

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.]

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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## THE INTELLIGENCER.

### THE HACKNEY COACHMAN AND THE TRAVELLER.

The rain was falling heavily, on the evening of a gloomy day in the month of November, 1815, when I alighted from an Oxford stage-coach, at Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly, and requested the office porter to call a hackney-coach. The only one on the stand speedily drew up, and I entered it, and desired the coachman to drive to Cumberwell, where I then resided. On hearing the direction repeated by the porter, the man declared, with many awful imprecations, that he would not go there; that he lived near Shoreditch; that his horses had been worked all the day, and were unable to go so far. I put down one of the glasses and remonstrated with the man, but for some time in vain; while his language became, if possible, increasingly profane. At length, as he still refused to move, I reminded him that he was rendering himself liable to a serious penalty, but that if he drove on until he saw another coach that was disengaged, I would gladly pay him for his trouble and release him; and that, were it not for his luggage, I should much prefer walking in the rain, rather than be compelled to hear the words which continually fell from his lips. After a considerable delay he drove onwards, and on arriving at my house, demanded more than double his legal fare. On alighting, I left, according to my usual custom, one or two tracts on the seat of the carriage.

More than twelve months afterwards, when I had forgotten the circumstance, except when reminded of it by hearing other swearers, I arrived at the same office in a Bath stage-coach, late in the evening of a cold winter's day. A hackney-coach was called, into which I entered, and was somewhat surprised at the extraordinary civility of the coachman in assisting in the proper disposal of the luggage. On his hearing the porter inquire the direction, he said, "Don't trouble the gentleman, I know the house at Cumberwell." Supposing him to be a person who resided in that neighbourhood, I took no further notice than to observe that he stopped at my gate, asked precisely his legal fare, and actively assisted in carrying the luggage into the house. As he was cold and wet, I asked whether he would take some refreshment, and to my surprise he answered, "If you please, sir, I will trouble your servant for a glass of beer." On expressing my satisfaction at his moderate request, so unusual from the lips of a hackney coachman, he said, "I was once as fond of spirits as any of them, sir, but I have not tasted anything stronger than beer for a year past."

After a slight pause, he added, "I know you, sir, though you have forgotten me." I said I had no recollection of having ever seen him before that evening. "O yes, sir," he replied, "don't you remember alighting from a west country coach in Piccadilly, about a year ago, and being driven home by a coachman who swore dreadfully, and for a long time refused to move? And I told you an awful lie, sir, in saying my horses were tired, when they were quite fresh; but I didn't like the long drive to Cumberwell, and then to Shoreditch, where I live."

I then recollected the man, and told him I should not have known him again, as he appeared to be much altered. "I hope I am, sir," said he, "and I am sure I ought to be."

Becoming increasingly interested, I inquired to what the change was owing. His answer to this question was given in nearly the following words,—"For I believe memory has on the whole, faithfully retained me:—

"After I left your house, sir, on that blessed night, I had no other fare on my way home to Shoreditch. After attending to my horses, I went, as I always did, to examine the coach, and see if anything was left in it—not to give it back to the owner, sir, I am sorry to say, except a reward was offered for it, but to use it as my own. On the seat of the coach I found two little books, and took them into the house in my hand. While my wife was getting my bit of supper, I began to read one, and the very first words I read went to my heart like an arrow. These were the words, sir, 'The Swearer's Prayer.' I dropped the little book on the table, and called out, 'What! can a swearer pray?' and when I took up the little book again, there were the very words I had said. I could not out a morsel of sin, until I had read every word of it. I went to bed, but I could not sleep all night for thinking of what I had read. As soon as it was daylight, I got up and read the little book again; and when my wife came down, I read it to her before our breakfast."

