

# The Believers' 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."

VOL. XI.—NO. 11.

## The Intelligencer.

[For the Religious Intelligencer.]

JOB CHAP. XIV.

"Man who is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble."

Oh! man formed from the dust of earth

Few are thy days and full of woes;

Thou comest forth like flowers of morn,

Which wither e'er the evening close,

Or like a dim and shadowy form,

That passes with the morning light;

So man unto the dust returns,

To lay until the judgment night.

Turn from him now, that he may rest,

Till his short earthly day is o'er;

Then take him home to dwell on high

Where dark temptations vex no more.

If we cut down the thriving tree,

It will sprout forth and grow again;

The morning sun and evening dew,

Will make it live to chear the plain.

If in the dust we lay our heads,

And yield these bodies to the worms;

The resurrection morn shall come;

When we'll possess more glorious forms.

We sleep secure from every ill,

Until the starry heavens are fled;

Then the last trumpet's awful blast,

hal! rouse the shunbers from the dead.

The Holiest numbers all our steps,

And watches over all our sins;

When the great day of reckoning comes,

They'll meet us at His bar again!

He sealeth our transgressors up,

And we shall drink the wrath of God,

Unless we are purged from every sin,

In the pure stream of Jesus' blood.

Great God, prepare us while on earth

To honor Thee in all our ways,

Oh! may we daily bear Thy cross,

Despis the shame, and speak Thy praise.

That when the last loud trump shall sound

To call the sleeping millions forth,

To raise from sea and earth dear forms,

And gather them from south and north,

May we awake to endless life,

Not into shame and dire contempt,

To praise His name in that blest land,

Where we shall be from sin exempt.

JENNIE G. W.

## OUR RAGGED SCHOOL.

In one part of London there existed, in the midst of some seemingly decent streets, a court, two or three alleys, and two or three streets of six-roomed houses. In this court, these streets and alleys, there lived a population of above 8,000 people. Few of the families separating there possessed "more than one room, and any one wanting to learn the art of vegetation in the smallest possible space of ground, would only have to spend a few days there to have got his lesson to perfection. None of the houses contained more than eight, and the great mass had only six rooms, and many of the worst principles of intercommunication prevailed there to a terrible extent. The clergyman of the parish, at the time of which I am writing, was a man of wonderful energy and enterprise. He saw a necessity, made up his mind to an effort, started a new work, and then, with "constitutional obstinacy," as he went to say, "stuck to it." He could not but see the evils that existed in this part of his over-large parish. He felt it a scandal that streets should exist down which no respectable person could pass with safety; that hordes of immoral souls should be left uncared for; and so he tried method after method to reach them. Scripture-readers, City missionaries, district visitors, were all found and all put to work; and to one of these district visitors a fact occurred which, I believe, our facetious friend Punch has, or ought to have, worked into one of his pictures. The lady called at one of the eight-roomed and eight-familied houses, and rapped at the door, to inquire after a poor woman, who lived in the underground apartments. Not knowing the ordained code of signals to use in the street, which would have enabled her so to work the knocker as to bring the person she wanted herself to the door, she gave an ordinary knock. This brought "the first-floor back," in the shape of a little girl, to the door.

"Does Widow Jones live here, my little girl?" "Widow Jones! Mother, here's the tract-woman asking for the lady in the kitchen."

All efforts, however, were but of little avail while the streets swarmed with half-naked children, who went to no school, and submitted to no discipline. It is true that there were schools right at hand, but they were all too respectable; and if, perhaps, some of the parents ought to have sent their children to those schools, they certainly would not do so. What then, could be done, but start a Ragged-school? An old carpenter's shop existed behind two houses in the court; it was unoccupied; it was seized upon. A man was found; one of the lay agents of the excellent Church Pastoral Aid Society gave up his peculiar work to encounter this new labour, and the school was opened. The school was opened; but the children would not be caught! "Billy, Billy, Billy, come and be taught!" was echoed and re-echoed; but all in vain for a while, and it was only after desperate efforts that a few children were coaxed in. When once, however, the idea was broken, scholars began to flow in apace, and before many weeks the little shop was overcrowded. The new scholars were scholars indeed; they had everything to learn, and, above all else, they had to learn obedience. To sit still was to many of them a mortal impossibility; to fight or fidget was, as it were, their normal occupation. Kindness and firmness were brought to bear upon this excitable horde, and their effects soon began to tell. Many of the pupils were professional thieves, and all of them had a power of abstracting which would have shamed a Highland Freebooter.

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

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1864.

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Whole No. 531.

Where's Billy to-day, boys?"  
"Oh, sir, he's in for a copper scuttle."  
"He's in for some lead guttering."

