

earth had treated the pious beggar with such contempt and inhumanity, now found his own just condemnation completed by a knowledge of the felicity of the poor beggar; and was even commanded to remember that, in their earthly life, he was comforted and Lazarus tormented.

Paul, in the Epistle to the Colossians, i. 28, speaks of presenting every man perfect in Christ Jesus in the day of God. A clear knowledge of the separate and distinctive characters of his converts in that day seems to have been anticipated by him, or else how could he have expected thus to present them, or bring them forward in the presence of the Lord Jesus? When the martyrs before the throne cried to be avenged of their enemies on earth, Rev. vi. 9, 11, they were told to rest until their fellow-servants and brethren that should be killed should be fulfilled, which seems to favour the idea of their cognizance in heaven of the states and conditions of the Church Militant on earth. We fully believe that the Scriptures throughout are replete with the materials for the clearest and most satisfactory inferential belief in the opinion that the people of Christ in heaven have an unfettered intercourse; a sure and holy fellowship; and a distinct recognition of each other so far as their earthly acquaintance renders this possible; and, further, that they are made conversant even now with the condition of the militant portion of the Church, on the battle-field on earth. Nor does heaven appear the less attractive on this account, but, on the contrary, we find it increase our willingness to be separated from those around us whom we love, having the hope of lasting reunion with all of them that believe on our Lord Jesus Christ.

To be concluded next week.

Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 9, 1861.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

We are jealous for the honor of our friends and subscribers. A good proportion of them are well-known to be among the excellent of the earth, and need no exhortation from us to guard well their "good name." But there are quite a number who have not yet sent us the amount of their subscriptions. In consequence of this we often have to suffer great inconvenience. The many small sums owing to us, form in the aggregate a very large amount, which if in our possession would remove a heavy burden, we have to bear on their account.

We have to pay hard cash for every sheet of paper we use, and for every line of type set up and printed upon it. We beg therefore, to remind THOSE WHO ARE IN ARREARS that as the harvest is now being gathered in, they will not forget to let us hear from them as soon as possible.

Those who value a good name for us, as well as for themselves, we trust, will not allow us to wait longer for what we have been confidently, but patiently, expecting from week to week, but will reward our patience by sending on the amount of their arrears forthwith.

The Grand Ligne Mission.

Among the numerous objects of Christian effort and Evangelistic labour, so widely and beneficially operating in almost every quarter of the world in the present day, we cannot name one which has more engaged one sympathies and recommended itself to our earnest co-operation, than the Swiss Baptist Mission at Grand Ligne, originated by the excellent and devoted Madame Feller, and the worthy brother whose name is subscribed to the touching appeal, on our first page, in behalf of the Mission.

The good which this Mission, with its well conducted male and female Seminaries, at Grand Ligne and Longueuil near Montreal, has already accomplished for the spiritual and moral renovation of the Canadian French, has been of incalculable value and far beyond any computation that can be made of a tem-

poral nature. Their present difficulties are apparently of the most serious description, threatening almost to imperil the very existence of the Mission. A very large proportion of their resources have hitherto been drawn from the truly disinterested and Catholic liberality of Christian friends in the United States, not only of our own, but of several other Protestant communities. One great cause of their present urgent necessity is therefore evident. The question now is, what can we do in their behalf. Something we certainly can do, notwithstanding our own existing difficulties in sustaining our various religious and benevolent objects, if our hearts are where they ought to be. We are confident that very many among our churches will feel the full weight and urgency of their appeal to our sympathies, and its importance to the Redeemer's cause, as also the necessity of meeting it with a speedy and cordial response. —The cause we may say, is our own, and one that we cannot lightly neglect, or treat with indifference, without serious imputation on our professions of love to Christ and his people.

Murder of Rev. G. N. Gordon and his wife at Erromanga.

Our readers have seen by late numbers of the *Messenger* the account of the death of Rev. S. F. Johnson on the island of Tanaone of the New Hebrides. Some idea may be learned of the savage character of the inhabitants of those islands by the information given in connection with that sad event. By referring to another page of our present issue it will be found that cannibalism still prevails amongst them.

Since the receipt of that intelligence, the steamer from England has arrived and brought another account of a dreadful exhibition of their barbarism in the inhuman butchery of the Rev. G. N. Gordon and his wife, on the island of Erromanga, another of the same group of islands.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon was well known and highly respected in Halifax. He was engaged for some time as City Missionary here and secured the confidence of all with whom he associated. He was very useful we believe in the prosecution of his work, amongst the more neglected portions of our city. About five years since he left Nova Scotia for England, on his way to the South Seas. He married a lady in England and soon proceeded to his destination. We have occasionally had notices of the progress he made in his work of faith and labors of love in that dark land. The following account of the sad termination of his work is given in the *Melbourne Age*, and will be read with deep sorrow by Christians generally, as well as by the Presbyterian body to which he belonged.

