

# 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.]

Vol. XIII.—No. 38.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1866.

Whole No. 669.

## SHERATON & CO., Queen Street, Fredericton,

Have now completed their Summer Stock of  
**NEW GOODS.**

50 Packages, containing  
**A Splendid Assortment of  
Fancy and Staple  
DRY GOODS!**

**DRESS GOODS,**  
From 10 Cents a Yard up—comprising:  
GRENADES, MUSLINS, BAREGES,  
Lustres, Alpaccas, &c.

A Splendid Assortment of  
**Shawls and Mantles!**  
BLACK AND COLORED  
**DRESS SILKS,**  
FROM 70 CENTS!

**SKELETON SKIRTS,**  
All Sizes—from 8 to 30 Springs.

**GREY COTTONS,**  
Good value, at 10 Cents a Yard.

Prints, Ticking, Hollands,  
OSNABURGS, &c.

**CARPETINGS,**  
Damasks, Towelling,  
And every other description of  
**Furnishing Goods.**

**Rich Leno Curtains,**  
At \$1.30 a Pair!

**Superior White and Blue Warps,**  
Together with a general assortment of

**GLOVES,  
HOSIERY,  
And Small Wares.**

AN INSPECTION IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.  
SHERATON & CO.  
Fredericton, June 29, 1866.

**LEMON'S VARIETY STORE.**  
SPRING GOODS.—From England, per New Lamped  
S. and Macdonalds—a nicely assorted stock of Cut  
and Pressed Glassware, consisting of Tumblers, Salt Cellars,  
Sugar Bowls and Creams, Water Bottles, Wines, Port and  
Sherry, Soda Tumblers, Decanters, Finger Bowls, &c.  
White Granite, in Teas and Coffees, Vegetable Dishes,  
Toilet Sets, Plates, Bowls, Sauce and Soup Tureens, Side  
Dishes, Tea Sets, &c.; China Tea Sets, also China Teas,  
Coffees, Plates, &c., by the dozen.

To arrive per Metropoli 50 dozen Albino and Electro  
Plated Tea, Table and Dessert Spoons, 45 dozen Knives  
and Forks, in Steel, Bone, Horn and Buffalo Handles, Car-  
vers, &c.

Per Violet from Boston—100 Case Seat Chairs; 45  
Rocking do; 100 Water Coolers, Case Boxes, Toilet Ware,  
2 Bedroom Sets, painted; 1 Oak Set, consisting of 1 Low  
French Bedstead, 4 Chairs, 1 Rocker, 1 Bureau with Glass,  
1 Towel Rack, 1 Sewing Table.

7 Bureaus, 3 Sinks, 12 Washstands, 12 Black Walnut  
Parlor Chairs, 37 Looking Glasses, 300 lbs. Pottery Feathers,  
1 Perambulator, 1 Fancy Wood Case, 1 Case Child's  
Crib, 10 Chairs, 11 Barrels and 1 Box Table Glassware  
and Lamp Fixings, in Hand. Table and Side Lamps, Butter  
Dishes, Lamp Chimneys, Sugars, Creams, Spoons, Hold-  
frames—a variety of sizes; a lot of Blush, Palm Leaf and  
Exquisite Mattresses for sale. Feather Beds and Pillow  
Cases, to order. Furniture made in the Province—1 Parlor  
Set, Black Walnut Furniture finished in Scarlet Rep-  
resenting of 6 Chairs, 1 Sofa, 1 Easy Chair, Round  
Dining and Cottage Single and Double Bedsteads, Common  
Wood Seat Chairs, &c. Lots of other Goods received this  
Spring not enumerated. We desire to have our Stock ex-  
amined.

June 8. LEMON & SON.

**A. B. Atherton, M. D.,**  
(Formerly Senior House Surgeon to Boston City  
Hospital.)

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:  
**CITY HOTEL,** — Fredericton, N. B.  
May 25, 26.

**ROYAL MAIL STAGE.**  
UNTIL further notice, the Stages of the Subscriber will  
leave Woodstock for Fredericton, and Fredericton for  
Woodstock, every morning (Sundays excepted), at eight  
o'clock, connecting at Fredericton with the Mail Stages to  
and from St. John, which leave these places every morning  
(except Sundays), at 7 o'clock.

Passengers leaving Woodstock in the morning, may be  
in St. John the following morning early.

