

The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

TREES.

I love to watch the glorious trees
When tossed by storm, or moved by breeze,
I love to see them calmly stand,
Like guardian angels of the land.

With arms outstretched as if in love,
With tops that point in faith above,
They stand a pure, primeval race,
Unchanged by sin, or time, or place.

Man lost not all with Eden's bowers,
God kindly gave us trees and flowers,
That we might feel his loving care,
And make bright bowers anywhere.

And Adam saw no lovelier trees
Than his remote descendant sees,
Unless, perchance, those mystic two
That side by side in Eden grew.

Smile on in beauty, happy trees,
Still moved by sun, caressed by breeze,
Wave, wave, blest trees! for many a day
Your forms have cheered my weary way.

Throw all your charms around me still,
And bless my longing sight, until
My eyes shall close, in the last strife,
To open on the Tree of Life.

S. S.

The following is sent us by a friend
in New Brunswick. It is from the
pen of one of the Teachers in the Fe-
male department of Horton Academy,
but not published at her request.

ELLDACEIVE.

All that is noble am I to resign,
Tell me, stern Fate, as I kneel at thy shrine?
Must I give up every ardent desire?
Turn from the glories to which I aspire?

Fall beneath the weight of oppression and care,
Crushed by this terrible doubt and despair!
Grey are the clouds wrapped around me
to-night,

Dismally veiling sweet Hope from my sight;
Thickly the shadows fall, fold upon fold,
Darkness and danger and terror and cold
Catch at my day-dreams and tear them away;

I am alone in the cold and the grey.

Alone in the stillness I fearfully wait,
When, hark! Ah, I hear thee, stern voice of
my fate!

"Out, out in the darkness the cold and the
dread,

On the rough granite, go, pillow thy head;
For I am Fate, and my mystical hand;
Over thy being holds constant command,
A I you hold sacred to manhood or youth,
All you deem precious in love or in truth,

You must yield straightway to Fate and to me
Then in my kingdom, exultingly free,
You shall behold the soft lights and deep shades
Weaving the net-work of Fate's tangled glades;

But up the mountain side, rugged and steep,
Foot-sore and weary, you never shall creep."

I linger, I listen, the voice dies away,—
Oh, shall I accept this strange twilight for day,
Give thee my day-dreams, my hope and fair
thought,

All that my mind or my spirit e'er sought?
I hear the night breezes,—in sorrow they sigh
For the soul that from anguish seeks vainly to
fly.

I hear their low sobs in the tree top above,
As the maiden would weep for the death of
her love.

Then my spirit breaks forth in one wild,
piercing cry,
For the arm that can save me, the Friend ever
nigh;

And afar through the shadows there gleameth
a ray

Which tells of the dawn of a heavenly day,
And reveals unto me the lost pathway of truth,
The joy of my being, the hope of my youth,
Then I turn from my error, now grim—once
'twas fair,—

And tread the sure pathway, so free from all
care,

To where Faith stands waiting my soul to
receive,

And Fate's cunning mazes no more may
deceive.

C. C. C.

Sept. 21st, 1875.

Faith is the life of science. In some
form it always precedes. Every re-
vival of literature in the world, every
new interest in philosophy, every no-
table quickening of the human intelli-
gence, can be traced to something that
may be called a revival of religion.—
Taylor Lewis.

Religious.

BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Dear friends, what are you doing to-
wards scattering the Bible? Do you
give it away? Somebody may say it
is very little use giving away Bibles
and Testaments. That is a very great
mistake. I have very seldom found it
to be a lost thing, to give a present of
a Testament. I was greatly astonished
about a month ago. A cabman drove
me home, and when I paid him his
fare, he said, "A long time since I
drove you last, sir?" "But," said I,
"I do not recollect you!" "Well,"
he said, "I think it is fourteen years
ago;" but he says, "Perhaps you will
know this Testament!" pulling one out
of his pocket. "What," I said, "did
I give you that?" "Oh, yes!" he
said, "and you spoke to me about my
soul, and nobody had done that before
and I have never forgotten it." "What,"
said I, "haven't you worn it out?"
"No," he said, "I would
not wear it out; I have had it bound!"
—and he had kept it very carefully
indeed. It encourages one to give
books in that way. Sometimes people
won't value a tract. I believe it is
often the cheapest thing to give a bet-
ter thing; that which costs you rather
more will be more highly treasured,
and—"a Testament for 2d."—who
would not scatter such a thing broad-
cast? And should you be unable to
give away the book itself, quote the
Scriptures often. A colporteur last
Monday said there was a man in the
habit of addressing him upon religious
subjects when he was half seas over,
as they call it, or something of that
kind. Whenever he had plenty of
drink in him he always came up to the
colporteur to talk about religion. He
said, "He came and knocked at my
door, and I felt vexed that he should
so often come to me in that condition,
and I hurled four texts at his head out
in the street with all my might." He
quoted the four texts. They were
very appropriate to the man's condi-
tion, and contained a full statement of
the gospel of Jesus Christ. He said:
"I do not know whether I did that
man any good or not, but there was
a woman next door, who just opened
her door to put two dirty children off
her doorstep. She stood still and
heard all the four texts, and the Spirit
of God carried them home to her heart
and conscience;" and he added, "I
have been awakened at night many
times, and glad to be awakened, by
hearing her sing, whilst she lies dying
up stairs in the room next to mine." I
wish every person here who knows
the power of the Scriptures on his own
soul would incessantly be trying to
spread the Word of God and to ex-
pound it.

Never associate the Bible with any-
thing that is dull and unhappy in the
minds of your children. I think one
of the wickedest things in the world is
to make a child learn a chapter for a
punishment. Make the Bible a sweet,
dear book to your children; give them
plenty of pictures, and try yourself to
make pictures of the Bible by your
conversation. A little boy once was
at his mother's side, and she was
reading to him. "Mother," he said,
"would you let me go out and play
for a quarter of an hour?" "What
for, James?" said she. "Because
then you will please read that book to
yourself, and then, when I come in in
a quarter of an hour's time, I will
listen so nicely if you will tell me what
the book says." That is the thing;
read the book yourself, and get the
meaning of it; then talk it out again
to the children; they will receive it so
much the better. We want subscribers
to the Bible Society, but we want
readers of the Bible and expounders
of it, so that even the little ones may
understand. I wish this to go home to
every one here. There is a something
for all to do. I believe there is a some-
body in the world that God means to

bless through you and nobody else.
He has given to His dear Son power
over all flesh that He should give
eternal life to as many as His Father
gave Him, and I think He has divided
that power out among us, and given to
some of us powers over certain flesh,
and others power over others. There
are some who never will enter heaven
through my preaching, but they will
enter heaven perhaps from your
private admonitions, or through the
little New Testament which you intend
now to put in their way, and the gen-
tle word which you mean to add to it.
Beloved friends, look at the great city
that is now before you, which God is
visiting. Now that we are speaking
about the Bible, assist in the visitation
of this city, house to house, all of you
and connect with it the trying to dis-
cover whether the Bible is in the
house, and if it be not there, let every
house in London be supplied with the
Bible. I wish the Bible Society would
join, if it could, with that organization,
and determine that every house in
London should have a Bible at once.
Let us all help in doing the work of
visiting, and scattering the Word of
God, and let this be your motive; if
we love the Lord Jesus Christ, there
is an intimate connection between us
and everything that has to do with
Him. Year ago, when servants used
to be servants, there was a certain
lord who was greatly amused with the
way in which his old body servant
always used to talk. They were down
in the country, and there was a wagon
standing at the door of the country
seat, and his lordship said, "John,
whose wagon is that?" "Oh," says
he, "that is ours, my lord; it has
brought some of our goods down from
town." In a minute or two he said,
"John, what coach is that coming up
the drive?" "Well, my lord," he
says, "don't you know—that's our
carriage." "But," he said, "I see
some children in it; are they our
children, John?" "Oh, yes, my
lord," he says, "bless their hearts,
they are our children, and I am going
down stairs to bring them in," and he
went down stairs to bring them in.
Now whenever we look upon poor,
lost sinners, and look upon any whom
Jesus Christ would look upon with
love, let us say, "Oh, blessed
Lord, these are our children, these are
ours; we seek them because they be-
long to Thee." It looks rather daring
to call what is Christ's ours, but his
lordship was not vexed with his servant
for entering into such a unity of inter-
ests with him, and our Lord above will
not be aggrieved with us if we call this
society our Bible Society, and as we
call the Bible our Bible, we will try to
spread it amongst our poor citizens
all around us, in whom we have an
interest, because Christ has an interest
in them.

