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REV. E. McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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## The Intelligencer.

(From the Quiver.)

### GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

By the Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh, M. A.

HANS ROSE, AND THE GREENLAND MISSION.

To a King of Denmark belongs the honour of having been the first monarch who directly espoused the work of Protestant missions. Connected as that nation is once more with our own by matrimonial ties, it will deepen the admiration and sympathy which we feel for a brave and religious people, if we recall some of its early and noble contributions to the missionary cause.

Frederick IV. was a monarch who was fired with the noble ambition of extending the Gospel of Christ, not only in his empire, but throughout the world. Through his efforts and those of his successor, the Word of Life was first proclaimed in India (1705), in Greenland (1720), and the West India Islands (1731). The commencement and progress of each of these missions constitute a thrilling story in the records of Christian chivalry. Let us sketch the history of one of them.

A colony of Northerners, consisting of Norwegians and Danes, had settled in Greenland in the eleventh century, when it became tributary to Norway; but very soon all intercourse between the countries ceased, and the fate of the settlers remained unknown. Several attempts were made in succeeding centuries, by Danish traders, to re-establish intercourse with the country; but they all ended in failure, and the hope of ascertaining the fate of their countrymen at length died out in Denmark.

About the commencement of the last century a Norwegian pastor, who was himself a Dane, conceived the thought of searching out the fate of a people who had a common ancestry with himself, and of converting the Esquimaux, who inhabited those inhospitable shores. In his childhood he had listened to the legends of his fatherland, and one of them had taken possession of his whole soul. It was the effect that, some centuries before, two noble Venetians had embarked on a distant voyage, and were driven by storms to the coast of Greenland, where they found flourishing colonies of Christians. When he became a man the story haunted him, and gradually it became the settled purpose of his heart to investigate its truth, and become, in any case, the bearer of the Gospel to those frozen regions.

For thirteen years he revolved the plan in the secret of his own mind, and then resolved to memorialise the King of Denmark on the subject. He repaired to Copenhagen, and had an interview with Frederick IV., to whom he eloquently unfolded the yearning of his soul.

But difficulties presented themselves on all hands. The king was at war with Sweden, and it was difficult to spare funds for the mission. The sailors engaged in the whale fishery, and who had previously given encouraging accounts as to the facilities for reaching the Esquimaux, retracted their statements, in the fear of being employed in the perilous adventure. Rumours spread that a ship had been wrecked on the coast of Greenland, and that all the crew had been murdered and eaten by the cannibal inhabitants! Hans Egede's family, and more especially his wife, opposed what they considered to be the dream of an enthusiast; and others uncharitably charged him with ambitious and sinister designs.

But Hans Egede was not the man to be deterred by difficulties. Many waters could not quench his love; neither could the floods drown it; and at length his faith and perseverance were to be rewarded. The death of Charles XII. brought peace to Denmark. The pastor's wife was led to throw her whole heart into her husband's project. A sum of 6,000 rix-dollars was contributed by friendly hands, as an addition to the 300 which the missionary had subscribed from his own narrow means. The king granted him a salary of 300 dollars a year, and 200 more for his outfit, and gave a warm and public approval to the noble enterprise.

It was on a bright May morning in 1721 that a vessel, appropriately named *The Hope*, left the shores of Denmark on her perilous voyage. On the way they met with icebergs, one of which struck the ship, and caused a leak. The captain rushed into the cabin, and told Hans Egede they must all prepare for immediate death. But prayer and effort were combined. The leak was stopped with their clothes. The missionary party engaged in supplication, and when a thick fog which had gained upon them, had cleared away, they were out of danger.

At the end of eight weeks they reached their destination, and began to erect a house on the solitary shore. The natives at first aided them under the impression that they were building a ship; but when they saw that it was a house they were filled with alarm, and thought that the mission was one of vengeance. By degrees, however, confidence was established, and a kind of communication effected by means of signs. One of the first words which Hans Egede discovered the meaning of was *Kina*—what is this? and by the use of it he gained an acquaintance with the names by which the Greenlanders called all the ordinary objects around them. Meantime he endeavoured, by means of pictures, to acquaint them with the leading facts of the Gospel history; and they soon came to look upon the stranger as an *Anglook*, the designation for their own conjurers or priests.