**FARES.**  
Through Tickets from Woodstock to St. John, or from  
St. John to Woodstock, will be given to persons passing  
directly through for \$5.00.

Single Fares on either route \$3. Way Fares in proportion.  
Freight and Parcels carried on reasonable terms.  
Agents—Woodstock, H. McLean; St. John, Israel  
Atherton, Union House; Fredericton, at the Subscriber's  
Office. GEORGE B. ATHERTON.

Fredericton, Feb. 16, 1866.

**BOARDING HOUSE.**  
THE Subscriber has opened a BOARDING HOUSE, No.  
51 Gormain Street (near King Street), where he  
is prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient  
Boarders. A. Y. B.

**A GREAT BILL FOR AUGUST AND SEP-  
TEMBER.**

**CLEARANCE SALE OF SUMMER GOODS AT  
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.**—The subscriber  
having determined to reduce his stock of Staple and Fancy  
Dry Goods, Millinery, Jewellery, &c., as much as possible  
during the next two months, has made a considerable  
reduction in the price of the following Goods, viz.: LADIES  
DRESS GOODS, in Dresses, Gowns, Delaines, Printed  
Muslins, &c., at least one cent.

PLANTS at reduced prices.  
Great reductions in Grey and White COTTONS, STRAID  
SWEATERS, &c. PARASOLS at Cost. Balance of Ladies  
Summer Shawls at Cost. Ladies Trimmed Bonnets from  
25 cents upwards; Ladies Straw Bonnets and Hats at less  
than cost; Flowers and Feathers marked down 50 per  
cent. less; Jewellery reduced 20 per cent.; Girls' Silk Hats  
less than cost; Skeleton Skirts also reduced in price;  
Scotch TWEEDS marked down.

**PAINT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.**—In this department  
has been marked down several kinds of Goods in order to  
clear them out. A large lot of PAPER BORDERS for  
one cent a yard and upwards. G. B. ATHERTON.

arg 10. Queen St., Fredericton.

## The Intelligencer.

YOUR STEWARDSHIP.

In both the parables of the Talents and of the Pounds we have an unprofitable servant; and it is remarkable, that in each it is the one who has only one pound, or one talent, who goes and hides it, under the pretence that his lord will be sure to expect more from him than lies in his power to perform; and that, therefore, he thought it best to do nothing at all! How many there are who make this excuse, and seem to think that they may safely screen themselves under the plea that they are so stupid, or so poor, or so sinful, that they think it best to remain quiet, carefully hiding and guarding their little talent, for fear, if they expose it, they may lose even that one! Surely such persons are here taught that in the present plan is the surest way of doing so! Take, therefore, the talent from him, and give it to him that hath ten pounds;—are the words in the story of "the Pounds;" and in "the Talents" they are still stronger—"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth!"

But while all who are not absolute idlers in the Lord's service will admit this, and freely acknowledge that it is a fearful thing to be living in this state, there is another lesson taught here which is too often forgotten. It is, that when talents are given, an increase of five is not enough. If it is wrong to bury our single talent in the ground, when we happen to have but one, can it be any more right to take the liberty of doing so with any one, because we may happen to be using none others?

The question for each, is not, "Am I doing anything at all?" but, "Am I doing all that I might do?" What should we think of even a hired servant who contented himself with giving half a day's work, or with doing part of his duty, and leaving the rest undone? And yet this is just what too many Christians, who are not hired servants, but purchased slaves, are content to do. They forget that it is not only riches which are to be used for him, but education and influence also; not only any one talent, but that all are demanded as our rightful service. If this were fully brought home to the hearts and consciences of well-educated Christian young people, what a stir there would be among them!

How many a young man with health and strength, and influence and learning, who has led a steady, and, as he thought, religious life, would start at the thought that hitherto not one of these has been used for Christ; and would at once rush into active service, now dreading only lest his Master should come and find none, or but one or two, out of his five or ten talents, employed for him!

And how many a young lady, to whom God has given a tender heart, a winning manner, a cultivated mind, a pleasant voice to read or sing, many friends, and some riches, would begin to tremble, too, when she considered that not one of these, or but one or two, have been ever used for Christ; and that, in deed and in truth, her life has not been nearly as useful as that of many a servant girl!

