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Rev. E. McLeod, {

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Religious Selections.

Noah's Carpenters.

It was a late hour at night. The city of N., with its many turrets and spires, was sleeping under the shadow of those rocky sentinels which have guarded the plain since the flood. The waves of the ocean fell gently and soothingly on the beach. The moon waded through the fleecy autumn clouds, now playing with the waters and lighting up the scene, and then concealing her glow, as if to make its revelations more prized. It was a night for pious thoughts and conversation.

Two persons were leaving the city, and passing along the waterside to a beautiful valley, where one was a resident, and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence, in the blessings which the people of N.—and the students of — College mutually shared. The work was too heavy for him, and he had invited his young friend, an impenitent lad, of whom we will speak as Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian laborers who co-operated with them with the choicest means of usefulness, as they crowded the depository of truth. Exhausted by their toils, they were now returning for a night's repose. Hitherto, not a word had been addressed to the obliging lad about his soul. The fitting occasion seemed to have arrived. A quaint but fitting manner was chosen.

"Henry," asked the elder of the younger, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters!" exclaimed Henry; "I did not know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best-proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks. There must have been many ship-carpenters at work for a long time, to have constructed such a vessel in such an age. What became of them, think you, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by such a queer question?" Henry replied.

"No matter what, just now. Please answer the inquiry. And you may tell me, if you will, what you would have done in that dreadful hour when the storm came in its fury, and Noah's prophecies were all fulfilled, and all but the family of the prescher of righteousness were ready to be engulfed in those black waters."

"I don't know," said Henry in a half-thoughtful, half-trifling manner; "perhaps I should have got on the rudder?"

"That is human nature, exactly, Henry. It would 'climb up some other way,' rather than enter the flood by the only door. It would 'get on the rudder,' in its pride and short-sightedness, rather than go into the ark of safety. It would 'save itself,' by hanging on, at the hazard of being swept into the gulf of despair, instead of being saved by the provision of infinite love."

"But I'll tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid, day after day in building an ark in N.—, by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear that while others will be rejoicing in the fruits of our labors, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will by and by beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters; and flee to the ark without delay."

We reached the house and parted. The winter came. The lad was placed at a boarding school in —. He visited home during the winter vacation, and presented himself to the church for admission to its communion. He then stated that the conversation detailed above had never passed from his memory. It led him to serious reflections, and ultimately, we trust, to the ark of safety. He is now entering a career of widespread public usefulness. He will never forget Noah's carpenters.

Though Noah's carpenters were all drowned, there are a great many of the same stock now alive: of those who contribute to promote the spiritual good of others, and aid in the up-building of the Redeemer's kingdom, but personally neglect the great salvation. Sabbath-school children, who gather in the poor, or contribute their money to send tracts and books to the destitute, or to aid the work of missions, and yet remain unconvinced, are like Noah's carpenters. Teachers in Bible classes and Sabbath-schools who point their pupils to the Lamb of God, but do not lead the way, are like guide-boards that tell the road, but are not travelers on it; or like Noah's carpenters, who built an ark, and were overwhelmed in the waters that bore it aloft in safety.

Careless parents, who instruct their children and servants, as every parent should, in the great doctrines of the gospel, yet fail to illustrate these doctrines in their lives, and seek not a personal interest in the blood of Christ, are like Noah's carpenters and must expect their doom.

Printers, sewers, felders and binders, engaged

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

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK.

ed in making Bibles, and religious booksellers and publishers of religious newspapers, who are doing much to increase the knowledge of the gospel and to save souls, but are careless about their own salvation, will have the mortification of knowing that while their toils have been instrumental of spiritual good to thousands, they were only like the pack mules that carried a load to market without tasting it, or like Noah's carpenters, who built a ship in which they never sailed.

