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POETRY.

A Visit to Cowper's Grave.

I went alone, 'twas summer time,
And standing there before the shrine,
Of that illustrious bard,
I read his own familiar name,
And thought of his extensive fame,
And felt devotion's sacred flame,
Which we do well to guard.

"Far from the world, O Lord I flee,"
How sweet those words appeared to me,
Like voices in a dream.

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,"
Describe the spot where he was laid,
And where surviving friendship paid,
Its tribute of esteem.

"There is a fountain," as I stood,
I thought I saw the crimson "flood,"
And some "beneath" the wave,
I thought "the stream" still rolled along,
And that I saw the "ransomed" throng,
And that I heard the "nobler song,"
Of Jesus' "power to save."

"When darkness long has veiled my mind,"
And from those words I felt inclined
In sympathy to weep.
But "smiling day" had dawned at last,
And all his sorrows now are past,
No tempter now, no midnight blast,
To spell the poet's sleep.

"O for a closer," even so,
For we who journey here below,
Have lived too far from God.
O for that holy life, I said,
Which Enoch, Noah, Cowper led,
O for that "purer light" to shed
Its brightness on the road.

"God moves in a mysterious way,"
But now the poet seemed to say
"No mysteries remain,"
On earth I was a sufferer,
In Heaven I am a conqueror,
God is His own interpreter,
And He has made it plain."

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. Arthur R. R. Crawley.

IN MEMORIAM.

In addition to what Mr. Crawley was in himself, the fact that the departed Missionary was for many years the trusted and beloved voluntary agent in Burmah of the Baptists in these Provinces, in employing a number of Native Preachers, and directing their labors on our behalf, gives him a place in our hearts and an especial claim on our esteem and consideration. We have received an advance copy of the following well written memoir from Rev. W. S. McKenzie, D. D., the author, written for the *Missionary Magazine*, (Dec.) which we have pleasure in placing before our readers:

On the Basin of Minas, at the head waters of the Bay of Fundy, in the Province of Nova Scotia, is the charming village of Wolfville. To the region of country in which the village is situated, attaches more than ordinary historic significance. It is the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline;" in which the poet, with a close adherence to historical accuracy, rehearses the melancholy fate of the Acadian French, who were the earliest settlers. Their hasty and cruel expulsion from prosperous and happy homes, by orders issued from the English government, and executed under the command of John Winslow, a governor of the colony of Massachusetts, forms one of the most dramatic chapters in our colonial history.

On the brow of a hill, on which "reposed the Acadian village," and overlooking the country for many miles around, is located the institution known as "Acadia College." This seat of learning was established, in the face of many formidable difficulties, by the Baptists of the British Maritime Provinces about forty years ago, at a time when the denomination, now a rapidly growing and powerful body in that country, was a very small and insignificant factor, even in the most populous communities. In connection with "Acadia," and adjacent to it, is an Academy, which has furnished nearly all the students who have matriculated in the college. The youth of the denomination sent thither in former days, if with a view to a full course of study, passed through both academy and college, and were, therefore, from six to eight years under the very favorable influences of the conjoined institutions. And the influences of those schools have always been extensive and salutary among the Baptists of the Lower Provinces. For both the college and the preparatory department have been from their origin frequently visited with powerful revivals of religion, revivals of the highest type, and productive of the very best fruits. Such seasons have occurred in which nearly all the students have been renewed by the Spirit of God. Many a boy has been sent by pious parents to the schools in Wolfville, with the fullest confidence that his conversion was as certain as his mental culture was desirable; and his conversion was in some cases the chief motive of his parents in sending him thither. But, notable as have been nearly all of the numerous religious awakenings that have transpired in the history of "Acadia," that which occurred in the winter of 1849 will, we think, be acknowledged by every one, who witnessed the scenes of that memorable occasion, as the most extensive, remarkable, and productive.

