

# Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

### Thy will be done.

"Mein Jesu, wie du willst!"

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
Oh, may Thy will be mine!  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign.  
Through sorrow, or through joy,  
Conduct me as Thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
If needy here and poor,  
Give me Thy people's bread,  
Their portion rich and sure.  
The manna of Thy word  
Let my soul feed upon;  
And if all else should fail—  
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
If loved ones must depart,  
Suffer not sorrow's flood  
To overwhelm my heart;  
For they are blest with Thee,  
Their race and conflict won,  
Let me but follow them—  
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt;  
All shall be well for me,  
Each changing future scene,  
I gladly trust with Thee.  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, Thy will be done!

—B. SCHMOLK.

—From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

## Selections.

### Robby Gaskill; or a Mother's Faith.

BY ALMA MATER.

Professor B——, a somewhat noted Scotch gentleman, met one day, in the streets of Edinburgh, a lad of seventeen, whose appearance excited his compassion and interest so powerfully, that he immediately went up to him, and asked him several questions. The youth was a person of slender frame, and looked as if disease had made some inroads upon his constitution; yet there was a beauty in his face, an intelligence in his answers, that struck the Professor with astonishment.

According to the lad's own story, he was a sailor, and had spent five years in a dissipated, wandering life. He hardly knew how to read; what little knowledge he had of ordinary education, he had picked up himself. Being asked about his parents, he said that they were persons of very low condition, but had frequently taunted him, by saying that he was none of theirs, but a brat—that had been given to them. He believed these people were both dead. They had forced him to sea, and he had lost sight of them. A messmate had communicated the intelligence of their decease.

This story confirmed the first impressions of the gentleman who had been so much struck with his appearance. He invited him to his house, gave him an opportunity of cleansing himself, and procured some decent clothing for him, in which he looked like a new creature. The poor boy did not know how to express his gratitude for this unlooked-for kindness—he could only wonder at the change, and tremble for fear that it might prove to be but a dream after all, and that he should wake up, and find himself forsaken and penniless. Being asked if there was any memento by which he could identify the truth of his story with regard to his parentage, he said that he once had a Prayer-Book, all tarnished, with a gilt picture on the back, which he had carried about with him, he hardly knew why, in his little bundle, for several years! but three years before, all his duds had been stolen at a lodging-house, and the book with them. He described the size of the volume, and the picture upon the cover, which he said was an eagle carrying off a lamb—a sheaf of wheat underneath. What was his greater astonishment, when Professor B—— left him for a moment, and returned with a book similar to the one he had so min-

utely described—a Prayer-Book of the English Church service. He caught it to his bosom, and the tears came to his eyes, as he turned it over, saying, "It is the very one—I never would have parted with it, even for a drink." The book had attracted the Professor's attention in the city of Liverpool, two years before—but perhaps it will be best to explain some previous matters, before we tell the circumstances under which it was found.

Judge Gaskill was one of the finest lawyers on the Scottish Bench. At the age of forty he married one whom he had long loved, but from whom, by some strange misunderstanding, he had been separated. The lady had lost one husband, and was not averse to a marriage with the chosen love of her youth. A son was born in the fourth year of their union, an uncommonly bright and promising boy. When he was six years of age, a dreadful murder was perpetrated in the suburbs of Edinburgh. The outrage was traced, in all its cruel circumstances, to a man who kept a small shop near the scene of the murder, in partnership with his brother. This man came very near escaping through the mismanagement of some knotty point, but the Judge, by his legal ability, fixed the crime upon him, and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law. For this, the brother of the shopkeeper swore vengeance upon the Judge, and laid his plans to rob him of the dearest treasure he possessed, the child who might live to be the blessing of his old age.

In all the homes of Edinburgh there was not seen so beautiful a child as little Robby Gaskill. He was the idol of his parents, the brightest and warmest thing that nestled near to their hearts. God had given them no other children, and to his welfare the Judge was devoted. For him he toiled, and to him he gave the depth of love that belongeth to the Giver of his treasure. Every year the child's loveliness increased, and his fame grew. He was so bright and promising! what was not possible for his father! One night—sad and solemn night—the empty streets of Edinburgh echoed to a strange tread and a stranger voice. "Lost, lost, lost!" rang despairingly upon the still midnight air. Lost, lost, lost—a great, wailing, sobbing cry, for the strong man himself, the Judge, accompanied the crier through every part of the city. "Lost! little Robby Gaskill, the son of Judge Gaskill, since sundown, at which time his nurse had left him for a moment at a low, open window; but when she came back, he was gone."

