

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.

A MODEL PASTOR.

From pen and ink "Portraits" of preachers, published in the *Morning Star*, we select the following as something of a model:—

Gray hairs, benevolent face, clear conscience, good digestion, hosts of friends, and bright hopes for the future, are the prominent features of Eld. O. He has preached twenty years. Ten years to one church, and ten to another. Was thirty when he began, and has been rising in influence and power ever since. No one pretends that he is a great preacher, but he is good, solid, wholesome, and wears first rate.

The first church which he took charge of is in a small village, and was distracted by dissensions, discouraged by recklessness on the part of former ministers, and was cursed with the presence of one who was not wise and good enough to be employed anywhere as a pastor, but was just the fellow to annoy and obstruct the labors of pastor and church where he lived. There are quite a number of these towns scattered among the churches, who neither have the grace to laymen nor preachers; they are good for nothing in either capacity; are too conceited, and jealous of official dignity, to hold work as a Christian brother, and of course no one desires to hear them preach, and they are so sure of their own wisdom that they are not appreciated. Well, Bro. O. had one of the worst of these nuisances to torment him. But to work he went, and soon revealed tact and power to manage belligerents, inspire the discouraged, and reconcile the discordant. The minister that was not a minister floundered, complained that he was not noticed, asked into the pulpit and appreciated, but he soon found it profitable to act so, and he relapsed into sullen indifference. Old chronic difficulties began to melt away, and in a couple of years he had his vineyard set in order, the vines pruned and trellised, and the promise of a crop before him.

Bro. O. is great on strategy. Not that kind which consists in great talk and little action; that reports "all quiet on the lines." He is always "surrounding the enemy," says his net, and takes them prisoners; "being crafty he takes them by guile." In his first charge the young people had never taken any special interest in the church; they went to meeting on Sunday because there was nothing else to do, never thought of taking any responsibility, or that they could do anything to sustain the cause. Bro. O. started a literary society, and he and his wife took special pains to make it interesting. Bible classes were organized, a singing class started, and these were made so entertaining that the young people began to lose all interest in the former vulgar amusements, and feel that the church in good part belonged to them. Society was revolutionized in four or five years, the coarse manners and immoralities of former years were discarded, and one by one the young had become intelligent Christians and members of the church. There was no violent effort, no sudden change, but by constant, well directed effort, the whole community was conquered. Even the sceptics and incorrigible sinners became softened, attended church some, and paid to support the Elder, for they said, "The Elder is a fine man, very friendly, and benefits the young people."

We met one of the deacons, after the Elder had been in the field for seven years, and asked him how he liked Bro. O.

"Like him! Everybody likes him; he beats all the men we ever saw to keep things straight."

"How does he do it?" we asked.

"Well, sir, he makes it his business. He has good common sense, is honest, a true Christian, loves his work, and is always at it. He studies every person in the community, surveys them, takes their measure, and contrives how he can influence them; what he can do to secure their attention, and what he can do to secure their respect, takes time to bring his plans around them, and then he goes to work. Now, I said the deacon, "he has got us all in the traces, and under bit," we have given up pretty much to him, and do about as he says."

In his second field, Bro. O. had some new elements to manage. There were a few rich men who paid their money, and relied upon the poorer ones to do the praying. The result was that the church was divided and dead. The tug of war was to get these rich men on their knees. After a while it was done, but it was a hard job. Money and power had made their knees exceedingly stiff, and the infection had struck to the heart, and had become chronic, and for a long time would not yield to grace. A direct rebuke they would not accept; the only remedy was patient, careful, respectful counsel and example, gradually permeating the heart. After a while the work was done. The poorer brethren rendered the task more difficult than it would have been, by their impatience, complaints, sharp criticisms, denunciations. This was often accused of partiality to the rich, and his efforts misjudged, his motives impugned, but he kept right on his course, and now rich and poor are in love and spiritual life.

In the Quarterly Meeting he is the main pillar; always there, puts business into a good shape, directs the combatant elements which so often distract our great meetings, and pushes the various enterprises for building up and extending the Redeemer's kingdom. I know I would know him in glory; but now I will call him by name just as soon as I see him. (Weeping.)