Wealthy and liberal, but unconverted men who help to build churches and sustain the institutions of the gospel, but who "will not come unto Christ that they may have life," are heaving the timbers and driving the nails of the ark which they are too proud or too careless to enter. Perhaps they think that they will be safe on the "rudder," but they may find too late that when they would ride they must swim—when they would float they must sink, with all their good deeds unmingled with faith, as a millstone about their necks.

Moralists who attend church and support the ministry, but who do not receive into their hearts the gospel they thus sustain, are like Noah's carpenters.

Perhaps the Christian reader will be encouraged by this narrative to speak a word in season to some of these ark-builders. Their kindness should be acknowledged. "These things ought they to have done." The danger is that the great thing will be left undone. Run, speak to that young man. Tell him that the storm of wrath will come. Tell him that "getting on the rudder" of the ark, and all other human devices for salvation, are vain refuges of lies. Tell him that the ark is open, that it waits for him. The dove and the olive-branch are in this ark. The bow of mercy spans the heavens above it. Peace, and hope, and salvation are there. But, if scorned or neglected, when once the door is shut, they only that are in the ark will "remain alive." Who can abide that storm? Who can buffet those waves? Who will survive the deluge?

"Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Matt. vii: 22, 23.

—American Tract.

The Missionary Enterprise.

BY THE REV. T. W. AVELING.

At the Anniversary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. T. W. Aveling, minister of the Congregational Church, Kingsland, moved the adoption of the report, and a resolution containing the following passage:—"The meeting deeply sympathizes with the missionaries and their people in Travancore, under the accumulated sufferings with which they have been visited, and also with the directors, under the aggravated trials and mournful bereavements which have for the present frustrated the attempt to introduce the Gospel to the benighted tribes of Central South Africa. The meeting is nevertheless constrained most gratefully to acknowledge the manifold indications of the Divine favour, in the clearing aspect of the Society's missions in the varied and extended fields of its operations, and looks forward with confidence, in dependence on the promised grace of the Holy Spirit, to its growing usefulness and enlarged success." Mr. Aveling began his address by saying:—"While glancing over the countenances of this vast audience, while our brother was reading that very interesting and affecting report, I could not but observe how sympathetic seemed to be the response of every heart to the varied tones and contents of that production. Some of those contents were sorrowful enough; others were exceedingly cheering; these awakened gratitude in our hearts to that God who has caused so much success to attend the efforts of his servants; and those excited fearful regret, not incompatible with the most profound submission to the Divine will, on account of those very afflictive, those insupportable dispensations, under which to-day we are all mourning. The harp of our mission church has been taken down to-day, to be tuned and touched afresh, and we have been constrained to wreathe it with cypress as well as with lute; and the melodies that are floated from that harp to-day are more of them in the minor than in the major key. Some of them, certainly, are jubilant as the song of birds; but others quite as mournful as the midnight wind. It is the Lord's doing, and we bow down before him, perfectly certain that he will make all these apparently untoward circumstances work for the advancement of his own glory. We hear his voice rising high above the weeping of the Church. He is saying to us, 'Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted amongst the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth;' and so we wait patiently to see what the development of time and patience will be. (Cheers.) In the meantime, as one of our ministers has said—

"Faith can only throw herself Upon the great world's altar-stairs that slope Through darkness up to God."

We have had statements to-day which must encourage us, and satisfy the most sceptical mind that the work in which we are engaged is the work of God. (Cheers.) In speaking of the work, I cannot but refer to the simple statement made in

