

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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The One Dollar Bill.

A few weeks ago, while walking through the streets of New York, happening to look downward, I espied a bit of paper rolled up, which, on examination, proved to be a one dollar bill. Though I do not often find a dollar, or its representative, in the street, I should not have been particularly struck with this event, had not my attention been particularly arrested by a quotation which was written very plainly on the back of the note. It was this:—*Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive.* Acts xx. 35. What can this mean, thought I? Who wrote this? For what purpose was it written? These, and many kindred questions crowded rapidly upon my mind.—But being much pressed with business at the time, I slipped the dollar bill into my vest pocket, and while occupied with many cares, it was almost forgotten. One night however I dreamed. Strange things appeared before me, and among other objects, the one dollar bill, with its mysterious inscription.

Several weeks passed by, and I was threading my way through the crowds of Fulton-street. This time I was in no haste, and leisurely walked along.—Presently my eyes fastened upon the pale, wan features of a poor woman, who had at her side about a dozen boxes of uninviting-looking matches for sale. Her clothing was scanty and soiled, and there was a down-cast, desponding look about her that spoke of misery within, and which at once engaged my sympathy. A haggard, barefooted little boy with a dirty face and uncombed hair, shared with her the step on which she was seated; and from his gaunt look, his thin bony fingers, his sunken eyes, his lack of childish playfulness, and energy, and his disregard of objects around him I concluded that the poor child might be a sufferer from want of wholesome food, and that she who appeared to be his mother, might be quite unable to supply his necessities. Here, thought I, is a woman who is trying to support herself and her child in an honest way. She is doing what she can to procure a livelihood. But what a stock in trade! A shilling ought to buy the whole. And here she sits from morning till night, and no one perhaps will buy of her. Where is she to get bread to-day? Where sleep to-night? With what shall she pay for food and lodging?

While I was thus ruminating, I leaned against the iron railing that surrounds the old Dutch church, and waited a full hour to see if some one would not buy. Busy men, with sharp and anxious faces, urged onward with the great motive of gain, moved in throngs within a few inches of a poor match-woman, but not one of them deigned a compassionate look. Children tripped along, laughing, and even ladies, whose hearts are said to be more sensitive to the finer feelings of our nature, did no more than turn their eyes laughingly toward the impoverished little group. As I thus tarried, my heart grew somewhat sick, nor were my feelings any less affected, when I observed that the woman appeared to draw a long breath now and then, and seemed to be deeply sighing.

At first, I thought I would go and purchase all the matches she had, but I did not need so many; besides they might be an inferior article, and not such as I would wish to use. In a moment I thought of the one dollar bill, which I had found on the street, and resolved for once at least to have the satisfaction of making a needy creature happy. So I thought of the words of the Lord Jesus, in which he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and without asking a question, I spread the money in the match-woman's lap.

"O, sir," said she, "I've got no change," supposing that I wished to buy of her.

"Never mind the change, my good woman, you can get it changed when you go to the baker's to buy bread and as for the matches, you can keep them till to-morrow. Perhaps somebody then will buy what is so dull of sale to-day."

"O, sir, I am unused to treatment like this!" and the tears fell upon the bill like rain, so that I almost feared for its safety.—"Take it again—I know I can never repay the debt of gratitude which you would impose upon me;" and while she spoke, her thin blood quickened its pace, and sent a slight flush to her cheeks; and her large eyes displayed evidence of intelligence such as but a moment before I had in nowise expected to exist.

By this time a little crowd of persons gathered around us. Though none were ready to encourage the poor woman in a humble effort to live, yet some found time to stop and watch a well-dressed man in conversation with a miserably wretched looking woman. Feeling a little annoyed at the publicity which the affair began to assume, I became uneasy and anxious to leave. So, bidding the match-woman keep what I had given her, I turned to depart.

"No," said she, "I cannot but upon one condition; I must know at least the name of my benefactor. If I never see you again, I cannot be denied the happiness of knowing your name."

At this, I hastily put a card bearing my name into her hand and departed.

Months transpired. Business led me to Europe. On my return, I was told by my family that a little boy had often called at the door and inquired for me. He seemed indisposed to state his business, and said that he particularly desired to see Mr. J.

