

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
VOL. XI. No. 3.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1866.

WHOLE SERIES.
VOL. XXX. No. 3.

Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

George Neumark's Hymn.

[If any of our readers wish to know "how George Neumark sung his hymn for the Church of Christ," they may consult Dr. Guthrie's "Sunday Magazine for 1865," pp. 473-477.]

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him, whate'er betide;
Thou 'lt find them in the evil days
Of all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trust in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

"What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

"Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

"He knows when joyful hours are lost,
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne its fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

"Nor in the heat of pain or strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard;
Nor that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is by Him preferred;
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

"All are alike before His face;
'Tis easy for our God Most High
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still of Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

"Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall it be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed."

Biographical.

For the Christian Messenger.

Memoir of the Rev. George Dimock.

BY J. M. CRAMP, D. D.

(Concluded.)

Our friend sympathized with denominational activity. He was a Director of the Nova Scotia Baptist Education Society from the beginning. He repeatedly visited other parts of the province in the service of the Home Missionary Board. The people amongst whom he laboured were not able to contribute large sums to the cause, but he encouraged them to be liberal, and he set them the example.

Temperance found in him an unflinching advocate. He was the originator of the Total Abstinence movement in Hants County, in the year 1830, and promoted it with boldness and vigour, through "evil report and good report."

He was born in Newport. He spent his long life there, and "had honour in his own country," enjoying to the last the respect and esteem of all classes of the community, and all denominations. This was pleasingly shown by a "Donation visit," when he was upwards of eighty years of age, at which persons of every shade of sentiment in the neighbourhood attended, testifying by their liberal gifts the strength of their affection. He addressed them on the occasion in a very appropriate and characteristic manner.

Writing to a member of the family in April, 1860, he said:—"It is written, 'one generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts; they shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.' Psalm 145, 4, 7. I think I have had the

happiness to see this verified to the fifth generation. I have seen my father and my father's father, who were ministers of the gospel and members of the Christian church. And I had the happiness to unite with a church of the same faith a little more than sixty years ago. I have also had the happiness to see all my children that are now living (eight in number), with each of their companions, and fourteen of their sons and daughters, all members of the church of the same faith with their fathers. Of the above families are five households of baptized believers.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name, for his mercy to us, and the house of our fathers, from generation to generation;—and for his great goodness to the world of mankind, and to the church of God at large. And let all the saints praise him, and sing of his righteousness!"

In another paper he puts it in this form:—"The following is the number of Shubael Dimock's descendants who have been added to Newport Church since its organization in 1799:—Children, 4; Grand-children, 20; Great-grand-children, 60; Great-great-grand-children, 36: Total, 120."

Six of them were preachers of the gospel, viz., Shubael and his son Daniel; Joseph and George, sons of Daniel; and our brother D. W. C. Dimock, pastor of the Church at Truro, and Anthony V. Dimock, labouring somewhere in the United States.

It pleased God to grant to our venerable brother an unusually lengthened term of life. He had completed his eighty-eighth year before the final summons came. It found him ready.

His final sickness commenced about the middle of August last. It soon became evident to his friends that his end was approaching, and he himself shared in the conviction. He was not troubled at it, but contemplated the prospect with calmness, and even with joy, assuring those around him that he rested entirely on the everlasting covenant, and the finished work of the Lord Jesus.

When some one referred to his sufferings, he said, "I have a great High Priest, who is 'touched with the feeling of my infirmities.' I shall not have one pain too much. Though this earthly house of my tabernacle be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

As his children stood around his bed, he expressed his great satisfaction in being able to converse with them about the things of God. "The same gospel," he said, "that I have been trying to recommend to others for these many years, is now my comfort and consolation—Christ, the only way—the sure foundation for man to build his hopes of heaven upon." He then exhorted them all to stand fast in the Lord; to let their light shine before the world; and to follow the footsteps of that blessed Saviour who, he trusted, had redeemed them from the thralldom of sin. So doing, they might hope, ere long, to be a re-united family in heaven.

The visits of the pastor and other friends were cheering and pleasant to him. He would say, as they left him, "We part in love, we part in peace, leaning on Christ our friend."

About ten days after the commencement of his illness he rallied considerably, and expectations of his recovery were entertained. But he desired his friends not to indulge in them. "I have unmistakable evidence," he said, "that the pins of my tabernacle are giving way. Disease is doing its work. The wheels of nature are fast clogging, and will soon cease to move. It is pleasant to mingle with friends here, but to depart and be with Christ is far better. I feel to resign myself into the hands of a covenant-keeping God. I know that the Judge of all the earth will do right. I know there is nothing in myself to recommend me to favour. I have nothing to plead but the merits of Jesus. I have nowhere to look for shelter but to the Rock of ages."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Only that Jesus died for me,
I have had the measuring-line laid upon me
Time and again, and there is nothing left but mercy."

Urging one of his daughters to take rest in the night, she said, "Father, you will be lonesome if I leave you." "O my child!"

he replied, "I shall not be alone: I have sweet communion with my God, and delightful meditations."

In his dreams one night he thought he was in heaven, and saw the old ministers there, the Mannings and Hardings, and others, and heard them sing the praises of God. "I long to be there," he said; "but I desire to wait with patience till my change come." He felt that it would soon come, and he requested his friends not to pray for the continuance of his life.

On the morning of the day on which he died, he said to a friend, referring to Psalm 73, 26., that though his heart and flesh failed, the Lord was his strength, and would be his portion for ever. Till within a few minutes of his death he exhorted and comforted the weeping family—telling them not to give way to grief, but to put their trust in God, who would sustain them under all trials, and finally save them. Brief silence followed. Life gently ebbed away. He had fallen asleep "in Jesus."