"TWO MORE MISSIONARY MARTYRS IN ERROMANGA.—By telegram from Sydney we have intelligence of the brutal murder of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, of the Nova Scotia Mission, by the natives at Erromanga—the same island in which it will be remembered, John Williams was killed in 1839. The intelligence was conveyed to the Rev. Mr. Cuthbertson, at Sydney, by letter, from Lifu. The particulars are as follows:—It appears that in consequence of the measles, which had been raging among the islands with fearful mortality, the natives of Erromanga determined to kill all the white people on that island, looking on them as the cause of the disease. Gordon was aware that the natives intended taking life, but thought that a little time would change their purpose. About noon on the 20th of May, nine Bunkill natives, of whom the chief Lova was the leader, called at the mission house and inquired for Mr. Gordon. They were informed that he was working at a house he was building as a winter residence. They then went towards the place. Eight of the men concealed themselves, while the ninth went further down to inveigle Mr. Gordon into the trap thus laid for his destruction. He had unfortunately sent all the boys away to gather grass for the roof of the new house, and was unattended when Narabu Leet walked up to him and asked for some calico for himself and others of the party, who he said, were waiting at the mission house. Mr. Gordon took a piece of board, and wrote with charcoal, "Give these men a yard of cotton each." This he gave to the savage and told him to take it to Mrs. Gordon, who would give him what he wanted. The savage then induced Mr. Gordon to go with him, and he started up the hill, followed by the native. On arriving at a bush, Narabu Leet buried his tomahawk in Mr. Gordon's spine. He immediately fell, uttering a loud cry. Narabu Leet then gave another stroke on the right side of the neck, which almost severed the head from the body, and others, rushing from their concealment, quickly cut the victim to pieces. While this tragedy was being enacted another native ran towards the mission-house, and Mrs. Gordon, who had been alarmed by the fiendish yells and laughter of the savages ran out, and standing near the outhouse, she asked Ouben what all that noise was about?—He laughed, and said "Nothing; it is only the boys amusing themselves." She said, "Where are the boys?" and turned. Ouben, who had his tomahawk concealed behind his back, then struck her a blow below the shoulder blade. She fell on the grass, and he then nearly cut

her head off, and otherwise mutilated her body. Both bodies were recovered and buried.

We shudder at these exhibitions of human nature and are almost disposed to question the propriety of venturing amidst such danger. The sacrifices made by men and women merely going away from civilized life to dwell in such society—far far below that of our Indian's wigwams—are great beyond our conception; but when subject to such lawlessness and outrage it almost seems like entering the jaws of Death, in its most terrible form, and throwing away valuable life which might be employed many years in the salvation of other less barbarous countries. And yet knowing the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and remembering what has been accomplished by just such intrepidity, we may hope that even the death of John Williams and Harris, and now of Mr. Gordon and his wife, may be the means intended by the Allwise One of bringing these people to a reception of the blessings of the gospel; even as the death of our Divine Redeemer, was the precursor of salvation to thousands in the wicked city of Jerusalem. "The blood of the martyrs" has ever been "the seed of the church," whether shed by the hand of the civilized persecutor, or the tomahawk of the savage. We trust this may be realized in the present instance; then, the missionary work will have been accomplished, even more effectually by the death than it could have been by the life of the devoted Gordon.

We tender our warmest sympathy and sincere condolence to the friends of this mission to the South Seas.

The Civil War and American Slavery.

Although our sympathies, both of feeling and of judgment, if we may be allowed the latter mode of expression, are on the side of the North in their present unhappy contest with their seceding brethren, we have never yet been able definitely to comprehend the true objects of the contest. To renew and restore the Union to its original state, it can scarcely be, unless there be a party in the South in favor of such restoration far greater than we have any reason to apprehend. To fight for love's sake, unless it be in such conflicts as usually occur between those who wielded the shalalah in times gone by, at Donnybrook fair, is a practice we can hardly understand. With the South, the object in view, however base and inhuman, is plain and undisguised. They fight for Slavery. We may praise their honesty while we detest their motives. But is he North aiming at the contrary object? We trow not. At least we have not a whisper of it on the part of the Federal Government. It is to restore, as far as we can understand, the former order of things in which, be it remembered, the strongest moral, nay actual support, was given to maintain and perpetuate the system of Southern Slavery by the Fugitive Slave laws and other measures of a like character. It may be answered that the Northern States can act on no other principle than such restoration, consistent with the original basis of their constitution. Let this be granted, and we ask, is a Constitution of which a leading principle goes to sap and poison every essential of human freedom, worth retaining? Is it worth the unlimited expenditure of blood and treasure that is now going on to perpetuate an order of things, which for years past has borne the unhallowed fruits of bitterness and contention, and which has brought reproach upon the fair names of Union and Liberty in the eyes of the world. Better far, in our view, to lop off the rotten limb, and stand before the world as the enemy and not the abettor of tyranny and wrong. It has been said, we know, that there is sympathy in these Northern Colonies with the cause of the South. We do not believe it. We cannot believe that any considerable number of the population of British America are so degraded in feeling, and so recreant to their professed principles of freedom, as to have any sympathy with the owners and traffickers in the souls and bodies of their fellow-men. No doubt there are many who think it would be infinitely more wise and consistent for the North to seize the opportunity and dissolve at once the unholy union that for years past has only engendered injustice, hatred, and violence. As regards Slavery itself, we cannot doubt but that it would receive a far heavier blow by the entire isolation of the South, disconnected with the former Union, than by the restoration of a system, where in effect, by the strongest legal enactments, the whole country was compromised as Slave owners or abettors. We know it would be a bitter sacrifice for a powerful and ambitious nation like the U. States to make, in yielding up one half of her territories and one third of her population, to the dire necessity that now presses upon it. But we are satisfied that in a moral and social, and even political point of view,

