

Stray Leaves.—No. 4.

A LEAF FOR THE LAITY.

"The church is not prospering—our minister is not the right man for the place—we had better have a change." Stop! stop my friends. Not quite so fast—be sure you are right before you go ahead. Your church is not apparently prospering, it is true; but is it your minister's fault or is it yours? Let me ask you a few questions—perhaps we can ascertain and thus prevent mischief—for I am one of those who do not believe that changing ministers is a "certain sure, and infallible remedy" for all the woes of churches.

In the first place, my brethren, do you love one another? Or are there divisions among you—Deacon A. against Deacon B., and Bro. C. opposed to Bro. D., Sister Purity jealous of Sister Innocence, and the pastor obliged to move amongst you with a heavy heart, because of your unchristian conduct one towards another. If this be your case, you need not be surprised if he is inefficient, and the peaceful Spirit absent.

Do you love your pastor?—sympathize with him, and sustain his influence to the best of your ability? Or, are you unsympathetic, unappreciative, and cold in your demeanor towards him? This has a very great deal to do with, not only a minister's comfort, but also his usefulness, and consequently a church's prosperity. You are none of you, I hope, like friend Stolid, of Blanktown, who has doubtless great love for his pastor, but then he never shows it. His, I suppose, is what may be called latent love. Now, latent heat is not very available for a pressing, cold necessity. Neither is latent love the best encouragement for the downcast pastor of Blanktown. Neither are any of you, I trust, like Grumble Splithair, of my acquaintance, who never enjoys a sermon or is benefited by one, on account of his bad habit of finding fault; pretending to criticise that which he has not brains to comprehend or taste to appreciate. The doctrine is either too "high" or too "low," or the discourse was "high-flown," or was "weak trash—wasn't studied." It is well for him that he has the Rev. Job Patience for his pastor. Nor any like Prude Careful, who is always very much afraid that a word of commendation should reach the minister's ear, lest it should "make him vain." Blessed creatures! how delightful to have some one so watchful of one's graces. Would that she were as careful in suppressing words of disparagement and preventing them from reaching us. And specially, I trust, you have none like the Ondit family, of Motesville, who are for ever saying spiteful things about their pastor and his family; for instance, "the minister is lazy; he don't cut his own wood." Is that their business? "His wife sings songs!" Poor woman, I wish she could, but what with a cracked voice and a heavy heart, I fear she will not sing very harmoniously short of heaven. "He does not put science enough in his sermons." Science indeed? they forget that it is the gospel that is required.

No, I trust you have none such characters in your church, for if you have, your puny growth is certainly not your pastor's fault.

But try another question. Do you labor faithfully with your minister? Or do you consider that the fact of your having one exempts you from the work? Do you attend the prayer-meeting regularly? Are you active in it, or are you like dumb dogs that cannot bark?—Are you workers in the Sabbath School, making it, by your labors under God, a "nursery for the church." Or, if your talent is not teaching, are you earnest in doing something for the cause, backing your minister's efforts by vigorous co-operation. You are the rank and file, your minister the general—do you surround him and manfully fight the common foe, or do you leave him to combat, singly and alone, the powers of darkness? If so, why complain of victories unachieved and battles never won? Shame on you! Up! quit you like men! Your pastor unfurls the standard of the cross, and blows the gospel trumpet; rally round him, charge on the enemy in the name of the Lord of Hosts and win the day.

I have another question to ask you, on what is considered by many sensitive people a delicate subject, "Do you pay your minister well and promptly?" "What is that to do with our church prosperity?" exclaims old Deacon Grip-tight, in a pet. A great deal to do with it my money-loving friend. Do you suppose your minister can study, visit, and preach first-rate on starvation rations? Is it likely that he can labor very effectively for your spiritual welfare, whilst his temporal affairs are in confusion, owing to your covetous neglect? Or, is it to be expected that God will give you an abundance of Heaven's blessings, whilst you are doing out His money to His servant, as if he were a sort of respectable pauper? I think not! The Apostle Paul tells us how ministers ought to be supported: "They who wait at the altar are partakers with the altar, even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live by the gospel." They lived of the altar—mark you, they lived—they did not starve—they were

amply provided for, with the best of every kind of produce, for every offering brought to the altar was perfect after its kind, and thus the priests lived on the fat of the land. Brethren, does your minister thus live? Or, is his income small, and that irregularly paid? Many churches that pay fair salaries to their ministers, cause them much needless annoyance and temporary embarrassment by not paying promptly. My advice to you is—for your own sakes as well as your minister's—pay him well, and pay him promptly.

One more question, and the leaf is completed. Do you pray for your pastor? This is a duty incumbent upon you, its neglect is a heinous sin. Remembering that he is but a man of like passions with yourselves, and thinking of his fearful responsibilities, your hearts must be hard indeed if you do not pray for him. Looking upon him as but an instrument, is it possible that you ever forget to pray that he may be an effective one? If an inspired Apostle needed the prayers of his brethren, well may your pastor. If you love the cause—if you love souls—if you love him—you will pray for him.

