Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business : fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

Our best Friend.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When chased by airy dreams the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness, doth the spirit seek,
O God but Thee,

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,
And lay me down.

Or if it be the heaviest that comes,
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the stillness of that hour,
More blest than anything my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Of whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God! but Thee?

Religious.

The cause of Temperance loses none of its importance by the experience of years, but every year adds to it fresh value. Although the arguments by which the principle of total abstinence is ordinarily sustained may become as 'familiar as a twice told tale' yet its practical value is none the less. The variety of institutions making active efforts to promote "abstinence from all intoxicating beverages" should not be regarded as merely rival organizations, but as evidence of a felt necessity for labor in this direction by philanthropic minds. The assurance that we have given us in Holy Writ, that 'no drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven' loses none of its fearful significance by its being repeatedly uttered. It is a solemn truth to which the many other vices attendant on drunkenness attest and confirm. It is emphatically a fleshly lust, ruining men and women, in body, and soul, and circumstances, for time and eternity. Under such impressions as these we would commend to our readers the following:

(Published by Request.)

AN APPEAL

To the Order of the Sons of Temperance of Nova Scotia.

Worthy Brothers,—At the recent session of Grand Division held at Guysborough when the Report of the Agency Committee was under consideration, it was resolved that the work which has been in progress under the direction of that Committee, and the necessity of immediate and vigorous effort for the sustentation of that highly important work, should be matter of special appeal to our brotherhood throughout the Province. It becomes therefore our duty to address to you a few earnest words on this important subject.

For several years past great advantage has resulted to our Order, and to the cause of Temperance generally, by the labours of the Agents and Lecturers who have been employed, under the auspices of our Grand Division. Two, and often three, brethren of approved fidelity and ability, have occupied the field, and it is occasion of much satisfaction that their labours have been highly useful, and have been appreciated very generally by the friends of Total Abstinence. Their services have been extended to every County of the Province; not only in the principal towns and villages, but also in many of the sparsely settled districts, where a testimony on behalf of Temperance had seldom been heard previously. Much temperance information has thereby been communicated, and a correct temperance sentiment implanted and fostered among young persons, as well as in regard to many who cherished unreasonable prejudices against our aims and efforts. The flagging energies and languishing zeal of many Temperance friends have been revived—thousands have been induced to take the pledge of Total Abstinence—drooping Divisions have been resuscitated, whileas the direct result of these labours, over One Hundred Divisions have been organized. The position now held by our Order, and by other Temperance organizations, is largely to be attributed to the zealous labours of our Agents.

Nor must it be forgotten that this useful Agency has been kept up for these several successive years without having any resource, very often, to appeals for assistance. The Agency Fund of the Grand Division, supplemented by the voluntary efforts of some of the Divisions, friends of the cause, and the collections taken at Public Meetings, have been our dependence for pecuniary support.

But we have found this process to be an exhaustive one, and the result is that our means for carrying on this matter should be brought fully to the notice of our Order, and such modes of meeting the case indicated for ensuring liberal support in this very necessary part of our work, as will warrant the Grand Division, at the Annual Session in October, ta direct that it shall be resumed.

It should be understood distinctly that systematic and continuous effort will be necessary, if we are to continue our Agency labours.—To discontinue that essential auxiliary to our work would be certain to result in great injury. Yet it cannot be sustained with anything like efficiency unless it is supported by the Order very generally. That this can be done, we have no doubt. We have now in Nova Scotia a membership, including our Lady Visitors, of about 13,000, and according to the shewing of the Grand Scribe's last report, if we could rely upon an average contribution of $4 each from

125 Divisions, ...	$500 00
and 25 cents Annually from 5,000 Members, ...	1,250 00
We should have the sum of .	$1,750 00

from these two sources alone—and would, with other help, be in a position to carry on our work with very great advantage to the cause, and without any risk of failure or embarassment. We make these suggestions to our brotherhood hoping that such a response will be given prior to the Annual Session of Grand Division, as to make clear the course of action to be taken for the year which will then commence.

Hoping that these considerations will have their due weight, and that we shall have the satisfaction of carrying forward our agency work with increased vigour and success,

We remain fraternally yours,

H. A. Taylor, *Chairman*,
C. Robson,
John McMurray,
Robert Noble,
Richard M. King.
} *Ag'cy Com.*

Halifax, August, 1868.

A few Questions.

Conversation among Christian people is too often confined to generalities; and fails to bring forth any valuable results because of its want of adaptation to the state and condition of the mind addressed. The heart becomes encased in the ordinary daily routine, and it is more difficult to awaken new thought and feeling on our own individual relation to God and heaven than on the common topics of every day life. To aid in breaking up the fallow ground, let the reader receive and ponder over the following enquiries, and when satisfactorily answered let him put them honestly but kindly to others, and we venture to affirm that good will follow:

Are you a Christian?

Or do you simply belong to some church?

If not a Christian now, when do you expect to become one?

Or do you expect to reach heaven without ever being a Christian?

Have you no need of salvation?

If salvation is a necessity, why not seek for it now?

Is there anything gained by putting off this decision?

Do you feel happy and satisfied in your present state of mind?

Do you know what true peace of conscience is?