After I hear him preach, how I did feel! When I was walking on the ground it would keep saying *unworthy—unworthy*; when I took a bit of bread, or a cup of water, dry lips kept saying *unworthy—unworthy*—when I went into the field, all the trees keep saying *unworthy—unworthy*; when I went into the yard, all the cattle kneel down before day lay down, and I have never seen it. O massa, I thought I would die. But bimby dere could along a colored man, who told me da do do use o my libin dat way; and he told me da do do passage dat says "Behold the Lamb of God dat

no official dignity, but is always a gentleman, and never stoops to anything low or vulgar. His whole heart is devoted to elevating and blessing others, and he is generous and active. He takes care of his money, lives economically, is always neat in his person, well but plainly dressed, free and cordial in his manners.

Brother O. is now fifty, an age when many men become superannuated; but he has more influence and is doing more good now than ever before. Tobacco he never used, bad habits are a stranger to him, the young and old alike revere him and delight to be in his society. His wife helps him in his good work, his children are active, exemplary members of the church, and the fruits of his industry and skill abound in the shape of happy families, noble young men and women, faithful Christians, and not a few among the shining ones above.

MADNESS OF THE HEART.

Ecol. 9: 3.—Yea, also the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead.

All sin is madness; and there is in the case of sinners every proof of madness. It is seen in their making an improper estimate of things—in their preferring happiness where it cannot be found—in preferring the loss to the gain, the body to the soul, time to eternity, momentary gratifications to eternal joys—seeking the pleasures of sin even when it is known that hell is the consequence, and thus they destroy themselves. The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead.

They go to the dead. They die. This is the lot of all men. It is appointed unto men once to die, and no thoughtfulness on the subject can shield from death's menacing dart. The righteous die; but they who die in the Lord, sleep in Jesus and are blessed. The wicked also die—sometimes cut off in the midst of their days—and are buried, often in pomp and splendor—but in hell they lift up their eyes in torments, for

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

And when it is said, they go to the dead, something else is intended, for that they go to the grave where the dead are, is not the case.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death."

When sinners die, they perish. They do not cease to be; they must live for ever. They do not go to have a second probation, but to be punished for the sins of this. Justice has built a dreadful hell to which they are doomed. They must go away into everlasting punishment.

"Far from the utmost verge of day
These gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play—
The words shall never die."
The breath of God—his angry breath—
Blows from death's menacing dart;
There sinners taste the second death,
And woe—but can't expire."

Remark. 1. The necessity of regeneration. The evil heart must be changed. Ye must be born again.

2. See why religion is called wisdom. The fear of the Lord the beginning of wisdom. Sin is folly and madness. The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live in sin. When they begin to fear God, they begin to be wise. The madness then begins to get out of their hearts; they begin to act according to right reason; and by and by it can be said of them, they sit at the feet of Jesus, clothed in holiness and life; they are wise unto salvation, and Jesus Christ is of God made unto them wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.

3. But how happy this world when all become sane! Men will not then make improper estimates of the things which pertain to their peace; they will not seek happiness where it cannot be found; they will not prefer the body to the soul, time to eternity, momentary gratifications to eternal joys. They will then confess their ruin by sin; they will trust in Christ for salvation, live to the glory of God, seek each other's good, aim to be useful while life endures, and when they die be blessed for ever. Oh! then, come to Christ, be wise, and live; and God will bless and save you.

A REMARKABLE NEGRO.

A correspondent to the N. Y. *Evangelist* gives an account of a remarkable negro, that recently died in Michigan at the advanced age of One hundred and nineteen years! We transfer that part which relates to his religion:—

He accounted for his long life in part by saying that he did not work very hard; that for about sixty years his masters used to let him out for about six months of each year, to blow the Gospel trumpet on the plantations round about, to make slaves good and 'ligions; and I tells ye, massa, I could blow de old trumpet dat dey could hear for me miles. He said that he was "quite a chunk of a boy afore he heard much about 'ligion"—afore he heard much about de glorious Gospel. (Weeping.) "Once in 'bout a year one of dem clergy dat com'd over de big water com'd round, and preached up all de funerals ob de slaves dat died den he com'd afore, and sometimes we feels very bad den." But after a little there came round, as he said, "One ob de big men dere come college in de Jerseys; and he telled us bout de matter werry solemn." This I would seem was President Duffin. "An den dere com'd along dat man dat died, and com'd to life agin; and he telled de slaves 'bout dat—an him telled me 'bout Jesus. O what was his name, I don't mind now. I suggested—William Tennant! 'O ye, Massa Tennant! Glory to God! I been trying to tink ob dat name now many years. I know I would know him in glory; but now I will call him by name just as soon as I see him." (Weeping.)