"Mary," I said, "it is all true, every word of it; many a time in the day have I prayed for my own everlasting ruin and destruction; but only once what is here, Repent and turn to Jesus, who died for sinners." and the poor thing cried, sir, as though her heart would break; and I could not help crying too, though it was many a day since I had shed a tear. "Mary," I said, this is Sunday morning; I have not been into a place of worship since I was a schoolboy, we will go to one to-day. And so we did, sir, and what do you think were the first words the preacher said?—I never can forget them, sir—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." My wife remembered where the minister said the words were to be found, and when we got home, she

went and borrowed a Bible from a neighbour, and we spent a good bit of the rest of the day reading it, and talking of what the blessed Saviour did and suffered for poor sinners. And if ever a wretched sinner prayed in his life, I am sure I prayed that night. This is all I have to tell you, sir, except to thank you for my heart, and my wife's heart too, that you ever put that little book on the seat of my coach."

I have never seen the coachman since that night; but about four years afterwards, I sat for an hour with his wife and two grown-up daughters, in his humble but remarkably neat and cleanly abode. Their conversation, and a glance around the little room, confirmed all my hopes, and convinced me that it was a happy home. A large Bible, bearing plain marks of being frequently read; the "Pilgrim's Progress" and a few other books, were on the table; and among them I beheld some copies of "The Swearer's Prayer." The good woman saw the smile that accompanied my look, and with much emotion, said, "Oh! sir, that was a blessed evening when you put that tract on the coach-seat."

"Pray," said I, "is your husband afraid of losing the good impressions made upon him, and so keeps a few copies of the tract here that he may be reminded of it?"

"No, no, sir," she answered, "but every morning before he goes out with the coach, he puts two or three of them in his pocket, that he may give one to a swearer, and tell him to read it, and pray that it may be blessed to him as it has been to us."

I inquired whether he had any reason to believe that such has been the case. "I do not know if he has, sir," she replied; "but sure it is a work of faith, and why should it not do for others what it has done for us? It brought us to the word of God, and the Holy Spirit made us to understand the blessed truths of the Bible, and led us to Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinners. Oh! sir," she said, with deep emotion, "when I remember what we were formerly, I know what comfort we enjoy now; I often feel as if I could cry out, 'Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.'"

I had waited for more than an hour, expecting the man's return home; but as he did not arrive, and I could not, without much inconvenience, remain longer, I rose to depart, saying, there was one question which I should ask him if he were at home, and perhaps he would not be offended if I told her what it was—whether he took out his coach and horses on Sundays.

"Never, sir," she answered, with animation; "nor has he once for the last four years. He thinks it would be very wrong to do so, and be against the holy law of God. He often says, sir, that the cattle have just as much right to the day of rest as man has. After a slight pause, she added, 'And thanks be to God, sir, we are none the poorer for obeying his law.'"

I left that house with the Redeemer's words upon my lips, "Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

Reader, this is a true story. What are the lessons that you and I should learn from it?

1. *Despise not "the day of small things."* The great and glorious Creator of the universe, in his infinite wisdom, carries on his ordinary works of nature from small beginnings. The largest oak of the forest was once an acorn. And so it is with his work of grace. The Lord of life and glory has compared the beginning of that work in the heart of man "to the least of all seeds." "And in this story of the coachman, we see how a little tract was the means of bringing an immortal soul to the knowledge of Him, whom to know is life eternal."

2. *"It is more blessed to give than to receive."* Every blessing is accompanied by an obligation. If you have acquired a good you have only half fulfilled the gracious design of God, which is, that you should impart to others the blessing which has been conferred upon you. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

3. *"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."*—One of the wisest and best men of our country, Judge Hale, often said, he knew it would be a happy work with him if he had kept the Sabbath holy. And he who writes this tract has conversed with many converts under sentence of death, scarcely one of whom but has confessed that the first sin of which he was conscious was that of not keeping holy the sabbath day.

4. *No Time to Lose.*—Another you has fled! The Judge is nearer; the throne is nearer! Am I ready? Does my faith lay hold of the great salvation with an assured grasp; and does my hope rest sweetly on the everlasting hills? On, on, on; work while time lasts; for the shadows are falling, and we have no time to lose.

THE VALUE OF MINUTES.—He that hopes to look back with satisfaction upon past years must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.—Dr. Johnson.

DEEDS WORDS OF MELANCHTON.—It is related that Melancthon, just before he died, expressed a wish to hear some choice passages of Scripture read; and this desire having being met, he was asked by his attendants, "Saviour, whether he would have any thing else, to which he replied, in those emphatic words, "Alind nicht viel mehr!" (Nothing else but heaven). And shortly after this he gently breathed his last.

