

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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WHOLE SERIES.
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POETRY.

Life's Mystery.

Why rest these sable hues of pain
Around our brightest hours?
Why to the sun succeeds the rain?
Why thorns in fairest flowers?

A single cloud our sun obscures,
And midnight darkness brings;
'Tis Love Eternal thus secures
Protection 'neath His wings.

A single harsh, discordant tone
Thrills through our life's sweet song;
God hears that hymn—more perfect
grown—
Echoed by Heaven's glad throng.

As o'er the sky's transfigured rim
The rising sunbeams flow,
Life's clouds and discords left to Him,
With holy light shall glow.

He hangs these sable hues of pain
Around our brightest hours;
For else He oft would fail to gain
The tribute of our powers.

RELIGIOUS.

Preparing the Way of the Lord.

A DREAM.

I dreamed I was on a journey, and
a large Rock filled up the way. It
was the King's Highway. The name
of that Rock was Depravity. While I
was looking at it and considering how
it could be removed, so that the chariot
of the King could pass, I observed
three men on it, and I will describe
what they were doing. One was sitt-
ing one side, rubbing the rock with
sand-paper and wash-leather. I asked
him if he expected to remove that
great rock by such a process. "Re-
move it," he replied, "no, I am not
trying to remove it; it only needs
polishing. It is rather rough, it is
true, but culture will smooth it," and
he went on with his work. I noticed
his clothing was *transcendental* in
style, and the gloves he wore were
Emersonian.

On the other side of the rock was a
man in the habit of a priest, and he
was on his knees sprinkling holy water
on it, and making crosses with his
finger dipped in oil. A cross of gold
lay by him, a censer and a candle, and
he was exercising himself with them all
upon the rock, saying prayers in Latin
with constant genuflections.

Near him was a man wearing a sur-
plice, with a prayer-book in his hands
from which he was reading, while he
sprinkled the rock with water. In the
performance of his service I caught the
word "regenerate."

But soon there came another man.
He was very unlike the others in dress
and appearance. His clothing was
plain and coarse. His feet and gar-
ments were dusty. He looked way-
worn, but his countenance had an ex-
pression of firmness and heavenly
peace. He held in his hand a leathern
bag, and he went to the foot of the
rock and took from it a drill and a
hammer, and soon with earnest strokes,
was making flint and fire fly. This
very much disturbed the others. He
of the transcendental garb cried out
that he annoyed him. His language
was very elegant and classical, and
much of it I could not understand.

He of the cross, with a rough brogue,
bade him to stop his noise entirely, and
asked him who he was and what he
was doing. And with a like impa-
tience, but with more manners, he of
the prayer-book did the same.

"I am a minister of the gospel," he
replied, and click, click! went his ham-
mer, and more and more the sparks
flew. "A minister of the gospel?"
said he of the cross, as he dipped his
finger in holy water. "In apostolic
succession?" said he of the prayer-
book. "Yes, Baptist, John by name,"
he answered, and wiping the profuse
sweat from his bronzed brow, redoubled
the strokes upon his drill. "O, holy
mother!" said he of the cross, "stop
your noise, you old camel-haired heretic,
I cannot say my prayers." Click,
click, went the hammer. "Ora pro
nobis," shouted the priest. "Good

Lord, deliver us from this uncanonical
impertinence!" said the other. He of
the transcendental garb looked on in
silence, with the philosophic smile of
contempt on his fine face. But click!
click! still went the hammer, and so
did the gabbling of prayers, the raising
of the cross, and the swinging of the
censer with increasing earnestness.

At length the noise of the hammer
ceased, and the occupants on the top of
the rock looked over to discover the
cause. "I think he is gone," said one.
"I hope so," said the other; "his un-
couth appearance is very annoying."
"I smell something," said he of the
cross. "So do I," said the other; "is
it not your censer?" "O, no," he re-
plied, "it smells like powder;"—and
stooping over the edge of the rock, he
cried out, "What are you doing now,
you heretic? I am going, by God's
power, to blow up this rock; and unless
you wish to travel by the lightning ex-
press, you'd better run." Leaving
everything, they ran as for their lives.
I looked upon the strong, plain-garbed
man a little distance from the rock.
He was upon his knees, with hands
reverently uplifted, and his rugged face
was rapt and beautiful with the earnest-
ness of prayer. He prayed as if bow-
ing at God's feet, and the tones of his
voice were sweet and clear as a golden
trumpet—"Not by might, nor by power,
but by thy Spirit, Lord." And even
as he prayed, fire from heaven descend-
ed, and the Rock was shattered into
fragments!