After I hears him preach, how I did feel! When I was walking on de ground it would keep saying *unworthy—unworthy*; when I took a bit of bread, or a cup ob water, dry lips kept saying *unworthy—unworthy*—when I goes into de field, all de trees keep saying *unworthy—unworthy*; when I went into de yard, all de cattle kneel down afore dey lay down, and I hab never bin dat. O massa, I thought I would die. But bimby dere could along a colored man, who telled me da do do use o my libin dat way; and he telled me da do do passage dat says "Behold the Lamb of God dat

takes away de sins ob de world;" an I goes into de woods, an all night I cries, O Lamb of God, hab mercy on dis poor colored man; an O Massa! jus as de light was coming over de mountains ob de Virgin, de light o Jesus shined into dis poor soul—an I fro dat day on—new about a hundred years—I been trying to tell to saints and sinners round, what a dear Saviour I have found!

Yes, and in his last years he could tell this in many ways; we have never known one whose heart melted so soon at the mention of the name of Jesus. Not unfrequently in his devotions he would utter that dear name over and over, with tones and tears of gratitude and joy. For most of the time during the day he was alone, his wife, being about sixty years younger than himself, having gone out to work. Thus he seemed to have time and opportunity for communion with his Saviour; and often it did indeed seem as if "the form of the fourth" was there.

One day when we called after he had been shouting and singing, and crying for an hour or two, he broke out: "O Massa, Jesus has been here, and I thought I was in glory; but I will be dere bimby."

I said, you mean to be faithful to the end, Uncle Johnson?

"O Massa, I's bound for de kingdom; I's not been holding on all dis way to fall jus at de gate. I can call to mind many interesting incidents concerning him; but let me mention only a few, which at the same time reveal his strong, shrewd sense and piety."

One day while at work in his garden, singing and shouting, I said: "You seem happy to-day. Yes, Massa, I's tinkin'! What are you thinking of?" "O I's tinkin'!" (and then his emotions prevented answer.) "I's tinkin' dat ob de crumbs dat fall from de Master's table in dis world, an so good, wass will de GREAT LAMP in glory be! I tells ye, massa, da will be nuff an to spare dere."

At another time when he seemed very happy and I had heard him shout "Lord Jesus, will dere be one for me?" I said, "You are having a good time to-day?" He answered, "O massa, I was meditating about Jesus bein de Carpenter; an so he can make mansions for his people in glory!" And then with an uplifted face and with tears, he cried out "O Jesus, will dere be one for me?"

Once I said to him "Uncle Johnson, why don't you go to Church once in awhile?" He answered, "Massa, I wants to be dere, but I can't 'have.' You can't 'behave'!" "Well, massa, you know, late years, de flesh be weak; an when dey 'gins to talk and sing about Jesus, I 'gins to fill up, and puffy soon I has to holler, and den dey say, 'Carry dat man to de door, he 'sturd de meeting.'"

But you should hold in until you get home.

"O massa, I can't hold in—I bust—I don't 'holler'."

Once, after hearing him pray and sing at midnight while a thunderstorm was passing, in the morning I said, "Was that you shouting so last night?" "Yes, Massa, I spoke." "Well, I thought the thunder made noise enough without your hallooing!"

He looked up, and with astonishment said: "Massa, do you tink I's going to lie dere on my back like a great pig, when de Lord com'd along shakin de earth, and de heavens? No, Massa, when I hears de thunder coming, I says, 'Ellen, Ellen, wake up here, we's going to hear from home agin!'"

One morning when I had heard him for an hour or two, I went carefully to his door and saw him sitting at the end of his table, with a humble repeat before him, while his hands were lifted high in gratitude and praise. I said, "You seem happy this morning?" "O ye, Ellen went away to her work, and so I gets me breakfast and den begins to say grace, an' O Massa, de Lord an so good, I nobber will be done agin' grace!" What a rebuke to those who sit down to their loaded tables with no thought of their Benefactor!