### HOME FOR THE SOUL.

David says that God has been the dwelling place of his people all generations. A beautiful idea. All the sweet associations which cluster around a home are carried away to God. That is our home. There the soul enjoys the luxury, the peace, the love of its own true habitation.

All of this stands in contrast to the wretched life of a vagrant, a wandering, penniless beggar, without home, food, friends, place of rest or any comforts. So the soul is destitute of all good, is starving, discontented, friendless, scattered and scorched by sin; constantly travelling, anxious, seeking for some good and finding none that satisfied. But when we come to God, we find a hearty welcome, a full supply for all our wants, love for our souls so long chilled and dimly lit by selfishness; content and joyful fellowship with the Father and all kindred spirits.

Moreover there is a permanence to this dwelling place. It contrasts with all others known to man. They break down, decay, perish like the leaf, are swept by the storm, consumed by the elements. This one stands forever, is built for eternity, changes not, is always new and glorious. What fancies, false theories, creations of the imagination, cunningly devised fables, lying legends, tents of wickedness men resort to, and hope in! But these will all be swept away. Every convert from the storm saved soul, will fall like the house built on the sand. They are like the tents of the desert, huts on the sea shore, the goal of Jewish very soon they will perish, and leave the tenants without shelter and without hope. They may try skepticism, philosophy, man-made religion or no religion, and hope that all will be well, but soon they will find themselves naked, homeless, comfortless. But whoever makes God his dwelling place has a permanent home. No changes can disappoint their hopes, and cast them out to the storm. The winds may howl, the waves beat, the pillars of nature give way, the heavens fall, but this home and resting place of the soul will remain unshaken.

Besides, in this home, there is a free and liberal supply of all our wants. Elsewhere what the soul gets costs infinite labor; the cost is great and the fare poor; the labor severe and the wages miserable. O what poor pay the sinner gets! What poor fare! How hard he toils. How little happiness he enjoys. He is not half paid for what he does.

But in this home, the labor is pleasant and the pay abundant and liberal. Indeed, what we earn is by no means the limit of what we receive. We are expected to be dutiful, kind, loving, do what we can to add to the number and happiness of the family, and then we freely receive all that we need, all that we can enjoy. There are no charges, no bills brought in, no limitation of supply, but treasures of the house are ours, without money and without price. There is none of that careful deal of a tradesman, no balancing of the scales, to give us only what we deserve; no account of so many wants for so much service. We are brothers in our own Father's home; pay is never thought of; the rule is, to supply every want, give all that's needed; those who deserve the best, perhaps, receive the most because they need the most. Thus he deals with all of the family in mercy. So the Lord hath spoken. "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want." "Thou shalt have a table for me in the presence of my enemies; thou shalt anoint my head with oil; my cup shall run over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. What a dwelling place is this! Is there another in the universe so richly supplied? Who can describe the wealth and glory of such a habitation?

And there is perfect security in this home. The moral diseases which infect the soul, the enemies which seek to destroy, the griefs which make life miserable; the dangers which torment with fear are all excluded from this home. God is a shield and buckler, a front and rearward, a present help in time of trouble; a great Physician to heal, and protect; he is everything that the soul needs for its security and peace. He overcomes the wrath of man for the good of his saints, and will finally concentrate the wealth of the universe to fill his house with blessings for his children's good. Whoever enjoys God enjoys every good thing; he gives grace and glory and withholdeth no good thing from those who walk uprightly, and this he does forever and forevermore.

This is a faithful and true representation of the privilege of having God for our dwelling place. Who can describe a relation so glorious? Had we power to paint the beauties of the skies, and all the wealth and wisdom displayed in the world, we should still be miserably poor in ability to speak of this theme of grace. Life in God! Dwell in him forever! Who can tell its glories?