It is a melancholy fact, that many of the most useless members of society, and therefore of the "unprofitable servants," are to be found among the ranks of those to whom God gives so many talents; and that people are content to see others who have fewer advantages working wonders for the Lord, while they are satisfied to be almost, if not quite useless. Nor is it humility which leads to this, but rather a want of zeal. There ought to be more spiritual emulation among us, as St. Paul says, "proving one unto love and to good works;" and for this reason it is well to look often at what others have done; only it should not be to glory in it, but in order to be stirred up and roused out of this cold miserable state.

Let us take two or three examples, praying that they may have this effect. One evening, a very idle, dissipated, poor man, in a large city, was seized with a sudden "frank," as he called it; he could give no other account of it: "it just came into his head." He said to his oppressed, overworked wife, "Get my best clothes out for to-morrow: I'm going to church." She thought it was only a passing joke. He had never been to church, for aught she knew, since they left it on their luckless wedding-day. The request was repeated. She was astonished, but obeyed. He went: the Word was ready for him there. It found the sinner "out;" it convinced him of sin. The Holy Spirit of God led him to repentance, to Jesus; and, after a few more stages of mercy, the "lost sheep" was borne to the fold on those shoulders which had borne for him the chastisement. What next? Did it end there? Was he afterwards simply a forgiven child, rejoicing in hope of the glory to come? Far from it! "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," was the next message; and it came with power to his heart. But 'how did he improve her few talents? Were they suffered to remain hidden, or only to be used among a few friends? No; a call came before him to labour among some of the very lowest children in the metropolis. It was a call which many would not have recognized; but she heard the voice of God therein, and did not turn away her ear. And she, too, as she employed her talents, found them to increase in her hands. The money came; and the friends came; and the work grew, until at this time her ragged school and adult and mothers' classes are some of the largest in all London, and one of the principal centres for spreading the knowledge of Christ in that dark and wicked neighbourhood.

And, lastly, we must just call the attention of our readers to a few facts in the history of one whose name was long known in the church as one of the very faithful among the faithful ones, and who was called to his rest a few years since—the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. We all know what a work he accomplished; how his name was a kind of rallying-point for all who loved the Lord; how highly he was esteemed as a pastor, as a writer, as a counsellor, and as a friend; and who can doubt, that to him have been addressed the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But what were the talents which were at first committed to him? Was he one to whom it may be said that ten were committed? On the

very last I've been wishing to see here this long time; here's a place all ready for you; and each was led off to a separate seat. "Can you do a sum in addition? That's well; do it, then. Can you in multiplication? Very good; get it done as fast as you can;" and so forth. The discomfited student each performed his part; and when the time came for reading and prayer, he set them on their good behaviour by saying, "Now, my lads, you're some of the biggest among us; you must set the youngsters a good example, and show them how to behave." Nor was he wanting in firmness when he needed it. One bad young fellow, "quite incorrigible," met his eye. "My lad," said he, "I never like to turn out a ragged boy—I was one myself; but you be off this minute." And there was no appeal from this sentence; the culprit subsided, and retired. Some time afterwards they met in the street. "Good night, Sam," "Good night, Mr. ——" and they passed each other, and parted on the thronged pathway. Very soon he heard of this behind him. He looked round. "Please, sir, may I come again to school?" One look at the subdued face of the expelled "rough" was sufficient. "Come, my lad, by all means;" and this time he was the obedient scholar.

"Years attested the upholding power of that grace which works by love. Though a hard-working man, he did not choose to serve his Master with what cost him nothing. On the contrary, when offered a salary for superintending, once, he said, 'There's one thing more I want to say now about the pay. I'm not going to take a farthing for what I do. I love the ragged boys; I was one myself; and I won't be paid.' This was offered him, because it was well known that his calling obliged him to be out and about in the streets as early as four or five in the morning; and his school engagements would detain him till nine o'clock for four evenings in the week. But he preferred working among his ragged friends; though each night, so devoted, he was obliged to be up till twelve preparing for his daily occupation; and only four hours of rest remained, before he was out in the cold twilight of the sleeping city.

"Did he serve God for nought? Is a question recorded of old time as coming from the accents of the brethren. In one sense he did not. God blessed his work. The early morning light, which always saw him at his calling, rain or shine, looked down on a growing prosperity; and many and many a sovereign, or thirty shillings, given to charities, testified that he was ready to give of what the Lord had so bountifully given to him. He occupied still the same humble station—Christ's servant and freeman—rejoicing in hope of the heavenly inheritance."