In conclusion, it is my decided conviction that in nine cases out of ten, there will be prosperity in a church if they love one another—if they love and labor with their pastor, pay him liberally, and pray for him fervently.

CORSE, in Canadian Baptist.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Acadia College Agency.

Weymouth, July 3rd, 1862.

DEAR MESSENGER,—

As my former notice was longer than usual, I will make this short. I think I did not mention anything of the amount secured by the Agent since he last sallied forth in that business. At Liverpool, Bro. Jacobs, whose warm attachment to Acadia College does not abate, has cashed a £100. Endowment note and added a new one with \$200 more. Br. Otis Dewolf gave, as he said to encourage us, a check on a bank in Halifax for \$100. Other sums were given at the Association by those in attendance.

I obtained \$100 at Yarmouth in small sums, with promises of more in future. At Beaver River, Benjamin Raymond and brothers, gave an Endowment note of one hundred pounds. Ira, the mercantile brother, advanced £10 in cash, which was endorsed on the note just before given. I was gratified to learn from individuals, prior to the fact, that Benjamin Raymond had stated at different times, that the Child of Providence, Acadia College, should share equally in his family as one of his own children. May the Lord increase the number of such friends.

If I have added up right, the increase since the first of June, in all, is one thousand and twenty-five dollars. When we take into the account the distance I have journeyed, and time so consumed, it will not appear so small I hope.—Much of the ground passed over can be advantageously worked again at a suitable time. It is a failure to think much can be accomplished by rapidly passing through the country.

Yours, &c., A. D. THOMSON.

For the Christian Messenger.

Valedictory

TO REV. D. O PARKER.

Beloved Brother,—

It is with feelings of sorrow and regret we are called, under the direction of an all-wise Providence, to give the parting hand to you and your beloved partner.

During your pastoral charge over this Church and people, we have been pleased with the faithfulness with which you have ever labored for the cause of your Lord and Master.

Though we have not had the happiness of seeing many additions to the Church during your stay with us, yet we trust that a quiet work of grace has been going on in the hearts of some, and that in future years you will rejoice in knowing that, through your faithfulness in preaching the glorious Gospel, many have been brought to a saving knowledge of God.

We shall deeply feel the loss of your persevering efforts in the Sabbath School, where your uniform presence and exertions tended to impress more forcibly upon all the necessity of seeking the true path in early life.

The sick room and dying bed will miss the christian and sympathizing presence of Mrs. Parker and yourself. To comfort the afflicted and bereaved, by leading them to the Rock, Christ Jesus, has ever been the desire of your heart.

We sorrow at your departure from us, knowing that without a Shepherd the flock is more easily scattered.

We regret that as a church we have not labored more diligently with you for the prosperity and advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in this place, where the untiring and prayerful effort of God's people is so essential in the up-building of His visible Church.

Finally brother, be assured you take with you, to your new field of labor, the good wishes of this Church for a long, useful and happy life in that cause which we know lies nearest your heart.

In behalf of the Church,

T. P. CALKIN,
GEO. S. PARKER,
BENJ. O. DEWOLF,
J. F. L. PARSONS. } Committee.

Liverpool, June 17th, 1862.

Reply.

Dear Friends,

We thank you for your kind address. With us these are our parting words. We separate. We hope it is right. There is a Divinity that shapes our destiny. Kind heaven direct our steps. It is sad to say farewell,—we feel it as the time draws near; but farewells, adieus, and parting hands do not break affection's golden chain.

Real friendship is eternal, and in our heart of hearts it shall survive every change, and still entwine about the hallowed memory of those who have been friends indeed till friends we meet in heaven. We know our friends here, they are many, we will know them hereafter.

We are not our own. The glory of God in the salvation of souls is our prayer and hope, our consecrated being's end and aim. Most happily, therefore, do we appreciate your testimony to our fidelity. Our desires have been nobler than our deeds, and our aims loftier than our attainments. In what has been wanting please accept the will for the work.

It cheers a pastor's heart to see the seeds of grace, sown in love, growing in the soul, and to have the privilege of bringing the sheaves with his own hands into the garner of the church.—It is this that doubly endears him to his flock.—We have sown beside all waters, but have reaped a sheaf, may another soon reap a plentiful harvest. It will rejoice our hearts.

You speak of our attachment to the Sabbath School. In your children we have recognised the rising hope of the church, the expanding germs of mankind, and the living future in miniature with pliant minds impressible as wax for right or wrong, who are soon to succeed you in the conflict of earnest life. And as such we have striven to cherish them, and to interest them in the vital truths relative to their present and future happiness. In parting, we still love the children, we bear them in our affections, we cherish them in our hopes, remember them in our prayers and bequeath to them our best benediction, and shall never forget their frequent salutation by the way side.

