

The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.
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POETRY.

For the Christian Messenger.

Winds of March.

O, winds of March, loud, long and cold,
That smite the sick and chill the old,
To bid the waiting earth rejoice,
That sweep the land and ride the wave,
That howl o'er many a watery grave,
And carry grief to many a home,
Say, winds of March, why do ye come?

We come in love at His command
Who rules alike in sea and land,
To bid the waiting earth rejoice,
Our howlings but a friendly voice.
And tho' a few our power may feel
We come to work the common weal.

We come to answer Nature's prayers,
To chase and scatter noxious airs,
To touch anew the hidden springs
Of life and growth in living things,
In short we come to bless the earth,
And aid the Spring-time's joyous birth.

RELIGIOUS.

Our Lost Sailor.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

A year ago a most touching story came to my knowledge, which has not lost its painful interest through the lapse of time, and I make it public through the pages of our magazine, in the hope that it may please God to use this means to give the sailor-boy back to the widowed mother whose heart so sadly longs for the one who "is not."

The following is the letter which I received last March:

WOBURN ROAD, BEDFORD, ENGLAND,
27th February, 1875.

To the Superintendent Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Holings, N. S.

SIR,—I trust you will kindly excuse the liberty I take in troubling you, when you are informed of the great anxiety I endure through not having heard from my son, George Walter Cranney, for the last four years! He had served his apprenticeship in the "Prince George," Captain Hawkins, of Liverpool. Afterwards, in the S. S. "Dacia," Captain Dowell, laying the telegraph cable round the West India Islands in the years 1871-2. He having had the yellow fever twice, was discharged. Then took passage in a brig, the "Eleonora," for Marseilles. Through H. B. M. Consuls I have traced him. It appears that he shipped in the barque "Stag," of Halifax, N. S., Captain Wilson, for New York, U. S. The "Registrar General" informs me that he was discharged from the barque "Stag," officered No. 53,572, at New York on the 18th May, 1872.

My son was born at the Cape of Good Hope, S. Africa, 5th May, 1850, my late husband having been an officer in the army serving there at the time. I fear he has not succeeded so well as we could wish, probably that may be the reason he does not write, as he formerly used to do. I wish him to know that his mother's house is always his home! I shall therefore esteem it a great favor if you will kindly permit the enclosed paper to be placed on the mantelpiece or some other place; somebody may hereafter meet with him, and so be able to inform him of my constant anxiety.

I remain, dear sir,
Your obliged servant,
MARY CRANNEY.

The paper of inquiry to which Mrs. Cranney refers is still in my Home, and a copy of it will be found on the cover of each No. of our magazine. It may meet the eye of the missing son, or of some one who may be able to give some tidings of him. Will our friends in Bermuda and the West India Islands especially, as also on other foreign stations, make it their business to inquire for the widow's son! And, in the name of our common humanity, will all Good Templars, Free Masons, Foresters, and similar Societies place a copy of the inquiry in some conspicuous place in their respective places of meeting? It may be that some of their visiting members from foreign lands may be able to furnish some clue to

the situation of this loved and lost one. One word more to my brothers and sisters in Christ who may read these lines: You, who have known for yourselves the readiness of our Heavenly Father to answer the prayers of His children, will you remember this mother and her deep sorrow, her wearing agony of suspense, when you seek the presence of the Prayer-Hearer? Will you pray to Him who raised the widow's son at Nain that He will again have mercy on a mother who is a widow? Let not your hearts coldly regard or feebly engage in this quest: remember, while you have your dear ones safe, there is a lonely heart which your efforts may perhaps yet cause to "sing for joy."—Grand Rounds.

Thoughts for Thinkers.

BY G. S. BAILEY, D. D.

I. THE CHRISTIANS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT WERE BAPTISTS:

1. Because they held and practiced the baptism of believers, and did not baptize infants.

2. Because they required persons to repent and believe before they baptized them. They required regeneration, true piety, before baptism.

3. Because they "buried in baptism" or immersed believers, and did not practice sprinkling or pouring for baptism.

II. THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCHES WERE BAPTIST CHURCHES:

1. Because they consisted only of baptised believers, and not of infants and probationers.

2. Because each church, in each locality, was independent of the other churches: and no one of them, nor any group of them, assumed to rule over the others.

3. Because they were all taught to obey the laws of Christ instead of the regulations of man. Christ is the only head and law-giver of the church; not the Pope, nor Luther, nor Calvin, nor Swedenborg, nor the king or queen of England, nor Wesley, nor Whitefield, nor any other man.

III. PRAYERFULLY CONSIDER

1. Ought not you to keep all the commands of Christ as faithfully as any of the New Testament Christians?

2. If you are a believer, ought not you to be "buried with Christ in baptism" as well as the primitive Christians? Rom. vi. 4; Col. ii. 12.

3. If you have been sprinkled in infancy, or afterward, is it not both your duty and privilege now to be baptized—"buried in baptism?"