O! what frantic looking for all that night, and many a day and night thereafter! O! what groans and tears, and wild, mad prayers in that forsaken home! It was agony to see that tearless mother, not yet led to heaven through the road of her suffering, so cold, so stony in her despair. She grew so white and wan, that those who knew her best, could not recognize in the shadowy form the beautiful mother that had been. Suspicion was fixed upon the brother of the murderer, but nothing was found that could in any way implicate him. The Judge offered half his fortune to whoever could restore him his child, but no one came to claim the reward. Month after month, year after year, the papers advertised the lost child, until at last all hope was given up.

Not, however, by the mother. The heart of stone had melted, and the prostrated form bowed before its Maker. The loss of her child gave her the great gain of heaven, for before that she was not a believer. Still, however, she had faith to doubt her bereavement. Somewhere, she said, her beautiful child was living, and day and night she offered up her prayer for his recovery, always saying that he would yet be restored to her. She remembered, and so did the nurse, that little Robby had in his hand, when left alone, a beautiful copy of the Prayer-Book, her own, which she had placed on a table after service, and which the child, seeing, had taken up to admire. That was gone, and strange to say, it was mainly upon this little circumstance that her hope rested.

Years roll on—six, seven, and eight—still no tidings of the lost one. Yet never once had the mother neglected prayer. As at first, so now, at stated times she went daily, and at the throne of grace poured out her petition for his restoration. She talked

often, even cheerfully, of the matter, ever asserting that God would yet restore her boy to her. The Judge, now a prematurely-old man, did not share in her hope. Gloom oppressed him, and grief had silvered his hair. He never alluded to the subject, and it was mentioned in his presence, he invariably arose and left the room. He seemed to have no aim, and only his great reputation shielded him from the disgrace of failure. Why should he strive now? The best of his manhood went when its sunshine was taken from him.

One day the quiet and bereaved household was thrown into a terrible tumult. Professor B——, the brother-in-law of Judge Gaskill, came in a state of excitement, bordering upon distraction, to show a treasure he had found. From its wrapping it emerged, a soiled and tattered book of prayer—the gilt on its edge worn off, the name on its cover scarcely legible, the picture, a coat of arms, defaced, but yet distinct. The mother, as she saw it, grew pale, and trembled as one suddenly smitten by the palsy. Then the slow color came back, her eyes glistened, she reeled forward as she caught at it, and reverently kissed it. The Judge was more stolid than ever. He looked on with a troubled eye, however, and his first question was, "How came you by that?"

"Saw it in a second-hand bookstore in Liverpool," was the reply. "The storekeeper said he bought it, with one or two other articles, from a sailor, who told a piteous story, and who was nearly starved."

"My boy, my boy!" exclaimed the mother, piteously, "oh! where shall I find my boy, my little Robby?"

"You will never find him," exclaimed the Judge, sternly.

"Robert," said his wife, "God's promise is yea and amen. I have asked Him, and He will give me back my son. I tell you, Robert," she continued, with added earnestness, "you will yet think as I think, and feel as I feel. Oh, my dear husband, why cannot you put your trust in God?"

"Because He took my child from me," was the bitterly-spoken reply, as the Judge turned and left the room. The brother and sister consulted together. Mrs. Gaskill wept repeatedly, but her tears were those of joy. She seemed to feel sometimes as if her son were really before her; and the glad smile that shone through the glistening drops irradiated, and seemed to sanctify her face, because of her great faith. After this, Professor B—— took possession of the book, and two slow years dragged along. Mrs. Gaskill all the while expressing her firm conviction that her prayers would bring her child.