But alas, there is an alienation, a breach; millions refuse to come into this home of bliss. Indeed they cannot come in without preparation. They are selfish, sinful, and nothing like this can dwell in God. What shall be done? How can sinners gain access to this eternal rest? There is a way. Jesus has died. He offers to reconcile us to God; will make us his brethren, and bring us to his Father's house. He is Mediator, Savior, and every wandering one, every vagrant who lives upon the husks of earth, every mortal purser who has no home, nor rest; every weary pilgrim, who stumbles upon the dark mountains of sin, may become an heir of God, by becoming a disciple of Christ.

Who will refuse a home like this? Who will refuse to be blessed? Who will brave the gathering storm of wrath and refuge? Who will starve when the table in Father's house is laden with every mercy? Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord. Will not every reader see to it that he makes God his inheritance? Will he not ask Christ to bring him into this royal family? Why will any perish when such a salvation is offered without money and without price!—Morning Star.

### THE TWO LIEUTENANTS.

(From an American Paper.)

It was a calm, mild night in April, and the moon shone peacefully on the western rivers and woods. Strange sights the stars looked down upon that night; the sky was blue and still, the forest trees in full leaf in the beauty of spring; but the green earth was crimsoned with blood, blackened with the bodies of the dead, and for miles around desolation and horror covered the land. "There," at Pittsburgh Landing, the fierce battle had raged. There was busy work, as the labors of thousands of hands raised upon the trampled and more than four thousand graves;

and there was yet busy work to search woods and fields, and find the suffering and the wounded. A steamboat, with its band of willing helpers, lay by the shore almost ready to start, crowded with its precious burden, when the command came to prepare for fifty more. Hastily the guards of the boat were arranged with beds, and tarpaulins spread around to screen from the dew and chilly air of night.

In a deep ravine, fifty living men had been found who for three days had lain, some in delirium, some in a sleep of exhaustion, all in hunger and thirst; those who were conscious having given up all hope of being found, and almost envying the quiet rest of the dead around them.

It was the second night after the boat had started for one of our western cities. Among these last fifty men were two lieutenants, both of whom the surgeons pronounced fatally wounded.

It was evident to the kind ladies who sat by Lieutenant M—, that he could scarcely live throughout the night. He talked of his home, of his childhood, and of his mother. "I have been a Universalist," said he; but in terror, he added, "I feel God's wrath upon me now; it is burning and hot! I have been here for three days, and I have died for my country!" Then he bled to save the wicked men who forced this war upon the land, and pronounced the most fearful curses upon their heads. The lady who watched by him said, "Lieutenant M—, your soul will soon be in the presence of your God; do not go with oaths upon your lips." With a look of despair he turned his face from her, and gave one piercing sigh. Tenderly she talked of Jesus and the thief upon the cross; there was no reply. She looked again, but the cursing lips were fixed in the last bitter expression of woe, and the officers could speak for him no more.

In the silence of the scene there arose the voice of prayer. It was from a bed at the upper end of the guards on the same side of the boat, where lay Lieutenant D—. With strength and earnestness he prayed for his young wife and little children, and entrusted them to the tender care of Him who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless and support to the widow. He needed not the light to read the Scriptures, for they were printed on his heart. He repeated precious promises, verse after verse; then prayed again; and this continued, with a strength which seemed given him, that in a few hours of dying grace he could speak for his Master words which will influence the future lives of many who heard him.

How he begged for mercy and forgiveness for the wounded, sick souls around him; and many of the sufferers near him, while their pillows were wet with tears of penitence. Nurses and surgeons gathered around the death-bed. Men who had looked unmoved upon the horrors of the battle-field, turned away into the darkness, lest they might exhibit the emotions they could not conceal.

"Oh, my sufferings," he said; "but my Saviour suffered far more for me. Oh that God would send to every wounded soul the joy and bliss he has granted to me. Again and again he begged those around him to love his precious Saviour, and commended them all to God."

While his face was pale from loss of blood, it was serene and smiling, his eyes beaming with love and peace. The deck of that floating hospital was indeed, the gate of heaven. At last he spoke clearer and louder: "The grave is conquered; thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Christian soldier had fought the good fight of faith, and with his whole armour on, had gone to the great Captain of our salvation to receive his glorious crown.

Answer homeward to your own heart, like which of these two do you wish to die?