He died on Saturday, Sept., 30, last. On the following Tuesday his remains were committed to the grave. At the meeting-house, after the usual preliminary exercises by Brother Stevens of Rawdon, and Brother Silas T. Rand, a sermon was delivered by the writer, founded on Isaiah 57, 2. We then proceeded to the burial-place, where Brother Weathers, the present pastor of the Church, conducted the funeral service. There the aged veteran rests among his kindred. His father lies there—and his grandfather—and many, many more. The day is coming when "all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

George Dimock was a "faithful man"—honest—straightforward—tenacious of purpose—conscientiously upright. He served the Great Master to the best of his ability, not seeking to please men. His views were clear, and his theology sound. He was a judicious counsellor. He was not ambitious—nor obtrusive—nor selfish; but "kept the even tenor of his way," content to occupy the place which God assigned him, and quietly labouring for the good of souls. Like the primitive bishops, he was "blameless, as the steward of God—a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate, holding fast the faithful word as he had been taught." Doubtless he received the Divine welcome—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Mr. Dimock was twice married. His first wife, daughter of Joseph Bailey Esq., died Jan. 29, 1839. His second wife, who now survives him, like the aged widows spoken of in the New Testament, "trusteth in God," hoping soon to join those who have "gone before."

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary of Mrs. Susan Stronach.

Mrs. Stronach, wife of Rev. Abraham Stronach, of Lower Aylesford, and second daughter of the late Mr. John Reagh, was born August 6th, 1809.

During the extensive and powerful Revival that occurred in the region in which she lived, about 37 years ago, she unquestionably became a recipient of saving grace; was one of the first persons baptized by Rev. I. E. Bill, and united with the Nictaux Church. The evidences of her conversion were so remarkably clear, and she was so graciously so preserved from wandering into the paths of disobedience, that she remarked in her last illness, that she never had a distressing doubt of her acceptance with God.

On the 23rd day of November, 1839, sister Reagh was united in marriage with brother Abraham Stronach; and subsequently became a member of the Aylesford Church, to which he belonged. On his taking the pastoral charge of the 3rd Cornwallis Baptist Church, her membership was transferred to it, and in it she remained about 19 years. After their return to Aylesford, ten years ago last spring, she with her husband joined the Church under the pastoral care of the writer, and continued in it to the close of life, being justly regarded as she had invariably been in the others, a very quiet, consistent, and valuable member.

Sister Stronach was the mother of 19 children, of whom 10 survive her. As a wife and a mother she was industrious, prudent, kind, and

affectionate. In all the relations of life she was truly amiable, and was universally beloved.

The sickness preceding her decease was of long continuance. For about five years she was unable to walk. At times, especially toward the close, much distress was endured. It was borne, however, with calm submission to the Divine will, and with unshaken reliance on the promises of God. Her hope remained "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast" till she calmly resigned her departing spirit into the hands of her beloved Redeemer, on the 27th day of December, 1865, at the age of 56 years.

At her funeral our esteemed Brother Stronach, whose loss is indeed great, and keenly felt, her venerable and loving mother, the bereaved children, and numerous other attached relatives, with a large concourse of sympathizing friends, were addressed by the Pastor—assisted by Rev. Obel Parker—from the consoling language of the Saviour, at first addressed to His sorrowing disciples, (John xiv. 2, 3.) "In my Father's house are many mansions," &c.—Com. by Rev. C. Tupper.

A trial of faith in God.

A young man, a member of the church of which I am pastor, recently came to me and said: "You know I am dependent for the support of not only myself, but my father and mother, on the sale of periodicals; but I have been thinking it is not right for me to sell such papers as I know many of the weeklies are. I am confident it is poisoning the minds of the young. It appears that if I give them up I shall have little or no income, for they are the most profitable to me; and still my heart tells me it is wrong to continue selling them. What shall I do?" Well, George, said I, it is a trying question. Others sell them, and yet that is no excuse for you. You believe in God, and as he has promised to "never leave nor forsake us"; and that "all things work together for good to them that love him," I advise you to give them up, and trust him. He did so. I saw him a few days after. "Well," he says, "it makes quite a commotion among the people that I will not sell those papers, but somehow I feel happier for it, and I overheard a gentleman, who had ridiculed me at my face for it, say, 'after all he is consistent. I respect such Christians.'" But God blessed the young brother. In one week he had an offer of a situation worth nearly \$600 per year, and now he loves to think of his sacrifice for religion, and how speedily God blessed it. This is a single incident, but truthful, and I present it to show the care of God for us if we obey him in all things.

God has blessed that act in other ways. Go with me into our "young people's prayer meeting" and see little girls not twelve years of age, bow on their knees in prayer. Hear the testimony of a dozen who vary in age from twelve to twenty, young ladies, young men, and this young brother having charge of the meeting. His influence is vast on account of his faith and trust in God, and he rejoices in that he has seen a number brought to Christ. Let us in all things do right. God will take care of us, as he ever has done.—Christian Era.

The Jewish Surgeon.

In one of the large London hospitals a poor woman lay dying. One of the young surgeons, who was a Jew, went up to her bed and said, "My poor woman, you seem very ill; I am afraid you will not recover. Can I do any thing for you?"

"Thank you sir," said the woman; "there is a New Testament behind my pillow, and I should be much obliged to you if you would read a chapter to me."

The young man seemed surprised, but he took the Testament, and did as she desired.

He continued to come and read to her for several days, and was greatly struck by the comfort and peace which the Word of Life seemed to give the poor invalid.

With almost her dying breath, the poor woman gave the Testament to the Jewish surgeon, and urged him to read it.

He took the book home with him, and determined to keep his promise. He read it diligently, and soon found Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote—Jesus, the Messiah—and was enabled to believe in Him as the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."