4. Did not our Saviour, the most spiritual being in the universe, give this command to baptize because he wished it to be obeyed?

5. Is it right for men to invent new church organizations and establish them, instead of uniting with such churches as Christ and the apostles established by Divine authority?

6. Ought you to uphold any church organizations which was invented by men, instead of upholding Christ's Church?

7. Would not Christians be best united by a faithful obedience to all of Christ's commands, uniting in such churches as he established, instead of the churches invented by men? Union in the truth is infinitely better than union in error. Let us love one another, and hold fast the truth as it is in Jesus.

A few cheese-parings and candle-ends, Christians have given away to missions, but little more.—Spurgeon.

What assurance can I have that Jesus died for me, if I am not living truly unto him?—Dr. Cuyler.

Suppose that a man would advertise to take a photograph of the heart; would he get many customers?—Moody.

We must not let go manifest truths because we can not answer all questions about them.—Jeremy Collier.

For the Christian Messenger.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

COCANADA, Feb. 4th, 1876.

My Dear Bro. McCully,—I have heard so much about you and those Union negotiations that I feel almost acquainted. I venture to send the enclosed letter to you to read and ask you if you please to send it to your paper.

I would write more but for the last six months I have not been so well as usual. Any close application makes me unfit for work for some time afterwards. I ought to be out on the field now, but I am waiting for Bro. Currie whom we expect here next week from Rangoon.

We baptized 6 the first Sunday in January and I expect to baptize again to-morrow. This is in Cocanada, and there are quite a number waiting on this field. Bro. Armstrong is on a tour up to the North where I expect he will eventually settle. I am sorry to say that Bro. Churchill is not well. He is up at Binlipatam under the care of Dr. Parker. He is better they say but is suffering from a neglected dysentery. May the Lord spare him. Now dear Brother we want you to use your influence for a man in Bro. Bogg's place. We need him as soon as possible. We hope to move into our new house and compound next week (Monday). It cost us Rs. 9000 or \$4500. This is the dearest place on the coast. Now Dear Bro. goodbye and God bless you and reward you for your efforts on behalf of the poor Telugus.

Your Bro. in Jesus,
JOHN McLAURIN.

COCANADA, Jan. 31st, 1876.

TO HON. JUDGE McCULLY.

Dear Brother,—As one of the leaders in the Union movement so conspicuously consummated, perhaps I ought to have written to you sooner, but a thousand other duties apparently more pressing, because nearer to hand have interfered. I hardly feel like apologising because that would indicate neglect, of which I am not conscious. But a more than ordinary load of responsibility has been laid upon me for some months, besides a good deal of anxiety and care, and correspondence has had as a consequence to stand aside.

But I now feel that I have a new motive in speaking with you, and if you will, through you to my newly found brethren in the East. We had scarcely ceased congratulating ourselves on the new accessions to our Mission, and the union at home, when we were startled by the unwelcome intelligence that some of our number must turn their faces against the setting sun again. This was a sad blow. The shock was so sudden—so unexpected—coming so early in life. But in all things we wish to follow the printings of the Divine finger. The direction appears clear and distinct.

A doctor of large experience in India, a good man and a Baptist peremptorily ordered him home. His nervous system was not robust enough. The drain upon the vital force was too severe. Any one who has spent much time in India knows what it means. Bro. Bogg had an alternative placed before him. He might remain in the country another year. After that he might possibly spend a few miserable useless years here and then die—or he might die in a few months more. The other side was to go home and spend a tolerably long life of usefulness in a bracing life-giving climate. The former would have been the romantic—the heroic way of dying. The latter was the common sense—the Christian way or working. I think Bro. Bogg did the wisest thing possible under the circumstances.

WHAT NEXT?

Before this reaches you he will be at home. May the Lord go with him? Perhaps some are asking, why the Lord sent him out—? Ah why? The Lord will show us just as soon as it will do us good to know. He has done many more mysterious things than that. The only thing you can do is to make

the most of Bro. Bogg's at home. I mean use him to the best advantage. He has been but a short time in the country and still in that short time he has gained a knowledge of the country and people which cannot possibly be gained by any one at home. He has seen most the country in which our field is located, and knows the strategic points in it. Besides when we write he can understand what we mean all the better for having been here.

He has seen some of the exceeding vilefulness of idolatry. He has seen what Satan gives to his votaries as a reward for vice. He has gone down into the black pit of heathenism, and at least heard some of the Pandemonian din. He has seen the degrading influence of idolatry on woman. He can tell you the difference between a heathen home and yours. He can describe a heathen mother—father—brother—sister &c., &c. He has seen and heard, and can tell you how it crushes out the noblest traits of humanity and brings out in broad relief the most devilish traits of fallen humanity.—But a word about

HIS SUCCESSOR.