But fresh trials awaited the devoted man. The Danes could not succeed in inducing the people to traffic. The vessels of supply which were expected from home did not arrive. A small supply of biscuits and oatmeal, and three barrels of peas, were all that was left to support their little colony, which numbered thirty souls. The colonists resolved to return; but then, Egede was sustained by his own faith, and the noble devotion of his wife, who still kept looking to God, that their fears would be dispelled. The missionary party had often wandered far in search of food, drawing their sledges after them, and were sometimes obliged, through sheer weakness, to abandon them in the snow, and make their way back, as best they could, to their rude and comfortless dwelling. When hope was almost exhausted, two vessels, sent out by the Christian king, arrived, with a large stock of provisions, and with the pleasing intelligence that a company had been formed in Bergen to prosecute the trade with Greenland.

The habits of the natives were rude and repulsive; but, although even the rough sailors could not endure the filth and misconduct, the undaunted missionary patiently prosecuted his labours, visit-

ing them in their squalid huts, receiving a number of youths into his own house, and inducing them to learn, by the promise of a fishhook for every letter that they mastered. He endeavoured also, amidst great discouragement, to promote their temporal prosperity. Amongst other efforts, he tried to introduce husbandry, and with this view, he set fire to the long grass, in order that the frozen ground, and then sowed the seed which he had received from Denmark for the purpose. He was cheered to see it spring up and form an ear; but was again disheartened when, on account of the frost, he had to cut it down before it was ripe. Often had this devoted man, and his faithful but delicate wife, with their four children, to exist on the coarse and distasteful food of the Greenlanders. Fish dried in the wind, but often raw, was their frequent diet; whilst the indifference of the natives to their teaching, afforded a still deeper source of trial.

In 1728 the good King of Denmark took measures to extend the work of the mission, and sent out several ships, with a large number of colonists, and two missionaries. They erected a fort; and the new colony of Godthaab (or Good Hope) was scarcely founded, when a new trial fell upon the mission, by the breaking out of a malignant distemper, which carried off forty of the colonists. One still followed close upon another; Frederick IV. died, and his successor, Christian VI., resolved that the enterprise should be abandoned, and that the settlers should return. Nearly all the colonists, and his two colleagues, resolved to return home; and the missionary and his wife had to weigh in the difficult question, whether they would return to their happy home, or remain almost alone in that Arctic desert.

Two things decided them. They could not think of abandoning the hundred and fifty children who had been baptised and instructed; and they could not resist the entreaties of several of the natives, who earnestly besought them to remain. With a devotion which must challenge our admiration, the heroic couple beheld the ships and colonists depart, and returned from the beach to pursue, with renewed zeal and energy, their "work of faith and labour of love."

Again the horizon brightened. Christian VI. was induced by the urgent representations of the solitary missionary, to renew the traffic, and assigned 2,000 rix-dollars to the support of the mission. But another cloud was lowering in the distance. A young Greenland boy who had visited Denmark, returned, and brought back the small-pox with him. The disease spread fearfully, and for twelve months committed awful havoc amongst the population. About 2,000 fell beneath its ravages, and many committed suicide in the panic which it produced; and yet out of this terrible evil the Almighty Koler was edifying good. Hans Egede and his wife were so successful in their ministrations of kindness to the sick and dying, that even the savages of that icy coast were thawed into love and admiration, and soon afterwards the arrival of the Moravian missionaries, who came to aid him, laid the foundation of new hopes, which resulted in the most encouraging success. The history of Moravian missions in Greenland must form a chapter to itself. But we must draw our sketch of "the apostle of Greenland" to a close.

In 1735 that angel wife, who had been so often and so long the support of her husband's heart, was called to her eternal home, and he laid her in a lonely but not unhonoured grave, upon the shores of her adopted land. The missionary's health, which had been long impaired by anxiety and hardships, suffered still more under this bereavement. Stripped of this earthly support, his spirits often drooped, and he lingered on despair, and in the year following her death he returned to Denmark, but not to inactivity. His zeal and energy gave a new impulse to the missionary spirit at home, and he persuaded the king to found a seminary at Copenhagen for training missionaries, and was himself appointed superintendent of it. Full of years and full of honour, the pioneer of Greenland missions entered into rest, but not until he had witnessed the success of his favourite scheme, and seen his own children following in his steps.

His son Paul, who had shared the toil of his early labours, subsequently succeeded his father as superintendent of the missionary college at Copenhagen, and published a grammar and dictionary of the Greenland language, besides translating the New Testament into the same tongue.

