

Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business : fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XV. No. 18.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, May 4, 1870.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXXIV. No. 18.

Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

"WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?"

See! the Man of Sorrows dies!
Hark! "My God, My God," He cries,
"In my bitter agony,
Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

"Hast Thou left Thine only Son?
Why, what evil hath he done?
Father, I appeal to Thee,
Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

"My disciples all have fled,
I alone the winepress tread;
But, though men and angels flee,
Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

"I have broken no command,
Never sinned in heart or hand;
From offence and blemish free,
Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

"O my Father this is why,—
Sinful men deserve to die;
They Thy children cannot be
Unless Thou forsake me."

"Hide Thy face, withhold the light,
For the sheep the shepherd smite;
Blood-bought multitudes shall see
Why Thou hast forsaken me."

TIMOTHY HARLEY.

St. John, N. B.

Religious.

PEN SKETCHES.

No. 19.

SPASMATIC PERSONS.

Such love and hate, laugh and cry—work and play by spasms. If we applied the term to the business man—to the husband and wife, we should fill a column or so, but let me refer to the spasmodic—Christian. Such reads whole chapters in the Bible for a week, and then months will elapse and the book is hardly touched. They will attend to private prayer for a season then neglect it altogether. They will attend church while the fit is on them but when that is over their place is vacant. They are all alive during a revival, often first and foremost in prayer and exhortation, but when it is over, you look in vain for their sympathy and help. They go by fits and starts. Sometimes they are good for preventing a stagnation. These persons are impulsive, they lack firmness, you don't know where to find them and how to approach them. To-day—burning with intense zeal, in a day or so cold as an iceberg.—They are unreliable. No enterprise would ever succeed in their hands. Cool persistent labour subdues mountains and climbs difficulties.

JOHN.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM THE REV. A. A. R. CRAWLEY IN BURMAH.

S. S. "MONGOLIA," Jan. 27 1870.

My dear Messenger,—

Almost the first indication of Ceylon, approaching it from the north west, is a lofty mountain, whose summit pierces the clouds, which cling to the sides of the mountain, while its highest point is distinctly outlined in the serene atmosphere above. This is "Adam's Peak;" why so-called I have not learned, but probably from some traditional myth which makes this one of the places visited by the father of our race. This seems more probable from the fact that the ledge of rocks which almost connects Ceylon with the main land is called "Adam's causeway." Actual measurement has proved that "Adam's Peak" is not the highest point on the island. But there is a Buddhist legend that Guadama once stood on the "highest point on Thee (Ceylon) Island." And to confirm the truth of this legend, devout Buddhists, in by gone

ages, carved, in the rock of the Peak, an enormous foot-print, which is regarded by all true believers as the impression left by the great Buddha's foot, when he stood on that eminence.

Galle is the point of departure for all the overland mails for place eastward and south-eastward,—the Straits of Malacca, China, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Japan. And to this fact alone Point de Galle owes all its importance. Should the Steamers of the P. and O. Company, and the French line, the "Messageries Impériales," find some better harbor, or for any other reason forsake Galle, it must sink at once to the condition of a fishing village. Buddhism is not, I judge, so strong, or at least so outwardly demonstrative of its strength in Ceylon as in Burmah. In the latter a town of the size of Galle would be crowded with Pagodas, and other monuments of Buddhism. But neither in the town, nor on the surrounding hill-tops, is there a single idol pane or Pagoda to be seen. Mr. Carter (the missionary to the Buddhists of Ceylon referred to in a former letter) told me that the Ceylon mission was initiated about the same time that Judson began his labors in Burmah, and the ratio of success has been about the same in both countries. According to native Burmese authorities the religion of Boodh was propagated in Burmah by missionaries from Ceylon. The character of the Singhalise is not, I should think, nearly so favourable as that of the Burmese to the spread of the gospel: the latter being more frank, manly and independent, while the Singhalise manifest much of the distrust and treacherousness of character, so disagreeably prominent in the obsequious Bengali.

Nearly half our passengers left at Galle, taking the Steamer for Malacca, or Australia, according to their destination.

