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REV. E. MCLEOD,

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

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The Intelligencer.

A MEETING AMONG THE NEGROES.

Near the depot, at Brandy station, is the camp of the negroes who are now in the employ of the Government. Several hundred of them are here engaged in unloading the freight-trains as they arrive with forage for the army, and loading up the vast trains of wagons which are here every morning to carry away the necessary supplies for the several army corps.

Learning that there was to be a meeting among these negroes, I walked down towards their camp just at evening, and, meeting with one whom I had found to be a preacher among his people for thirty years, gained all the necessary information as to the time and place where service was to be held.

While speaking with him of his present condition and that of his people, I alluded to the power of prayer.

"Ah, massa," said he, "the

prayers of de saints dey holds up de world. De

blessed Jesus He stands up before de throne, and

says one of his poor 'fleeted' scuples on dis yeare

in tribule and a prayin' for help. And He says,

Fader, dere is one of my breddren for whom

I died in stress and want, and a pleadin' with me

for mercy, and I want you to hear him and give

him all he asks?" I thought that a clearer statement of Christ's mediatorial work could not be given by the profundest student of theology.

As the hour of prayer approached I entered the place of worship, and found the tent already crowded with negroes. It was the kitchen for the camp, about fifteen feet square, with a large fire-place at one end. In the centre of the room a bayonet, fixed in a stake driven in the ground, served as a single candlestick that supplied the only light except that made by the fire.

Great stress is laid here upon the word "morn";

but how much is it? The word is comparative.

What would be much with one person would be very little with another.

The single hour which the overworked seamstress snatches from her ill-paid labor to devote to her prayer-meeting or her tract distribution is more than whole days devoted to God's service by the moneyed man of leisure.

And his dollar—given at the cost of a supperless night's rest or a lifeless room—really outshines the one thousand "greenbacks" which the millionaire flings into charitable treasures from his enormous heap.

The thorough teaching of a mission-school class by some pious mechanic is a full match in God's sight, with the delivery of one of those colossal sermons with which Chalmers used to "make the rafters roar." It costs quite as much labor for one to teach three boys as it did for the other to teach thousand men.

"Much fruit" means simply the giving to Christ the best we have got.

It is the lading of every bough on life's tree—that tree a giant or a dwarf.

He who, in the humblest birth, walks according to the Bible, employs his time, controls his words, directs his choice, and regulates his conduct so as to glorify his Saviour, and make his religion clear and legible to all—such an one bears much fruit.

When the single hour which the overworked Pierced General Ries, the other day, it cut down one of God's trees in full bearing.

From the days when he washed up and news-sent a ragged street-boy in New York for his mission-work on to the time when he preached to his brigades on the Rapido, he kept his branches full.

Yet perhaps some humble private who has distinguished under the blood-stained leaves in "the Wilderness" served God as well.

"Sweet 'Dairymen'" in the Isle of Wight's poor "Dairymen" in the lonely sick chamber than didst yield ripe clusters of grace than have refreshed many a dweller in mighty mansions and in college halls!

If she be yet in the land of the living, may this prayer reach her, and may thy

Holy Spirit comfort her, and the more thou layest

thine hand upon her in affliction, the nearer may it bring her to Christ.

And, O Lord, will you

please bless my dear old mother, who was last

Christmas a hundred years old, and who used to

pray for my conversion long before I was old

enough to sense the meaning of her prayers, and whose petitions Thou hast answered both in my

conversion and that of my children.

Everlasting again to the wants of others, he prayed for his brethren, that they might be faithful to God and not forget Him in their new found freedom; for their absent families; for the army; the nation and its rulers; and for a world left in sin and ruin, showing a wonderful familiarity with God's promises, and using them as his arguments in pleading for the desired blessing.

It was evident in him

and others who prayed that they had been taught

of the Spirit, and had long been acquainted with the Word of God.

As the meeting progressed,

Uncle Dick invited me to address them.

I read a few verses of the 14th chapter of John, and gave a simple exposition of some of Christ's words to his disciples, and after a few remarks from other friends, I closed with prayer.

It was touching to

hear the responses of the simple-hearted Christians uttered in the peculiar "humph" of the Southern negro, which in all its varied intonations, is expressive of every variety of feeling and emotion.

As I rose to go, many a hand was stretched out to grasp mine own, and as Uncle Dick gave me his, he said, "God bless you, mass; I hope we shall meet in heaven."