Niels, another son of Hans Egede, went forth as a labourer to the same field in 1739, and a grandson of Paul's, named Hans Egede Saabye, followed in the same steps, and materially contributed to the social and religious elevation of the natives.

Such was "the apostle of Greenland." We cannot approve of all the measures by which he sought to civilise and convert the benighted people of that land; but so long as zeal and faith are held in honour, we must assign a high place in the missionary calendar to the pastor of Vigen, who renounced the comforts of a Norwegian home for the dangers and anxieties of a savage land, and who, in disaster as well as success, held fast his purpose and his love of souls.

### THE MOTHER'S MEETING.

In May, 1861, a circular was received by the little church in — from the Maternal Association in Boston, inviting them to unite with the hundreds of mothers, who, on the first Wednesday of each month, were bowing themselves in prayer for the divine blessing upon the children of the church; especially that the Holy Spirit might be poured out upon the dear youth connected with these circles.

This appeal was enforced by the pastor, encouraging the little flock to take hold of the promises of God, bidding them, although weak in numbers, to be strong in faith, believing that what God has promised he is faithful to perform; that although but two or three are gathered in his name, he will be one in their midst.

Seven mothers in the church responded to this call. From facts gathered at their first meetings, it appeared that some two or three of this number had been revolving in their minds the expediency of organizing such a meeting, greatly desirous of the blessing connected therewith, but feared that, with such a limited number, it could not be sustained. Mutually they pledged themselves to use their utmost endeavors to promote the interests of this little circle, offering their children as special subjects of prayer to be daily remembered, unitedly, at the evening hour.

At this time, fourteen impenitent children were connected with this little circle, whose ages made them special objects of solicitude.

With a mother's earnestness, and with Christian faith, they sought to take hold upon the promises of God, pleading that these dear youths might be brought into the fold of Christ and made the subjects of his saving grace.

Amid many discouragements the little band struggled on until the fall of 1862, receiving many blessings within their own souls, but unable to perceive any fruits among those who were made subjects of special prayer.

Then one, who had been halting between two opinions, came out upon the Lord's side. Soon another, whom Satan had desired to have that he might sift her as wheat, became strengthened, settled and decided for God. Again another, who had been wild and thoughtless, turned her back upon the world, and chose that good part which shall not be taken away from her.

Thus from time to time their hearts have been cheered, until eight of the fourteen mentioned above have been hopefully converted to God, and two more are now inquiring for the way of life.

Said their pastor, "We have had no excitement, no particular revival, but a quiet, serious interest, which marks it as genuine."

The little meeting still lives in spirit, although its external form has been changed by circumstances, into a weekly prayer meeting, for whose support some twenty-five families are deeply interested.

Dear Christian friends, God is the hearer of prayer. He "says not" to the house of Israel, "Seek ye my face in vain." Neither doth he despise the day of small things; for, "if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

Christian mothers, let this truthful narrative encourage you to pray on. Still bear in the arms of your faith those dear children God has given you, and he will surely bear in blessing. Let not the supplying of their temporal wants satisfy you, but seek for them those durable riches which shall endure when all things else have passed away.—*Tract Journal.*

### WHAT ONE CHRISTIAN CAN DO.

The old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," is quite as true in Christian labour as in any worldly activity. Wherever the heart is full of love to the Saviour, it will search out and find some way of testifying that love. Where there is a desire to win sinners to Christ, the way will not be wanting. The Messenger gives the following sketch of what one Christian woman was enabled to accomplish in a most unpromising field:

Seldom have I heard of a more unpromising field of labor than the western part of the town of C—. The inhabitants were deplorably ignorant. No effort had ever been made to raise them from the depths of sin and misery into which they had fallen, and no one had offered to lead them to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." Such was their condition when the family of Mr. H— came to reside there. Mr. H—'s eldest daughter, determined to make this the scene of her labours for the Master to whom she had early dedicated herself.