For some time previous to that sudden and signal descent of the Spirit of God in 1849 upon the college and the academy, as also upon the whole region round about, the teachers, who were men of eminent piety and much prayer, became alarmed and distressed in view of the scepticism that was rapidly gaining ground among the students in relation to the most solemn verities of Christianity. At the first developments of the spiritual awakening, which immediately followed a week of special prayer, that scepticism broke out into impious scoffing. Every report of a conversion in the college was received by the unconverted students with loud shouts of derision. In the college department, at that time, were a number of young men whose diligence and progress as students gave promise of great eminence in future life. Some of them were the sons of men who were achieving distinction in literature, in politics, and in the learned professions. For these young men much united and fervent prayer was offered by the college faculty, and by others who shared the anxieties and hopes of the faculty, and who foresaw that in the conversion of these students great usefulness in the cause of God on earth would assuredly be attained.

Among those who in 1849 were seniors in "Acadia," was one who, in personal appearance, in vigor of intellect, in nobleness of spirit, and in other marked characteristics, stood foremost among his associates. That young man was ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY, who has just laid down the burdens of a missionary service of twenty-three years in Burmah, and entered into the rest of heaven. With sincere affection and reverence we approach his grave, to lay upon it a merited tribute to his memory. Could he speak to the writer of this sketch, he would emphatically forbid the utterance of any thing in praise of him and his missionary life. Over his coffin, in the cabin of the steamship "Irrawaddi," that bore him from Rangoon to the coast of England, his sorrowing widow pens these words to Rev. Dr. Murdock. "He expressed several times a strong desire, that, in case of his death, nothing should be said of his labors as a missionary in the way of eulogy. He meant and wished me to write you to that effect. He said, 'And this I request with no mock humility, but earnestly desiring it.' And I know it was his heart's desire. But how dearly was he loved, and how many will weep for him in Burmah!" Not only in Burmah, but in his native land, and by a large circle of kindred and friends, his eminent worth will be duly appreciated and his death sincerely mourned.

Most distinctly is the hour remembered, when, during the work of grace at Acadia, in 1849, that stalwart frame of young Crawley bowed under the mighty power of the Divine Spirit, and he cried out in agonizing prayer for mercy. His resistance to the pungent appeals of the pulpit, and the solemn admonitions of his aroused conscience, was protracted and stubborn. But at length he lies prostrate in prayer before his God. Falling upon his face to the floor, by the side of a chair at which he was about to kneel, he cried out, overwhelmed with a sense of his sin and guilt, "Oh, my insulted God, have mercy on me! Oh, my God, thus far thou hast mercifully spared me; thou hast borne with my rebellion! Do not smite me in thy just anger, but pity and save me. I yield, I submit. Lord, save me!" Such was the brief and earnest prayer of the prostrated penitent. Those deep bass tones of his voice, in which he poured forth that prayer for mercy, are still sounding in the ears of the writer. It was midnight. Some of Crawley's fellow-students were around him. Not a few of them had been instigated and emboldened in their scepticism and scoffing by the resolute resistance and vigorous arguments of the now praying penitent. They are amazed and alarmed as they see their sturdy and bold champion overcome, and crying to God for mercy. And now they also yield to the secret and sharp convictions against which they have been contending. The scene of that night is indelibly inscribed on the memory of every one who witnessed it. Some of that company of students, having since done noble work in the Christian ministry, have gone home to heaven. Others are yet in the field, making a good record by their fidelity and success as preachers. And now Crawley, without doubt, to be the central figure in that interesting group, after an honorable and useful career as a missionary in Burmah, has passed on to his great reward.

Mr. Crawley, the subject of this sketch, was born in Sydney, Cape Breton, May, 1831, and hence was in the very prime of his life, when, off the coast of England, in the cabin of the steamer "Irrawaddi," on his way home, the summons of death reached him, Oct. 9, 1876. His mother, a woman remarkable for her intelligence, her piety, and her resolution, died only a few months since; and his venerable father, Henry Crawley, Esq., a gentleman of high and honorable repute, is still living, and resides in Sydney. His uncle, Rev. E. A. Crawley, D. D., a venerated Baptist minister, who in early life was eminent as a lawyer, is widely known as a ripe scholar, a profound thinker, a devout Christian, and a preacher whose pulpit discourses are most instructive, impressive, and effective. Dr. Crawley was one of the founders of Acadia College, and was often obliged to defend it in its feeble beginnings.

