

Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE CHAPLET AND THE CROWN.

No. 1.

A fair youth stood on a beautiful bank
Of a river broad, and deep;
Full oft before, in the boat at his side,
Had he drifted along on its ebbing tide,
And watched the rippling waves that glide
Like the dreams of childhood's sleep.

But now he gazed with a wondering eye,
For the stream seem'd cleft in twain;
Instead of one, with its dimpled wave,
O'er the pebbly stones which it joy'd to lave,
Two streams their tribute waters gave
To the ever restless main.

Ah fair indeed were the flowers that grew
In the broadest river's side;
Its waters flash'd in the shimmering light,
While the gaily-rigged crafts were a pleasing
sight
All dancing in the sunshine bright
To the motion of the tides.

No bright lights gleamed on the narrower
stream.
And the flowers grew quite rare;
A few plain boats kept their course till at last
They were hidden from sight, by a cloud,
that cast
Its dark form o'er the youth full fast,
And he saw no beauty there.

It seem'd that then while he stood all alone,
That an angel met his view,
With one white hand he was pointing on high,
To a glorious crown in the half-hid sky,
And then, a wreath with tearful eye
On the river broad he threw.

"Bright youth" he said, "thou art standing
to-day
On the brink of after fate!
The choice is thine, this glittering wreath,
Or, yon glorious crown, far beyond dark
death
For one points up, and one beneath.
Pause then well before too late."

The youth paused not but the chaplet he
grasped
As he chose the river broad;
"Ah these" said he "are so rich and so rare,
I will twine the bright blossoms within my
hair;
They will not fade I'll have them there
When I rest at home with God."

He called along all that beautiful day,
And his soul was well content;
But by and by all the bright lights grew dim,
And the odour of flowers were sickening
him.

His heart was filled with sorrow grim,
When he found his strength was spent.

He gazed below, but his beautiful wreath
It had withered on his brow!
Ah, sad indeed, was his gaze as he thought
What an utter delusion that wreath had
wrought;

He saw the world his soul had bought,
And his boat must drift on now.

And thus it is with each one of our lives,
There's a chaplet or a crown,
The choice is ours let us see that our boat
Is not drifting along, but that we devote
Our strength to God who e'er will note
All our way the river down.

VIOLET.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK.

Mr. Editor,—

We have come to a crisis in the history of our Foreign Mission. Much, very much depends upon our action at the approaching Convention. Does not God in his providence intimate that the time has come when we as a people in these provinces should attempt something for the salvation of the heathen in a manner and on a scale very different from anything we have yet done? There are, it seems to me, three questions now before us, 1st. Shall we merge our Board into the American Baptist Missionary Union, and send our men

and our money to them? or 2nd. Shall we unite with our Canadian brethren in sustaining a Foreign Mission? or 3rd. Shall we have a separate and independent Mission? We owe it to ourselves and to the heathen, to adopt in all our Mission enterprises that plan which is most likely to prove successful and to follow it up with the most thorough-going use of all the means which God has placed in our power. The whole subject of "Our Foreign Mission" should be thoroughly ventilated before the meeting of the Convention, so that all may come prepared to adopt an enlightened and effective policy.

The first of the above questions has been discussed pretty freely through the columns of the *Messenger* and elsewhere. Nothing more need be said on this point. I think it is the general opinion that we would do more for the evangelization of the heathen by having a "mission of our own, and men looking to us for support and sympathy," than by merging our Board into the A. B. M. Union.

Some of our brethren seem to be looking towards union with Canada. Your correspondent "Luke" says "If the Baptists of the Dominion were united in the work, we then might well sustain an Independent Mission." Such a union involves many questions. I had hoped that some one qualified would have entered upon a discussion of the subject before this late date. As no one has, and as it is eminently desirable that the question should be discussed before the Convention, I take the liberty to open it hoping that abler pens will take it up.