she would be infinitely the gainer, both in national happiness and in the position she would take before the world at large. Whoever can read the lessons afforded by the history of nations, must feel that it is far from improbable, that after years of mutual slaughter and millions of exhausted treasures, what we thus suggest, may be the final issue of the strife.

"OUR COUNTRY, ITS PRIDE AND ITS PERIL."

—This is the title of a Discourse delivered by Rev. D. C. Eddy, to the Howard Street Baptist church on his return from Syria. In referring to hearing the news of the present war in the United States, he says:—

The first intelligence we received of the commencement of hostilities, was in Syria. We were told that eight thousand chivalrous men had overcome a half-starved garrison of seventy soldiers, and divided the immortal honor of the exploit between them; that Massachusetts blood was soaking into the pavements of Baltimore; that the American flag, which no sovereign in Europe would dare insult, had been hooted by a mob, pierced with swords, trampled under foot, and rent to pieces; that an army of rebels was marching on Washington, to haul down the banner, every star, and stripe and thread, and dot of which is redolent with freedom, and put up a bastard ensign, piratical insignia, in every flap of which the world should hear the crack of the whip, the clank of chains and the groans of the negro.

And that was all we heard! The account was meagre and did not tell us how such treason was to be met; how such rebellion was to be quelled, and how such a government was to be preserved. A week,—a long and painful week must elapse ere we could hear again. It was a week of harrowing suspense, and I assure you that as excited as you were here, your suspense could not have been as dreadful as ours. The very silence of the Syrian desert was eloquent with forebodings and fears.

The week expired, and behind the bar of the Ottoman Bank in Beyroot, ten of us gathered over a pile of English and American newspapers; our letters lay unopened before us. Wives and children were forgotten; our bleeding country was alone remembered. The intelligence was all we could desire. It told us that the Pilgrim spirit was yet alive; that everywhere at home an intense enthusiasm was kindled; that party ties were all sundered, and party interests all forgotten, that our young men had risen to arms, and our old men had blessed them as they went forth; that women and children were making garments, banners and tents for the soldiers; that the churches were hung with the old flag—the Stripes and Stars—God bless it! that from the farthest river in Maine to the prairies of the West, the people were rising to trample the traitors down.

The tears streamed down our cheeks, while clerks and bankers looked on amazed; we grasped the hands of each other; we laughed and wept by turns, and rushed out to make the French camp, close by, and through which we rode on our way to Damascus, ring with our national anthem:—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers did,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring."

The following eloquent passage is hardly in accordance with the acts of the Executive Government of the United States and yet it expresses, we believe, the only condition of a termination of present hostilities:—

Why, what is God teaching us now? Don't you hear his voice? From Sumter's dismantled bastions don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." From the blood-wet pavements of Baltimore don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." From the fearful slaughter of Bull Run, from that brave day that mysteriously lapsed into panic and flight, don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." From victory and defeat, from the beleaguered camp and the murderous charge, don't you hear it?—"Let the oppressed go free." Every slave that comes to us, saying, "knock off these chains," is a plea from God. Every drop of blood shed, and every unburied body left on Southern fields, is a heaven-high demand for the extinction of slavery.

News Summary.

The *Niagara* arrived on Friday last with news to the 21st ult. The letter of our English correspondent gives a summary of the principal topics to be found in the papers. The damage sustained by the *Great Eastern* will be a sad disappointment to all interested in that magnificent vessel. A curious circumstance is now transpiring in the relations between Great Britain and the United States, Cotton is being shipped from Great Britain to America. The Steamer *Edinburg* sailed from Queenstown for America on the 19th, with 750 bales.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred came out as one of the passengers in the *Niagara*, for the purpose of joining his ship the *St. George*. On the arrival of the steamer at Cunard's wharf, the Earl of Mulgrave, Admiral Sir A. Milne, and General Trollope went on board to meet his Royal Highness.