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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

The Rock of our Salvation.

If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart,
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part.

His favour seek, his praises speak;
Fix here thy hope's foundation;
Serve him and he will ever be
The Rock of thy Salvation.

If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee; to thy Saviour flee,
He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation;
The waves of woe shall ne'er overflow
The Rock of thy Salvation.

When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress,
Better comforts wait thee, Christ will freely bless;
To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
Thy heavenly consolation;
For grief below cannot overthrow
The Rock of thy Salvation.

Dangers may approach thee; let them not alarm
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm:
He near thee stands with mighty hands
To ward off each temptation;
To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh;
The Rock of thy Salvation.

Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his blow;
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow;
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation:
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh—
The Rock of thy Salvation.

Disease," then occasioning great alarm in the New England States, and in same article he makes allusion to the liquor traffic in the following forcible language:—

"At the same time, we deem it highly proper to call the attention of the City Marshal in this connection, to another matter worthy of his consideration. These are the grog-shops. They are multiplying all around us and over the city. They are openly pouring out their streams of death and destruction on the families of this City. Drunkenness is fearfully prevalent and rapidly increasing. Our young men are daily falling under their influence, and new victims are constantly multiplying."

In letters to papers in Canada and Britain of what I saw in Maine, I wrote nothing as severe as the above extract, and yet strange to say, the same paper in an editorial evidently written by Hon. N. Dow comes out in its issue of July 16th, (and which friends in England have sent me else I would never have seen the article) and endeavors to make me out *only a liar* because I said we had been humbugged by accounts sent us of the triumphs of the law in Maine. What more proof of failure need any one ask than that given in the above extract, and yet Hon. Mr. Dow has been foolish enough to write a long letter to the *Alliance Weekly News* of Manchester England, attempting to neutralize the truth of my letters by attempting to misrepresent my motives! If I may be allowed an opinion, I think Hon. Mr. Dow might find better employment for his pen in his own city, if he would use it in endeavoring to awaken the people up to their duty as moral and religious suasionists. He is not at home in these departments it seems. I fear Hon. Mr. Dow will not make a vast amount of capital with the humbug-hating English people, by any silly attempts he may make to raise himself at the expense of truth candor and honor. He evidently forgets that I am anything but a friendless man!

It is a common trick with low minds, and with bar-room and illbred fellows to attempt to destroy the characters of those they hate and detest, but I did not look for such conduct from Hon. Neal Dow!

It is true I gave his pet *baby*, Prohibition, anything but a flattering notice, I represented it as *not only very sick*, but totally crippled. Yet Hon. Mr. Dow, will have it that the baby is well and hearty and not at all sick! Doctors will differ. I am not much of a doctor, but I do predict, that unless Prohibition has a change of *nurses* that ere long it will require no more *candies* no more *crawling* or *carrying*, it will be buried in oblivion. Political *nurses* are not good nurses for delicate *babies* like Prohibition, and I sometimes begin to think that after all is said the babe is really dead now, but that for the sake of certain partizan and vital political ends it is kept embalmed in Portland, and brought to view as occasion requires to aid in *boosting* into office some of the "Company." I have not yet made public all I know of what is going on in Portland, and with all deference to Hon. Neal Dow, I would say in conclusion, that he will find it quite as conducive to his own peace of mind, and the prospects of the party of which he is chief shouters to *not make too free with chaps from the wilds of Canada*. Sometimes the Canadians have an ugly trick of *speaking out in meeting* in a way not at all palatable to schemers and quacks.

Unless the Churches one and all begin a crusade, Mr. Editor, and a consistent one against the liquor traffic, we need never expect to be delivered from the evils of Intemperance, effectually. It is evident that Prohibition agitation will not remedy the evil. Religion can alone tame the wild and wayward heart of man, and if Hon. Neil Dow and men of his school were as zealous for the glory of God, as they are for the praise of men, they would cry something else than Prohibition, even the Bible, and the Bible Cure.

Yours truly,
JAMES A. DAVIDSON.
Pictou, N. S. Sept. 17th, 1860.

We have before heard opinions expressed of a similar nature to those of Mr Davidson above respecting the imperfect application of Prohibition at Portland, Maine; but have supposed them to have arisen from prejudice

or defective information. We have no reason to suppose that Mr D. would make statements which are incorrect but as we are desirous of conveying the truth to our readers, whatever that may be, we went, on receipt of his letter, to gentlemen in Halifax who were in attendance at the session of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, held at Portland in June last, to which Mr. Davidson refers. Some of these were members of the Grand Division but not members of the National, consequently were not at all the meetings, but spent much of their time in looking over the city, and had the best of opportunities of observing if liquors were sold. Other persons of whom we have enquired are gentlemen unconnected with the order of Sons but who are well acquainted with Portland. Their united testimony is that they have seen nothing in that city or the State which indicated any indifference amongst the people in executing the Prohibitory enactments of that State but they believe that if liquor is sold there, it is in a very private manner and that the open violation of the law is almost unknown. If any officer is found neglecting his duty at any time we understand that he is invariably superseded at the next annual election.

Nothing has appeared in our pages from the pen of the Hon. Neal Dow on the subject or in support of his position, we therefore feel that it would have been unjust to the cause of Temperance and truth, to have inserted Mr. Davidson's letter without at the same time stating the above result of our enquiries. No subject of a moral or political nature demands, or is more deserving of attention, than this. The experience of Maine is a very good criterion of what may be done with the traffic, and what the practical value of such a law would be in other places. Never was there greater need of restrictive measures upon the traffic as well as of moral and religious suasion from the use of this fruitful source of all evil, than at the present moment.