One talent well employed: how many had it become! Let us now go a step higher, and look for a moment at the humble Welsh schoolmaster, James Davies, whose life has been given to the world. With fewer advantages than he possessed, he could hardly have worked at all; and yet, with those few, how much he did!

As a boy, we are told, he was but very imperfectly taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; yet after trying various small trades, he seems to have chosen a schoolmaster's life, as one in which he could be most useful, and entered on it with but very slight training. In respect to ordinary learning, he must have been very ill-qualified; but his deep piety and earnest longing for the children's souls, led him to improve what he had, and to turn it to the best advantage. He had seen something of the spiritual destitution of the country in his previous wanderings, and devoted his life to do all he could to remedy the existing state of things, by teaching where he could among the poor; by strengthening the hands of those pious clergymen whom he met; by the most rigid self-denial, which led him very soon to relinquish a situation of thirty pounds per annum, and take one, where he thought he was more needed, of only fifteen pounds per annum; and, finally, to work without salary at all, rather than give up his work; living afterwards on the interest of one hundred pounds, which he could gain by keeping pigs, &c.; and, in fact in every little way he could think of, he strove to save souls and to glorify God. But while he was thus diligently improving his small talent, it did not remain as at first. No; it unconsciously grew and grew until he really became a person of considerable influence, although to the end of his days he remained as poor as when he first began life. And through this influence he was enabled to get more than one school built, and to cause public worship to be restored where it had been long discontinued; besides rendering many other important services to the poor villagers among whom he lived. He was one of the Lord's chosen labourers; and he truly it may be said that his pound had gained ten pounds. Many, no doubt, will in the great day use up and call him "blessed."

Let us turn to another case. Here we have a young lady, without money and without influence in society, but still possessing some qualities which were peculiarly attractive to the young. How did she improve her few talents? Were they suffered to remain hidden, or only to be used among a few friends? No; a call came before her to labour among some of the very lowest children in the metropolis. It was a call which many would not have recognized; but she heard the voice of God therein, and did not turn away her ear. And she, too, as she employed her talents, found them to increase in her hands. The money came; and the friends came; and the work grew, until at this time her ragged school and adult and mothers' classes are some of the largest in all London, and one of the principal centres for spreading the knowledge of Christ in that dark and wicked neighbourhood.

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contrary, they were so few, that many a young man so situated would have thought it out of his power to do anything at all; or would at least have supposed that his sphere must ever be extremely limited.

Brought up in early childhood by parents who, although estimable persons, knew nothing of spiritual religion, his education was finished at the early age of fourteen, and he was sent to London to earn his own living as a clerk in the post-office; from whence he removed to a solicitor's office, in which he remained ten years as a clerk, living among irreligious, and sometimes even profane companions. Added to this, his personal appearance and manners were not such as tended to raise him or attract notice, for they were awkward and ungainly.

On the other hand, he had learned from his mother's example that there is nothing so precious as time, and also to be careful and conscientious in his expenditure. Thus he was soon remarked by his master as a clerk who did three times as much as any other, and in this way he was preserved from bad company. He was of a most independent spirit, and determined to get on without asking his father for help, which he knew that he could not afford; and when, as was early the case, the grace of God working in him urged him to higher aims, and his time, money, and all were felt to be talents to be used for him, then was seen what the diligent use of these could do. It was his devotedness and conscientiousness which, under the action of God's grace, made him what he afterwards became; and for these qualities he was soon known and esteemed; so that when he saw the way clear to enter the ministry (to accomplish which he gave up a practice which was bringing him in eight hundred pounds per annum), he was at once requested to undertake a very delicate and important mission to the colony of Sierra Leone, in order to regulate and settle the affairs of the mission there. His after history is well known even to those who have not read his memoir; but these facts are repeated here, in the hope that they may lead some indolent or desponding young Christians to ask themselves whether, supposing that their own opportunities are only equal to his (and probably they are superior), they can be justified in remaining in their present inactive life?

