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"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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SCENE IN BURMAH.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

The eve drew on o'er Burmah's plains,
The twilight gathered fast,—
That calmest portion of the day,
The sweetest, though the last;
The river, as if hushed to prayer,
Went rippling gently by,
And soft, as if an angel there,
The evening breeze's sigh.

Immortal beings gathered round
The missionary then,
And, seated in his presence, heard
The love of God to men,
Ere long, Emotion's rushing tide
Swept all restraint away,
And prostrate, gazing in his face,
Each earnest list'ner lay.

Like shafts from an unerring bow
Truth pierced the heathen heart;
Thus, ever, Truth, by God impelled,
Conviction doth impart.

"For earthly loss and ills," said one,
"No longer do I care,
Give now to me a better heart,
I would for heaven prepare."

Oh, Christian! by the hearth of home,
Seest thou no beauty here,
Attracting thee to speak of Christ,
Where heathen souls may hear?
Who would not seek a "mission field,"
To share the best and worst,
If but to witness once on earth
The cross presented first!

(From the New Hampshire Morning Star.)

THE MISSIONARY'S REWARD.

Albert Hobbs was a merchant, and wealthy in this world's goods. His family consisted only of two daughters, for his wife had four long years slept in the grave. She was a pious woman, and much devoted to the cause of God, and instructed her children when they were small to love the Sabbath school. But when they became young ladies, Mr. Hobbs introduced them into the fashionable circles of society. Ellen hailed the opportunity with joy, for she was beautiful in face and form; but the heart had too much of haughty pride in it to be lovely.—Her beauty and queenly step, won admiration, but not affection. She rejoiced that she could leave her studies, and spend her evenings in the merry dance, or at the whist-table. But Harriet's face grew sad as she learned from her father's lips that she must no more spend her evenings in her mother's quiet chamber, reading some favourite author, but must mingle in the whirl of idle, fashionable life, and choose the hollow-hearted pleasure-seekers for associates. But as time passed she learned to listen with delight to the vague flatteries of those whose very life is deception. It was not long before her mother's health began to fail, and she left the scenes of gayety to attend to the cares and duties of the sick room.

But a few months passed ere death relieved the sufferer, and Mrs. Hobbs was laid in the tomb. All the family sincerely mourned when she was no more, for her superior intellect and affection could but win respect and love. Her resignation to the will of Heaven, and the joy she manifested when she saw that she must die, affected each member of the family seriously.

Time passed, and Mr. Hobbs and Ellen returned to the scenes of gayety, but Harriet would not be persuaded to do so. She was serious for a long time, but at last she sought and found the Saviour, and expressed a wish to her father to go forward in baptism. He objected, and endeavoured to persuade her to

abandon the idea. Night after night did she wet her pillow with tears, and many were the prayers that in agony she breathed to Heaven for direction; but still her mind was troubled, for one great duty was still undone; for she had not followed her Saviour in baptism. Again she told her father her feelings, and said she must be unhappy unless she attended to this duty. With reluctance he consented, and on the day of baptism repaired to the water side, and saw Harriet buried in the watery grave. He saw her united with the people of God, and turned away with a heavy heart, for he looked upon her as lost. Lost! yes, lost to the scenes of fashion in which she had mingled. He could no more see her graceful form move in the mazes of the giddy dance, and, too, he feared for her influence over Ellen. How often deluded is poor, short-sighted man! Mr. Hobbs thought not what great good would result from the work of that day.

Three years had passed, and Mr. Hobbs was seated before a fire, burning very cheerfully in the grate. The comfortable apartment made him partially forget the keen cold air without; but a sharp ring of the bell told of some one that wished to enter. Presently a servant opened the door of the apartment, and a young man, closely muffled, entered.

His business with Mr. Hobbs was by appearance of importance, for their conversation was low and earnest. At last Mr. Hobbs observed:

"I know Harriet has long wished to be a missionary, but I do not wish her to go, for her health is delicate; and as she has been reared in affluence, she could not bear the cares and toils attendant upon a missionary's life. You are worthy of her George, and if you will abandon the idea you have mentioned, I freely consent for her to become your wife, for as you are heir to a large fortune, her life could but be happy."

The young man listened with interest to his words, and as he finished, his lips quivered and were almost colorless, as he replied:

"Then you refuse to give me her hand if I must go from America, though it be to do good. Well, if I must leave her, I will endeavor to go cheerfully, for my Saviour calls me to the work. I know I shall find many trials, but I go in the name of Israel's God, and in him I place my trust. But shall I not see Harriet to-night?"

In a few moments she joined them, and after they conversed a while, she said:

"Father, you know I wished to be a missionary long before I saw George Lester, and beware how you decide before Heaven, for all your acts you must give an account at a high tribunal. Father, dear father, will you make me unhappy? I would willingly go if I should be obliged to go alone, and labor until life wore out in the service."

Long, long did they converse, and the result was a bridal the following week.

Weeks had passed away, and George Lester and wife had prepared to go on a mission of love to benighted heathens. The day of parting came. Mr. Hobbs was nervous, and paced his chamber with feelings none can imagine save a fond parent, who has parted with an idolized child, with no hope of meeting him or her again. He looked not to Heaven for consolation, for he had no hope there.

Harriet was below, engaged in packing the last articles she was to carry. She could hardly see through her tears, and often did she pause, and bury her face in her hands, and sob with feelings of deep sadness.

When all was ready, and the last trunk was locked, she stole softly to the parlor, to gaze once more on her mother's picture. She fancied that the portrait smiled upon her, and as she pressed her lips to the inanimate canvass, she felt that her angel mother was watching over her, and rejoiced that she was going to be useful, even at a great sacrifice. Long she

lingered by the picture, and prayed if guardian angels were permitted to visit mortals, that her mother's might hover around her in a distant land.