Once after he had been ill for a few days I said, "Uncle Johnson, I thought your appointed time had about come." "O ye, Massa, one day I tought I could see de dust ob de chariot coming ober de mountains; an den something said 'Hold on, Johnson, a little longer, I'll come round directly.' Yes, and I will hold on, if de Lord will, under hundred years, for I'm bound for Canaan." And then he broke out singing

But this I do find, we two are wedded
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

One day Rev. Dr. H. called on him, with me. After conversation which surely the Doctor will never forget, he said, "Well, Uncle Johnson, I must go, and then taking him by the hand, said, 'Good bye. I shall probably hear soon that you have gone over Jordan, but we will follow on.' The old man replied, 'Yes, Massa, a great many years ago young men like you tell me dat; an den, after a bit, I'd hear dey ha' gone, and I'm a pilgrim yet, but I always manages to send word.' 'Well, if I should die first, what word would you send?' said Dr. H. 'O Massa, if you get home to glory afore I do (weeping), tell 'em to keep de table standin', for Johnson is holding on his way.'"

We dare not attempt to describe the scene we witnessed the evening his wife died; but, a few days after, we said to him, "Don't you feel very lonely since Ellen left you?" He replied, "O ye, but de Lord comes round every day, jus as de miss would, and gives me a taste ob de kingdom wold de spoon; but how I wants to get hold ob de dish!"

But we will add no more, fearing that our article is already too long. We have not heard of the particulars of his death; but we feel confident that he was ready when the chariot came round, and that "his wheels rolled in fire" along the same way Elijah rode. "We have marked his manner of life, we have often thought that 'One of the old prophets had risen again.' He had the faith of Abraham, the firmness of Daniel, the fire of Isaiah, the tears of Jeremiah, and he fasted and prayed like them all. His Fridays, for more than seventy years, had been rigidly observed as days of fasting and prayer—days in which, as he said, 'I says to de body, 'stand back, I's going to feed de soul to-day.' Those, he said, were days in which 'I spreads de great things afore de Lord and begs.' But his prayers are ended, and so there is a sadness in such a fact when we remember how often he said 'I puts up for you every day.'"

We feel that a great and good man has fallen in Israel. A great head and a great heart—the one less cultivated than the other—have gone to heaven. Scores of those who have called upon him and marked his peculiarities, will rejoice in the doctrine of heavenly recognitions.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

The evening of life! Evening is the time for prayer. Then the lipsing babe folds its little hands and utters its simple words of supplication and thanksgiving; then the pious family assemble round the domestic altar; then the thoughtful Christian retires into his closet, shuts his door, and prays to his Father who seeth in secret. The comparative quietude which exists in the world around him, and the repose which spreads itself over the face of nature, seem to soothe the spirit of the wearied believer, and to invite him to calm and hallowed intercourse with his Maker.

And should not life's evening thus tranquilize and elevate his feelings? Private prayer, the delight and duty of all, is the breath of life to the aged Christian. Compelled to relinquish the active occupations of former days; unable to read much even of the best of books; and frequently deprived, perhaps, of the long-vaunted ministrations of the sanctuary, how thankfully does he retain the inestimable privilege of pouring out his heart in secret before God, and of holding sweet converse with his Heavenly Father. "I can very seldom talk or read now," said a venerable servant of God, whose days were almost numbered; "but," he added, as a happy smile lighted up his withered features, "I can pray. In my weakest moments, without opening my lips, I can make known my requests unto God, and praise him for his never-changing goodness towards me."

Let the evening of your life be much devoted to prayer; for at the close, no less than at the commencement of your Christian experience, you are entirely dependent upon Almighty succor. Go therefore with boldness to the throne of grace, that you may still obtain mercy, and find grace to help you in every time of need. Old age has its special wants and trials; but "Ask, and it shall be given you" is the inscription which is ever written over the mercy seat. Implore that strength which you require in order that you may cheerfully bear God's will now; that support which you will need in the hour of death, when heart and flesh shall fail; that consolation and guidance which you desire to have imparted to those whom you must leave behind in a world of grief and danger. He, who is able to do exceedingly above all that you can ask or think, will hear and answer your feeble but heart-felt petitions.

The evening of life! Have these words a melancholy sound? They tell, it is true, that the bright sunshine of youth and manhood is past; that the health and the energy which impelled our steps in the path of usefulness and renown have departed; that the night of death will soon gather round us, when we must close our eyes upon all that is loved and lovely here.