Arthur Crawley was graduated at Acadia in the summer of 1849, at the early age of eighteen; but in physical development, in grasp of intellect, in practical wisdom, and in gravity of speech, he seemed even then like one who had attained the full stature of manhood. One of his fellow-students has said of him, "Arthur never was a boy, he was always a man." Prior to his conversion, ambition for worldly distinction held complete mastery over him; but in his conversion that selfish motive was instantly and utterly eradicated from his heart, and in its place came a strong desire, which speedily ripened into a settled purpose, to engage in the high calling of a preacher of the gospel. But, evident as it was to all who knew him that he possessed rare native powers and spiritual fitness for such a work, he was exceedingly distrustful of himself. Soon after completing his college course, he rode in the private conveyance of one of his teachers, Rev. Dr. Pryor, by whom he was baptized, to a Baptist Association about a hundred and fifty miles distant from Wolfville. On that journey, Dr. Pryor urged upon Mr. Crawley to consider the question of becoming a missionary in some part of Burmah. It was not long after that before Mr. Crawley decided, with much prayer, to give himself to the service of foreign missions. With that settled purpose, he entered, in the autumn of 1849, upon his theological course of study at the seminary in Newton, Mass. His instructors in that school have always spoken of their pupil in terms of the highest appreciation. One of Mr. Crawley's classmates, Rev. H. L. Wayland, D. D., of "The National Baptist," in a brief editorial paragraph gives utterance to the following appreciative words:—

"When the editor of this paper entered the Newton Seminary in 1849, he became a member of a class of sixteen, the largest that had entered the seminary. Very noticeable among the members of the class was a tall, rather broad-shouldered young man, whose stature and general appearance at first sight suggested at least twenty-five years, but whose boyishness of appearance on closer view truly indicated nineteen years as his age. He was a graduate of Acadia College, and a nephew of Rev. Dr. Crawley, an eminent minister of Nova Scotia. He was an apt and quick scholar, a man of frank, noble character, ready for all healthful sport, always courteous, noble, generous. While he was uniformly devout, we do not remember that he gave promise of the life of self-devotion which has just been closed."

All through his Christian life, and especially in his missionary career, Mr. Crawley was constitutionally and conscientiously averse to every thing like ostentation of religious zeal and activity. Noiselessly and steadily he pursued the one high purpose of his life, carefully abstaining from making any exhibition of the entire devotion and superior consecration with which he gave himself to his chosen work. In 1852, and at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Crawley graduated at Newton.

The Baptists of the Maritime Provinces have always taken a deep interest and some practical part in the work of foreign missions. Early in the history of the American Baptist Missionary Union, they remitted funds to its treasury for its work in Burmah; and at a very much earlier date they forwarded contributions to their Baptist brethren in England, to aid the mission at Serampore.

Mr. Crawley married Miss Laura Johnstone, the daughter of an eminent physician in Wolfville. Mrs. Crawley, now sorely bereaved, has proved herself every way worthy of such a husband, devoted to the laborious life of a missionary in a heathen country. She has always shared the intense missionary zeal and heavy responsibilities of her sainted companion.