The parting kiss at last was given, and she flew to her chamber. The door of the room was ajar, and she saw her sister kneeling. Great was her surprise, for she had never seen Ellen bow in prayer since they were children, and knelt beside their mother. Ellen rose as Harriet entered, and for a time the sisters wept in each other's arms, ere either could speak.

"O, Hattie," said Ellen, "forgive me for listening with such careless indifference to your advice and prayers. Pray for me once more before you go, dear Hattie; do let me once more hear your voice in prayer for your wayward sister."

The sisters knelt, and fervently petitioned to Heaven for direction, and arose calmer. Harriet then went below, where she found her husband awaiting her. He was pale, and traces of tears were upon his cheeks, for he had parted with dear friends, although his parents and brothers and sisters slept in the grave.

"I am not quite ready yet, George," said Hattie, "for I have not seen my father since breakfast."

The words were scarcely uttered ere the door opened, and he entered. Harriet was surprised, for she had not seen him weep since he paused to gaze for the last time upon his wife; but now tears seemed to afford relief. She flew to his side, and wiped the tears from his cheek, and whispered—

"O, my dear father, I regret to give you so much pain. I love you dearly, father, but I must listen to the voice of God, even if it tears me away from him who has been my earthly protector from childhood. 'Tis for no idle object I go, but to tell erring ones the tale of suffering of Him who died to redeem them."

Her father pressed her to his bosom a moment, and then held her at a distance from him, and said, with a trembling voice.

"O, my Hattie, you are beautiful and talented. I've looked on you with pride since you was an infant, and thought you would be an ornament to the first circle of society. But, alas! you are to be a missionary. You are going where instead of being caressed, you will often be insulted by those around you. That noble intellect and talented mind will not be appreciated by the society in which you now will move; and what will be your reward? Nought! nought! Nought but misery and toil, and death among strangers."

"It is true God has given your beautiful daughter talents, and wishes her now to exercise her mind in his vineyard," said parson Williams, entering just in time to hear. Mr. Hobbs' last words, "and," he continued, "fear not for her reward, for she goes to labor for the Most High."

The parson then turned to George, and said,—

"We are sorry to part with you, friend, but being conscious that it is best, we freely give you and Harriet up to the work, although the church will greatly miss you."

Many friends had now arrived to bid them adieu, and it was several hours ere they started, but at last the final farewells were taken, and they were away. Ellen had promised them to pray often for herself and the absent ones, and Mr. Hobbs and Harriet talked earnestly awhile, alone, and ere she went he asked for her prayers.

Sixteen times had the leaves sprung to life and died since the missionaries of whom we have spoken had found a home in the island of dark heathenism. Incessantly had they toiled, and God was with them; and what was their reward? Many souls had become converted to Christianity through their influence. These glad tidings were sent to Mr. Hobbs;

and shall I tell you, reader, that the unwavering faith of Mr. and Mrs. Lester was the means of his conversion? It was even so. He reflected on their noble conduct, and became serious, and finally embraced the true faith. Ellen remained with him while he lived, and then went to the home Harriet had chosen. But as I said, sixteen years had gone and Mrs. Lester's work was finished, save a few words of consolation and advice. A young girl of twelve years knelt by the couch of the dying, and sobbed bitterly.

"Kiss me, darling Lucy," said the woman in feeble accents, "for I must soon leave you."

Now let me remind you of your promise to be good when I am gone, for you will not have a mother long. Try to be useful to the poor ignorant people around you, for their souls are precious in the sight of Him who spent his life wandering from place to place doing good. Never forget, dear child, that it is sinful to live for self but be willing to sacrifice pleasure to duty. I cannot say more to you now dear, for I am weak. Bring Willie and Charlie to me, and let me kiss them once more ere I go, and then lay them in bed. Dear little ones, I commend you to God."

As the children left the room Ellen entered and fondly bent to catch the feeble words of her sister.

"Ellen," she breathed, "do not mourn for me, for I am happy; but discharge your duty here well and faithfully, and you will have a rich reward. Forget not that my children will soon be motherless, and then watch over them. You will have many trials here, teaching the deluded ones around you, but be not discouraged, for He who led you here is able to be your support. Since you have been here your influence has been deeply felt for good, and fear not. Good-bye, dear sister."

"At this moment a man, who had been sitting with his face buried in his hands, apparently unconsciously, arose and went forward to the dying one. His form was slightly bowed, and on his forehead were lines of care; and the scattering specks of silvery white, among his dark locks, told that his life had been one of intense labour, both of body and mind.

"Hattie," said he, as he approached and seated himself beside his wife. "can it be possible that you must leave me now? It seemed when our little Henry and Clara died, 'twas not like this. I am not the only mourner, nor are our relatives; for the frequent petitions of many of these people around us to see you, tell plainly that they love you. O, how can my labours be useful without you!"

"George," she murmured, "we part not forever, but I go a little while before; but we shall meet in a brighter and more glorious world than this, ere long."

"'Tis true, Hattie," he replied, "I will try to be faithful to those around me while I stay, but I shall follow you soon."

"Dear George, raise me up a moment, and let me lean against you, to rest me a little."

Wish me not back when I'm gone, for I long to be with Jesus; yet, were it his will, I would willingly stay longer, and labour with you for the souls around us. I have felt many times that we have had our reward for our toils here in seeing so many become followers of our Lord; and truly we have in this way been doubly rewarded; but a glorious one awaits me now. 'Tis my Saviour's approbation. A crown of life will soon be mine.

O, encourage as many as you can to spread the gospel far and wide among deluded ones everywhere. Try to win talented and influential ones to the vast field of labour, and joy unspeakable will be theirs when they find that their influence is causing the idolater to look to the true Redeemer.

I am rejoiced that I came here to labour,