HOW MUCH WAS HE WORTH?

It is but seldom that a whole nation
feels the terrible power of a financial
pressure as it is now felt throughout
our land. Even the rich men feel poor,
and often know not what may be their
condition to-morrow. In such a time
there is much significance in the ques-
tion heading this paragraph; but how
much more terribly significant the ques-
tions sometimes asked when a wealthy
man is laid upon his death-bed!
"How much was he worth?" we ask.
And the angels might reply, "Worth?
He wasn't worth anything. His money
was worth something. His body is
worth something as a source of ferti-
lity to the soil. But he wasn't worth
anything." So we vary the question:
"Yes, but how much did he leave?"
"Oh, leave?" it might be answered:
"Yes, I will tell you. He had houses,
lots, bonds, stocks, gold, notes, mer-
chandise, farms. And he—great God!
he left them all. He carried nothing
with him. Naked and destitute came
he into the world, and as naked and des-
titute did he go the way whence he came.
He carried nothing; neither land, nor
money, nor yet did he carry with him the
blessing of the poor. He left all,—he

carried nothing away with him." But his
neighbor has died: a man who was not
known on 'Change, nor in the tax-list.
"And what has he left?" we may pre-
haps, curiously ask. "Left? he has
left nothing; but he has taken much
with him. He has gone to heaven laden
with the blessings and gratitude of the
poor, of the helpless, of the young, of
the aged, of the widow, of the friendless,
of those whom he, by his counsels, and
his acts, and his prayers, had blessed;
of those whose poverty he had relieved,
whose ignorance he had enlightened,
whose darkness he had dispelled,
whose bodies and whose souls he had
fed." When Wilberforce died, Daniel
O'Connell said: "He has gone to heav-
en bearing a million broken fetters in
his hand." Happy he, whatever he
may leave, or may not leave, on earth,
who goes thus freighted into the other
world.

MEN WITH HOT HEARTS.

A Chinese convert, in a conversation
with a missionary remarked, "We
want men with hot hearts to tell of the
love of Christ." And if there is ever
to be a widespread revival work in our
land and the world, we must have such
men. Only such have been the men
who have told mightily for the Lord,
and done valiant things in his name,
whatever position in life they may have
occupied. Such was Paul, the grandest
of all revivalists, who endured hardship
and sufferings, and death, in making
known a Saviour in whom he gloried to
the Gentile world. Such were many of
the early Christians who lived during
Pentecostal times of refreshing, and
whose persecution and martyrdom could
not intimidate or turn from their pur-
pose of proclaiming Jesus and Him
crucified. Such was Martyn, who for-
sook all for Christ, and whose love for
his Master dispelled all difficulties that
arose before him, in India and Persia.
Such was Williams, whose intense
ardor to carry the glad tidings of sal-
vation to other Islands was so great
that he exclaimed, "I cannot content
myself within the narrow limits of a
single reef."

Such was Boardman, who replied to
the entreaties of his wife to desist from
his mission to the Karens, "The cause
God is of more importance than my
health. I want to see the work of
God go on." Such was Vanderkemp,
toiling in a brickyard that he might
elevate the Hottentot from his degraded
condition. Such was Melville Cox,
who exclaimed with his dying breath
"Though thousands fall, let not Africa
be given up." And time would fail us
to tell of others, of whom the world was
not worthy, who are buried far from
kindred and from home, either in the
ocean's depth, or among those to whom
they proclaimed the gospel.

