

Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

My Child.

I cannot make him dead! his fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim with tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor, and through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber-stair!
I'm stepping toward the hall to give the boy a call;
And then both think me that—he is not there!

I tread the crowded street, a satchel'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair;
And, as he's running by, I follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt; o'er it in prayer I kneel;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead! when passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool, gray break of day, from sleep I wake
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy, to Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close, before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother offering up our prayer;
Whatever I may be saying I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where then is he? The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe looked!—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past, he lives; nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now, and on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God! Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land, meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be a heaven to find that—he is there!

Selections.

Safe to do Right.

In a small, meanly-furnished room in a loft over a wood-shed, knelt a little boy about ten years of age. It was Saturday evening. Before the child lay an open Bible, as if he had been reading it on his knees; but he was not reading now. His hands pressed back the curls which usually fell on his forehead, his eyes were closed, and he seemed to be attempting to pray. But there was a troubled look upon that sweet young face, as if peace had not yet been found; and once in a while a tear would steal from under the closed eyelid, and run slowly down his cheek. That young boy was trying to settle a case of conscience.

Presently the door opened, and a pale, delicate looking girl, upon whose countenance there was a look of deep anxiety, came quietly in, and going up to the boy's side, she knelt down by him, and put her arm round his neck. They remained in this attitude for some time, and then rose from their knees and sat down upon a chest in the room, with their arms round each other. At length the sister said.

"Have you decided what to do, Henry?"
"No, Mary, not yet," the boy answered.
"I cannot find the text I wish to. I wish I had some one to help me. Oh, I wish I had mother. She used to tell me just what it was right to do."

"But you know, Henry, it would be very hard for mother, if she were here, to tell you to disobey father."

"Yes, I know, Mary, but mother had such a way of getting round father; she could persuade him to do almost anything. I think father is harder than ever to please, since mother died. Now, Mary, here is the command, 'Honour thy father and mother.' That means, obey them in all things, don't it?"

"Does it mean, obey them if their commands are opposed to the commands of God?"

"I don't believe it does, Mary. And look here, it says distinctly, 'We ought to obey

God rather than man.' Now I am perfectly satisfied that where God commands one thing, and man another, we are to obey God; but the thing that troubles me is to find out whether it is so much my duty to go to Sunday-school, that I ought to disobey father to do it. Now, if father had forbidden my praying or reading the Bible, I should not hesitate a moment, because I should know what was my duty then."

"Did father actually tell you that you must never go to Sunday-school again?"

"No, not in those words; but he meant that. He said, if I was ever out of the way again when he wanted me, after nine o'clock on Sunday morning, he would thrash me till I could not stand."

"Why does he object, do you suppose, to your going to Sunday school?"

"I know, Mary, but I have never liked to speak to you about it. He hates our superintendent because he has talked to him about one of his bad habits, and tried to persuade him to give it up. Now I know, that no matter how hard I may try to do every thing right before I go, yet if I do go to Sunday-school to-morrow, father will be sure to find something he wants me for after I am gone, and I shall have to suffer for it."

"Oh, Henry, what will you do? father does whip you so hard," said Mary, crying.

"I knew it, dear Mary; but God will help me to do right, no matter what the consequences may be. Don't you know what dreadful sufferings people have had strength given them to endure for the name of Christ; and shall I flinch for a whipping? Now go away, dear Mary, and leave me a little while alone, and I will call you when I have decided what to do." Mary kissed him tenderly and left him, and again the boy was alone with his Bible and his God.

In about an hour, Mary, who was sitting alone in the kitchen, heard him gently calling her name. She ran up to his room, and found him looking very peaceful and happy, as he kissed her and said.

"Mary, I have decided what to do, and I believe I am right. I shall get up very early to-morrow morning, and do all I think it right to do on Sunday. I am going down now to black father's boots, and put them by his door, and to do every thing else I can to-night, to prepare for Sunday; and at nine o'clock, I shall go to Sunday-school, and trust in God for the result."

Mary trembled and turned pale, "I have thought it all over, Mary," continued Henry. "I never told you before, because it looked like praising myself, but my teacher has often told me, that he thinks my influence so good in the school, that I have been the means of bringing a good many others into the school; and that my example, coming so regularly and punctually, has led others to do so. Now, if I leave off, I cannot bring my mind to tell him that father will not let me come; and I think my leaving would have a bad influence on the school. Besides, I think it is wrong and unjust in father to forbid my going, and something here tells me I am right in my determination."

The next morning, long before it was light, Henry was up attending to the cattle and other necessary duties; and everything he could possibly think of being done, he dressed himself, and at nine o'clock he started off for Sunday-school with his Bible under his arm. His father, who always slept late on Sunday morning, was not yet down. How little did those who sat beside him in the class, know of the struggle through which that boy had passed.

When Henry returned home after church, his father met him at the door. One look at his face white with passion, and at the figure of his sister Mary weeping in the corner, told Henry what he had to expect.

"You have disobeyed me, sir. Go up to your room."

Henry obeyed, merely stopping to kiss his sister's wet cheek, while his father went to the barn for the raw-hide. Henry had but a moment to kneel and pray for strength, when he heard his father quickly ascending the stairs. "Take off your coat, sir."

Henry obeyed. His arm was tightly grasped, the raw-hide was raised for the first blow, when Henry, lifted his mild blue eyes to his father's face, said gently, "Father!"