Thus it was that her noble brother, struck with the wonderful resemblance of the poor waif he had met in the street, to his only sister, had obtained such mingled feelings of hope and fear. When the lad had told his story, however, all doubt was at an end. The boy had been several times before at Edinburgh, he said, though taught that an Eastern city in the United States was his home. In his naive manner he expressed himself "that somehow it seemed like as if he'd been there all his life;" meaning that America held the second place in his affections with regard to all the endearments, faintly remembered, of his happy infancy. He brought tears to the eyes of Professor B—— more than once, as he told the story of his life—of sleepless nights and torturing days—of hours upon wrecks and rafts, for young as he was, he had been twice shipwrecked—of hunger and cruel treatment; "and now," he said, "I don't know where you've got me. Seems to me it's more like heaven than earth."

The Professor determined to do nothing precipitately. Though persuaded in his own mind that this was in reality the lost son and heir of the Judge, he wished to try the effects of a little ease and good living upon the lad, before he presented him to his parents. He removed him, therefore, a short way in the country, sending one of his own family to look after him. He had previously hinted to the boy the good news he might expect, and impressed upon him the necessity of trying his utmost to improve. The change in his appearance became almost marvellous. His manner had always held

a certain degree of ease, and in the company of his cousin, a very superior woman, he began to assume the gentlemanly behavior that his birth might warrant; so that by the time Professor B—— returned from a short tour, he was astonished at the superiority he evinced in appearance and demeanor.

At last came the eventful time. He was to take him to the house, and through it, to test his memory. He chose a time when his sister was from home, and drove up in the beginning of a cool afternoon, at that very season of the year in which he had been abducted. As they stopped before the gate for some moments, and walked slowly among the shrubbery the lad paused, and with pre-occupied glance, began looking around him.

"Whose house is this?" at length he demanded, abruptly. "Don't I know? why, let me see."

"You have been here before?" inquired his uncle.

"I must," was the brief response.

They entered the house; everything was in the same position as at the time he left. The lad's wonderment increased more and more. He looked at each thing as if it were familiar, and yet a sort of fright was visible through all—or rather of awe, as of one who trod on ground sanctified by some solemn memory. At last he stood by the window at which, ten long years before, he had been left by his nurse, and on the table near laid the companion Prayer-Book to the one he had in his possession at the time. All at once his eyes lighted, the color flushed his pale face. "I—I remember now," he gasped—"I remember; the man came and pulled me out of the window. Yes, this was home—my home; oh! sir, who am I?"

"My poor boy!" exclaimed Professor B——, holding out his arms, "you are my nephew, and your father is Judge Gaskill. I expect your mother home in a few moments—stand by there, the carriage is near the door. Your mother is coming."

He stood where his uncle placed him, and waited breathlessly, such a look of expectation on his face as few have ever seen. The wife of Judge Gaskill came in—for one moment she stood spell-bound, gazing at the new face; turning from that, she encountered the half-tearful countenance of her brother. In less than a moment she comprehended all—one glance—one quick-drawn breath, that sounded like a sob, as she exclaimed, breathlessly, "Is it my son? O God! I thank thee—my prayers are answered."

She did not faint, but with excess of emotion grew very white, as she clasped the boy to her heart, and then falling upon her knees offered such a prayer as human lips seldom utter.

Her supplications were indeed answered and in this mysterious manner had God proved His truth. The Judge recognized his son through the strong likeness he bore to his wife, and wept tears of joy. Nor did he forbear giving thanks to God in such a spirit as he had never felt before. The boy was tenderly cared for. Masters were procured, and in a few years, so active was his intelligence, he outstripped their most sanguine expectations. To-day the Judge's son is himself a Judge, honored above all men, and the little Prayer-Book is kept as a sacred memento of a mother's faith.—*Examiner.*

### How I came to be a Baptist.

No 1.

In some remarks upon this subject in a former communication, which you saw fit to publish, I intimated that my connection with the Baptists was not the result of chance or of my early prejudices in their favor. I did indeed have a respect for some good persons among them, as I had for others, but as a denomination they had none of my sympathies, but seemed to me to be very narrow minded, bigoted and exclusive. Sometimes I attended their meetings, heard their preachers, but not unfrequently in conversation, argued against them. And this I did, with perfect sincerity for while they seemed to be right in some things, they differed widely from my views, and still more widely from my feelings, in other things. I rejected entirely some of the