"In," of course, meant in gaol—a place with many of them were very familiar. I remember giving one day a lesson on the Cities of Refuge; and, in questioning the boys, asked, "If the fugitive reached the city, in what state would he be?"

"All right, sir."  
"But, if he went out again?"  
"He'd be nabbed."

The police at that time were wonderfully plagued by a little old woman, who committed innumerable petty depredations in our neighbourhood, and who, when chased, outran them all, and more than once popped over a succession of garden-walls, without paying any attention to female grace or delicacy. All efforts to catch this little woman, or to find out where she lived, were for a long time unsuccessful; but, at last, one day, she appeared at an evening lecture at the night-school, and took her seat amongst the grown-up people. She had not long been seated, however, before low murmers began to spread amongst the boys in the back seats; and some of them, pointing to the old woman, whispered, "It's Jack Long! it's Jack Long!"

"It ain't!"  
"It is!"

The controversy waxed strong, and at last the master was on his trial; he met the difficulty, Drawing himself up, and holding his arms, faced the enraged boy with a steady glance, bursting into a hearty laugh, and saying—

"Look at such a sprat as you! Why, Tom, do you think that I am afraid of you or your sword?" Posh! I don't care a atom for either of you!"

The lad was nonplussed; he hesitated, he stopped; the master's coolness baffled him.

One moment's hesitation was enough; the instant he stopped the master was upon him; one blow sent his sword spinning, another knocked him over. One of the teacher's walking-sticks was near; the conqueror seized it, and gave his victim a sound drubbing.

The revolt was quelled, Tom sneaked back to his place, the sword was impounded as a trophy, and one by one the clubs were collected in a triangular heap.

To teach in such scenes is a complete gift. Some of those most successful with orderly children could never do it; while, on the other hand, I have seen a more lad away at will a large class of men and lads double and treble his age. Firm, kindess, a good temper, and a loving heart are all essential for this task; and, for my own part, I always prefer, for a thoroughly rough school, women teachers. The pupils are bound to schools and rough usage—it is the atmosphere they have always lived in, the dialect they best understand; but gentle firmness is a weapon they have never met with, and against which they have no guard.

In one of my Sunday-schools I was obliged to keep a class of incorrigibles in a separate room by themselves. Man after man took this class, and failed; I dared not give it up, and dared scarcely keep it on. At last a lady took it; elation was reduced, and after a short time her complaint was that the boys were being all restored to the regular school, and promoted there.

No man could have done what Miss Marsh has done among the navvies, or what Mrs. Wright has done at Shrewsbury; I wish there were more Miss Marshes and Mrs. Whitmans among us. I for one could find them plenty of work.

On our ragged school abounded in difficulties; it abounded also in encouragements; its fruits were manifold. In the course of about seven years nearly 1,500 children passed through it; and on one occasion no fewer than 112 boys and girls were found to have been rescued from the streets, fitted to gain an honest livelihood, and provided with good situations. I was preaching there one Sunday evening when I saw amongst my hearers a sergeant of artillery, in full uniform, decorated with several medals, and with a good conduct badge. After the service, I went up to him, and asked him what had brought him there,

"I came, sir, to see the old place."

"What do you know this school?"

"Yes, sir; I got all my learning here. It took me out of the street; and as I sail for China on Tuesday, I thought I must come back and have one more look at the old place and the old folk before I sailed."

The superintendent told me that he attended both morning and afternoon schools and the young men's Bible-class, and seemed altogether delighted with his visit.

We have spoken before of the rebellious ones; there was one lad of whom we lost sight of for some years, not knowing in the least what had become of him. On one occasion I met him again, and on one more look at the old place and the old folk before I sailed."

The sergeant of artillery, who had corrected a little boy for gross misconduct, the little boy had threatened "to tell mother." The threat was carried out; and when the school opened after dinner, a huge virago entered. Walking up to the master, she said—

"So you've whopped our Billy."

"Yes," replied the master; "he behaved very badly."

"Well," screamed the virago, "no one shall whom him but I; and I'll learn you how to do it!"

In an instant she attacked him violently in the chest—a serious matter to a very delicate man—and it was with difficulty that he escaped her. Of course also in encouragements; its fruits were manifold. In the course of about seven years nearly 1,500 children passed through it; and on one occasion no fewer than 112 boys and girls were found to have been rescued from the streets, fitted to gain an honest livelihood, and provided with good situations. I was preaching there one Sunday evening when I saw amongst my hearers a sergeant of artillery, in full uniform, decorated with several medals, and with a good conduct badge. After the service, I went up to him, and asked him what had brought him there,

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