In looking at this question a few difficulties have presented themselves to my mind. Our Canadian brethren are now laboring in connection with the A. B. M. Union. Their work is considerably involved in the work of the Union. It would be somewhat difficult for them to withdraw from their American brethren to form a Union with us, even if they were desirous of such a union, of which we have no evidence. But if this difficulty were obviated it appears to me the great distance between them and us would stand in the way of our working together. Where would the centre of operations be?—for some centre we must have. Suppose the Executive Board were located in Woodstock, Ontario. When could Nova Scotia representatives meet with them? It would cost about fifty dollars to go from Nova Scotia and return.

But suppose there were no difficulties in the home working of this enterprise. Let us look for a moment at the Foreign department. We would, of course, if we united with the Canadian brethren go into the Telooogo Mission. The A. B. M. Union some time ago, I understand, expressed themselves willing to sell this Mission out and out to us. Since that time however, the Telooogo Mission has undergone a great change; and occupies a very different position among American Missions from what it did then. But suppose the Union were still willing to sell it to us, are we, together with the 15,000 Baptists of Ontario prepared to buy it—premises, presses, &c., to support the two Canadian brethren—Timpany & McLaurin—already there; and the two American Missionaries—brothers Jewett and Clough—who are there too, and at the same time to send out reinforcements?

Again if we take the Telooogo field will we not have to give up all our interests in Burmah—our female missionary, sister DeWolfe, our noble band of native preachers &c.? We cannot remove any of our Missionary staff to the field of our Canadian brethren. Their field is a thousand miles from Burmah and among a people speaking a language very different from the Burmese or Karen.

And again if we go into the Telooogo Mission what will we do with those whom God is raising up amongst us in answer to our prayers, and whose hearts are burning to break the "bread of life" to the poor KARENS?

The destinies of millions depend upon our action in this important crisis. May we be divinely guided.

I may give in another article some reason why we should make SIAM our Mission field.

ALEPH.

LETTER FROM REV. A. R. R. CRAWLEY.

HENTHADA, BRITISH BURMAH
MAY 17, 1870.

My dear Messenger,—

There has been a wondrous change since I last wrote you from this place. Then, the face of the earth was shrunk and shrivelled, and cracked all over with the blazing heat; her bosom as hard as a stone, it seemed as if mother earth was callous to all genial influences, and could never again produce a single green thing. But now! what a magical change!

The wild south-west Monsoon has risen,
On broad grey wings of gloom.

The clouds have wept over the flinty bosom of the earth, and lo! wrinkles and seams have passed away, and she is "beautiful for ever." How apt and beautiful an emblem of the change which will take place in human nature, seared and scarred, and sin-calloused, when Heaven's gracious influences distil upon it.—The promise that the "desert shall bud and blossom," has a power and significance unknown to those who have never dwelt in the torrid zone.

The three seasons of the Burman year may be regarded, loosely, as dividing Mission work into three parts. Part of November, December, January, February, and part of March,—the cold season—is the time for travelling, visiting the churches, and preaching the word from village to village. Five months, May to September inclusive, the rainy season, are devoted to schools, ministerial training &c.; and the remaining three months, the hot season proper, may be called in a general way, the Preparatory time,—devoted to the various preliminaries connected with the ensuing divisions of work respectively! It must be remarked however, that this division is more particularly applicable to the Burmah department of the Mission. It is not commonly understood at home that the *modus operandi* in the two departments is almost as distinct as are the two races themselves. Village labour among the Karens in the rains is simply impracticable. Almost universally agriculturists, their villages lie inland, away from the rivers and streams. Each collection of houses is an island surrounded by a sea of mud and water, the rice fields of the village. For the Karen Missionary therefore, in the rains, it is schools—or nothing. How different is the case in the Burmese department will be understood when I announce my work for the rains to be the visitation of ten Burmese towns, with an aggregate of probably 30,000 inhabitants.