Nay, are they not rather the incentives of his hope and his joy? Long a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, do they not assure him that he is now on the borders of that country which he has so earnestly been seeking? The worldling may mourn over the flowers which have withered in his grasp; but the Christian has a treasure laid up in heaven, and his heart is there also. The orphan spirit may shrink from the prospect of an unknown eternity; but the child of God cannot but rejoice in the thought of soon going home.

The evening of life! Aged Christian; an everlasting morning will soon dawn upon your redeemed and perfected spirit. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed." Mark with thankfulness the shadows of evening as they deepen around you, for they are the necessary precursors of the coming day. Calmly and trustfully as an infant that slumbers on its mother's bosom, you will soon "sleep in Jesus," to awake in that purer and happier world, which has "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." "Absent from the body," you will at once be "present with the Lord;" you will "behold his face in righteousness;" you will "be satisfied, when you awake, with his likeness."

DOING GOOD AT ALL TIMES.

We are apt to disparage and neglect familiar and incidental opportunities of doing good. Good occasions we can improve; they have a palpable shape and magnitude; we know how to lay hold of them; and they seem worthy of our care. But the opportunities which occur in the ordinary routine of life, in buying and selling, and in the trivialities of social intercourse, are allowed to glide away while we are considering whether it is worth our while to improve them. There has always been a class of *reformers* in the world, whose philanthropy confines itself to grand achievements. They are happily fit to grand more, in her "History of Mr. Fanton," a London tradesman, who turned philosopher, and set about rectifying the world at large, with a zeal that left him no heart for cases of individual suffering. He would "alter all the laws, and do away all the religions, and put an end to all the wars in the world." He would "abolish all punishments, and not leave a single prisoner on the face of the globe." But when applied to by a benevolent neighbor to contribute a trifle towards liberating an unfortunate debtor from prison, he "had no attention to spare to that business, though he would pledge himself to produce a plan by which the national debt might be paid off in six months." When asked to co-operate in bringing a tyrannical workhouse-keeper to punishment, he excused himself on the ground that "the wrongs of the Poles and the wrongs of the Americans so filled his mind as to leave him no time to attend to such petty grievances." A poor man's house in his vicinity having taken fire, he justified his neglect in not going to the help of the sufferers, by alleging that he was just then "engaged in a far nobler project than putting out a fire in a little thatched cottage"—he was "contriving a scheme to extinguish the fires of the laquisation." Mr. Fanton has his proper archetype only amongst the infidel Socialists of the day but in the feature of his character presented in these extracts, he may stand for the representative of many wise and better men. Perhaps we are all to much disposed to make our Christianity a matter of fit Sundays and seasons, at least of times and seasons, and still more of systems and societies.

The great lesson I wish to enforce is, that we should live to do good. We are not to confine our exertions to one set of objects, nor to periodical

occasions, but to be always ready, as we can find or make opportunities, to minister to the well being of our fellow-creatures or to the prosperity of religion. It is one of the most beautiful pictures the inspired writers have given us of the founder of our holy religion—a biography in a single sentence—"He went about doing good." And if we would approve ourselves to be his disciples, we must cherish his spirit and tread in his steps. There is no incompatibility between the two great classes of interest which solicit our benevolence, the physical and the spiritual, the necessities of the poor and the salvation of souls. Experience demonstrates that the heart which responds to the cries of a world perishing through lack of knowledge, is the heart which most readily thrills at the cry of bodily want; that those who care most for the heathen are among the most active agents of patriotic and local charities; that genuine Christian charity, while it leaves no object unattempted on account of its vastness, overlooks none on account of its minuteness. Copying, in this respect, the example of Him who, in his way to the cross to save a world, often stood still to give health to the sick, and wipe away the tears of the mourner; sowing, at each step, the seeds of those various institutions of mercy which are still springing up in his church; and who, while suspended on the cross in the crisis of human redemption, still thought of his filial relation, and tenderly provided for a mother's comfort.

LIVE FOR A PURPOSE.

God had an object in creating us. Every man and woman should seek to know and try to accomplish that end. Paul was no sooner converted than he asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Early press it on the minds of your children, engrave it on your own hearts. A purpose. There is a purpose which God had in view in giving me a place here. What can it be? How can I perform it?