the original plan adopted at the foundation of this society. The object is stated in these very few words—they are most laconic, but most striking—"The object of this society shall be to make Christ known to the heathen and other unlightened nations." That short sentence is so full of meaning, and sets before the Church and the world the object that we have in view so plainly, that I am certain we cannot do better than glance over from time to time that simple statement. The work in which we have been engaged has brought with it blessed results. Many have been visible, and we rejoice in them; but how many are there that are invisible, and that we shall never know until the great day of account! In about seven lines there was dismissed the simple but sublime fact that Mr. Mather had finished the translation of the Bible into the Urdu language. That is all we hear of it to-day, but generations yet to come will be participants in the blessedness of that missionary's labours. So too with regard to others who are engaged in the work of translation. Of their work we hear but little now, but in heaven we shall hear a great deal more. Then, look at the different branches of the Christian missions. One cannot but be struck with the fact that sometimes in the most ungenial soil the truth of God seems to have found a lodgment and sprung up. It has rooted itself, and bloomed most abundantly, and how is this? Just simply because our brethren have taken that truth—the truth as it is in Jesus, they have sown the seeds which they took from the King's garden; and hence these seeds have taken root and bloomed. When I was travelling in the desert between Egypt and Syria some years ago, I was exceedingly struck to meet with hundreds and thousands of the most exquisite flowers I ever saw or heard of. And I was puzzled to account for the existence of these flowers in the heart of the desert, until I learned that the north-east winds, which play across the Mediterranean, waft the seeds of those flowers from the hills and valleys of Palestine, and that they, falling upon the desert, somehow or other strike root and make that which otherwise would be a barren place look as beautiful as I saw it. Thus it is that the seeds which are wafted from the garden of the living God—the Gospel Palestine—the Church of the Lord—are borne into heathen countries, find a lodgment even in the most uncongenial soils, and spring up beautifying and benefiting humanity. "The wilderness and the solitary place become glad for them, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose." The speaker then proceeded to glance at the objections which had been urged against missions. The rock of heathenism, we are told, can never yield any results. There was once a rock before which the panting Israelites stood hopeless, despairing, never dreaming that from that rock would flow that which would minister to their necessities. But when the rod of Moses struck the rock, there issued out the stream that ministered to the wants of the whole host. So the rock of heathenism being by the rod of truth wielded by the missionaries of the Cross—Divine potency being given to it by the Spirit of the living God—there has sprung from that rock a stream of living efforts flowing far and wide through the bare wastes of pagan humanity. The waters of that stream are heard bubbling up in the midst of busy bazaars, by the side of the steps of temple doors, in the dwelling of the proud Brahmin, in the hut of the Sudra. They are heard even in the depths of the African desert. They are seen gliding through those primitive forests of Madagascar where our proscribed brethren hid themselves from the wrath of man. Wherever their influence has gone forth they have changed the face of nature and even of humanity; and that which presents itself to us now is sufficient to encourage even the most timid and hopeless to continue to prosecute a work which has already brought forth such glorious and beneficial results. I venture to assert that if we look to India, where we are told that the mutiny—that most terrible tragedy of modern times—has been followed by the spirit of hearing, which has been attended with results that our brethren say they never saw in India before; if we look to China, that has been thrown open to the reception of the Gospel, and where some of those who occupy positions of power are prepared to give the right hand of fellowship to our brethren; if we look to the South Sea Islands, where one-eighth of population of those islands last year were added to the Christian Church; if we go to the West Indies, where 20,000 persons are referred to as having been brought under the influence of truth—we surely see enough to convince us that the work in which we are engaged is the work of the God whom we profess to serve. But we have found to-day that those results are not to be attained by us without much sacrifice—a sacrifice of money that may be replaced, and a sacrifice of human life which, when once given, can never be regained. We, therefore, listen with a sad heart and yet with a submissive one, to the statements made about the Makololo Mission. I don't know how many of my brethren here to-day knew Holloway Helmore. I knew him well, and those of us who knew him will not forget his bright eye, his sunny glance, so expressive of hope, and love, and promise, so indicative of heart full of noble and generous emotions. My brother has gone. We rejoice to think that he died as a warrior should die, with his armour on, and with his face to the foe. He never shrank from the work in which he

