## Messenger

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, VOLUME XXXVIII.

Yet clasp we hands in brotherbood O'er "mount, and stream, and sea." 3

Too old we've grown for Damona new, The youthful love let's oberieb. While hearts are young and skies are blue O'd friendships must not perish.

I'd give up, if I had the oboloe, Much Ciceronian prettle To hear old Douglas Simpson's voice Ruar down the wordy battle.

Roar down the wordy battle. I'd give, I'ni sure, most willingly The best dray gid aeronos, U I ny Archibald might see Safe from those bloody-Birmans. Ther itsis is on Columbia to thow,— The queenly virgin free Throad where Norwestern wheat fields bow To greet the Western ses.

Some in the East Canadian hands-Ambition's fortunes pash / And some have sailed toward Somthera erands, And some toward Hindoo Rossh.

And some toward Hindon Kossh. Wares winding Aron fair St, John By town and mesfow dally ; Where Anne's sweet river dreams along His apple-conied valley. Where handsome Rhine rolls on its tide They strive in manky foll ; With Truton and with Calt divide Tune's honorable spoil.

We call your names, your years, your

You brave young raores alothe start ! The strife, say ! do you fear ? We come from the red battle's heart "And give you comrade obser."

Brothers! "\*Powe you naught but love, We greet as soil greets soil, With engle wing and heart of dove Forth is thy choice goal!

Forth from these happy quiet ways To stores greater hours I Heaves emiles on your high golden days , And your unwasted powers,

And you who first beyond the well Weary with toil did flee,---From these dim shores we bid you fail Across the silent sea!

Acrose the silent seal Your eyes are homes of holy light Your hearts of holy hove, We hold you blessed with the sight Of truths we cannot prove. Your beavenly vision fails our mind ; We wigh and cannot sing. Blown on before the world's foud wind j Like birds with tired wing.

God willed that yon your wings should spread, Fly hence and belat rest, While we the living midst the dead, Pursue with endless quest.

Yet in Thy name O Lord! our guard. Thou dot such fail heart keep. Above our night Thy stars keep ward, Beneath, Thy angel sleep.

This, That. and The Other-

Determine any angeneration.
This, Than, and The Others.
This, Than, and The Others.
Ber, George Muller, of Britalol, Eng., in a contrast to be any series of the series of the

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To Staday-School Workers

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a to be. Many will be glad to greet their during the membership, without any existing the membership within the minimizers to the Mark finance the Mark the existing the membership is 126, and the Mark finance to the membership is 126, and the membership is 12

clowly, yet they grink successing small." —Ont.—A cortain Bay. In H. Turner, counts of Paddington, Baghada, is a re-markable man. He refuses to be a hosting between a Ontrichmail: and a Baptist. Here terriby they must feel the rant of his bleasing? Then he writes of Wm. Carey in his most supercilions say, and, in the compendant specific on the bay that the matorime is a single of the first too, commune. In his most of the hermities of a single bleasing incoversation of the in the approximate and as covenanted metrices of God may not as adily he extended to a Beptist as to a alumn. The fuels are not all dead yet.

Brahmin." The fool are not all dead yes. - Thus Reservant up 60. Jours -- Will the friendance the Reservanty Endly instants for her action which appeared in the Almannetic all Interested in the turner of the institu-tion, to be held in the restry of Leinsner AL appeared in the turner of the institu-tion, to be held in the restry of Leinsner AL appeared in the turner of the institu-tion, the best in the restry of Leinsner AL appeared in the turner of the institu-tion, the second in the stature of the heinst to astrond on some a day are less who do as in Theore will be most starbing appear to a second starbing appeared by the second st

--The Catanona or Ataota Cottanon, 1885-97, has been received, 13 contains the usual information for those thinking to mater the Collage, the dometanger, intel-lectual and morel, are of a high gener. Compaged with many other institutions of similar grade, the 'cost is absurdly much! <text>

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Wool-shod, eight awiji elusive years Have fied from time and me Since full upon my eager care, Thy benedicite.

Bright as of old thy June day shines On river, hill and field 1 Sweet as of old the trailing vines Their fragmant incense yield 1 Squat sturdy Blomidon stands gray, Clothed with she sun and mist; As when our hammers made a prey His sea-veined Amethyst.