We must glorify Him here. Our bodies, our souls are His, to be used in honouring Him, thus will require active usefulness. We must try to do good. Do not be destructive, in principle or practice. If you cannot be salt, saving by your influence that you come in contact with, do not be a nuisance, defiling and corrupting.

Try to realise every day that you have some thing to do for God, the souls of men, your own souls, for eternity. Be earnest about it. "How I straitened" until it be accomplished! "The language of the Saviour." By constantly daily urging on in any work we can do an amount which we would not believe. Do not wait for opportunities. Seek them. If you cannot do what you would, do what you can.

Do not regulate your duty by your success, or the object of your aim, and do not be discouraged because you do not succeed in your wishes. It might do you injury to accomplish what you want, and defeat what God would have you do. God will use your endeavor to His own will and purpose, which will be far better; and if you could only see a little further, it is the very thing you would like to see done. As God overrules all the actions of wicked men, and accomplishes his designed good, so we may confidently hope and believe that He will use the actions of those who seek to do His will more certainly to do good.

Henry Clay and Daniel Webster both aimed with great earnestness at the Presidency of the United States, as one of the highest points of their ambition. Neither of them succeeded in this; but they did more for the nation by their course of conduct than if they had reached the office; and they live in the memory of the nation as pillars that upheld its principles, while those who have been successful candidates are forgotten with the expiration of their term of office. We cannot tell what is really success.

The man who cuts down a forest, and clears the way for another to sow, really feels that he has not attained his object; but he has done his work. So the man that sows—he may not reap the fruit, but the flag on a fort may die in the attempt, but the flag will float to the joy of the conqueror. So the missionary who tells the heathen of Jesus Christ, and His salvation, may never see a convert; but the knowledge which he has communicated may be the means of converting the whole nation to Christ.

If you have realised the idea before, try to get it into your mind, and have a purpose. See that it is worthy of your energy and zeal, then live for it. Seek grace and strength to pursue it, and persevere in it until the Master calls you.

FIDELITY.

If I am lost, let it be by how rather than as an apostate. If there be any distinction among the damned, those have it who are wandering stars, trees plucked up by the roots, twice dead, for whom Jude tells us, is "reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." *Revered!* as if nothing else were qualified to occupy that place but themselves. They are to inhabit the darkest, hottest place, because they forsake the Lord. Let us, my dear friends, then rather lose everything than lose Christ. Let us sooner suffer anything than lose our ease of conscience and our peace of mind.

When Marcus Arrethusa was commanded by Julian, the apostate, to subscribe towards the rebuilding of a heathen temple which his people had pulled down upon their conversion to Christianity, he refused to obey; and though he was an aged man, he was stripped naked, and then pierced all over with lancets and knives. The old man still towards the building of the temple, he could be free—if he would give but one grain of incense into the censor devoted to the false gods, he might escape. He would not countenance idolatry in any degree. He was smeared with honey, and while his innumerable wounds were yet bleeding, the bees and wasps came upon him and stung him to death. He could die, but he could not deny his Lord. Arrethusa entered into the joy of his Lord, for he nobly suffered for the Gospel. In the olden times when the Gospel was preached in Persia, one Hamadatha, a courtier of the king, having embraced the faith, was stripped of all his offices, driven from the palace, and compelled to feed camels. This he did with great content. The king passing by one day, saw his former favorite at his ignoble work, cleaning out the camel's stables. Taking pity upon him he took him into his palace, clothed him with sumptuous apparel, restored him to all his former honors, and made him sit at the royal table. In the midst of the dainty feast, he asked Hamadatha to re-

nounce his faith. The courtier, rising from the table, tore off his garments with haste, left all the dainties behind him, and said, "Didst thou think for such silly things as these I would deny my Lord and Master?" and away he went to the stable to his ignoble work.

INFLUENCE OVER THE YOUNG.

