

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

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Poetry.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Speak no ill. A kindly word
Will never leave a sting behind;
But Oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,
So far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus the better plan;
Then Oh! if little good be known,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface,
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove humanity but base?
No, let us seek a higher mode—
A higher estimate in man;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill; but lenient be
To others' failings as your own.
If you are the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day;
No tongue can tell how brief the span.
Then Oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

"THE MISSIONARY'S CALL."

From the *New York Recorder*.

Below is the copy of a letter received a few months since from Rev. Nathan Brown, missionary to Assam. It is furnished for publication for the reason that the subject of it has been one of interest to very many, and involved in some little uncertainty.

J. A. S.

SIBSAGOR, Jan. 20, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—According to your request, I send you an exact copy of the "Missionary's Call." It was first published by me in the *Vermont Telegraph*, in the year 1831, under the title of "The Missionary." I wrote the article while at Williams College, about the year 1826, and forwarded it to the editors of the *Baptist Magazine*, in Boston, but it was not inserted. After publishing it in the *Telegraph*, I did not notice that it was copied in any of the exchange papers; but some time afterwards I learned that it had been quoted in full at

the end of an article written by a student of Princeton; and I believe it was by means of this article that the piece first acquired attention. It has been attributed to various persons, and was claimed by a late esteemed missionary brother for his first wife, on the ground of its been found among her papers after her death; but I am not aware that any individual besides myself has ever professed to be the writer. The question of authorship is, however, one of little consequence, and one to which I would not refer except for the purpose of removing a very disagreeable imputation.

The piece has been sadly disfigured by various alterations, but it is nearly correct as published in the second edition of the *Judson Offering*. In that edition, however, "To give up friends and home," is altered to "all my friends."

I am much pleased with the manner in which the words have been set to music, in the form of a chant, which I had the privilege of hearing a few weeks ago from our newly arrived missionary friends.

Your affectionate brother,

N. BROWN.

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
"Go, teach all nations," from the Eastern world
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may no longer doubt
To give up friends, and home, and idle hopes,
And every tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country! Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup
To show that never was it His design,
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease,
Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

Henceforth, then,

It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot; bitter or sweet my cup;
I only pray, God fit me for the work;
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,

Till I my weary pilgrimage have done—
Let me but know I have a Friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony, beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sand, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this:
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven—
If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned—
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp—if one for whom
Satan has struggled as he hath for me
Should ever reach that blissful shore, oh, how
This heart will flame with gratitude and love!
And through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

Doctrine and Duty.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.]

WORK TO BE DONE—BY WHOM?

"Make full proof of thy ministry."

There is work to be done for God in Canada. There are godly men who must do this work; and there is little time to lose until it be accomplished. The present ministers in the Regular Baptist churches in this country, are under compulsion to make full proof of their ministry, in the labours of the Home Mission field; or, admit honestly their inability for its services. They are to feed the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made them overseers, not with the current traditions of society; or the fig-leaves of sectarianism; but from the fruits of that faith which is the gift of God planted in the soul of the believer. This gift opens every faculty of the soul to see God in the Scriptures, in the administration of the cross of Christ, to feel and know the realities of eternity, the value of the soul lost, the worth of the soul saved. From this source the minister feeds the church of Christ, suited to their different conditions and attainments in grace. This spring in the heart gives deep rooted sympathy and unwearied energy in preaching the gospel to sinners in season and out of season. The daily exercise of this gift