I had hardly recovered from the effect of a protracted voyage and close confinement, ere the child called again; and meeting me at the door, without ceremony he handed me a note, and immediately started off. The note read as follows:—*Mr. J.—You will greatly oblige a sincere friend and well-wisher, by calling at your earliest convenience at No. — street. Please call in the morning, as matters of moment often lead me from home in the afternoon. Yours with respect, Mrs. MARY S.*

This note contained a card with Mrs. S.'s name thereon, and was without date. I afterwards learned that the child who presented it, always had it with him when he called at my house, but said nothing about it until he recognised me at the street door.

I found Mrs. S. in the parlour of her beautiful and tastefully ornamented house. Neatness, order, and quiet seemed to preside here. She was habited in a plain, but becoming manner, and as I entered, gave me a hearty and unaffected welcome. She remarked that she had been informed of a little act in my history; and being convinced of my attachment to the Church of Christ, and of my disposition to promote the present and eternal happiness of his disciples, she felt quite at liberty to speak of a matter in which she was sure I possessed an interest.

I now felt an intense eagerness to hear, and after a brief reply on my part, Mrs. S. continued:—

"My husband," said she, "is a merchant doing business down town; and as we both are in sympathy with whatever has for its object the welfare of the suffering, I often go out with some female friend in the after part of the day to look after the destitute and afflicted, and to distribute in their behalf a portion of the substance which God has honored us."

Some time ago, after a wearisome walk, and the performance of several calls, I was about to propose a return homeward, when, passing a door which stood ajar in the dilapidated and cheerless old building through which we were moving, I thought I discovered a bed with a person upon it. Surely there is sickness here, I thought, and we must make one more call. I stepped in, and saw a woman with a feeble "come in," and we entered.

"We found the inmate a consumptive woman prostrate, and evidently near her end. Beside her sat a little boy—thin, pale, and sorrowful. In the course of our conversation I learned that she was of American parentage, and had enjoyed a favorable position in early life. Her husband had been unfortunate in business. Overwhelmed with grief and anxiety, he took to the bottle and died a sot. His wife and child were left almost friendless and penniless. Of a frail constitution, and of a retiring disposition, she suffered on in poverty and loneliness without making her condition known to others, and at length, from hunger, fatigue, and sorrow, she wasted and sickened. When I first saw her, she was chiefly maintained by what her little son could gather by the sale of a few papers on the morning of each day. I learned that she was a Christian—that she daily read the Bible, and knelt at the mercy-seat, and that she had diligently instructed her little boy to be honest and faithful to God and his fellow man. Putting her thin hand under the pillow, she withdrew a small piece of paper, and carefully unfolding it she said, "There, take that dollar bill, and please be so kind as to give it to some one who may be suffering for food."

"I was astonished. 'What,' said I, 'have you money to give away? I thought you were needy.'"

"No," she replied, "It is all the money I have; but I would not spend it on any account. I have kept it for the sake of the giver. I never saw him but once, and then I was almost starved. I was trying to sell some matches in the street, but no one could buy them. At length a stranger came along, and after a little conversation, gave me that bill. Read what is on the back of it."

"I turned the bill over and saw that remarkable passage—*Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

"There," said the sick woman, "when I read those words, I thought of my Bible, and I thought of its blessed provisions for the poor, and I felt that God would not forsake me. When I got home, I found that Mr. Leonard, my landlord, had been there, and said he would not distress me for the rent as I was sick; and the grocery man, near by, had sent me a bit of cheese and some bread; for he said I did not get drunk like some others, and was a worthy poor woman. So you see, the Lord has provided. I have had, and now have more than I deserve. I shall not stay long here, and Johnny says the bill must go as it came. I trust the Lord will help him in getting through the world. I am so thankful that he is honest and kind-hearted."—here the tears started,—"and"—

"But," said I, "you can yet use this money to good advantage. You need some comforts which you are deprived of, and this will help you to purchase them."