The following letter from Henry Ward Beecher, to a young minister, in the N. Y. *Independent*, will be perused with deep interest. There is much profound wisdom in it:—

LETTER TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

My Dear — There are two natural departments of influence in ministerial life—the social or personal, and the professional or educational. He is fortunate who can with ease and skill act in both. I am under the impression that few clergymen aim to do much for the young of their flock, except by some form of meeting. But, without disparaging catechetical classes and gatherings for discourses, it seems to me that much may be done by personal influence. Do you not recollect, when you were a boy, any larger boy, or some young man, who inspired you with admiration? The influence which some persons exert over the young amounts almost to fascination. They accept their decisions, admire their style, copy their manners, court their approbation, and are made happy in their smile. The influence is not always beneficial. Children are taken out of their parents' hands, and carried away from teachers, by the social influence of companions. It is this tendency of the young to become social enthusiasts that pastors might direct to the highest end. A boy is often conscious that he is following some leader against his conscience, yet cannot disengage himself or break his influence; but how much more potent would such an influence be if he went with his conscience!

Boys are hero-worshippers. They delight in a master. A minister may become their friend—may pour into their ears such wealth of knowledge, such narratives, may initiate new sports, set on foot expeditions and enterprises—and, in the action of these, develop a hundred qualities of honor, rectitude, magnanimity, generosity, lawful rivalry; or he may awaken their minds to discussion, to criticism, and judgment of conduct; and, at every case, adduce some precept or command from Scripture, which would not only teach them how to settle practical cases of conscience, but how to use the Bible, not merely for a reading book. And if, to do this, it should be found necessary for the minister himself to become more familiar with the wealth of ethical lore in the Bible, it would not be the least of benefits.

A minister can gain the sympathy and confidence of children by an easy familiarity with them in their sports and daily duties. There is no danger of detracting from his dignity, or of lessening his influence in the pulpit. Kindness inspires affection, and affection respect.

I would have you to know every child in your parish by name and disposition. I would have you win their confidence, secure their love. It is a good sign if children, when they see you, run to you with eager and pleased faces. You are their natural, and ought to be their best friend, and they ought to think so.

I do not say that all have this gift of social influence. But no minister should take credit for granted until after thorough and persistent effort. Where there is an easy and natural social power, to no other more does the injunction apply. Neglect not the gift that is in thee.

It is bad to see children afraid of their minister. You ought to have the confidence of the youth committed to you, to such a degree that to you, next to their parents, and in some cases even before them, they should spontaneously apply in emergencies.

You cannot well exaggerate the moral power of such social influence. It will often transcend that of formal and direct teaching. The person will be more than the pulpit. And even the pulpit will find itself richer, and fresher, and more fruitful in subjects for discourse.

You speak of a difficulty in finding topics for your children's meetings. Of course, every one must consult his own disposition and circumstances in this matter. But there are certain things that all may do. It is the custom of some pastors once a month to have a service on the Sabbath for children. The life of Christ, or some portion of Biblical history, is taken up and gone over irregular course. Sometimes the catechism is taken, and instead of formal question and answer, an illustrative and even parabolic lecture is given. It might be well to select from children's life a series of duties, or trials, or temptations, and make them the subject of familiar remark. But, while life and catechism are to be used, the Bible, after all, furnishes the chief store of materials, and in a form best adapted to interest and instruct children of all ages; and you can scarcely be in danger of over-employing that too much, even if you employed it exclusively. I do not know why a collection of children should not be as much fascinated by Scripture narratives, detailed by the pastor, as they are wont to be at home, when some parent, or nurse, or aunt, of a Sunday afternoon, reads or recites from the sacred pages. Nothing ever so filled and excited our heart and imagination as the simple reading to us of the Scriptures by a revered aunt. Sermons, in our boyhood, were lost upon us. We do not recollect being impressed with a single sermon till after we were twelve years old. But long before that, readings, and conversations, and the narratives of experience, were wont to produce profound impressions. The staleness of preaching the commonness, the abstractness of many of its ideas, take it out of the sphere of childhood. But, while these hints may serve to aid you in some degree, it is yet true that you must mainly find out your own way. The main thing is a heart ready to receive the work, and a zealous determination to win the young to Christian truth and Christian living. Such a spirit will sooner or later find its way.

THE BIBLE THE BEST DENOMINATIONAL PUBLICATION.—Would you turn men from the error of their ways? Lead them to the Bible. Would you present to a friend a book that will teach him the whole truth? Give him a Bible. President Wayland married a lady who was of the Episcopal persuasion. He had never said a word to his wife on the subject of Baptism, although she was expecting that he would some day commence a discussion of the question. As he continued silent