We have seen some examples of the blessed effects of obeying our Lord's command. Turn to the parable of "the Barren Fig-tree," for an illustration of the same subject under another figure: for as it was at least nominally a servant in the other case, so here it is one dwelling in the vineyard, and bearing leaves which ought to be signs of vigorous life. There were some who had been telling our Lord of Pilate's massacre of the Galileans, and implying, no doubt, that it was a judgment of heaven on them for some peculiar wickedness. This was what drew forth the warning contained in this parable. It is natural to poor human nature to be ever looking at the faults of others, and forgetting our own; and our Lord thus rebuked the feeling, and directed them to look into their own hearts, rather than into those of other people, and not to rest on any evidence short of bringing forth fruit. And when we read of the anxiety of the gardener to save his tree, how are we reminded of the care and pains which the Lord Jesus bestows on each of the members of his church; how interested he is in their spiritual prosperity; how his Spirit strives in them; how they are nourished by gospel privileges; and how often, in tender love, he digs round their roots by sorrows and trials, in order to disturb their carnal security, and lead them to strike their roots deep into the Rock of Ages; and that it is not until every way has been tried that he will give them up, and allow the sentence to go forth, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

Al! it is a fearful thing to think of having thus stood as a fig-tree in the Lord's vineyard, and of having lived as a servant in his church, and then at last to come to this! What, then, keeps so many in this miserable state! Why is it that, with all these warnings in Scripture, they do not take alarm and beseech themselves in time? It is because their hearts are still dead, and therefore there is not the spirit of the faithful labourer in them. They admire Christianity, and perhaps think that they love Christ; but their whole spirit is that of the hireling; they wait pay, and can do nothing for love. If you talk of being the "slave" of Jesus Christ, they cannot see anything but hardship in the idea; because, never having really known what it is to go to him as lost and perishing sinners, they cannot know what it is to have been bought and redeemed by him, or enter into the joy of knowing that they are his and his alone. Yet no other spirit will ever produce real service; therefore, if any feel that they have it not, but are still the slaves of this world and of sin, the first effort must be to become what they now are not calling themselves. He can and will give the Spirit of adoption; if we really ask it, and he, too, and he alone, can increase and deepen it when once received.

"'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief!  
That narrow space!"  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—  
A dropping tear.  
We have no time to sport away the hours:  
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many men, but only one have we—  
Faint, fleeting man!  
How sacred should that one life ever be—  
That narrow space!  
Day after day fill up with blessed toil:  
Hour after hour, still bringing in new soil."

**HOW THE FATHER RECEIVED THE  
PRODIGAL.**

When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him. How did that happen? I knew a sailor's widow who had parted with her husband after some brief, bright days of marriage. He went to sea and never came back; his ship probably foundered with all her crew, and was never heard of. When the time expired for her return, but no ship came, this woman would repair to a rocky headland, and looking out, watch every sail in the wide ocean, in the hope, as some ever and anon made for the harbor, that each was his—bringing the lost one home. And at night, on her lone bed, she used to lie awake, listening to the footsteps of belated travellers, fancying that she recognized his step—but only, as the sound passed her door, to weep over disappointment; and long after hope had died in the breasts of others, on rocky cliff or lonely bed she waited his coming who never came home.

Such lives, I fancy, often led this father's steps

to some rising ground, where, others knowing his purpose but appearing not to notice him, he repaired; and with a heart yearning for his son, turned his eyes in the direction the prodigal went off, hoping to see him return. One day while on his watch-post, he describes a new object in the distance. He watches it. It moves; it advances; it is not a beast, prowling lion, or hungry wolf. It is a man; it may be his son. His heart beats quick. One long, earnest, steadfast gaze, and joy of joys, happy hour often prayed for, come at last, the keen eye of love recognizes it—it is the prodigal come back! Painfully, for he is foot sore and weary; slowly, for he is bent under a load of guilt; sadly, for the scene around reminded him of departed joys and blighted innocence, his mother musing in her grave, and his father with gray hairs he had almost, perhaps, brought down to his grave; trembling, for he was in doubt of his reception—with head hung down, and slow, halting, hesitating step, the prodigal comes on. Like one agitated by contending emotions, uncertain how to act, with what measure of indulgence to temper severity, does the father wait the son's approach? No. He does not stand on his dignity; nor say, "Let him make the first advances, and ask for forgiveness." His one thought is, "This is my son, my poor son;" his feeling, a rush of love, and his only impulse, to throw his arms around his child and clasp him to a bosom that has never ceased to love and hope for his return. As soon, therefore, as the wanderer is recognized, or flying feet the old man runs to meet him; and ere his son has time to speak a word, the father has him in his arms, presses him to his bosom, and, covering his cheek with passionate kisses, lifts up his voice and weeps for joy.