"No, I can do without them. There, take the money, and give it to some person whose necessities are greater than mine. O, if I could but see the giver, how happy I should be. But I shall

never see him until we meet in heaven. Here is his card, but where he lives I cannot tell."

"Copying your name into my memorandum-book, and taking the one dollar bill, I bade her and her little boy adieu, and, however, till I had placed some change on my apology for a chair, and enjoined the sick woman to send for me in case she should need anything, or feel worse."

"I had intended to have made another visit on the next day, to this scene of affliction, but illness among my own relatives, together with my domestic duties prevented. After a few days had elapsed, little Johnny called at my house and timidly inquired for me. He stated that his mother was very poorly, and that she would like to see me before she died. I lost no time in seeking her apartment, and found her extremely ill—so much so, that she spoke with great difficulty."

"There, take this ring," said she, "I was given me by my husband on the day of our marriage. If you ever find the kind man who presented me with the one dollar bill, give it to him. Tell him he was a friend in need. Thank him for his generous act, and express to him my hope of meeting him in a world where tears are wiped away from all eyes, and where sorrow and distress are unknown."

"A few sentences, rather broken, were uttered; a change came over her countenance, and the sufferer was no more."

"The funeral over, Johnny, who seemed sad and dejected, was taken to our home. He is a child of much promise, and Mr. S. was so much pleased with him, that he said he would bring him up as his own son. He is now at school; and having, through a mother's prayers and counsels, escaped the vicious habits of most children who have been similarly exposed to peril, we entertain the hope of living to see him grow up a useful and respected man. I don't know that I need to say more. Your name was readily found in the directory; and Johnny remembered your face so well, that you were immediately recognised by him when he presented my billet at your door. His diffidence would not permit him to remain to be questioned by you, as he has been accustomed to the society of those in the comfortable walks of life. This ring you will keep as a remembrance of a poor, but worthy believer, whose burdened heart you so much relieved in time of deep trial. The one dollar bill I also return to you, trusting that as in your hands it has already accomplished much good, it will be so directed by an all-wise Providence in the future, that all who become its possessors will find in the words of the Lord Jesus, 'That it is more blessed to give than to receive.'—*American Paper.*

Sabbath-School Teaching.

THE DEVOTED TEACHER.

It is not much learning, nor many gifts, that are needed to constitute an interesting and successful teacher. What, above all things, an individual calling himself by that name should seek and strive, and labour and pray to possess, may be expressed by one word, *Devotedness to the cause of Christ.* It is this that is the foundation—the mainspring of everything else. Get this, and you may dispense with many other qualities upon which others pride themselves. But destitute of this one element, although possessing every other, you will be poor and inefficient indeed.

The saying is a true one, *enthusiasts are men of one idea, and heroes men of one design.* Let but enthusiasm take possession of the soul, and the success of almost any scheme will be the sure and certain result. Nothing, in such a case, will be strong enough to retard its progress; every obstacle will be surmounted; every difficulty will be overcome; and the mind will press forward irresistibly till the object aimed at be attained. Accordingly, to this devotedness, to this enthusiasm, the history of the past attributes many great and noble achievements.

The case of the great apostle of the Gentiles is an illustration in point. His knowledge of languages, of science, and philosophy, with all his logical acumen and thrilling oratory, all these formed but a small part of his wonderful success, for he counted them all but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. His own declaration to the Corinthians was, "I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." His burning ardour, being of Heaven's own creation, was made the instrument of his marvellous and far-travelled conquests.

It was this, too, which distinguished the reformers of old, and gave them all the power which they wielded to such mighty purpose. Specially was it so with Luther, over all whose letters, of whatever subject they might treat, was written with his own hand, the inscription "Jesus." This name lay nearest to his heart, and the advancement of the glory of the cross was ever the dearest object of his life. It was this simple word which animated him with that ardent enthusiasm which so many have admired, but which so few have equalled; and in the prospect of death, enabled him thus joyfully to sing: "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is on my right hand, I shall not be moved."

It is said of Henry Martyn that on his way to India a physician thus accosted him: "Henry, why are you attempting to go to India? it is madness; you will not live long." "How long do you think I may live?" was his cool reply. "Why," said the physician, "I will give you seven years." "O," replied the serene youth, "do you think I

shall live seven years? How ought these seven years to be spent for Jesus?"