I could not help saying, "I am sure, if I get there, I shall see you."

On the evening before I was to leave for home, I visited the camp again.

It was not the usual

night for their meeting, but Uncle Ben said to me,

"If you will come and preach to us, we will get our people together."

True to his word, he soon

collected the usual crowd in the old dusky kitchen, and my last service for the work of the Commission was to preach to the negroes who are working for the army.

The scenes of the previous evening were re-enacted, and my impressions were heightened respecting the earnest and unaffected piety of many of those who have escaped from bondage.

They must have had faithful religious instruction somewhere to have manifested such correct ideas of the very nature and spirit of the gospel, and such a familiarity with its precious promises.

Let not the Christians among whom

they have now come to live be less faithful in caring for their spiritual culture than those whom they have left.

I was happy to learn that, among those whom I visited at Brandy station, there was not a case of apostasy known.

Uncle Dick and Uncle Ben watch over them carefully,

and evidently have a great influence over them.

They are the Aaron and Moses of this tribe of "contrabands."

All were willing to work faithfully.

—*Continued.*

They receive good wages, and they earn them. They are anxious to learn, and I noticed some with books in their hands, which they were diligently studying in their moments of leisure.

What the future of these people is to be God only knows. When Government no longer needs their services, and they are obliged to care for themselves, and find that many who, for political purposes, or in a bitter spirit of fanaticism have been most loud-mouthed in clamouring for their rights, turn coldly from them, they will then learn at least who their true friends are. Yet of this we may be sure, many of them are God's people, who are dear to Him and to Christ, and they know where to look in a simple faith for comfort and support. Let us hope that He who hears the cry of his humblest child will have in his keeping, and lead them safely, even though it be by a way that the world know not.—Rev. E. Rockwell, in *New York Observer*.

GOD'S FRUIT-TREES.

BY REV. THOMAS L. CUYLER.

In the door-yard of our boyhood's home, on the banks of the Cayuga Lake, stood a stately pear-tree. The branches of that broad, beautiful tree used to bend down—nearly every September—to the very ground with the overload of "luscious" fruit. It stooped its golden store of ripe peaches to the reach of us hungry boys, and patiently allowed itself to be plucked by our eager hands.

Through the warm nights we used to hear the heavy thump of some monster pear which had silently unloosened itself from a topmost bough, and came rustling down through the branches—perhaps knocking off two or three more by its fall.

That tree was a wonderful bower; it was to us, in childhood, a favorite type of Christian fruitfulness; we thought of it when we heard the minister read, "Hercin is my Father

gratified, that ye bear much fruit."

At the close of the next week he came to me, and said, "I do believe; but only for a minute at a time, and then doubts obtrude; but I'll try to overcome these."

I never saw a soul that was not far from the kingdom of heaven, and entreated him to lay hold of the hopes set before him.—"Then," said he, "I'll try to pray. How feeble are my prayers! but one thing comes of them: I begin to feel I am a sinner, and I must go to prison." "Then," said I, "you must always stay and not faint." Putting his hands firmly together and fixing his eyes steadily on the fire, he said, "I'll try again, and departed.

The following Saturday evening he came to me, sat down, and seemed somewhat embarrassed. At length he said, "I told you I could not pray—I can't. But the utterance of these words gave him encouragement, and afforded me an occasion to press him still further spiritual desolation, and to explain to him the need of divine aid, which I insisted he could obtain only by prayer. Then, said I, "Do you plead your case, your inability to labor, your unworthiness, your little influence? God knows all, and yet he says, 'Go work to-day in my vineyard.' If you can do no more you can at least pick up the pebbles in the way, the stumbling-blocks which you yourself have dropped, less little feet may trip, or some tottering one, just entering the narrow way, may fall."

On such a day, in conversation with a friend, you spoke kindly, uncharitably, unchristianly, of one of Christ's little ones. Other ears than those for whom the remark was intended, heard, and another heart treasured it and wondered if Christians felt and spoke thus! You dropped a stone there, a stone of stumbling.

God pick it up, correct the impression you unconsciously made. Let not your Saviour thus be wounded. Let not others think lightly of your blessed Master from your harsh words.

You can speak a word for Jesus to some one who knows him not. Tell him how precious a friend he is, for oh, if you do not, are you sure that any one will?