These can all be reached by boat. Were there two missionaries here for the Burmese, (and the work can never be effectually conducted until there are two), one would find full occupation in teaching a class of native preachers during the rains.

I am much interested in Bro. Porter's article, and in the agitation of the subject "Independence or Co-operation" in your Foreign Missionary work? I am going, by your leave, to have my say by and bye. Meanwhile a more recent explorer than Mr. Norris, Mr. Cushing of the Shan Mission, discredits the "millions of Sgau Karens in Siam," and you have already learned that the powers that be in Zimmai, have extinguished the Presbyterian Mission there, and shed the first martyr-blood of Laos, having killed two converts, the first fruits I believe of that Mission.

Such facts do not mean that Zimmai is not to have the gospel; they may mean that you are not to plant a Mission there. Repeated flank-movement-strategy in war is exhaustive, and demands a strong reserve corps.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mr. Editor,—

A late issue of the *Messenger* contained an article which is, I think, somewhat unjust to a great and honest man. I refer to an extract from the *Christian Era* headed "The Gospel of Protoplasm." The writer shows through the whole of his remarks a fondness for large generalities, a characteristic of those who prefer to re-echo a popular cry rather than give themselves the trouble of examining the opinions they criticize. Such teachers are unfortunately common at the present time and something-dangerous-about-science is a favorite topic with them. Exactly where the danger lies they have never been able to point out; they are forced to admit the reasonableness of scientific views when they can be held long enough to hear what those views are, but they cannot be made to believe that there is not grave danger to sound doctrine in any one knowing more than they do. They possess a number of grim theological jokes which are especially pleasing to them as they save the trouble of investigation, and furnish an excellent means of silencing an enquirer, and this "Gospel of Protoplasm" is one of the most dreary.

Sarcasm is a very pretty thing, no doubt, but it has become lamentably common, and has this drawback that it proves nothing but a lack of arguments.

A writer who professes to inform the public on so important a topic as the attitude of Science to Religion ought to examine very closely before he classes together Comte and Huxley, Positivism and Science. I do not profess to be acquainted with all Professor Huxley's opinions, nor to give assent to all so far as I do understand them, but to some of those with which he is charged by the writer of the article mentioned above, he has repeatedly given an unqualified denial, both lately and long ago, and I regret very much to see any one who come forward as a defender of Christianity using misrepresentation. As a Christian I protest against such defenders as the worst enemies of truth.

How far superior to the temper of such defence is the spirit shown by the writer of the following:—

"It is a great injustice to scientific men—too often committed—to suspect them of unwillingness to accept the idea of a personal Creator merely because they try to keep separate the language of Science from the language of Theology. A remarkable instance of this injustice has been lately brought to light. Professor Huxley, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, had used one of those vague phrases so common with scientific men about the 'unknown and unknowable' being the goal of all scientific thought, which not unnaturally suggest the notion that all idea of a God is unattainable. A writer in the *Spectator* accordingly dealt with Professor Huxley as avowing Atheism and was rebuked by the Professor in a letter published in the *Spectator* Feb. 10, 1866. Professor Huxley says: "It is, and always has been, a favorite tenet of mine, that Atheism is as absurd, logically speaking as Polytheism." On the subject of miracles, Professor Huxley says, that "denying the possibility of miracles seems to me quite as unjustifiable as speculative Atheism." This is from an author whose soundness will scarcely be doubted, scientist though he be—Argyll.

The writer in the *Christian Era* charges Professor Huxley with knowing no God but inexorable law. Such a belief he has repeatedly denied. He denies it in the very lecture which seems to have aroused the writer's ire—a lecture on the Physical Basis of life—and this semi-jocund theologian has twisted into The Gospel of Protoplasm. But let him speak for himself.

The following extracts are from a lecture on Descartes delivered by Professor Huxley before the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association.

"I hold, with the Materialist, that the human body, like all living bodies, is a machine, all the operations of which will sooner or later be explained on physical principles. * *"