And this is God! the God whom we preach, as he is drawn by the hand, seen in the face of Him whom he sent to seek and save us, to bring us back, to open a way of reconciliation—the God whose spirit inspires us with our first feeble desire to return—the God who, unwilling that any one should perish, invites and waits our coming. "Therefore," like that father often looking out for his son, "will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore," as was fulfilled by Jesus on the cross, "will be exalted, that he may have mercy on you. Blessed are they that wait for him; the people shall dwell in Zion; thou shalt weep no more. He will be very gracious unto the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee."—Dr. Guthrie.

**WORDS.**  
Words are lighter than the cloud foam  
Of the restless ocean spray;  
Vainlier than the trembling shadow  
That the next hour steals away;  
By the fall of summer rain-drops  
Is air as deeply stirred;  
And the rose-leaf that we tread on  
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking  
With a lightning flash a word,  
Bearing endless desolation  
On its lightning wings I heard.  
Earth can forge no keener weapon.  
Dealing sure death and pain,  
And the cruel echo answered  
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like  
O'er a dreary waste of years,  
And it only shone the brighter  
Looked at through a mist of tears,  
While a weary wanderer gathered  
Hope and heart on life's dark way,  
By its faithful promise shining  
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer  
Than the calmest lake, and clear  
As the heavens that gazed upon it,  
With no wave of hope or fear;  
But a storm had swept across it,  
And its deepest depths were stirred,  
Never, never more to slumber,  
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle  
Than the breath of summer air—  
In a listening heart it nestled,  
And it lived for ever there.  
Not the beating of its prison,  
Stirred it ever, night or day;  
Only with the heart's last throbbing  
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living;  
Serpents, with their venomous stings,  
Or bright angels, crowding round us,  
With heaven's light upon their wings.  
Every word has its own spirit,  
True or false, that never dies;  
Every word man's lips have uttered  
Echoes in God's skies.—Anon.

**THE BEGINNING OF A GOOD WORK.**

"A poor country parson fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander had." We were reminded of this saying of good Dr. J. W. Alexander, by a recent sketch of the late pastor Harms, in the *Sunday Magazine*. The life and usefulness of this goodly man have heretofore been noticed in our columns. The pastor of a parish, in a retired country village, whose members were all day-laborers and humble peasants, he became one of the most noted men in Germany. When he entered upon his field of labor, the people did nothing for him. He preached on the subject. Many shook their heads. He prayed for light and guidance. It came. A laboring man cut down an old tree in the village forest. He was a man that had heard the sermon on missions, and was thinking over it while felling this tree. As it fell, five pieces of silver fell out of the hollow trunk. What should he do with it? He brought it to Harms. "This money fell out of the falling tree. It is not like our money. Who put it there, and what it is worth, I know not. But it belongs not to me. I give it to you, and you may give it to our Lord God." So said the woodman.

Harms took the money. It was a coin struck during the Thirty Years' War, hid there, perhaps, by some soldier, just before going into battle, to keep it out of the clutches of the enemy, hoping to return to the tree some day to get it again, like the dreaming that it would come to such a use. The unknown owner went to his long home, and now Harms examines the inscription of his money; five old thalers, such as were then current.

"This money comes from God for the salvation of the poor heathen," said the good pastor. It was the first that came into his hands for this blessed work. He had told his people that there were millions of people wretched and miserable, who never saw a pastor, a Bible, or heard a single word of life. "If that is true, we must help them," said the people. A widow brought a dollar and a half; a poor workman twelve cents; a child two. Thus the work began and continued.

Satan stirred up enemies in his parish. They called him hard names, and tried to poison the mind of his aged father against him. But he kept going on until he had founded prosperous missions, manned by many missionaries, who were taken there by a ship his people built. Finally, Satan got among his missionaries. A few proved treacherous, and turned against him and his Master. This grieved him sorely. But he filled their places with better men.