Soon those who fled came back, and
began to gather up their scattered im-
plements of worship. He of the cross
was in a great rage. He cried out, as
he violently crossed himself, "Anathema,
you old thunder-Baptist, I wish
Herod had your head!" "See what
you have done—a piece of that rock
has gone through our stained-glass
window of the twelve apostles, and
smashed the image of the blessed
Virgin Mary, mother of God!" "To
purgatory with you!" "And see," said
he of the prayer-book, "you have
broken our baptismal font, and torn
the Bishop's velvet chair to pieces!"

But he answered them not a word.
He girded his lions, and with a face
radiant with joy, went up the moun-
tains crying, "Prepare ye the way of
the Lord: make straight in the desert
a highway for our God!" "Every
valley shall be exalted, and every
mountain and hill shall be made low—
and the glory of the Lord shall be re-
vealed, and all flesh shall see it to-
gether; for the mouth of the Lord hath
spoken it!" And his feet were beauti-
ful as he went!

S. W. F.
—*Examiner and Chronicle, New
York, March 2, 1876.*

A Happy Church.

While speaking lately with some
gentleman connected with a very
flourishing church of which they are
members, one of them said: "And
there is not a grumbler in it!" Every-
thing seemed to suit everybody—pas-
tor, elders, deacons, communicants, Sun-
day school, prayer-meeting, the new
and handsome church building, just
ready to be dedicated—were all right.
Brotherly love reigned over the entire
community; liberality abounded, and
there was the peace of Christian con-
tentment. Happy minister! He could
appreciate his seven years of labor in
that "field which the Lord hath
blessed," for he came to it from another
people who were otherwise. Happy
church! "without a grumbler in it!"

Grumblers have their uses, like
thorns, and goads, and flies, and mus-
quitoes. They may be even "means
of grace" to some ministers who have
grace enough to bear with them. But
they are so wrapped up in their own
discontent and so unhappy, whether
they keep it in or let it out, that they
have the gift of keeping other people
all the time in the same hot water with
themselves. We suppose that they
must be endured, because they are, as
a class, past cure; but they are a hard
set to get along with in any church,
and if the Lord does not have more

patience with them than those whose
patience they try so sorely, they will
have their reward after their own
ways. But happy is the pastor and
happy the church which have no
grumblers to trouble them. How many
such are there "among the thousands
of Israel?"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Half-Baked Christians.

"Ephraim is a cake not turned."
HOSEA vii. 8.

The cake here referred to is a cake
baked on the coals. Compare 1 Kings
xix. 6. It is not turned, and therefore
baked on one side and raw on the
other. This is a striking type of the
religion of thousands of professing
Christians of the present day, who need
turning over and baking on both sides.
This figure applies, first, to persons
whose conscience is like a cake not
turned. On some points they are very
scrupulous, while on others they are
very unscrupulous. The evil is gener-
ally aggravated when their conscien-
tiousness runs on matters comparatively
small, and leaves out of sight the
weightier matters of the law; or when
it relates mainly to the sins of other
people, and very little to their own
personal sins. Surely such inconsis-
tent consciences need turning over to
be baked on the other side.

And second, the figure applies to
those persons whose zeal is a cake not
turned. To-day they are burning with
much smoke and noise, like thorns
under a pot; to-morrow they are ex-
tinguished—fire, smoke and ashes all gone;
like a blazing comet that comes dashing
in from the depths of space, passing
the unassuming stars, and displaying a
prodigious length of tail, as though he
would put them all to shame by his
superior brilliancy. So these Chris-
tians now and then blaze forth with a
transcendent glow of zeal, and are
ready at such times to rebuke their
brethren of even more piety for their
tardiness and languor. But very soon
they are off again to the regions of
coldness and death. The religion of
such people is a half-baked affair.
They need turning over and having a
good baking on the other side.