And Minas, when some haloyon day Greets her with cloudless eyes, Is fair as that famed Spezzian bay Beneath Italian skies.

Nessenth Italian ekies. Sull, when her white anis fit like birds Forth to the Western Main, Do dreaming eyes, from roots and surds Peer thro' the window-pane. And still, with shap that Akim her tide, Their paneous bright unturked. The thoughts of hold hearts downward gide The wild stream of the world.

Boys will grow sick of clustered peak And life, without life's passion, In spite of learning's golden floco-The garment most in fashion.

For books well-thumbed, get torn

Recked, And blackboards blankly stare. The chiedy in the retrospent. Those hours seem so fair.

Earth cheats us of the vine of youth, . And dipenchants the real. Pray heaven the unit may keep its trath. The heart is young ideal. God grant that when our hairs are gray, When twilight blurs the page, The music of our dawning day May cheer our lonely age.

May obser our lonely age. Bight years 1 A seems not long ago, Priends dear who worked with me, Since last we saw the Gasperson Plow singing to the sea. O, possive walks, when trees were full, Undersche harvent moos 1 Long thoughts by a river beauting As Burns" "Bonny Doon."

The orchards blossom white like foam , The air with sectar fills ; Once more we laugh and dream and roam, In sumshine on the hills.

In summing on the hills. Q, rish in hops 1. Q, brave in deed 1. Those days ade gone torever 1. And yet unoffininged, the biddining mead Smiller on its linging river. Pilgrime, Acadia 1. to thy shrine We bring our sacrifice ; And reach besenth thy sheltying vice One hour of Paradias.

And happy, over hill and dome We see the spring light-shine, As when in days of hope at home We drank thy milk and wine. And we are glad, if flying hours, That leave us old and worn, Grown thy unwrinkled grace with flowe With strength and hope of morn.

Dunib here the world's too clamo

greed ; The Muses haunt these groves. Here pastoral Virgil tunes his reed ; Aud Horace sings his loves.

Here good Æneas trims his sails, And love-lovn Dido sight. Here mild Antigone unvails The star-fires of her eyes.

(Aff 1 maiden faces tweet that glowed Serves on saint and sinner, Whene'er we took our walk abroad OF took our walk to dinner,

Where are you now? Remember you The kind old loves and quarrels? Tind crowns our poor bald pates wi rus, And school-boys wear the laurels.

Kind heaven bless you all your lives And grant your wish unspoken, Be happy mothers, happy wives, With love and truth unbroken.)

Here young hearts beat to Homer's line, With fancy flashing free Like winds that laughed along the brine Of his lond-sounding sea.

Here young Prometheus conquere hat Quells the Olympian red ; To teach men truth is lord of fate, And love is lord of God.

Here Plate rives the sense-bound clod, Eyes rap: in stainless light, Enchanted by the voice of God, But dies without the sight.

Here Edipus, by fust shorred, Halls death and wins release. And rescued from th' avenger's sword, Orestes, whispers, "peace!"

O, long may Jones these pure tones blend Chanting his classic rune, With Grecian truth and grace to lend, Heaven keep his voice in tune.

Heaven keep his volce in tune. Here too; thip many a sphendid mass, Bolls Thin is the sea ; Where penice students stand and game On turks of history. Here sits the Sphina, who once of yore, The Thebase scholed dead. How many a prize-man sophomore. His theorems have bled !

And grim, by mercy all unshriven His riddle he will read,

Until the senior class thank heaven The Sphinx has gone to seed.

The Sphinz is like o'Shanter's witch Aboon the brig o'Ayr; The Senior is a running ditch, Which Sphinzes do not dare.

Seer of truth is sphere and plane ! Our thanks you well deserve. We've travelled many a rougher lane Than your cycloidal curve.

You marched us on the straight right lin From premise to conclusion ; We can't believe twice four is nine In spite of faith's collusion.

We've since been asked to build on brick Without the straw of reason; Consistency's a heretic, And login is high treason. If still to honce, fact; and sense, And Pages idds sport, Should land us all in Tophet, whence There is no more return,

With chalk and blackboard fixed in state We'll find friend Mathematics By merit raised, the reprobate, To tutor in Pneumatics.