committed himself. Those few words that he addressed to the natives after his wife's death are words like those that came welling up from the heart of the Apostle, "Neither count I my life dear unto me." "Whoever goes back from the work," said he, "I will go forward." And when God was pleased to take away from him the desire of his eyes at a stroke, still that same spirit influenced the man. And then that noble-hearted woman! Oh, Christian ladies—mothers, daughters in Israel—Mrs. Helmore has ennobled your common womanhood. She has shown you how the heart of a martyr is also the heart of a mother. With the sun 107 degrees in the shade we are told Mr. Price saw her putting on one side a spoonful of water for each of the children for the next morning, never thinking of touching a drop for herself. Now, in that little incident, which every mother will thoroughly appreciate, you see how a woman forgets herself for her sucking child. And when God took away from her her children one after the other, we find no murmur at his dispensations, but a meek submission of heart. Perhaps already she heard the summons that was calling her away; but at any rate she bowed to the stroke, without for a moment questioning the wisdom or goodness of God, and now she and Holloway Helmore lie together in one grave. (The audience was here visibly affected, many shedding tears.) I think of them (continued the speaker) as the old Crusaders, whose effigies you know we meet with in the grand old cathedrals of our land. There they are represented as lying side by side, the warrior with his mail on, with his sword by his side; the wife with hands uplifted in prayer. Our Crusaders have no effigies. They need none, for the memory of such men will be engraven on our hearts, and their images will be sure to be enshrined in our souls. We have nothing perhaps to mark the spot where they rest, but there they do rest; and perchance at some future day some Christian Makololo may visit their grave, and muse on the heroism, the faith, the devotion of soul which could lead the white man and his wife to lie down and die for the welfare of others. We plant a few flowers by their graves; we water them with our tears; beneath the burning sky of the tropical regions they shall grow in an unending beauty and with a fragrance that shall never pass away. Peace to the dead! And surely I should be wrong if I did not in one single sentence express what I am sure you all feel, the profoundest sympathy for that noble-hearted Mr. Price. Is not there something grand now in that picture which is presented to you in the report, where he with his own hands lays his wife in the grave under the one tree that is found upon the vast plain of Makololo. There lay all that was left to him of her he loved. Oh, surely such facts as these such a spirit of prayer, and create such a deep and thrilling emotion of sympathy, that these very disasters will be the means in the hand of God of rousing the whole Church a fresh to an impassioned appeal to the God of heaven that he would be pleased to make the wrath of man to praise him, and overcome these very painful occurrences, so that, although at present we are filled with mourning, we may soon have our mourning turned into dancing, and our sorrow exchanged for joy. I am glad that there seems to be an awakening with regard to young men coming forward to engage in the mission work. I have not any doubt whatever that there will be a still greater spirit of resolve on the part of many of the young men in the Church of Christ to go out from the very fact that there have been disasters in the mission-field. We are an army of which God himself is the leader. Let that be our encouragement. And into this army God summons all his people. Young men and maidens, old men and children, have all something to do in this great warfare. Amongst that cloud of witnesses are some whose brows wear an immortal crown that has been recently wreathed, and whose hands wave a palm that has been just plucked from the trees that grow by the side of the river of life. We must take encouragement from the successes, as well as have our hearts subdued by the reverses to which we have been subjected. This army has already laid siege to many a stronghold, and taken possession of it in the name of Christ, and it is now actually sitting down before the Sebastopol of India and China. High above the din of warfare rises the voice of great Captain; and in obedience to that voice we go onwards, assured that through him we shall do valiantly, and expecting very speedily to see the white banner of the Church, emblazoned with its blood-red cross, that has already floated in every breeze, waving over the smoking ruins of the lofty citadel. And then, when, with bare heads and lowered weapons, we stand before the great Captain to receive his award and reward—which we now do in anticipation, but then with a glorious sense of the greatness and grandeur of the result—we will exclaim, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Loud and long-continued applause.)

GATHER THEM IN.