### DRIFT WOOD.

A poor widow who sat in a lonely corner of the gallery had a son come home from sea, a dear youth, free from the bondage of intemperance. His heart was true and his conscience tender, and after a while his mother persuaded him out of his duties to go with her and call upon the minister. The minister received them kindly, and talked about everything but that which the mother came for, and the young man reverently expected, the interests of his soul. He went to church, nobody spoke to him. He attended the chapel, nobody took him by the hand. "If some of the good people would only speak to James," sighed the poor woman. They did not, and James drifted away for a time in other currents.

A man and his wife with two children took seats in the church; they were strangers, with a stranger's heart yearning for companionship. The man had come to a new place to mend broken fortunes, and what was more difficult, to repair a shattered character. He had broken away from home companions, to surround himself with new associates, and to bid his old friends adieu. No! for months they came and went, and came, strangers still. Neither ministers nor deacons, nor the good men and women of the church, found them out or made a friendly call, or extended to them the kind courtesies of Christian acquaintance. The man fell again. With nobody to help him in this new experiment of living, nobody to hedge him around, nobody to warn the seeds of new resolutions in his bosom, and nurture them for a better life, the old temptations stole in, regained their lost hold, and the family are drifting into the sea of sin.

The burden of complaint is to most of our churches is that they are at a stand still. No fresh things, the struggling, the tempted, the friends, buffeted by life's stormy seas, gradually fall off from the church of God, which should be their beaconlight, and are carried away by the strong under-currents of an ungodly world. And why is this? Because the church, the people of God, are not reaching out after the drifting and the lost. We are not finding, since we are not seeking. We cannot gather what we have not reaped. We have comfortable news, attractive singing, a good preacher, are punctual in the discharge of all those Christian duties which are expected of us, know a pleasant little circle of each other, and so go on year after year, perhaps holding our own, certainly not encroaching on the world of ungodliness around us.

Is this as it should be? We verily believe not. The church as a company of his disciples, who went about doing good, must make it more of a duty, a business, a privilege, to seek and to save. On all sides they are touching souls in sin and

tempest-tossed, who are waiting, yearning, feelingly putting out their hands for Christian sympathy, mutely asking after the Redeemer and Healer of lost men: "Where is the Christ?" Do we know him? Do we love him? Have we experienced heaven in our souls? and having felt it, are we so slow to carry it to others? This is the only true way to enlarge and build up a church. Not by getting popular preaching and outside decorations to fill our pews; but as a body of earnest believers, by making our piety living and sympathetic, attracting by its unconscious influence, and reaching out on all sides the hand and heart of Christian love, and thus gathering in.

### PEW BLEMISHES.

We refer not to the construction or adorning of the pews in our churches, although there are many things about them that sadly interfere with the comfort of worshippers. The old high-backs, over which we used to peep on our tip-toe; the wooden low backs, on which you can scarcely rest your elbow; the broad seats which refuse to allow the knee joint to work naturally; or the narrow seats from which you are continually sliding toward the centre of gravitation, all are "blemishes" that ought to be avoided in every sanctuary. But these are not the things we have in our mind's eye now. Neither do we allude to those blemishes often found on the backs or seats of pews, in the shape of knife-cuts or pencil marks, nor to the filthy stains on the pew floors in the shape of tobacco juice, the perpetrators of which deserve to be driven from God's house with a stronger whip of cords than that which was laid on the backs of the money-changers of old.

We refer now rather to such blemishes as are found in the people who occupy these pews in our churches. And when we speak now of anything wrong in our pews, let it be understood as referring to their occupants.

### I.—THE SLEEPY PEW.

Some pews in our churches appear to be occupied for the same purpose as you would engage a room at a hotel, that you might take a sleep and enjoy a rest. Some people are scarcely in their pews until they fix for sleep. Some plead constitutional infirmities, etc., but it is strange these infirmities should overcome them only on Sundays. We seriously think if every worshipper realized the presence of God in his temple, and the awful issues that may hang on every service, they would be so filled with trembling as to shut out all possibility of sleep. The misfortune is, many good people enter upon the services with a sort of melancholy emptiness of mind and heart, waiting to be acted upon by the influences of the sanctuary, and thus, without any effort or intention, fall asleep. Activity is the true antidote to sleep. In place of coming to church to be acted upon, people should come to act themselves, to keep their thoughts busily employed in self-examination, prayer, praise, and meditation, and we feel confident there would be no temptation to sleep during service, and thus blemish the pew.