Who teaches Meliaphysics now-The "staff" of all our thought ? Our Doctor of the serious brow ; We love him as we ought.

O, brothers, through how many lands We've sought the Holy Grail ! Lo, here is truth! lo, there she stands, Bow down, and ary "all hall !"

Still she looks on us far Withdraw With stars and clonds bedight, The angel of our spirit's dawn, • The watchfire of our night,

Trust thy soul's highest vision, trust I Think not to touch or usite Time's ancient mystery, poor dust; For thee will not make baste.

The noble still music week the light, The dostrinaire still raves . But faith holds fast while the long night Shines o'er our father's graves.

You that for years this cosmic rind Have trod or sailed its water, Pray tell us whether matter's mind, Or whether mind is matter?

And can we know what we can know, And know what know we chn't ?

You that can answer, answer slow. Io follow's quite a janpt. The latest answer I can find In all the learned olatier, Is just: "why matter that is mind An : mind, why that's no matter." Through days of slow and painful flight We've sought, in proces in song What makes the *rightness* of the right, ... The wrongness of the wilong.

Øisttor.

Before triend Wayland raised his face To give the explanation,
Friend Wayland passed where sight takes place
Of ratiocination,

Some Senior surely will illumis This immemorial squabble; And cave the wise an endless tume Of learned toil and trenble.

High-priest of ancient nature's call, Tell what your torch bash showed I Unfold to infant and aduly Your grim Dragonian Code I

Has Coldwell found the fossil spor Which made some elect monkey On far Pleistocenian shore, Stretch upward to the flunky?

Stretos upward to the munky ? Or when the slave of bestial warm. Before his moul stood awed; First felt the glory of the stars, And sung a hymn to God?

Who'll care, when we have reached to goal Of mashood, how we'ye all come; If God is God and soul is conl Let dust be dust and welpome?

If we are born of baser forms We'll ask not how, but why; Whether we travel to the worms Or city in the Sky.

We'll ask if Right is through above, Since in mam's heart 'ris writ ? Whether the soul of all is love, And duty infinite ?

And duty infinite? We'll aim to keep a pure true heart, In honor's cause be brave ; And dare to choose the better part For both sides of the grave.

Truth course in holy sarress strifts, The Hamlets dream and die. What helps an Obermann's sad life, An Amiel's weary ory J

The holy, earnest living wills Shall win to have at length. Lift your eyes upward to the hills Whence cometh all your strength

Such lessons did thy unstained page, Illustrious Cramp, inspire ! O, earnest hearts! O, gray heads sage His coul baras in your fire.

He said, "love God and do the right, Truth wins and lives for ays; Walk in the light and trust the light As oblideen of the day."

When curious doubt assails our need Of simple faith and prayer, His wholesoms, hopeful, manly creed Shall save us from despair.

Shall save us from despair. When "Fiss nos, love not!" stoke cry. "The strong take not, but give," His quick love-needing sympathy Shall teach us how to live. If his dead lips could speak, they'd say, What his whole fife assure,--"Our theories may well decay If what we do endures."

If what we do endures." Forget not Crawley's reverend name Midst names of purces worth. Greatly beloved not is vain Thy warfare on the earth. Noblesse oblige i in dark and light; Let forume frown or smile, Thou art indeed an Israelite In whom there is no guile. The station found is in the back of the

In whom there as no guile. The student's friend! I his hand use ble That sipped away our tense! Sure as God liveth, he shall rest. In peace among his péeri. On his rich speech the scholar hung : A light was in his fact; Thought turned to music on his tongu A d truth was clothed with grace.

His memory diatils like Nard In every stadent's breast. Truth-lover, selter, scholar, bard, In hopor take thy rest! Kind teachers! 'mnce we've slipped y

In honor take thy rest! Kind teachers I into eve ve slipped you yoke, Of this we may advise you,... The more we know of teaching folk The more we know of teaching folk The more we so come to prize you. If once our young Omnjacience untilee With, leftly strug and face, The turele of the world has knowled That foolience ont of ne. Dear friends I together we've stronged yound This pediagon fold ;

This pedagogic fold ; This event to hear your solore sound Familiar as of old.

Wide-scattered are the bande which stop Beneath the old roof-tree ;