From the "Journal and Messenger," published in Cincinnati, we extract the following, concerning the departure of Mr. Crawley from this country:—

"On the evening of Dec. 11, 1853, farewell services were held at the Harvard Street Church, Boston; and on the next day, Dec. 12, Mr. and Mrs. Crawley embarked, together with the Rev. J. L. Douglas and wife, in the ship "Lyman," Capt. Pierce, for Calcutta, whence they subsequently took passage for Rangoon, and in October, 1854, reached Henthada, which was thenceforth to be the scene of Mr. Crawley's life-work. His mission was to the Burmans; while Mr. Thomas, resident at the same station, labored among the Karens. Mr. Crawley organized the first Burman Christian Church at the Henthada station, and has labored on, faithfully and persistently, for more than twenty years; having received much pecuniary aid from the brethren and churches in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, who have naturally regarded him as their representative in the mission field."

During the twenty-three years of Mr. Crawley's missionary services under the Union there has existed between him and the executive the most cordial relations, never once, we believe, interrupted or marred by any disagreement or complaint.

That recent and remarkable success in the Burman mission at Henthada cost the sacrifice of him, the sketch of whose life we are giving. Mr. Crawley proposes to himself a larger, more laborious and hazardous, missionary service, in order to give the gospel to a greater number of Burmans, and to rescue more speedily the perishing. His family at the time is at home, leaving him entirely free from the checks imposed by domestic duties and cares. He will avail himself of the favorable opportunity to spend more time in the jungles, regardless of inauspicious seasons. Dr. Murdock warns him against jeopardizing his valuable life. Mr. Crawley replies in these words, again disclosing the high devotion that has ruled the man from the time of his remarkable conversion: "That life only is valuable which is given to God." Dwelling and toiling during the wet and unhealthy season in the jungles, he was seized with a violent attack of the dengue fever, which, but for his vigorous constitution would have terminated his days. He rallied, but never recovered from the shock his system then received. Bravely and hopefully he fought against the effects of the disease, but in vain. He was obliged to quit his work, and seek restoration in this country. He reaches home in the spring of 1873, the large, strong, athletic body sadly reduced. But a change of climate and a brief rest give him back some measure of health. With the first indications of returning physical strength he becomes uneasy over his absence from his field. Having arranged for the care and education of his four eldest children, he takes his youngest child and his wife, and hastens back to his loved work.

But the once strong man is broken down beyond the possibility of recuperation. It is a daily and severe struggle with him to master his physical debility, and to answer the demands of his work. Resolutely he refuses to contemplate the melancholy prospect of breaking up his work. But at length inexorable necessity enforces a surrender, and the valiant man confesses himself conquered. Preparations for his homeward journey are made, and the Secretary of the Union is advised of Mr. Crawley's contemplated return to America.

The remainder of Dr. McKenzie's article refers to the close of Mr. Crawley's life, an account of which we have had in our columns so recently that it would be but a repetition of what has already appeared. We may, however, make a further extract or two which will be a fitting close to the life of one who has so long been more or less before our readers, and of whom Dr. McKenzie writes us in a private note, "Crawley was a rare man and missionary. The Missionary Union will find it difficult to fill his place."

In a letter to Dr. Murdock, dated at Rangoon, Aug. 18, 1876, the *last one* of Mr. Crawley's communications to the Mission Rooms, he writes:—

"After all, I am off in this month's steamer for England. We shall lose no time in England, but hasten home to get our winter quarters ready before the severest weather begins. We leave things in Henthada in a promising condition. I hope for some improvement in my health at home. . . I can scarcely expect to live many years, but all is well. If my remaining in Burmah, helpless and inactive, could serve the cause in any possible way, I should gladly stay here. But, as things are, it seems to me clear that the best way in which I can now show my love to the cause is by getting out of the way of some strong man who will soon, I hope, be at work in Henthada. Good-by. Our steamer leaves on the 21st instant."

The Divine Master had better things in store for him. He was conducting his servant, not into the land of wintry storms, but into the sunny clime of the celestial Canaan; not into the solitude and gloom of "winter quarters," but into the great temple above, to join its grand assemblage and to behold its brilliant splendors."

Rev. Dr. Crawley, the revered uncle of the deceased, in a private letter writes, "Poor Arthur is gone. . . . Thus this precious life is ended—sadly to the bereaved, but happily, gracious-