The rawhide remained suspended in the air. That appealing look was so like his mother. "Father," said Henry, "mother is looking at us now. Do you think I have done differently from what she would have advised?" The arm which held the rawhide dropped.

"Father," continued Henry, "I have prayed over and over again that I might do right to-day; I tried to have everything done, so that you would not miss me. I do believe it was my duty to go to Sunday-school. I don't care so much for the whipping for myself, father; but it almost kills poor Mary, and she is so sickly. I will obey you whenever I can, father, but I must obey God first."

Who was sobbing in the room?—Why, it was that father, with the raw-hide yet in his hand.

"Henry, will you pray with your poor wicked father?" were the first words he spoke.

Oh, what a prayer-meeting and what a Sabbath was that, when Mary joined them, and on their knees, with many, many tears, they thanked God that he had given Henry strength to do his duty.—*American Messenger.*

"Must Practice as well as Preach."

The Chaplain of a little English squadron in the Mediterranean was wont to preach alternately on board all the vessels of the squadron but one. The captain of that was an ir-religious, profane man, who wanted "no Methodist parson to pilot him to heaven," and improved every opportunity to annoy him. Being of a violent temper he also insulted the Commodore, who was on the point of sending him home. Hearing of his intention the Chaplain waited on the Commodore, saying he had come to ask a particular favor.

"It shall be granted," said the Commodore; "I am always happy to oblige you, What is it?"

"That you will overlook the conduct of Captain S."

"Nay, nay; you can't be serious. Is he not your greatest enemy? and I believe the only man in the fleet who does not wish to see you on board his ship?"

"That is the very reason why I ask the favor, Commodore: I must practice as well as preach."

"Well, well, it is an odd whim; but if, on reflection, I can grant your request without prejudice to Her Majesty's service, I will do it."

The next day the Chaplain renewed his petition.

"Well," said he, "if Captain S. will make a public apology, I will overlook his conduct."

The Chaplain instantly got into a boat and rowed to Captain S.'s ship. He met him with a frown on his countenance; but when the Chaplain told him his errand, a tear stood in his eye, and taking him by the hand, he said, "Mr.—, I really don't understand your religion, but I understand your conduct, and I thank you."

The affair blew over, and he urged the Chaplain to preach on board his ship.

The Prince of Wales.

HIS TITLES.

As this distinguished individual will visit America shortly, it may be interesting to some to know the various titles with which the young prince is distinguished.

ALBERT EDWARD, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, was born Nov. 9, 1841, and consequently was eighteen years old last November. As a prince of England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany, he has, by birth and by letters patent, the following titles:—

1. Prince of Wales, by patent, 1841, English.
2. Duke of Cornwall, by birth, "
3. Earl of Chester, by patent, 1841. "
4. Great Steward of Scotland, by birth, Scotch
5. Duke of Rothesay, by birth, "
6. Earl of Carrick, by birth, "
7. Baron of Renfrew, by birth, "
8. Lord of the Isles, by birth, "
9. Earl of Dublin, by patent, 1849, Irish.
10. Duke of Saxony, German.
11. Prince of Coburg and Gotha.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

He has neither the traditional airy gaiety of the "mad-cap" who fetched Chief Justice Gascoigne a box o' the ear, nor the studied grace of the *soi disant* "finest gentleman of Europe" who became George the Fourth. He is, on the contrary, a quiet, easy, gentlemanly youth, with not an atom of pretence about him. He is not tall of his age. The form and quality of his features resemble that of the Brunswicks. The nose is good, slightly acquine, the hair brown, and the eyes a blueish gray. His complexion is pale, and the expression of his countenance rather grave, and sometimes dull and heavy, but susceptible of brilliancy when lighted up by mirth. In his intercourse with the persons about him, he is very affable; his questions, when new objects are offered to his attention, are always pertinent, and his remarks evince cuteness and the result of cultivation. In the unrestrained enjoyment of the country sports of England—such as shooting, hunting, riding—the Prince of Wales resembles the youth of the British nobility with whom he associates. He is jocular, indifferent to anger, loves to "rough it" and has an especial relish for a practical joke. In his expenditure he is generous and judicious; simple in his tastes, but with a passion for military pursuits. He is now a colonel in the army—as the princes of the blood royal always begin their career with that honorary appellation. But, I will undertake to say, that he has brought to that rank more knowledge of military history, tactics, fortifications, engineering generally, and an acquaintance with modern languages, than nine-tenths of the veterans who have risen through all the gradations.—*Home Journal.*

Odd Titles.

In 1686 a pamphlet was published in London, entitled, "A most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay, for God's Saints to Smell at." About 1649, there was published a work entitled, "A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry." Cromwell's time was famous for title pages. One was entitled "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." Another, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." Another, by an imprisoned Quaker, "A Sigh of Sorrow of the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a Hole in the Wall by an Earthly Vessel known among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish." Another, "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Head-quarters, through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." Another, "Biscuit baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the sweet Swallows of Salvation." I have not exhausted my fund of odd titles, yet I will quote but one more: "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are also added William Humins's Handful of Honeysuckles, and divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now newly augmented."

Who are your Companions?

It is said to be property of the tree-frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, when found on growing corn, it is commonly of a dark green. If found on the white oak, it has the color peculiar to the tree. Just so it is with men. Tell me whom you choose and prefer as companions, and I certainly can tell you who you are like. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest seat among such, than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be the companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

See your own defects and forget those of others.