Trusting in her Lord for assistance, she went out one morning to gather some of the children, for the purpose of establishing a Sabbath-school among them. She was very successful, curiosity prompting many to send their little ones. Helen hired a room in the neighbourhood, and at the appointed time had the satisfaction of seeing about fifty children assembled, with some of their parents. With a heart filled with gratitude she began her labours, and was delighted to observe, at the close of the services, that they were anxious to stay longer. During the following week Helen visited many destitute families, and ministered not only spiritual but bodily wants. The next Sabbath the number of scholars was increased to seventy, all of whom appeared pleased and interested with what they had seen and heard. In this way Helen laboured patiently for four years; her school continued to increase, but, as yet, although she wrestled with God night and day, the chief object, an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, had not been obtained. One morning, however, after a season of unusually earnest prayer, she was told that some one wished to see her, and to her surprise she saw the mother of one of her scholars, who, bursting into tears exclaimed,

"O, Miss H—, what shall I do! I am such a sinner!"

With a full heart, Helen directed her to the Saviour, and one long, the troubled sinner was sitting at the feet of her Redeemer, clothed in his righteousness. The Spirit's influence was now felt among the people, and before another year had passed, Helen had the unspeakable joy to behold many, as "brands plucked from the burning," safe in the fold of the good Shepherd.

Eight years have now passed, and over that hitherto benighted district the "Sun of Righteousness" has arisen, and his blessed influence has been felt in almost every dwelling. Is there not encouragement here for desponding Christians, who fear that they labour in vain? "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not," said our blessed Lord; and who has ever known his promises to fail?

### GRUMBING AND THANKSGIVING.

In a love-feast in Yorkshire, a good man had been drawing out a long complaining strain of experience about his trials and difficulties in the way to heaven. Another, of a different spirit, followed, who said, "I see our brother, who has just sat down, lives in Grumbling Street. I lived there myself for some time, and never enjoyed good health; the air was bad, the house bad, the water bad, the birds never came and sang in the street, and I was gloomy and sad enough. But I 'fitted.' I got into Thanksgiving Street; and ever since then, I have had good health, and so have my family. The air is pure, the water pure, the house good, the sun shines on it all day, the birds are always singing, and I am happy as I can live. Now I recommend our brother to fit. There are plenty of houses to let on Thanksgiving Street, and I am sure he will find himself a new man if he will only come, and I will be right glad to have him as a neighbor."

Such was the substance of our friend's observation and advice; and, perhaps, there are some who read the e pages, to whom they may be a "word in season." Some who have lived, perhaps, twelve months in Grumbling Street, until they have become affected with ague, rheumatism,

spleen, and whose spiritual health and life are in a rapid decline, or galling consumption. Now, we recommend such to change their residence, and come into Thanksgiving Street. It is by no means crowded; but for make application for a residence there. How few pray to God for a thankful heart! And how few dwell upon these subjects which are calculated to beget the gratitude they ought to feel! Do we not all think too much about our trials, and too little about our mercies! Do we not speak too much in our class-meetings and love-feasts, about being "tried and tempted," until young people think that serving God is all trial, and no joy! Alas! the religion of some people is made up of complaint, murmur and discontent; and nothing like joy or gladness dwells in their heart all the year round. Their very countenance tells the passer-by that they live in Grumbling Street; and they carry the noxious air into the church, and the pious spreads, itself, until something of the same spirit seizes all who come in contact with them.

This sin of grumbling is a disease which eats out the vitality of religion. O, that tens of thousands of our Israel would this year get into Thanksgiving Street! What great mercies during the year we have enjoyed! Peace and plenty! What social benefits have been given us! What personal benefits have we received! Blessings of healing, blessings of increase, blessings of preservation, deliverances, morning, noon and night. O, that the voice of joy may be heard; thanksgiving and melody! Would not this be one of the best means of promoting what we acknowledge to be so much needed,—a revival of religion in our churches! Would not God, even our own God, bless us! And would not the "early and the latter rain" soon come down upon us! Have not many of us dishonoured God with our complaints, and grieved him with our murmuring! Yet, never had we so many causes to awaken souls of praise. Why should the harp hang longer on the willow! "Rejoice in the Lord ye righteous, and shout for joy, ye all that are upright in heart," for "praise is comely for the upright," and "they that offer praise glorify God."

If we only serve the Lord with gladness, the Lord will make us glad through his work. "Offerings of thanksgiving" will then swell our psalmody, and increase our means of administering bliss, and spreading salvation around. Who of us then will remove out of Grumbling Street into Thanksgiving Street!—*Christian Miscellany.*

### "UNWORTHY"—"JESUS CHRIST."

Janet was the only daughter of a humble Scotch widow. She was a child of many prayers, and her pious mother was made glad by perceiving that the words of God's Word were sown in her heart, and were springing up to bear fruit unto everlasting life.