Third, the figure applies to those
who carry their religion only to certain
places. They take it to the preaching
service, to the prayer-meeting, to the
class-meeting and to the communion
table, but they are not careful to
maintain a godly example before the
world, before their families, in the
store, in the field, in their business
transactions with men, or wherever
God has appointed their daily station.
Such persons are baked only on one
side, and are very raw on the other.
They need turning over until they are
baked clear through and through, to
make them honest, consistent Chris-
tians everywhere. Those who are
well baked on both sides are right in
heart and in life, consistent in profes-
sion and practice, bringing a glory to
God, and good will to men.—*S. Cates,
in Golden Censer.*

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, always
energetic, not content with erecting a
church which will cost about £70,000,
is building also a lecture-hall, which,
including the ground, will cost £9000.
Of this amount all but £1000 has been
raised. It is proposed to devote this
hall mainly to temperance purposes.

THE ZENANAS OF BENGAL.—There
are more than 100,000,000 of Hindoo
women who sit in darkness and the
shadow of death. What makes this
fact more painful and apparently hope-
less is the other fact that the only
avenue by which light enters Hindoo
homes is by means of the female mis-
sionary or teacher. At present the
number of these is but as a drop in the
ocean compared to the field before them.

They whose guilt within their bos-
oms lies, imagine every eye beholds
their blame.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

For the Christian Messenger.

To the Baptist Churches of Nova Scotia,
New Brunswick, and Prince Edward
Island.

Dear Brethren,—

Nearly two years ago I went forth
under your auspices, as a missionary to
the heathen, but, by the over-ruling of
Providence, that life-purpose has been
defeated. You are already aware of the
circumstances which compelled me to
leave our chosen field. When all
hope of health or ability to labor in
India was cut off, I turned my face
homeward. After a somewhat tedious
and trying voyage, I have been spared,
through the great mercy of God, to re-
turn to my native land; and I am
thankful to be able to write that my
health is gradually improving.

But though obliged to leave the
place of actual, personal effort for the
salvation of the heathen, I do not con-
sider myself as no longer having any
special connection with the Foreign
Mission cause; but, on the contrary,
wherever my lot may be cast in these
lands, and whatever form of Christian
work my hand shall find to do, my
desire is ever to count myself as es-
pecially identified with God's cause
among the heathen. I gave myself to
that cause, in what I felt to be a life-
long consecration, and I have not with-
drawn the offering.

With regard to the field in which
our mission is now located, I firmly
believe that the Heavenly Master,
after disciplining us for a time, and
severely trying our faith, that we might
lean more fully on Him, and giving us
a varied experience of Eastern life,
thus educating and preparing us for
work, at last led us to the place that
He Himself had chosen for us. And I
have reason to believe that from the
day we set foot in the Telugu country,
not even the shadow of a doubt as to
it being the right place ever crossed
the mind of any of your missionaries.

You have a fine field in which to
promote the Kingdom of Christ among
the heathen. It is not likely that any
better location could be found in India.
It is the most northerly part of the
Telugu country, embracing the Vizaga-
patam and Ganjam Districts. It lies
along the sea coast, and is beautifully
diversified with hills and valleys.

The population is very great. With-
in a radius of 70 or 80 miles from
Bimlipatam, which is now, and will
probably continue to be our principal
station, there are millions of people.
And these myriads are willing to listen
to the gospel, and where it is faithfully
and patiently preached, it will be made
the power of God unto their salvation.

There are most excellent roads,
broad, smooth, and solid, running
through the country in different direc-
tions, so that almost all parts of it can
be reached without difficulty. These
roads are built by the British Govern-
ment, and are very fine specimens of
public work.

Bimlipatam, where Brethren Church-
ill and Sandford and their families are
living, is a town, beautifully situated
on the sea coast, and very healthy. It
contains a population of between 8,000
and 9,000, and the country around is
dotted all over with towns and villages.
It is the most pleasantly situated and
picturesque place that I saw in India.