But missionaries are not the only
ones who need hot hearts to tell of the
love of Jesus; this is what is required
of his followers everywhere. The
world's great want to-day, is Christians
with hot hearts. They who send as well
as they who go, should be imbued with
the same heavenly zeal, the same in-
tense longing for souls. Missionaries
are no more required to exercise self-
denial than other Christians. It was
of a church Christ said, "I would ye
were hot," and the command is to all,
Deny yourselves; and until this is
recognized and obeyed, Christ will not
see of the travail of his soul. Church-
es may singly, and in union employ
evangelists and revivalists, and men
may preach with burning zeal and
earnestness, but what availeth all this,
if Christians remain luke-warm and, as
individuals, do nothing? Oh, we want
the men and women of our churches,
the occupants of the pews, to have hot
hearts. This done, and how quickly
could they tell to their families, their
friends and neighbors of the great love
of Jesus, and what Jesus had done for
their souls. God speed this blessed
time.

It is better to lose a good coat than
a good conscience.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

As to "the higher life," we take it
nobody doubts but that some Christian
lives are higher than others; and that
the highest is the best. It is clear that
every one should go as high as he can;
he had better always keep on going.
It is certain, too, that the upward path
of the Christian is not always, nor in-
deed, usually, by regular and unvarying
gradations. It is commonly like the
going up a hill-side which has here and
there its sharp pitches, with easier
slopes between. Sometimes it may be
a terraced hill, with banks of steep as-
cent and level plate above them. This
last represents a peculiarity in some
lives. It is a matter that depends
much upon original constitution of
mind, and upon habit as well as upon
the orderings of Providence with each
individual. Thus with some persons,
much more than with others, there will
seem to be one plane of Christian life
distinctly cut off from and above another.
Yet there are not of necessity, nor
in fact, two such planes, one above the
other, any more than there are three
or a hundred. With some there may
seem to be two, with others many. Be-
sides, there are others still whose whole
lives are neither thus terraced, nor strik-
ingly marked in other ways by varia-
tions along the line of upward progress,
but steady and even in their ascent.
Let us each, then, climb as best we
may, and let us help, but not judge, one
another.—*Congregationalist.*

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

FROM TELOOGOO LAND.

LETTER FROM REV. G. CHURCHILL.

Hoping that the readers of the Mes-
senger are all in hearty sympathy with
our new mission to the Telooogs, and
if so, supposing that information with
regard to the country, the people, and
the prospects of success among them,
would be interesting, I have decided to
write a brief sketch of a tour through
the country to the North of Coanada.

Soon after arriving in the country
Bro. McLaurin proposed that we
should make such a journey, with a
view to exploring this part of the
country and selecting suitable locations
for future mission stations.

He lately procured a fine large tent
from Madras to take along with us.
About the only mode of conveyance
through the country is by bullock carts
or bandies as they are called here.

These are rather curious primitive
looking vehicles. The wheels are very
much like cart wheels at home, except
that they are about six inches higher
than ours. The axle-tree is very
short, scarcely four feet long between
the wheels. This with the great height
of the wheels makes the cart very
easily upset. On the axle is fastened
a light frame about eight feet long and
three wide with stakes at the sides two
feet high. To these stakes a light
bamboo frame is fastened and covered
with bamboo mats. What we would
call the tongue of the cart, is made by
fastening two bamboos to the axle and
frame of the body and across these is
lashed by ropes what would be called
the yoke, though it is usually only a
flat piece of wood more than four feet
long. In yoking the cattle, the driver
takes hold of the yoke, lifts it tongue
and all and lays the yoke on the bul-
lock's neck, passing a small cord under
the throat and bringing the ends
through holes in the yoke. Nothing
like bows as at home are used—the
draft all being from the top of the
neck.

To make the bandy comfortable for
travelling, a lot of paddy straw is laid
on the bottom of the cart and on this a
mattress and in such a conveyance
people travel all over the country.

Having procured four of these carts
—one for the tent, and one for each of
us and having stowed away clothes for a
six week's tour, we, McLaurin, Boggs
and myself started on Thursday evening,
Aug. 12th at 9 o'clock. We had along
with us quite a party, composed of a
catechist, a colporteur, three or four