As the question on which Mr. Davidson differs so widely from the Hon. Neal Dow is one of fact rather than of argument, we hope that in any further discussion of the subject facts will be given rather than opinions. We shall mail a copy of our present issue to the Hon. Mr. Dow and hope he will give us reliable information from public statistics if he thinks proper to reply. We think it would have been better to have withheld remarks calculated to throw doubt on Neal Dow's sincerity. His long continued advocacy of total abstinence, moral suasion as well as Prohibition, we think entitles him to more respectful terms. Such language in reference to Prohibition is calculated to weaken the Temperance cause, and encourage its opponents. Our space will only allow of brief communications, we hope therefore that the statements of those who wish to discuss this matter will not be extended more than is necessary.—Ed. C. M.]

The Wild Olive.

The Scriptures furnish many beautiful illustrations of moral truth from trees. Numerous comparisons are formed from the cedar, the fir, the olive. Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of New York, is writing some good articles for the *Independent* on this subject. His last is on the olive; and having described it, and applied it by way of illustration to the Christian, he speaks of the *oleaster*, or wild olive, and makes a comparison of that, which we copy:

But there is a counterfeit olive tree in Palestine. It is called the wild olive, or the *oleaster*. It is in all points like unto the genuine tree, except that it yields no fruit. Alas! how many wild olives are there in the Church? When I see a man taking up large space in Christ's spiritual orchard, and absorbing a vast deal of sunlight and soil, and yielding not one per cent. of good works, I say—there is an *oleaster*.

When I hear a professor of religion glib in the stock-market, and yet silent in the prayer-meeting, ready to speak for his party, but never willing to open his lips for Christ, I say—Ah! what an *oleaster*!

When I hear of a church-member going from the communion-table to the political caucus, to buy votes, and sell principle, to cheat and dicker at the board of intrigue, I say—Behold an *oleaster*!

When I hear a man pray that he may

"provide things honest in the sight of all men," and then I go out of his shop with a rotten piece of broadcloth, or a second-hand beaver sold for new, I think to myself—Friend, why not write on your sign, *here lives an oleaster*?

When I meet a garrulous "sister" at every anniversary-meeting, who is profuse of tears for the foundlings of the Five Points, and ecstatic over the eloquence of returning missionaries, and yet go home to grind a sixpence out of an overworked seamstress, or turn a sick servant into the streets, I want to whisper to her—Madam! what a pity you are nothing but an *oleaster*?

Finally, when we encounter a Church that is stiff in creed and lax in character, abounding in doctrine and scarce of good deeds, extensively laid out in profession, but sparsely settled with graces, rich in purse and empty of principle, bigoted toward everything but sin, and liberal toward everything but true religion, then we behold a whole plantation of *oleasters*; the end of such is to be burned, when the Lord will consume them with the breath of His mouth in the terrible day of His coming.

Scope of Miracles.

The Gospel miracles differ from all others in their nature, and frequency, and in the disinterestedness which characterized them. Neither the Saviour nor His disciples ever wrought a miracle for their own personal benefit. Dr. Carson well says:

"Trophimus have I left at Miletum sick." Did you, Paul? And why did you leave him sick, when you possessed the power of working miracles? Why were you so profuse of your miracles in Melita, while you are so sparing of them among your best friends? For the very reason of showing that miracles are rather for the proof of the Gospel, than for the private benefit even of the heirs of glory. God is sovereign in this, as well as in everything else. Jesus healed the ear of the high priest's servant, while Paul did not heal his friend Trophimus.

The apostles exercised their power, not by their discretion or caprice, but by the suggestion of the Holy Spirit. This, then, is a providential fact, the record of which, though to human wisdom trifling, is yet of great importance to the children of God. They are not to expect that they will always be free from sickness, or that their sickness will be soon dismissed. They have reason to trust that God will always be with them, and will turn everything to good for them. But they must submit to Him as a Sovereign who gives no account of His matters.

Human Sacrifices.

From Lagos, we learn that the King of Dahomey was about to make immense sacrifice of human life to the memory of the late king, his father. The *West African Herald*, of the 13th ult., referring to this intention, says:

His Majesty, Badahung, King of Dahomey, is about to make the "Grand Custom" in honor of the late King Gexo. Determined to surpass all former monarchs in the magnitude of the ceremonies to be performed on this occasion, Badahung has made the most extensive preparations for the celebration of the Grand Custom. A great pit has been dug, which is to contain human blood enough to float a canoe. Two thousand persons will be sacrificed on this occasion. The expedition to Abbeokuta is postponed, but the King has sent his army to make some excursions at the expense of some weaker tribes, and has succeeded in capturing many unfortunate creatures. The young people among these prisoners will be sold into slavery, and the old prisoners will be sold into slavery, and the old persons will be killed at the Grand Custom. Would to God this might meet the eyes of some of those philanthropic English men who have some feeling for Africa! Oh! for some man of eloquence and influence to point out to the people of England the comparative uselessness of their expensive squadron out here, and the enormous benefits that must result to the country, and ultimately to England herself, morally and materially, if she would extend her establishments on this coast. Take away two-thirds of your squadron and spend one-half its cost in creating more stations on shore, and greatly strengthening your old stations.