Gather them in from the lanes and streets
Gather them in from the dark retreats;
From the haunts of folly and dens of crime,
Gather them in, in their early prime;
Gather them in with a burning zeal;
Gather them in for their country's weal;
Gather them in with abundant store,
Gather them in glory for ever more.

Sanctuary Sin.

1. Irregular Attendance.—Occasional absence from Church, or even regular half-day hearing, is counted a small thing by many. A wet Sabbath, or even a shower will keep them away. A headache, a little extra fatigue on the Saturday, or perhaps the prospect of hard work on Monday are counted good reasons for absence by many. And if there be any slight ailment through the week, Sabbath is selected as the day for taking medicine, as it can be spared without any pecuniary loss.

2. Late Attendance.—There are some people who make a point of being late. They get up late on Sunday morning; they breakfast late; so that the bells are ringing ere they have finished their last cup of coffee. They hurry out, and they hurry along, and they hurry into church after service is begun. They see no sin in missing part of divine worship themselves, nor in disturbing the worship of others.

3. Sleeping in Church.—There was some excuse for Eutychus falling asleep; for "Paul was long preaching," and it was midnight. But there is no excuse for our modern sleepers, especially as most of these are not occasional, but regular sleepers, who seem not to feel the shame or the sin of the practice. Few things are more unpleasant to a minister, than to see eyes closed and heads nodding, in this pew or in that other pew. If he were to stop and name the individuals before the congregation he would do well. But what offence it would give! What a noise it would make! Sleepers in Church! beware; it is Satan who is sitting next you.

4. Staring in Church.—One does not like to mention snoring or laughing in church; for it seems such an outrage on decency and a mockery of devotion. But there are many who won't laugh in church, who do not hesitate to turn about, to turn this or the other way, staring at strangers, or occupied with their neighbor's dresses. If a person happens to come in late, they turn round to see who he is. If as sometimes happens a bird finds its way in, how many eyes wander! Stares in church! learn to keep your eyes as well as your mind from wandering.

5. Fidgeting in Church.—Some people seem to sit on nails or needles, their body is so constantly in motion. Others take out their watches and count the length of sentences in the sermon (twirling or twatching their watch chain or ribbon all the while. Others seem as if taking the census of the congregation, or counting the number of pews in the window, or watching the movement of the flies. They are drinking in everything but the sermon, and seem as if relieved from the stocks when the service is over.

6. Transacting Business in Church.—I don't mean that they actually move about in buying and selling; but their minds are occupied with business, not with worship. Many a summation is performed and much mental arithmetic is practised in church; not the heavenly arithmetic of "numbering our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom," but the arithmetic of business. The farmer plows his fields; the merchant drives his bargains; the shopkeeper sells his goods or takes stock; the lawyer treads his way through a client's case; the politician speculates on Parliamentary tactics or sketches a reform bill; the soldier forms squares or deploys into line; the mechanic piles the loom or the needle, or the trowel or the hammer. These men who come together to worship the God of Heaven and earth, mock him in his own house.

"Keep thy foot (and heart too) when thou goest to the House of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools." (Eccles. v. 1.) On which passage Matthew Henry weightily says, "Religious exercises are not vain things, but if we mismanage them, they become vain to us."

"Woodman Spare that Tree."

The most beautiful and affecting song of the present day, is "Woodman Spare that Tree," as sung by Mr. Russell. It was written by Col. George P. Morris, the editor of the "New York Mirror," and is founded upon the following interesting occurrence. When a person hears Mr. Russell tell the story, and then listen to his enchanting strains as he sings the song, he must possess a heart of adamant if he does not feel his bosom swell, and the generous tear of sympathy moistening his eye.