As the diphtheria removed several of the little ones to the eternal world, Janet's mother offered many a prayer that her dearest earthly treasure might be spared; but she ever added in a Christ-like spirit, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt!"

At length this beloved one was brought down with the epidemic in its malignant form, and human aid seemed powerless. Fearfully the mother watched over her suffering child, as the disease gained rapidly upon that strong young frame.

From the first, Janet had been unable to speak without great effort, and at last it was impossible for her to articulate at all; but she seemed to watch over movement of her beloved mother, as she moved about her sick-bed.

Realized her near she was to the confines of another world. She spoke gently to her of the great change that awaited her, and asked her if she felt willing to appear before her Judge and Saviour, the suffering girl fixed her eyes tenderly on her mother, and tried to speak; but that was impossible. She then made a motion that she could write. Her mother immediately handed her a pencil and paper. Feebly the pale fingers grasped the pencil, and traced distinctly but one word, "unworthy." Closing her eyes a moment, her head fell back upon the pillow; but at once a heavenly smile illumined her face, as she again seized the pencil, and wrote one more word, "Jesus Christ," then motioned for her mother to take the paper away. Thus stood the precious, touching expression of the dying girl—the two words, "unworthy," "Jesus Christ."

As the pencil dropped from her fingers, the soul was released. With no plea but her own unworthiness and a dying Saviour's love, she stood before her Judge. What a precious legacy was thus bequeathed to the grief-stricken mother; a completed life of prayer, with two simple words, "unworthy," "Jesus Christ." The wealth of India could not buy that sacred legacy; two words, "unworthy," "Jesus Christ." What humility, what sense of sin, what faith, what trust in a Saviour's merits!

"Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou hast to me come, O Lamb of God, I come."

### PUBLIC WORSHIP.

From a very earnest and timely printed discourse on Public Worship, by Rev. E. P. Thwing, of Quincy, text Neh. viii. 1-6, we make the following extracts:

But, while we frankly make these concessions, and cheerfully admit that short services, on the whole, are most effective, we believe, with the excellent commentator above quoted, that if God's word and worship were really precious, we should more patiently endure lengthened services and inconvenient postures, as did the vast congregation at Jerusalem. We cannot help entering a protest against the attempts now making in this direction to circumscribe the power of the pulpit. We speak, of in the spirit of earnestness, but with grief, of the causes at work about us which are begetting a disregard for Sabbath worship. One hour of public worship a week, is all that can be afforded for the presentation of God's claims to our homages and service.

One hour is all that most of people can allow for the public service of God, when six days, not to say nights, are oftentimes given to "the world, the flesh and the devil."

How can God view these steady inroads upon this holy day of worship! Not enough is it that, on the Sabbath, we are again offered and crowded on the Sabbath for concerts, secular

lectures and Shakespeare reading; not enough is it that extra accommodations are furnished for excursionists who wish to ride, or sail, or visit their friends on the Sabbath; not enough is it that the church give up its afternoon service and but one sermon a week be preached; not enough is it that all these demands be granted, but we are told in the public prints, from time to time, that ministers ought to shorten their pulpit exercises. Yes, some whom a whole night in the ball room cannot sicken are thoroughly prostrated by more than thirty minutes' preaching!

But yesterday we read of a good idea. "A good idea." What was it? This, the construction of a pulpit which should either be closed by an extinguisher above, or be emptied by a trap door below, exactly at the expiration of thirty minutes after the delivery of the text. This is all the time that can be allowed, this, the point of limitation beyond which forbearance is no longer a virtue. Thirty minutes a week—supposing every Sabbath to be pleasant—are all that can be relied on or even tolerated for the utterance of God's truth! Along by this we read of a "rich treat." What is that? Midnight revels, dances and farces, "kept up with a whirl and excitement until the time of separation, between one and two o'clock."

In the name of common sense, what are we coming to! In the midst of public calamities the most appalling, domestic afflictions the most harrowing, when God's judgment-vials are pouring on our devoted land, when both slaughtered thousands on the battle-field, and sudden mortality with unparalleled frequency at home, warn us that death is holding his carnival among us, shall we as a community and nation repeat the follies of Florence and Athens, of Paris and London and Lisbon, whose people in the midst of the pestilence, the earthquake and revolutions, when their streets were full of corpses, and their rivers were choked with the bodies of the slain, rushed to the play houses and ballrooms, while the houses of God were deserted! Is this a time to yield to fashionable follies, to give counted minutes to God and uncounted days and nights to scenes, at least, of questionable character!