### II.—THE MILENT PEW.

This pew is just behind the other. Its occupants do not sleep, or if they do, it is with their eyes open. But they are silent. They take no part in the worship of God. They look coldly on, never raise a note of praise to their creator and by their expressionless faces disclose the fact that no emotion or thought is ever disturbed or excited. No wonder the pulpit sometimes is dull, when so many pews are blank, when there is no response of eye to eye, soul to soul, tear to tear. We attended Rev. H. W. Beecher's church one evening last summer. When the hymn was announced (to which was added an old familiar tune) the whole congregation arose, and every tongue in that congregation of thousands appeared to be unloosed to sing a song of glory. As Mr. Beecher sat there, with the multitude before, behind, above, and beneath him, sending up their voices like the sound of many waters, we could see the fire kindling in his soul and shining out of its windows as he gazed around on the throng, which soon explained the secret of his power in uttering thoughts that breathed and words that burned. No pulpit can be dead that faces a congregation of living pews.

### III.—THE CRITICAL PEW.

Not every person who enters God's house comes there to worship, neither does every person that listens do so to be profited. Many listen only to criticize. Something in the doctrine, language or manner, etc., of every person, displeases them, and forms a profile theme for their terrible sarcasm. There are some pews in nearly every church that allow no Sunday to pass without discovering at least a mote in the pulpit, the choir, or their neighboring pews. Well, all we can say now is, we pity them. Ah, reader! if you belong to this unhappy class get rid of the "blemish" at once, but remember "It goeth out only by fasting and prayer."

### IV.—THE WOOLLY PEW.

In this pew you always see the height of the fashions prominently and painfully displayed. Every article of dress is carefully arranged to appear to the best advantage. The lack of this pew in the beauty of holiness is sought to be supplied by an excess of the beauties of flowers and fineness, and the money that should be appropriated to pay for the rent of the pew is applied for its ornaments. But alas! these ornaments sadly veil the poverty of spirit that lies beneath them, and therefore we number them with the blemishes of the pew. From this pew there often come up sounds of whispering and tittering from thoughtless or sacrilegious lips which never heed the injunction, "and let all the earth keep silence before him;" but, unwilling to listen themselves, seem determined to prevent others from listening also. They "neither enter themselves, nor suffer them who are entering to go in."

### V.—THE EMPTY PEW.

Not always empty, but too frequently so. The least unpleasantness of weather, the least feeling of indigestion, or the visit of a friend is sufficient to keep some pews vacant. In vain do the Spirit and the bride say "Come," oftentimes even to such as profess to love God. The doors of the sanctuary stand open, the minister stands ready for his duty in the pulpit, God sends his Spirit down to bless, the showers of grace descend, but alas! there are none in this pew to receive it.

O ye pews, lend me your ears! Repent of your

ways, and put these and other and all "blemishes" from you, and you will put new life and joy in the pulpit that stands before, and new life and power and joy in the Church of which you are a part, and new life and power and joy in the souls that dwell within you.—*Lutheran and Missionary.*

### RELIGION IN JERUSALEM AND PALESTINE.

The ancient metropolis of Judaea contains about 20,000 inhabitants. This is a very small number if we compare it with its former greatness, but we must not forget that Jerusalem has been often devastated, ruined, burnt, and that it is now under a cruel and servile despotism. How long will it be before the day of deliverance shall dawn on this city where the Son of God was crucified? Among the 20,000 inhabitants, 10,000 are Jews—a degraded and unfortunate race, who are strongly attached to the walls of this city, rendered sacred by the memories of their fathers. The Polish or German Jews are a little better educated and more moral than the Spanish Jews; but both are for the most part grossly ignorant. They read the Talmud a great deal more than the Old Testament, and imagine that they are performing a meritorious work before God by studying the rabbinical traditions. They live principally on the alms which they receive from the Jews in Europe, Asia and America; for they believe that the prayers and reading of the Talmud, performed in the city of David, help to atone for the sins committed by Abraham's posterity throughout the rest of the world.