As you listen by the fireside, or from the pulpit to these stories of sin and misery from his lips, and the tear of sympathy trickles down your cheek, and your heart is sore with pity for the poor creatures, let the question "Who shall be his successor?" steal into your heart, bring it home to your heart. Is it I? Is it I? Lord is it I? Is there an idea abroad that you had gone too far two or three years ago, when you sent out your first mission band? That this is a good time to re-trench? My Dear Brethren it is so seldom that Christians make a mistake in that direction that I think you had better lay the idea aside as an illusion. But then you are now three persons less in the foreign field than you were two years ago. And at home you are three or four thousand more. There should be no retrograde movement in the ranks of light. We are looking for Bro. Bogg's successor within the current year. Do not I beseech you entertain the idea that you have done enough, that you can now afford to rest. Paul says to the Galatians, "Ye did run well." But immediately adds, "Who did hinder you?" Why did you not keep on running? Death does not rest. It keeps on with steady pace sealing up the life record of his victims and sending them up to the great Assize Court of Heaven. Satan rests not, for he goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Sin rests not, but keeps on blighting, withering, and ruining the souls of men. Vice and corruption cease not their cankerous, cauterizing effect upon the morals of the people. There is no sign of an armistice between light and darkness. No flag of truce hangs out from the battlements of evil. No quarter is offered by the hosts of Satan and if they did we would accept none at their hands. We are bound to hear the shout of victory before we lay the weapons down. We have only now sent a man to the rear for reinforcements. Brethren are they coming?

Ho my comrades see the signal
Waving in the sky,
Reinforcements now appearing
Victory is nigh.

We know what the end must be. But oh we long to see victory. We long to see those Heathen temples filled with the worshippers of King Jesus. We are aching to hear the song of Moses and the Lamb, swelling up to Heaven from India's heated plains. We wish to see those millions casting their idols to the moles and the bats. Making a mighty holocaust of these profane deities, turning their eyes to the blue heavens above, and worshipping and serving our blessed Jesus. We wish them to feel with us that:

"There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven;
The name before His wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given."

Are there any of you

YOUNG MEN.

who are anxious to be engaged in this combat, who are ambitious of being in the thick of the fight? Do you wish to look the enemy in the face? No need here to go out of your way to seek vice and sin of every form and hue. Here Satan flaunts his black flag right in your face and in broad daylight too. Do you wish to carry the battle to the gate? Here are bolts and bars, and gates, which were rusty with age when Peter and Paul were boys in Galilee and Cilicia. Would you fain measure swords with the arch-enemy himself? Take your New Jerusalem blade and come along. You will find him here without much difficulty. Do you wish to prove the power of the Gospel? No place on earth better fitted for the test than this. Here are hearts hard enough, wills stubborn enough, souls vile enough, minds debased enough and myriads indifferent enough to suit your purpose.

Do you wish too see the worst that sin can do for a person on earth, and still leave him existing? You can be accommodated in India. Do you wish to see sin's harvest, ripe for the sickle, being gathered in amid the demoniac shouts of Satan's minions? There can be no place better than Hindostan. But may be your soul is full of pity for these poor creatures. Perhaps you would like to come down into this seething cauldron of corruption and help us to raise those imprisoned souls. May be you can pour balm on these loathsome wounds and bind up broken hearts, and direct the dying eye to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. That diseased soul can be directed to the Great Physician, that weary pilgrim pointed to Mount Zion as the only place where real rest is to be found. The water of life may be pressed to those leprous lips burning with feverish heat, and the Bread of Heaven may be broken to starving thousands every day. Come and help us to tell those laboring millions the words of Jesus: Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

There is an idea abroad in the world that our Lord's

SECOND COMING.

is near and hence the extraordinary stir in the religious world, I have not much time to study the subject; besides I feel as if it was not very far away as far as I am concerned, and that it would be difficult to find more incentives to effort than I now have. And I say the end may come for me, and half a century will land me there at any rate. Still I must say that I do not feel very enthusiastic about the matter. I feel ashamed to think of the state in which our Lord would find the world should He now come. After eighteen hundred years he would find it immersed in sin and frivolity, one here and there devoting his life to calling rebels to accept the terms of mercy offered by their insulted King. Here and there a paltry dollar given to spread a knowledge of Jesus among the Heathen.

I cannot help feeling that it is a selfish joy which arises from the idea that the end is to come in the destruction of the wicked rather than in their salvation. Surely we would rather wait and work and suffer if need be in order that every soul should hear again and again; than for our own ease, or even bliss, to have the dispensation closed up now. I would rather feel that Christ should triumph in love and mercy than that he should triumph by justice and judgment. I know He shall triumph and can rejoice and do rejoice in the thought, but I want to see all nations blessed in Him.

The present movements in the world indicate a quickening of the divine life in God's people which is full of hope for the future.—In Great Britain and the Continent. Christian men are stirred up as they have not been since the Reformation. Revival influences like a wave of blessing are sweeping over the world, till dark benighted India herself feels the pulsations of the quickened life current. Not only