And brethren, you have a noble
band of missionaries in that land, de-
voted, judicious and persevering. I
know what they are; I have lived with
them, and travelled with them, planned
with them and prayed with them, and
I know that if a missionary society
ever had reason to love its missionaries
and have confidence in them and sus-
tain them, you have reason to do so by
those who are now in India.

And now our mission is established
among the Telugus, and has already
begun to bear blessed fruit. Your
missionaries have not yet been a year
in the country, and yet so soon, even
while acquiring the language, their
hands are full of work, and they are

beginning to gather in the harvest.
This is remarkable—it is far greater
success than we could have expected.

Be encouraged brethren. Some of
you may remember that at Viziana-
gram (16 miles from Bimlipatam) we
met with Dr. and Mrs. Parker, two
devoted Christians and faithful laborers;
and that through their work of faith
and labor of love, a number of persons
had been brought to the Saviour, whom
we baptized, and formed into a church.
Dr. Parker is Surgeon-Major in the
12th Regt. Native Infantry, and several
of those who became members of the
little church are also connected with
the army. This regiment has now
been removed to Cuttack, a large
military station 300 or 400 miles North,
towards Calcutta. The prospect of
losing these faithful workers and new
members was at first discouraging; but
the 41st Regt. N. I. which has been
stationed at Cuttack, comes to Viziana-
gram to take the place of the 12th.,
and in this 41st Regt. there is a Bapt-
ist church of fifty or sixty members;
and a mess-writer in the regiment,
named Anthrovady, a Telugu, whose
name is widely known as that of a
faithful servant of Christ, is its pastor.
He was baptized in Rangoon years ago,
by Mr. Rose I think, when the regi-
ment was stationed there; and while
pursuing his secular calling, has labored
as a Christian minister, and has been
the means of gathering many into the
fold of Christ. If I mistake not it was
he who baptized Thomas Gabriel the
founder of the Cocanada mission, and
Josiah, Bro. McLaurin's chief native
assistant. The fact that this man, and
the church to which he ministers, are
coming to Vizianagram is very encour-
aging. They will doubtless be a great
help to the company of disciples gath-
ered there.

Although two of your missionaries
have been compelled to return home,
there is no real cause for discourag-
ement; and though others should be
obliged to follow before long, yet these
trials would only be what every mis-
sionary undertaking has had to meet
with. It would have been a remark-
able, if not an unprecedented thing if
all those whom you sent out had been
able to continue there, with health and
strength to labor. So brethren, do not
think that some strange misfortune has
befallen our mission. The Judsons and
their associates sailed from America in
Feb. 1812. Before that year closed,
Mrs. Newell, one of the party, was in
her grave in the Isle of France, and in
March of the next year, only thirteen
months from their leaving home,
Luther Rice, another of that noble
band sailed for America, in broken
health. In January, 1815, Mrs. Jud-
son was obliged to leave the mission
and go to Madras for a time on account
of ill health, and subsequently had to
visit Bengal on the same account, and
then to return to America to save her
life. On the 19th of Sept. 1815, Rev.
Messrs. Colman and Wheelock, and
their wives arrived at Rangoon, and
joined Dr. Judson in the Burman mis-
sion, and were welcomed by him as a most
valuable acquisition to the work. Mr.
Wheelock's health began to fail almost
immediately. As his disease advanced
it produced derangement of mind. In
Aug. 1819, he sailed from Rangoon for
Bengal, and on the passage, threw him-
self into the sea and was drowned. In
July, 1822, Mr. Colman died at Chitta-
gong, just as he was beginning to be
able to labor. These are some of the
trials through which that mission had
to pass in its early stages—but, never-
theless, it lived and grew, and God
blessed it marvellously—and look at
Burmah to-day with its 370 Baptist
churches, and 20,000 church members.

It has always been so: this glorious
Christ-like work has been attended
with sacrifices from the first. But O
it is worth all the costly sacrifice of
Christian lives that have ever been laid
down in its behalf.

Be not discouraged brethren. Others
may have to return home, and others
may rest from their labors and fall
asleep in Christ in far distant India;
but while we alternately rejoice over