Does not God deserve your love?

Has he ever done anything to justify your present alienation from him?

If not, then why persist in rebellion?

Why not be honest in dealing with your God?

Do you find any real, solid happiness in the pleasures of the world?

Do they not rest like a weight upon your soul at times?

Did the thought ever enter your mind that you were in a terrible condition?

Did you ever feel that you were without hope?

Have you no reason to feel so now?

Have you a Christian mother or sister?

Did you ever think how often they have wept bitter tears because of your waywardness?

Will you not come to Jesus JUST NOW?

Come, for He will be glad to welcome you. Come, for He is waiting to receive you. His heart yearns for you. His arms are outstretched to embrace you. You know not where the morrow may be spent. 'Tis but a step from life to death—from this world to the unseen world, where we must all go.

If you still refuse, will not some of these questions rise up against you on the judgment day? Consider well, for you may now be deciding FOR ETERNITY.

The lost one found.

While awaiting the arrival of the train, one rainy summer day, a gentleman came in hurriedly, and with great anxiety asked if I had seen a child about the station. A little girl, only two years old, had wandered away, and had been gone for several hours. Her footprints had been traced along the road to the river, and then they were lost sight of.—Beyond the river was the railroad, over which trains often passed; for the road was a great thoroughfare, and the poor mother was half distracted with anxious fears and forebodings as to what might have befallen her child.

Although a stranger in the place, my heart ached for those parents, as I thought of a little face which I should be sorry to find absent from my own fireside; and anxiously did I watch for the first tidings of the wanderer. After the search of another half hour, a joyous shout rang through the air; and straining my eyes, I saw in the distance a white cape and bonnet. Then a strong man came out of the tangled thicket, and hurried up the railroad-bank and across the bridge, clasping the lost treasure in his arms. How I longed to go and rejoice with those parents as they welcomed their little one home, dearer than ever now, perhaps, that she had once been lost!

Do you ever think whom you shall want to see when you get to heaven? I suppose first of all, we shall wish to see the Saviour, who has prepared such a beautiful home for us; but we shall want to see our friends there, too; and we can imagine fathers and mothers looking to see if their own little lambs are all safe in the fold of the Good Shepherd. And O—if we can imagine any sadness in heaven—how their hearts would sadden, should one be missing; one have strayed away, and been *lost!* My dear young reader will *you* be there?

The Infidel answered.

A few months since a well-known minister of the Presbyterian Church delivered a series of discourses against infidelity, in a town in Louisiana, on the Red river, some of the citizens of which were known to be skeptical. A few days afterward he took passage in a steamer ascending the Mississippi, and found on board several of the citizens of that town among whom was a disciple of Tom Paine, noted as the ringleader of a band of infidels. So soon as he discovered the minister he commenced his horrid blasphemies; and when he perceived him reading at one of the tables he proposed to his companions to go with him to the opposite side of the table and listen to some stories that he had to tell on religion and religious men, which, he said, would annoy the old preacher. Quite a number, prompted by curiosity, gathered around him to listen to his vulgar stories and anecdotes, all of which were pointed against the Bible and its ministers. The preacher did not raise his eyes from the book which he was reading, nor appear to be the least disconcerted by the presence of the rabble. At length the infidel walked up to him, and rudely tapping him on the shoulder said: "Old fellow, what do you think of these things?" He calmly pointed out of the door, and said: "Do you see that beautful landscape before you?" "Yes." "It has a variety of flowers, plants, and shrubs, that are calculated to fill the beholder with delight." "Yes." "Well, if you were to send out a dove, he would pass over that scene and see in it all that was beautiful and lovely, and delight himself in gazing at and admiring it; but if you were to send out a buzzard over precisely the same scene, he would see in it nothing to fix his attention, unless he could find some rotten carcase that would be loathsome to all other animals. He would alight and gloat on *that* with exquisite pleasure." "Do you mean to compare me to a buzzard, sir?" said the infidel, coloring very deeply. "I made no allusion to you, sir," said the minister very quietly. The infidel walked off in confusion, and went by the name of "The Buzzard" during the remainder of the passage."

Without an Enemy.

Heaven help the man who thinks he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeds we should be glad of it—not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing that they will respect you less for maintaining it, or respect you the more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, in spite of winds and weather, storms or sunshine. It costs the vaccillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand on its own ground.

The Sunday Stone.

In one of our English coal mines there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks.—This water contains a great many particles of lime which are deposited in the mine, and, as the water passes off, these become hard, and form limestone. This stone would always be white, like marble, were it not that men are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and, in that way, a black stone is formed.

In the night, when there is no coal dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on, alternately, black and white, through the week, until Sunday comes. Then, if the miners keep the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night and the whole of Sunday, so that every seventh day the white layer is about three times as thick as any of the others. But, if they work on the Sabbath, they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it 'The Sunday Stone."

Perhaps many who now break the Sabbath would try to spend it better, if there was a 'Sunday Stone,' where they could see their unkept Sabbaths with their black marks.

'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?'—*Christian Treasury.*

The Monotony of Life.

The general character of life is that of monotony. Whether we regard the life of man or the life of beasts, we are struck by the same remarkable fact, that life, to all