Tremble lest, through some neglect of yours, some sinner that might have grace, the Redeemer's triumph, a trophy of his love, shall be among his enemies for ever.

A young friend said to me the other day, "I called at your house, hoping you would say something to me on the subject of religion, and you did not?" "Oh, how the word sank and burned into my very soul. 'You did not?' "Did not?" That friend is now rejoicing in Christ; but oh, if through my neglect that soul had been lost, how could I have gone up to my Father's house, and met that charge at the great tribunal?

"You did not" speak to me; "you did not" pray with me; "you did not" show that you cared for my soul, and so I did not try to be a Christian. And not such cases all about us, waiting for a word to draw out the real desires of the heart for God, and to set it in the right direction?

Oh, Christian reader, do something for Christ.

No other being can accomplish the work which God has given you to do. There is probably some soul which, unless you do your duty, will never "see Jesus" in peace.

You need not tell the reader the conclusion. In less than three months from the time I heard him swear in the ice-house, he was a living member of the Church of God. Oftentimes afterwards I heard him say, "Behold how great a master a little breaketh!" And when any one would complain that he could not pray, could not become religious, he would exclaim, "O, try! From the depth of the ice-house, trying, in the liveliest manner possible, Not at all; God save that. It carried its full weight to the river, and emptied it frantically in the sea; the sun smiled warmly upon the uplifted hands; and the sea welcomed it with uplifted hands; the sun smiled warmly upon the sea; and the sea sent up its vapory incense to greet the sun; the clouds, like great green cups, caught the tribute in their capacious bosoms; and the winds, like waiting angels of God, took the clouds in their strong arms and bore them swiftly away—away to the very mountain that gave the little brooklet birth, and there, that cool ravine, they tipped the brimming cup, and poured it all back again; and so God saw to it that the little brook, so active, so generous, so useful, should never run dry.

But how fared the pond?

Ab, very different indeed was its fate.

In its mistakes and selfishness, it grew sickly in itself, and pestilential in its influence, so that all beheld it but of repentance, he put his little hands together, and said, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Then mother kneeled down by his side, and prayed. Dear Jesus, please to send thy kind and loving Spirit into this child, to dwell there, that he may always find it easy to forgive those who have injured him. He has just said the beautiful prayer which thou dost give us, but he does not understand all its meaning yet."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I do; I understand every bit of it," interrupted Wallie.

But his mother went quietly on asking God to send light and teaching into the mind of her little one, that he might understand better and better every day what God would have him do, and that he might be always willing to please his dear heavenly Father, and grow more and more like Jesus.

When she had finished, she laid the child in bed with many kisses, and a deep earnest love that mothers only know.

"What did you tell that for, mamma?" said he;

"I do understand, for you know you told me the other night what it meant."

"But you will understand it better as you grow older, and as God teaches you, my dear. I think there is one part of it you understand better tonight than you ever did before."

"That about forgive? Yes, I do; and I feel better now. I think forgive makes you feel good, don't you, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed!—to forgive an injury makes you feel a great deal happier than to be angry about it. Anger is a very unpleasant and a very wicked feeling. I hope my little Wallie will never keep it in a single moment in his heart. When it comes in, you must drive it right out again as quick as you can. And you must pray to God to fill your heart so brimful of love that the naughty anger can't get in."

"Yes, that's the best way," laughed Wallie.

And then the blue eyes closed, and the dear child went to sleep while mother sang the well-known and much-loved words,—

"A little girl with a happy look,

Sat slowly reading a ponderous book."

When she had finished, or rather when the little fellow was off to bed to find his sister, and you may be sure she slept with her as faithfully and as kindly as she had done with Wallie.

—*Continued.*

THE SOUL ETERNALLY LOST.

—*Continued.*

He who knows that he converts a sinner from the ways of sin shall save a soul from death, and hints a multitude of souls.

Infinite years in torment must I spend,

And never, never, never have an end?

O, and I dwell in torturing despair,

As many years as atoms in the air!

As blades of grass on hills and dales that grow:

When these are gone, as many left behind

As leaves in forests, shaken by the wind;

When these are past, as many thousands more,

As grains of sand upon the ocean shore;

When these run out, as many millions more

As moments in the millions past before?

When all these doubtful years are spent in pain,

And multiplied by millions, yet again,

Until numbers drown the thought; could I suppose

That then my wretched years would close,

This would afford a hope? but O! I shiver