The Greeks, or Christians of the Eastern Church, number 4,500 to 5,000 within Jerusalem.

The Latin or Roman Catholics in Jerusalem compose a congregation numbering about 900. Their patriarch, named Valerga, displays great pomposity in his dress as well as in his pastoral duties, and pretends to control the Christians of other denominations. These Papists, who are mostly priests or monks, have frequently quarrels among themselves. The Franciscans possess large revenues and are not disposed to obey the orders of the patriarch Valerga and the Italian priests.

The Protestants compose a small community of from 250 to 300 souls. They belong to various nations—Germans, English, Swiss, etc. Several are converted Greeks or Jews. They enjoy full liberty in the exercise of their religion.

Lastly, the Mussulmans, 3,000 to 4,000 in number, constitute the remainder of the population of Jerusalem. They make up for their numerical inferiority by their military and social prerogatives. The governor of the city must be a Mahometan. He has under his command an armed force which maintains public order. The judges and other magistrates are also chosen among the disciples of the false prophet. These Mussulmans respect the life and property of the Christians, because they fear the great powers of Europe. But their hatred towards the disciples of Christ is always the same; and if any calamity should come upon them, they would be ready to imitate the horrible massacres of Damascus and Mount Lebanon.

In the other provinces of Palestine, the Mussulmans are more numerous. There are, however, Christians and Jews at Nazareth, Bethlehem, in the remote mountains, etc. There are thirty Samaritan families living at Nablous, the ancient capital of Samaria. They persist in believing that Mount Gerizim is the most acceptable spot to the Lord for sacrifices. Their priest, or spiritual leader, is a well-meaning man, who has consented to read the Bible through attentively; but his hereditary prejudices have as yet prevented him from accepting the Gospel.—*Civ. to N. Y. Observer.*

### A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A mother's prayer! How subliming the influence! How solemnly her low and plaintive voice falls on the ear of a child when passing the secret place where the mother holds communion with heaven! This is illustrated by the following brief narrative from a daughter.

My mother, said she, was scrupulously regular in teaching her children the Lord's prayer, the commandments and the catechism, though in my early childhood she was not pious. When I was about seven or eight years of age, she was awakened to the concerns of her soul. She continued to perform her round of daily duties, but with an anxious heart, and a saddened countenance. This, for a long time, I saw, and it made me, though I knew not why, sad also. At length I noticed that she was accustomed at just such a time, to retire alone. And I soon found that the object of her retirement was prayer. I could hear her in her solitude, pleading with God; and her voice sounded so solemn, that it always made me hasten away to some place alone, where I could sit down and weep. When engaged with the other children in play, if I saw my mother going away alone, or if I chanced to hear her voice in prayer, sadness instantly would come over my mind, and I would steal away from my young associates, and sit on the door sill, and weep and sob with grief. However urgent the children might be in their efforts to prevent me from leaving them, I would always contrive to get away; but I was ashamed to let them know the reason.

After my mother found joy and peace in believing, she was accustomed frequently to converse with her children on the subject of religion; but she could never summon confidence enough to pray with them. I well remember how her conversations on the Judgment used to make me tremble, and fill my heart with sadness and fear. Years passed away, but these solemn conversations were never forgotten, and that plaintive sound of my mother's prayer never ceased to be heard. Their influence became more and more deeply impressed on my mind, till by the Spirit of God, it was made the means of leading me to seek an interest in the mother's God and Savior.

Ye mothers! cease not to pray for and with your children. And be not afraid to let them see that there are stated seasons when you must God in secret prayer. Long after you have gone to the silent grave, the remembrance of these seasons may restrain your children from sin, and instrumentally lead them to the Lamb of God.—*Congregationalist.*

A SABBATH SCHOOL IN THE ARMY.—A letter from the Maine Fifteenth Regiment, dated Pensacola, Oct. 19th, says: "Last Sabbath a Sabbath School was organized. Col. Dyer was chosen superintendent, and many company officers were elected teachers. Sabbath evening we had a prayer meeting, and I assure you it was generally interesting."