### THIRTY SECONDS TOO LATE!

The Rev. Mr. Bell was always punctual. Whoever might be late at meeting, at the funeral, or anywhere else, they all knew that Mr. Bell would not. If called to attend a wedding, his foot was on the door-step and his hand on the bell-handle when the clock was striking the hour. It was, at first, quite annoying to his flock to go according to their old habits to a funeral, and meet it on the way to the grave, or to go to a wedding and find it all over before they thought of getting there. So old Mr. Bell waited on the minister to ask him why he "was always in such a great hurry, and so afraid of being too late."

"Well, my good friend, I will tell you; and if, after hearing me, you do not think that I am about right in this thing, I will try to alter."

"That's surely fair," slowly said Mr. Slow, as if afraid to commit himself. "When I was a young man, and had been preaching only a few months, I was invited to go to a distant mountain town and preach to a destitute people. I went for some weeks, and then returned home for a few days, promising to be back, without fail, the next Sabbath. Well, I had a pleasant week among my kind relatives, and was so much engaged that I hardly thought of my solemn duties. Last Saturday returned, and then my sister and a beautiful friend of hers persuaded me to go out a little while in the little white boat Cindersella, on our beautiful lake."

"The day was fine, and Cindersella spun and darter under my oars as if a thing of life. When we got ashore, I found it two o'clock, and I knew the cars started in fifteen minutes! I left the ladies and ran home, caught up my carpet-bag, and ran for the depot. I saw that the cars had arrived. I heard the bell ring. With all my strength I ran. I saw them start. I redoubled my efforts, and got within fifteen feet of the cars! O, for thirty seconds more! Thirty seconds too late! No more! The next day was a still, fair, sweet Sabbath. My mountain people gathered, coming down from the glens and following the hills, filled the house of worship. But there was no minister; and the hungry sheep had no shepherd to feed them! He was thirty seconds too late!"

"There was a poor, old, blind man who lived four miles from the church, and very seldom could he get to meeting. That day he ate breakfast early, and his little grand-daughter led him all the way down the mountain to the church. How weary, and sad, and disappointed he was! There was no minister to speak to him. He was thirty seconds too late!"

"There was a great gathering of children to the Sabbath-school. And their little eyes glistened, for their minister had promised to preach them a 'little sermon' to-day. But he was not there; he was thirty seconds too late."

"There was a sick child but one of the glens of the mountain, and she had been inquiring all the week for her minister. She was so anxious to see him and have him pray for her. How she hailed the Sabbath when he would be there! But no! he was not there."

"That poor, old, blind man never came to the church again. He was too feeble; and he never heard another sermon or prayer. The minister was thirty seconds too late!"

"That little girl was dead before I got back; and I could only shed tears over her cold corpse! I had been thirty seconds too late!"

"On my benediction I asked God's forgiveness, and promised him that, if possible, I would never to thirty seconds too late again!"

"And now, Mr. Slow, am I not about right in my punctuality?"—*Watchman and Reflector.*

### GO TO GOD FOR EVERYTHING.

"But," says one, "how can I have the face to draw near to God when my troubles are not religious troubles; when my difficulties are all of a lower and secular kind? and how can I bring such things as these to God?"

O, then, your thought of God has been that he only interested himself in religious things. How did he come to make a body with you?

Nothing is unimportant which has a relation to the public service of God, when six days, not to say nights, are oftentimes given to "the world, the flesh and the devil." How can God view these steady inroads upon this holy day of worship! Not enough is it that, on the Sabbath, we are again offered and crowded on the Sabbath for concerts, secular

his foot to the crown of his head, that has not more or less to do with the fashioning of his eternal conduct. If you would bring your secular troubles, your everyday affairs, to God often, you would find more freshness and joy in religious life. One reason why the religious life of people is so impoverished and so conventional, is, that they do not carry personality with it. It is not their daily life. The things that are strongest on them and about them are not the things that belong to their religion. The power of their life goes in one channel, and their religion in another. But the power of a man's life and his religion must go together, or he cannot be thoroughly and truly a Christian, or have the full enjoyment of Christianity. Then carry your clothes to God; carry your gains to him; carry your bargains to him; carry your mistakes, and other people's mistakes to him. Go to him with the thousand infidelities that make you unhappy, and other people about you unhappy. So, not irreverently, not heedlessly, but penetrated with this feeling, that as the summer is made up of myriads of little things that suit its abundance and wealth, so your life is made up of little things.—*H. W. Beecher.*

