to complete orders to any extent. Perishable wood shall never disgrace a deity made by my hands. Posterity may see the objects of their fathers' devotions unsullied by the inclemency of the seasons, the embraces of pious pilgrims, or their tears on the solemn prostration before them. Small idols for domestic worship, or made into portable compass for pilgrims. The price will be proportionate to the size and weight. No trust; ready money. An order, postpaid, accompanied by a drawing and description of the idol, will be promptly attended to, provided one-half the expense be first paid, and the remainder secured by any respectable house in Canton.

This singular and disgusting advertisement indicates very clearly the fact that idol-making was, and is now a craft by which multitudes have their gains; and also the fact, that idolatry is a most expensive system, its devotees being obliged to purchase their gods at an enormous cost, as indicated by the above prices.—W. & R.

Won by love and prayer.

Recently in Wales, two men were returning home from a beer shop, at a very late hour; as they were walking, one said to the other,

"When I get into the house to-night, my wife will scold me dreadfully."

"Ah," replied his companion, "I shall have something more intolerable than scolding; my wife is always quiet, but she weeps and speaks to me about my soul, and the words are burning like fire in my conscience."

He reached home, and as he anticipated, his wife met him at the door, weeping. He went to bed and slept, but his wife, distressed and anxious about his soul, instead of doing so, prayed to God on his behalf. About three o'clock in the morning, he awoke and saw her standing at the bedside still weeping. He said to her, "Margaret, what is the matter with you?"

She answered, "The thought that my dear husband is an enemy to my beloved Saviour, and that he is likely to have his eternal portion with damned spirits, almost breaks my heart."

This answer broke him down. He felt that his case was a bad one, and the fact that his wife felt so deeply on his account, led him to feel for himself. He arose, and knelt by the side of his wife and prayed to God to have mercy upon him. And that God who blessed this conduct and language of his wife to his conviction, manifested to him his pardoning grace through Jesus Christ, and they are now a happy couple, rejoicing in the hope of dwelling together forever in heaven.

Has any reader of this an unconverted husband? Do you feel deeply in his behalf, and does his present danger and future ruin excite your deep interest? Have you prayed earnestly and perseveringly to God for him? Has he reason to believe that you are anxious on his account, or is your conduct such as to lead him to suppose that you are indifferent

to his state, and regardless of his future welfare? Try such a course as this woman pursued, and God will bless your efforts, and answer your prayers.

Sectarianism.

An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out the canvass of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shilalah, down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found their assailant to be one of their own faction. "Och, Nicholas," say they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?" "Troth, did I not," says he; "bad luck to me for the same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convenient, I could not have helped myself." Poor Paddy! true type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chance of a blow go by. They are of the vulture, not of the dove. "They scent the battle from afar." And many of the moot points for which they have done fierce fight are so infinitesimally small that I would not give the turn of a button shank to get them infallibly decided.

Many contentions arise out of sheer misunderstanding. Disputants often become metaphysical according to the explanation given of metaphysics by the Scotchman who said:—"Why, ye see, metaphysics is when two men are talking together, and the one of them dinna ken what he is talking about, and the other canna understand him." Drs. Chalmers and Stuart must have been a "wee bit" metaphysical that day they got into a controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friend, said: "I have no time to say no more; but you will find my views fully and well put up in a recent tract called, 'Difficulties in the Way of Believing.' " "Why," exclaimed the astonished Dr. Stuart, "that is my own tract; I published it myself!" That man was surely wise who prefaced every debate with "Gentlemen, define your terms." During the Peninsular war an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Duke rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way: "Well aimed, captain; but no more; they are our own 39th!" This blunder has been repeated sadly too often in the armies of Jesus. With what fatal frequency have great guns of the Church, which might have battered down citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren! There are surely deviltries enough in this world to stoat at without firing into each other.—Rev. S. Colley.

A Sabbath School incident.

At a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, where there was a vast number of Sabbath-school children assembled, a clergyman arose on the platform, and told them of two bad little boys whom he had once known, and of a good little girl whom he afterwards learned to know. This little girl had been to Sabbath-school, where she had learned "to do some good every day." Seeing two little boys quarrelling, she went up to them, told them how wickedly they were acting, made them desist from quarrelling, and, in the end, induced them to attend Sunday-school. These boys were Jim and Tom. "Now, children," said the gentleman, "would you like to see Jim?"

All shouted with one voice, "Yes! yes!" "Jim, get up!" said the gentleman, looking over to another part of the stage. A reverend looking missionary rose and looked smilingly upon the children.

"Now, would you like to see Tom?" "Yes! yes!" resounded through all the house.

"Well, look at me—I am Tom, and I too have been a missionary for many years. Now, would you like to see little Mary Wood?" The response was even more loud and earnest than before, "Yes!"

"Well, do you see that lady over there in the blue silk bonnet—this is little Mary Wood, and she is my wife!"