While the chambers of sickness may miss our sympathizing presence, we leave with you the "Great Physician" and the Friend of the afflicted, who, when disease and death draw near, can "Smooth the couch of care,
Extract the thorns and scatter roses there."

We go,—our "commission" is all comprehensive,—the field is the world; the wilderness must be cultivated as well as the opulent city. In retiring from the town to a "call" in the wilderness, we do not leave you shepherdless. The Great Shepherd and Head of the Church has a home in Liverpool. Your sainted fathers followed him through ten thousand difficulties and never knew want. Follow Him, "He will make you to lie down in green pastures, and lead you beside the still waters." "He will bring you into his banqueting house, and his banner over you shall be love." Trust Him, and may he speedily send you an under-shepherd to feed the flock and bear the lambs in his arms. We reciprocate your "good wishes." We know we have them, and that they follow us to our new home. "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

D. O PARKER.

Liverpool, June 17th, 1862.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from the Diggings.

Goldenville Mines, St. Mary's,
July 1, 1862.

MR. EDITOR,—

This morning is disagreeably dull here, although in the gold region; cold rain, wind South East, ground full of water before this rain, makes prospecting laborious and disagreeable. Sunday night, hard frost, and ice on the water.

Not much news respecting any new, or rich leads being discovered. The crushers seem to be tedious getting to work, no one working just now,—the one which did work is now undergoing some improvement in her machinery. Many persons are waiting to test their quartz before they go very extensively into operation, which seems a judicious conclusion. There will be many pits abandoned, I think. The quartz will not be rich enough to make pay, at the surface, however. Your contemporary, the Chronicle, quotes an extract from my observations in the Messenger, but, I observe, only on the favorable side of things. I should feel very sorry that, from anything that I have written, my countrymen should be deceived or misled. I merely want to state things as I here find them. Having no other interest than my country's good. Since my letter to you, the Boulder Lot has been purchased at two thousand pounds by Mr. Peter Hamilton. This does seem to confirm the opinion given, as to the richness of said claim. I have seen lately some magnificent sights from off said claim, and only hope the present proprietors may be very successful and richly paid for their enterprise. I now beg to repeat what I before observed, that any new miners can be readily furnished here, with suitable tools &c. for mining of the best kind, used by the traders and mechanics here. And they should be patronized, for they are essentially necessary to keep down the prices, by preventing a monopoly on the part of traders, which would be the case where there but a few here, and not encouraged by the miners generally. The roads into the mines are now very good, and the miners are doing their statute labor on the cross roads. It seems if some magic influence was used in forming the roads, from what they were, to what they now are, from the very worst you could possibly imagine, to a road now you can drive with full speed, in a cab, or coach; the only difficulty is now, in passing each other, they are rather narrow for quick passing. I thought you would have directed my paper to Goldenville. I perhaps did not direct you to do so, but did intend to have done so, and wish you to send it here.—We had no services here on Sabbath last. They talk of having a Hall. Good accommodations are making for travellers at the diggings, and other comforts in Temperance drinks, &c. at the Restaurants and other places along the roads. We have had some fires which were very alarming, but only one shantie has been burnt down; plenty of men and water saved a great many; the next one to me was the one burnt. We made every precautionary arrangement to meet it, but just escaped by a narrow belt of green wood and swamp laying between us. Should the fire get a raging in a very dry time, much damage will be done. The stuff here when dry, is like tinder. Should we be so fortunate as to fall in with some rich nuggets, I will make every haste to let you know. As yet we have struck no rich leads, and am sorry to say we are not the only ones. Scores can testify to the same being their luck, and many are off for home. Perhaps in no locality within our Province can be found an equal number of men to vie with these in the diggings. The bone and muscle of our country, collected from every section of our Province and sister Provinces, intellectual and muscular,—no ragamuffin amongst them. No bars or bolts are required at the diggings; should there be one of this stamp found here I think he would get a speedy clearing out. We have a milkman daily, expect a butcher twice a week, and a baker staidly amongst us. Many of the parties are receiving some part of their families to keep house, and a few their entire families. Some cows are out here, but they have to be fed with provender mostly.

Thursday morning. Every appearance of rain; the mail here has not yet arrived, great complaints in consequence; this should be avoided if possible. Perhaps an accident has occurred; we feel the want of a telegraph line, but the time for it is not yet. We have salmon in plenty here for sale, two Mutes catch them,—are smart men I learn, have families, are coopers by trade, carry in their pockets a small slate, are very expert in writing and casting up the cost of anything they have to sell. Now, whilst writing, I have bought a nice quarter of veal at 3d. per lb. Two Indians are carrying salmon for sale; one, I think, would weigh twenty pounds. So you see we are not so badly off for material for the outer man. Rain has commenced now in good earnest, I am glad to see it; for the country I think requires it. I now close for I find nothing interesting to write about.

Yours truly,
EDWARD McLATCHY.

[Our readers will, we presume, differ from our respected correspondent in his last remark.—Ed. C. M.]