Such, too, was the devotedness of Elliott, the apostle of the Indians, to the great work in which he had embarked, that on the day of his death, and while in the eightieth year of his age, he was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. A friend asked him, "Why not rest from your labours now?" to which the venerable man replied, "I have prayed to God to render me useful in my sphere; and now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

Similar, also, was the spirit which inflamed the accomplished and devoted Indian missionary, St. Francis Xavier. He would travel a whole day under drooping rain, and his only couch at night was the sand, with his wet Spanish cloak spread around him as his only covering; and yet so intent was he on the great object of his life, that, lest even a little child should come to ask him a question any hour of the night, he would leave this instruction with his servant, "Be sure to awake me; don't let the child go away."

Now, what but Christian devotedness like this has signalled at all times the histories of the great and the good of our and other lands? What but this has distinguished over every other brotherhood the simple and patriarchal labours of what are designated the *Moravian brethren*? What but this, too, has thrown a charm of romance over the lives of such men as a Duff, a Williams, and a Moffat. And what but this made the ministry of the sainted M'Cheyne so full of heaven while he lived on earth, and the simple narrative of whose doing so enraptures thousands now that he has gone!

The motto of the good Dr. Carey was, "Expect great things; attempt great things." Would that every Sabbath-school teacher were to adopt this motto as his own. For is it not melancholy to reflect how few men in any condition of life, attempt great things, and how much fewer still is the number who have determined on enough to accomplish great things? The vast majority of mankind, it is sad to think, live in comparative indolence and sloth, and in apparent unconsciousness of the talents for profitable action with which they have been endowed. It is but the smallest number who seem to feel the weight of present and incumbent duty, or who form the resolution that they shall make the utmost efforts of which their powers are capable, for the benefit either of individuals or communities, the world or the church. On this point, and in the way of stimulus and encouragement, the words of the *Rev. and Christian, preserve* as they are, not merely of the sentiments that filled his devoted mind, but of what also formed the motto of his life, and perhaps also the source of his amazing success: "One man, inspired with holy zeal, is sufficient to reform an entire people."

Ah, awake then, O ye mighty host, and resolve that from henceforth you shall make full proof of the office with which you are invested, and of that mighty influence for good which it is yours in the providence of God thus to exercise. In your capacity of Teachers of the young, be contented to cherish one idea, and to live for the attainment of one object—that idea being Christ, and that object the salvation of perishing souls. This will do what nothing else can do. It will give success to your labours, and add strength to your arm; and even when your labours shall have ceased, and your arm shall have withered, it will embalm you in the hearts of your scholars, and obtain a better monument for your grave than that which either poetic fire or academic lore could possibly secure.—*British Messenger.*

The Day of Trial.

It is said of an illustrious queen of England, that, when dying, her agonizing language was, *Millions of worlds—millions of worlds for another day of probation!* She felt that she could not "stand in judgement." And can any impenitent sinner stand in the day of trial?

ALL THE TESTIMONY WILL BE AGAINST HIM.—His companions in sin will testify against him. Sinners, in this world, encourage one another in transgression; and if one is arrested, his associates may swear falsely to save him. But, at the tribunal of God, every mouth that would justify sin will be stopped. The false swearer, the liar, will feel it utterly impossible to evade Omniscience. Thus every sinner will be constrained to bear witness to the truth, even though it expose his nearest companions to "shame and everlasting contempt."

The examples of the righteous will also testify against him. He will not be able to plead that he could not help committing sin; that he was urged on by a fatal necessity; for he will see those others, who were once of like dispositions, have repented, and have broken off their iniquities by turning unto the Lord.