### WINE DRINKING AND TEMPERANCE.

The greatest obstacles to the saving power of the gospel among the masses in this country are intemperance, and what is called the temperate use of alcoholic liquors. The latter as well as the former seriously hinders the progress of a vital, renovating Christianity. Logical consistency would make every philanthropist, every moralist, every friend of order, thrift and social virtue, as well as every true friend of the gospel, a staunch teetotaler, both in theory and practice, opposed by the whole weight of his influence to the use as a beverage of strong drink in all its forms. From our point of observation there is no other ground in view which a real Christian in the free exercise of an enlightened conscience, normal sympathy, and a fair share of common sense, can take. Occupying any other position should raise a reasonable doubt in regard to the soundness of a person's mind or the purity of his heart.

Thirty years ago the danger of moderate drinking had been so frequently and so alarmingly demonstrated, the evils and consequent ruin of intemperance had been so shockingly and so generally manifested, that thousands were aroused and driven by their fears into the practice and advocacy of total abstinence. Scarcely a neighborhood could then be found in which there could not also be found the ravages and the victims of intemperance. Fortunes have been squandered; once wealthy families had become town paupers—wives had become widows, children fatherless, and parents not unfrequently worse than children. There was a seldom a family anywhere, which had not a relative near or remote in a drunkard's grave. The eyes of all had seen at least a victim, and nearly every heart had a grief upon it made by the drinking habits of society. The people were aroused by what they saw and knew; the inebriates themselves were thoroughly alarmed, and a powerful opposition was marshaled against it, which drove the demon intemperance entirely out of a large portion of the community. The tide was turned, and the influence of the religious and the most respectable citizens was set against the evil. Mothers did not dare to feed their infants from the glass, fathers prejudiced their little sons against the use of alcoholic drinks, and fair young ladies spurned the company of the youths who presumed to look with favor upon the sparkling wine cup.

Since then a great change has taken place. The fathers and mothers and the people, who thirty years ago saw and felt the evil, have mostly passed away. The men and women who have come up on the stage since that time, in families where intemperance has made as yet no victims—whose eyes have not seen the monster in horrid shape—and whose hearts as yet have felt no blight from his poisonous breath, are apparently indifferent, and off their guard. Their tastes have been so refined, their sensibilities have become so tender, and the fashionable etiquette of modern life consumes so much of their precious time, that they learn nothing of the blasting evils of intemperance from the dark record which it has made in our literature, and by their consent and invitation even the social drinking habits of a former age are coming back like a flood into respectable society. It is still vulgar to drink rum, or gin, or whiskey. It would be disgraceful to offer or accept such a beverage in high life. These vile drinks have their throne and their sway in groceries, doggeries, low taverns, and third-rate hotels. In order to enter and have a place at high weddings, fashionable parties, and in the most respectable families, the rum devil has slightly to change his appearance and his name, and to present himself in the form of the best Wines and the most approved Brandy. Under these forms he is sent far and near, cordially invited, made welcome, courted even by virtuous ladies, and devoutly worshipped by the many.

We were told only last week by a worthy Christian gentleman of this city, an old veteran in the temperance cause, that the custom of social drinking at parties, weddings, and in professedly Christian families, is becoming alarmingly prevalent in society in Boston where a few years ago it did not exist. Christian young ladies not only drink wine themselves, but even dare to offer it to young men who call to see them, urging them to drink, and regard it as a breach of politeness, if they do not take it and "drink their health." The tendencies of modern society, especially in wealthy, fashionable, and aristocratic families, are very strong in this direction. From the cities it will spread like a moral pestilence into the same classes in the country, and into those brainless and foolish families which attempt to imitate their bad ways. The evil spirit is abroad, and we need to be thoroughly aroused to the increasing danger.—*Boston Paper.*

A young and self-conceited minister in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times, "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said her husband heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one, and as he said, "the common taters did not agree with him, he had sent him some of the very best of kidneys."