I have ascertained that a Steamer for Rangoon leaves Madras on the 1st prox, and as that offers the speediest passage to my journey's end, I shall probably leave the "Mongolia" at Madras, from which place I hope to continue my letter.

Jan. 31st. We arrived in Madras at 2 P. M. on the 29th and, to my great disappointment, found that the steamer for Burmah had left at 10 A. M., and as there is no steamer from Madras again till the end of February, it is necessary for me to go in the "Mongolia" to Calcutta. Madras presents very few attractions to the traveller. Built on low lying ground, with but few trees to shade it from the sun, and so far at least as could be seen from the steamer's deck, no pleasant suburban scenery, it looked a dreary place to live in, and the term "benighted" which is commonly applied to this Presidency by the residents in the more favoured parts of India did not strike me as a misnomer.

The town is built on the sea-shore, and there is not the slightest indentation of the coast line, so that harborage for vessels there is none. The consequence is that during the S. W. Monsoon, the time of storms, all the ships lying at Madras have to buoy their anchors, and hold themselves in readiness to slip and run out to sea as soon as the Semaphore telegraph gives the signal of a storm approaching. The "Massullah" (pronounced Masoolah) boat is a Madras institution, and quite indispensable to the place. It is a large, deep, flat-bottomed concern, made of wide planks, sewed together with rattan! there is no iron, not a nail in the whole boat; and it is probably the only kind of boat that could live in the heavy surf which rolls incessantly on the Madras beach. It is said to be a "sensation" to get into one of these boats and have a dozen of the black natives, jabbering and yelling full-lunged row you through the angry breakers; but at the time I tried the sensation it was very moderate indeed, for the surf was uncommonly low.

Feb. 11th 1870. Pushing up the Irriwaddi once more. Since leaving Madras I have been at Calcutta three days, thence, in another steamer four days to Rangoon. I find that, since I left America two missionary families, including five adults and six children, have been driven to America by disease. More gaps in

the line! And as the cry comes again "Close up the ranks," we look wistfully for the recruits; but how slowly they come and how few at a time! I had heard that I was to be entirely alone at Henthada, but to my great joy, I learned that Bro. D. A. W. Smith has been requested by telegram from Boston to go up and take charge of the Karen department of that Mission. I found a number of letters from Missionary friends awaiting me at Rangoon, and among them one from a widow of the lamented Douglas of Bassein, urgently begging me to come down as soon as possible and relieve her of part at least of the responsibility—the care of the Burman Mission—which she has, now her husband is gone, to bear alone. But to go to Bassein is to neglect Henthada. O why are not some of those men here now,—some who might be here—who have felt compelled to think seriously of the Master's command, and to look towards this land as their destined field of labor? Our Burman Association begins its annual session to-day, and will close on Sunday next, at Henthada; and I am in hopes to get up in time to spend the closing hours with my brethren.

Henthada, Feb. 13th 1870. I arrived yesterday (Sunday) morning at four o'clock and so have enjoyed one clear day of the Association. The meetings were brought to a close last evening, when the delegates and visitors from nearly all the Burmese churches united in partaking of the Lord's Supper, and "doing it in remembrance" of Him. You can understand me when I say it was the happiest and holiest meeting I have attended since I left Burmah, now nearly two years ago. My own people here in Henthada, gathered round me with tears and sobs, the only way by which they could express their heart-felt cordial welcome of their returned "Teacher." And then their very first inquiry, after they could command utterance, was, "Where is Māma?" accompanied with such eager enquiries, and such tender expressions of affection as showed plainly that the "Māma" occupied at least as large a place in their hearts as the "Teacher" himself, and that her work and labor of love could never be forgotten by them. I wish all Granville Street Church could have been present to see old Ko Aing when I gave him their beautiful watch. As soon as the old man comprehended the nature of the gift, and the feelings which prompted it, he trembled with emotion, and the tears coursed fast down his aged cheeks, while he cried "O wonderful that they should think of an old creature like me." As you can easily imagine, my brain is all awl, and memory and teeming associations are doing their best to make confusion worse confounded in that much disturbed locality. I will write again as soon as I can do so more collectedly.

As ever.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

CAIN'S LAMENT.

While Cain was dwelling in the land of Nod, beyond Eden, toward the east, he sat one day under a terebinth tree, and rested his head upon his hands, and wept. His wife went out to look for him, and had his infant son, Enoch, in her arms. When at length she found him, she stayed a long time beneath the terebinth tree, and listened to Cain, weeping. Then she spoke to him and said: "Cain, why do ye weep so? Is there no end to your sorrows?"

He started, and raised his head and said:

"Alas! is it you, Zillah? Behold! my sin is greater than can be forgiven." And as he said this, his head again sank, and he covered his face with his hands.

But his wife said, in the gentlest tones:

"Alas! Cain, is not the Lord merciful and very good?"

When Cain heard these words, he was terrified anew, and said: "Oh! must your tongue be a thorn to pierce my heart?"

But she replied: "Far be that from me; just listen, Cain, and look about you. Do not our fields blossom with plenty? and have we not twice already reaped bountiful harvests? Has not the Lord been gracious to us, and kindly blessed us?"

Cain.—"To you Zillah, you and your babe Enoch, but not to me. I only see in his goodness how far I was from him when I slew Abel."

Then Zillah interrupted him and said: "Do you not cultivate the ground, and scatter seed in its furrows? And does not the dawn blush for you as it did in Eden and the dew glitter on the grass and flowers?"

"Alas! Zillah my poor wife," answered Cain; "I see in the blush of morning only the bleeding head of Abel; and in the dew I see a tear; on every flower a drop of blood. When the sun rises, I see behind me the shadow of the murdered Abel; before me, myself the murderer. Has not the murmur of the brook a complaint for Abel? and in the cool breeze I feel his breath about me. Ah! more fearful than the words of wrath which called to me in thunder, and said, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?' is to me the still small voice which sighs and whispers about me. And when night comes, oh! it hedges me about like the gloom of the grave; and all about me is an empire of death, which shuts me up with myself alone. Only at noon have I peace, when the sun burns my head, and my tears fall in the furrows,—no shadow is about me."

Then said Zillah: "O, Cain, my dear, see yonder come our lambs, white as the lilies,—full of milk! How they leap for joy in the glow of the sunset!"

Cain looked at her with a fixed look, and said: "Wretched me! These are Abel's sheep. They are red with his blood. Their bleating is a wail of sorrow for him. Is it not the voice of lamentation? Is there anything can belong to Cain?"

Then Zillah wept, and said: "Am I not Zillah, thy wife, she that loves thee?"

But he replied: "How can you love Cain, who does not love himself? What have you for me but tears? How can you love Cain who slew Abel?"

Then she held out to him the infant Enoch, and the babe smiled upon his father.

Then Cain cast himself on his face under the terebinth and wept aloud and said: "Ah me! must I yet behold that smile of innocence? It is not the smile of Cain's son; it is Abel's smile, whom Cain slew." Thus he cried out and lay speechless, with his face to the earth. And Zillah leaned against the terebinth, for she trembled exceedingly, and her tears fell to the ground.

—Krummacher.

EDITORS AND THEIR WORK.

The *Christian Quarterly* discusses, in the following words, the toils and troubles of an editor of a religious journal, of some of which we have a "feeling sense."

"None but those who have had actual experience can begin to estimate the amount of brainwork and of drudgery, and the extent and variety of knowledge and of tact, necessary to furnish a religious weekly of even ordinary attractiveness. The highest order of excellence can only be reached when immensely large subscriptions allow of the employment of a suitable corps of writers, and admit of a proper division of labor. We do not speak unadvisedly when we give our opinion that no class of literary toilers in our land are more severely tasked, or kept under heavier or more constant strain, than the editors of weeklies. They must know everything and do everything; translate Hebrew into English, promises to pay into cash; dig into Greek roots for their readers, and into their subscribers for money to keep the press running; be as pious as Thomas Aquinas, as literary as Voltaire or Gibbon, as poetical as Byron, and as acutely practical as Vanderbilt, or consent to be written down blockheads; furnish proof for all their positions, and examine proof and re-proofs from the printers; be grave and