There was a family of opulence residing in the country, not a great distance from New York. It consisted of the parents and a large number of sons and daughters, all united together by those golden ties which no one but a parent, a brother, a sister, or a daughter can feel. They possessed every thing requisite to ensure happiness—their home was an earthly paradise—their hearts the seat of ardent love for one another, and of generous, noble friendship for others.—There seemed nothing wanting to perfect this little community. The pecuniary circumstances were such, that they could indulge freely in the luxury of administering comfort and happiness to the poverty stricken and miserable. The naked were clothed, and the hungry were fed; not with that ostentation which exacts the admiration of the world, but with that kindness and satisfaction, which are the characteristics of a noble soul.—Their acts of generosity were performed for the satisfaction of doing good. And when they had alleviated the distress of one who was almost crushed by the heavy hand of

poverty, they experienced that jubilee within the heart which none but the truly generous can feel. Their intercourse with one another was also of the happiest kind. It was the desire of each member of the family to contribute to the happiness of all the others in preference to their own. Sisterly, brotherly, and parental affection, filled up their bosoms to overflowing.

But this little paradise was not long to last. The generosity of the old gentleman impelled him to assist his friends by way of endowments, and their failures swept away every farthing of his earthly riches. The depriving him of his noble farm, his lovely cottage, and the beautiful verdure and lofty trees that surrounded it, was the ill reward of his disinterested friendship. And to be compelled to give all these—to surrender those majestic trees under whose shade he had passed so many pleasant hours with his excellent family—and under whose protection, as it were, his children had endeared every tree and indeed every shrub to his heart. But they must be all abandoned; and this happy community, which had been linked together by the strongest ties of the human heart, must be torn asunder, and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

This misfortune dispersed them in different directions. Some went to reside with friends, and others to seek their fortunes in distant climes.—But the destroyer of life soon swept away, one by one, the whole family but the youngest son. He went to the south, and by industry and perseverance gained a fortune. He then turned to his old home, determined to possess himself of the "home of his childhood," but it was so situated that he could not. He gazed longingly upon the venerable trees that were planted and nurtured by the hand of his father. He lounged upon the green grass beneath their shades as he was wont to do in boyhood; but there were no brothers there indulging in their boyish sports, nor sisters to sweeten the scene with their pure feelings gushing forth in innocent rapturous laughter; no mother to watch them with a tear of pleasure in her eye, no father whose

"Knee they climbed, the envied kiss to share." And he turned with a melancholy heart and left the spot. And though his visit can hardly be said to have given him pleasure, he determined to make a periodical pilgrimage to this hallowed place.

He took lodgings in New York, and visited sacred grounds periodically. At one time when he was on his way, he called upon Col. Morris to accompany him. The Col. complied with his request; and when they arrived within sight of the trees that surrounded the old cottage, they saw a woodman standing near the roots of the noblest and most venerable one, sharpening his axe. The strangers put spurs to their horses, rode swiftly up to the woodman, and accosted him thus:

"What are you going to do?"

"I intend to cut down this tree," replied the woodman.

"What for?"

"I want it for fire-wood."

"If you want fire-wood," said the stranger, "why do you not go to yonder forest, and let this old oak stand?"

"You see I am an old man," replied the woodman, "and I have not strength to bring my wood so far."

"If I give you money enough to hire as much wood brought to your door as this tree will make you fire for ever let it stand?"

The woodman answered "yes." They executed a bond that the tree should remain; and the stranger turned to Col. Morris, and with a generous sparkling in his eye, said:

"In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now."

It affected Col. M. deeply as it would any man who had a heart capable of feeling, and he returned home and wrote the following exquisite lines:

Woodman spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough:
In youth it sheltered me;
And I'll protect it now.
It was my father's hand
That placed it near his cot;
Then woodman, let it stand,
The axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree
Whose glory and renown,
Are spread o'er land and sea!
And would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman forbear thy stroke!
Cot not its earth-bound ties—
O! spare that aged oak!
Now towering to the skies,
When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade:
In all their gushing joy,
There, too, my sisters played,
My mother kissed me here—
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm shall brave!
And, Woodman, leave the spot—
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

—[Schonsted's Democrat.