Sometimes he preached four and five times a Sunday. His services were often prolonged to three hours. And to the end, the people listened and worshipped with unflagging attention. He catechized old and young. He went from house to house, and talked with people on the street, about their souls and their duty. And this at a time when every body was laughing at who pleaded the cause of missions. They saw that the earnest man loved them and wished to do them good. The plough-boys in the fields began to sing Luther's hymns, instead of country ballads. And when he appealed for young men to become missionaries, twelve came forward and said they were ready. And how many came after these! And the money to support them came too. But the stream began with the fountain gushing out of the hollow tree—the five thalers found by the woodman.

He once said, "Woe to me, if I live to be both old and strong." Whatever betide, this man has made up his mind to die fighting. No rusting out with him, but fast wearing out. The great wonder is, that a man of such work should live to be fifty-five years of age—and he is a suffering invalid through many of these years.

Such tears are rarely shed by a loving flock, as fell around the bier of Harms. "Nor wife nor child was there, but spiritual children many. More in earnest than in jest, he used to say, 'I had never married because he was too busy. Flowers and crowns were laid on his coffin. One of his favorite hymns was "Alle Menschen müssen sterben." (All men that live must die.) They sobbed, rather than sang it. Thirty pastors wept with them. The King and Queen of Prussia, and their children, sent pastor Newman from Berlin, with five palms and five wreaths. In their name he laid them on his coffin. And then the people wept all the more, because the King and Queen helped them bury their pastor. Then Newman told the people what mighty works Harms had done, because from the beginning to the end of his ministry, for him to live was Christ.—Ger. Ref. Mess.

**HOME AND THE BIBLE.**

There is danger lest, amid the excitements of the present day, the Bible should not have its own place in the family. Fathers are engrossed by business, mothers are surrounded by thronging cares, and the special claims of social life. Both need strength and courage to break away and spend more time, surrounded by their little rocks, in the green pastures and beside the still waters of God's word. The morning text, the daily reading, the evening verse, and the sweet study of the Sabbath hour, impressed by a mother's voice, and a father's presence and aid, the sympathy of brothers and sisters, will not only breathe throughout the household an atmosphere both clear and healthful, but will strengthen youthful hearts for many an hour of temptation and peril.

To the young there is a fascination in the simple truthful narratives of the Bible, which needs but encouragement and aid to become a living interest in the exhaustless treasures of inspiration. The reading and study of the Bible should be made in every home the most delightful of all studies. It was a favorite plan of the late Dr. James W. Alexander, to make the reading and study of the Bible the grand centre around which should cluster all the various branches of intellectual knowledge. In a familiar letter this is an oft-recurring subject. "I am a little 'old'," he writes, "on the subject of making the Bible the grand organ of mental and spiritual development. Suppose one knows the Bible, and from it as a centre radiates into the thousand subsidiary knowledges, will he not know all he needs? Will not you and I make this the rule for bringing up our children? The Bible is the book to educate the age. Why not have it the chief thing in the family, in the school, in the university? The day is coming; and if you and I can introduce the minutest corner of this wedge, we shall be benefactors of our race." How much food for thoughtful reflection lies wrapped up in these earnest words of a wise and good man. He was great and learned beyond most, but he confessed that his soul often sickened of human words, and "returned with love to the taste of the fresh fountain."

It requires not learning, or a costly library, or rare engravings, to illustrate the Bible and make it attractive to our little ones. It only needs a loving heart, an earnest purpose, a conviction of the value and beauty of the holy Scriptures, and a ready sympathy with the tastes and preferences of childhood, to make the reading and study of God's word a pleasant occupation to both young and old.

It is not a question worth the careful consideration of Christian parents, how to bring the Bible into the hourly experiences of life, so that its examples and precepts may teach, and its promises may strengthen, those whom they are training up for life and immortality? Home and the Bible are precious words, linked together by a vital bond which it is dangerous to sever. The firm hand of parental love must hold the two in closest union, until the savour of divine truth and purity transforms the home of earth to the new and better home of holiness and heaven.

"Did you ask me if I had a Bible?" said a poor old widow in London; "did you ask me if I had a Bible? Thank God, I have a Bible. What should I do without my Bible? It was the guide of my youth, and the staff of my age. It wounded me, and it healed me; it condemned me, and it acquitted me; it showed me I was a sinner, and it led me to the Saviour; it has given me comfort through life, and I trust it will give me life and hope everlasting in death." Keep the staff.