His own awakened conscience and memory will testify against him. Conscience may now slumber. The sinner may impiously say, "Where is the promise of his coming? What profit shall we if we pray unto him?" But very different will be his reflections on another day. When the slumbers of death are broken, and the terrors of judgement burst upon the view, then, too, will the slumbers of conscience be broken, and heart-rending convictions fill the mind. Conscience will then testify how you here stifled conviction, resisted the truth, grieved the Holy Spirit. Memory, too, will on that day amazingly quickened.—All the privileges you have abused, and all the millions of your now forgotten sins, of thought, word, and deed, will come up in terrible array before you. O, what an immense, dark, thick

cloud, to break at once in thunder on the conscience! And will not conscience thus be roused to fury, and declare you verily guilty? But more,

The sufferings of Christ will testify against the sinner at the judgment. The same Jesus who hung on the cross, will then fill the throne. But O, how changed! His countenance, once marked, now glorious as ten thousand suns shining in their strength. His very appearance will say with emphasis, *These arms were once extended for your salvation—for sinners like you, this head was crowned with thorns—this body and soul bore the tremendous weight of a world's redemption.*—And this exhibition will furnish overwhelming proof of the ingratitude and guilt of him whom such love could not melt.

All the instruction of Christ will also testify against him. "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." Yes, these glorious truths of the Saviour will be as noontide splendors, to render his ingratitude the more manifest—his perseverance in sin perfectly inexcusable, and his damnation just.

But cannot the law be set aside, and the sinner thus escape? "God is the Judge," and he cannot set aside his own law. And when he shall exhibit its infinite purity in contrast with the sinner's vileness, then the poor wretch, if he have no Saviour to plead for him, must feel that he is indeed undone for ever. But,

He will have no Advocates. At a human tribunal, when the culprit is arraigned, though all the witnesses be against him, and the Judge inflexibly just, still he cherishes hopes from the ingenuity and eloquence of his advocate. But for the sinners at Jehovah's bar, no advocate will be found. Not one of his boldest companions will venture a syllable in his defence; not one of those foul spirits of darkness who beguiled him with lies will now care for his safety; not one of the bright and generous millions of angels will attempt to palliate his guilt; and having rejected the Saviour, he can have no part in His mercy. Thus he must bear his own burden. He must meet the condemning witnesses, the violated law, the eternal Judge, without any advocate. And,

ALL THE JURORS WILL BE PERFECTLY HOLY. "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?" Yes, these happy spirits, themselves "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," will then look on the wicked who have defiled this mortal body, and see a man in the "great white throne;" and in such circumstances they cannot but acquiesce in the sanctions of the holy law. Their part will then be, with Christ, to judge and condemn; and not as now, to entreat and suffer wrong. Men of piety and moral worth are sometimes most cruelly treated in this world. Wealth and intrigue may here succeed in a bad cause—but 'tis not so above."

O sinner, when every witness shall be against you, and your Judge inflexibly just; when no kind advocate shall appear for you, and all the Jurors shall be perfectly holy—can thy heart endure, or thy hands be strong? Ah, no. Every angel would say, No; this controversy is with Omnipotence, and no sinner "shall be able to stand," when "the great day of his wrath is come."

"Agree, then, with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him." Fly to the Saviour. Accept his offered mediation. It is inexpressible madness as well as guilt, to remain unreconciled to God, and approach the judgment, without an advocate, without one favoring witness, with no friend on the throne, nor one pitying saint or angel among all the assembled millions.

"The ungodly shall not stand." And recollect, from that fall there is no recovery. It settles your character and destiny forever. And, oh, eternity, eternity, eternity! Who that has now the offer of peace would have the Holy One his eternal enemy? Think, O my soul, what it is to be condemned by the infinite Redeemer and Judge, and lie forever under "the power of his anger!" Think of the amount of misery to be endured by a soul increasing for ever in guilt and remorse! Think of the extent of eternity! Send an angel forward on the awful deep, with lightning speed, for millions of centuries, and the dread waves of perdition are still rolling eternally beyond!

Dying man, what are your prospects? "Judge yourself now, that you may not be condemned with the world." "The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself." If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone must bear it.—*Am. Tract.*

DEATH-BED WORDS.—A English nobleman said: I have a splendid passage to the grave; I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am attended by my servants and physicians; my dependents sigh; by sisters weep; and my father is beneath a load of grief and years; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inmost anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me, to hide his secret grief. But oh! which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who can descend into the dark prison of the grave with me? Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless soul, which may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge.