

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW-BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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

[Editor and Proprietor]

Vol. XVI.—No. 42.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1869.

Whole No. 822.

ALBION HOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

NEW GOODS,

For Autumn and Winter,

PER STEAMSHIPS "ACADIA,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "CALEDONIA,"

FROM LIVERPOOL.

One hundred cases and bales of DRY GOODS, being received, which completes the Stock for this season, comprising—

A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED

STOCK OF

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

GOODS.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

FANCY

AND

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

TO WHICH

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS,

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Sept. 24, 1869.

MAY 1869.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

FREDERICTON,

HAS NOW COMPLETED HIS SPRING STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRESS GOODS,

Prints, Cottons,

Sheetings, Table Linens,

CARPETINGS,

Lace Curtains, Oil Cloths,

CLOVES,

HOSIERY, RIBBONS,

Silks and Velvets.

LACE GOODS,

Parasols,

&c., &c., &c.

NEW BRUNSWICK WARPS.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, May 27, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

A RIDE SOUTH OF JERUSALEM.

BY REV. SELAH W. BROWN.

On a beautiful May morning in 1867, we left the Holy City by the Jaffa gate, crossed the valley of Gihon, and turned south over the plain of Rephaim. Just before sundown we returned to Jerusalem, having enjoyed a ride of eighteen miles, through one of the most interesting sections of Palestine. The first of the most striking of its memorable days was

THE CONVENT OF ELIJAH, situated about three miles from the city, just beyond the southern extremity of the plain. It is named from the legend that here the prophets rested under the juniper-tree in his flight from the infamous Jezebel. But the reading of 1 Kings, 19, will convince any one but superstitious monks that Elijah must have been much farther south. Both Jerusalem and Bethlechem are visible from the brow of the small hill on which the convent stands. A few minutes after we had passed the convent, we halted to examine the

TOMB OF RACHEL.

The sacred story of the origin of this tomb, is told in a few words. "And they journeyed from Bethlechem, and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath, and Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlechem, and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."

This tomb is honored by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, as the spot where the best loved wife of Jacob died, and was buried. It is a small stone building, about 40 feet long and 20 wide, having in one end a large open recess, and in the other one containing the tomb. That part of the structure enclosing the grave is surmounted by a large dome which indicates the Moslem origin of the building. Leaving the convent to our right, and Bethlechem half a mile to our left, we took the main road towards Hebron; and after a ride of three or four miles, we found the immense reservoirs called

SOLOMON'S POOLS.

Their measurement as given by Dr. Robinson, is as follows: Upper Pool, length 380 feet; width of west end, 160 feet; width of east end, 250 feet; depth, 25 feet. Middle Pool, length 425 feet; width of west end, 148 feet; width of east end, 250 feet; depth, 30 feet. Lower Pool, length 582 feet; width of west end, 148 feet; width of east end, 207 feet; depth, 50 feet.

They are situated one above the other on the gentle slope of a hill, and are so arranged that the water can flow from one to the other. The fountain which supplies these reservoirs is about 100 yards above the upper one. The walls are formed partly of massive hewn stone, and partly by excavations in the solid rock. These great pools have been regarded for centuries as the work of Solomon, who, we are told, made for himself 'pools of water.'

Turning back again to the north, and retracing our steps for three miles, we came to the gate of

BETHLEHEM.

of the old and New Testament. Like Jerusalem, it is on a hill and yet encompassed by hills; and like most of eastern cities, it is surrounded by a wall. It is a long and narrow town, with one main street, from which little filthy lanes and alleys branch off on either side. The buildings are all of stone, and like those of the Holy City, with no windows in the lower story. It has about 3000 inhabitants, whose main employment is the manufacture of toys and relics, made of olive wood and mother of pearl, and sold to pilgrims and travellers.

The only place of special interest in Bethlechem, is the 'Church of the Nativity,' a very ancient structure built over the reputed birth place of our Saviour. Surrounding the old church are three large convents occupied by Greek, Latin and Armenian Christians. The church and convents being all under one roof, look more like a military fortress than a religious institution. After partaking of a lunch and resting awhile in the 'pilgrim's room' of the Latin convent, the monks showed us the church. The main body of the building remains as it was erected by the Empress Helena in A. D. 325. This venerable structure, built 1500 years ago, is probably the oldest Christian church on earth. It is in the form of a cross, the nave being a hundred feet, and the transept, 90 feet. Its roof made from the cedars of Lebanon, is supported by four rows of noble columns, each a single piece of marble two feet in diameter and sixteen feet high, and taken according to tradition, from the porch of the temple at Jerusalem. The stone of the floor is deeply worn by the footsteps of pilgrims, who in the long centuries past have visited the consecrated place.

Our guide furnished us with wax candles, and conducted us down through dark narrow stairways to a small chapel beneath the church, called the 'Grotto of the Nativity.' Here we found ourselves in a room about 37 feet long, 11 feet wide, and 10 high. It is lined with greenish marble, and illuminated with beautiful lamps which are kept burning night and day. In one end of the Grotto is a semi-circular recess, in the floor of which is set a silver star adorned with precious stones. Around the star, in the Latin language, is written, 'Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.' Above the star hang gold and silver lamps, constantly throwing their light down upon this traditional birth place of our Lord.

Descending two steps, we passed into another recess seven or eight feet square, where we were shown the manger in which the young child was cradled, and the place where the wise men sat as they offered their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. This room was also beautifully adorned and hung with costly lamps.

Beneath the convent is the study and tomb of Jerome. Here, near the cradle of his Saviour, that learned Christian Father lived for more than thirty years; here he wrote his Vulgate translation of the Bible, and here he died.

Leaving the church and convent, we passed beyond the wall of the town, and passing on the brow of a hill we took another and last look of the place which, though little among the thousands of Judah, is full of hallowed memories.

Near at hand was the tomb of Rachel, bringing to mind her death and burial. In some of the fields just before us, the beautiful young Moabites glared after the reapers of Boaz 3,000 years ago.

Over the same fields roamed the shepherd boy who afterwards became the 'Royal Psalmist' of Israel. 'Down in the valley before us was the well of which he said, 'O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlechem, which is by the gate.' But the one great event that has rendered the name of Bethlechem sacred, is the birth of Jesus. A thousand years after David kept his father's sheep, other shepherds on the same fields were watching their flocks by night, when down through the clouds there came an angel, saying, 'I bring you glad tidings, and then suddenly the sky was full of angels, singing—'Glory to God in the highest!'

The thinking of Jacob and Rachel, of Ruth and Naomi, of David and Samuel, of Joseph and Mary, of the crowded inn, the Virgin mother, the manger cradle, the wise men, the guiding star, the wandering shepherds, the angelic songsters, and above all, of Jesus, we took our last look of Bethlechem and turned towards Jerusalem.

PERSONAL CHRISTIAN EFFORT.

"And to every man his work"—Mark xiii. 24.

We infer from this, that Christ has assigned some kind of effective, useful labor to each of his servants. We do not mean by servants, ministers only, but every regenerated man or woman, every disciple of Jesus. Jesus has brought these into his vineyard, not simply to behold its beauties, or to be refreshed with its fragrant odors, nor even to eat its delicious fruits, but to work. When we look over the churches, and see a few, often a very small proportion, always at work, always in their places, so arranging their secular affairs that it is always consistent for them to be at the social meetings, so calculating for the support of the Gospel at home and abroad that they are always ready to do their full proportion, we are ready to say, 'World God, all the Lord's servants were like these; yet compelled to ask, 'Where are the nine?' It must be confessed that these working ones are usually a small minority.

It is true that the Master has given at least one talent to each Christian, and with it the solemn injunction, 'Occupy till I come!' And it is also true that he is soon coming to reckon with his servants. Let the reader stop right here and read the parable of the talents in Matt. xx. 14 to 30. The servant here is not condemned for not having more than one talent, but for not having improved the one. What must be thought of the many in our churches who never seem to identify themselves with the interests of Zion; who feel no sort of responsibility about the cause of Jesus?

"And to every man his work." I cannot do the work of another nor he of mine. We are so apt to lose ourselves in the light of our personal responsibility in the multitude. How often we hear persons say, 'The church ought to take hold of this; the church must do it.' The church will do this if every member does his part; if Christ can only say of each as he once said of Mary, 'She hath done what she could.'

Our work is not to provide salvation for lost man. This God has done in Christ completely, long, long ago. But he has laid the work of publishing it upon his people. He has said to you, my brother, to you, my sister, as well as to me, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' He has put this 'treasure into earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us.' It is ours to make known the great fact, that 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' When will the masses of professed Christians learn that this is not the duty or privilege alone of those who have been called into the ministry; that every Christian is solemnly commissioned by the Holy Spirit to do all that he possibly can to publish the glad news of salvation?

The very profession of religion implies this. Death to the world, and a new life to Christ is what we profess in our baptism. 'Know ye not that so many of us as were immersed into Jesus Christ were immersed into his death; that as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also should walk in newness of life.' From the moment a man becomes a follower of Christ (unless this profession is counterfeited), he consecrates all that he is, and has, and hopes to possess, to him. He cannot make any reserve and be accepted, for Christ will have all of nothing. And he would not keep back any part if he could, for he would

"Loves his God with zeal so great, That he could give him all."

And with what powerful motives to zeal and activity are we furnished! Whether we look backward and contemplate the soul suffering and bloody sweat of Jesus in Gethsemane, and his agonies on Calvary, or looking upward, behold his elevation to the right hand of the Father waiting for the fulfillment of the promise, 'that his enemies shall be made his footstool;' or looking around us, see the busy crowds that pass us day by day in the streets, many of whom too plainly show that they are 'living without God and without hope in the world;' or looking forward realize the dread solemnities of a judgment day, the bright unchanging glories of heaven, and the endless misery of the world of woe—all these things furnish the strongest possible inducement to the faithful, untiring prosecution of the work given us to do.

The history of Jesus illustrates the true temper and spirit of Christianity. And we are to follow his steps: 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his.' The cities he visited; the discourses he delivered; the miracles he wrought; the many fervent prayers he offered, all tell us that his zeal burned with a steady flame. Nor did he stop until he could say, 'I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.' So also the omnipotent power of the constraining love of Christ, as illustrated in the life of the apostle. Athens and Rome, Corinth and Ephesus, are witnesses to the fidelity, earnestness and success of his efforts to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The promise has never failed, 'He that shall forth and weep, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him.' But the conditions of the promise must be met—'Go forth; we can't gather sheaves for heaven's garner, if we sit idly waiting.' So we must bear and scatter broad cast the

pure truth—the 'precious seed.' And this must be done with a solicitude and interest in some degree commensurate with the work—'go' 'weep.' It is this Christ-like devotion, not the great talents or large wealth, which so many covet, that is wanted in the church; the disposition to lay the one talent upon God's altar, to use what we have for his glory—to do now and always the work which belongs to us. This will not only be certain to push forward the victories of the Cross but will prepare such laborers to receive from the lips of the Judge at last, the commendation, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' Let us see to it that the curse of Merod does not come upon us.—E. C. in Christian Freeman.

HOW MEN DIE.

A number of years ago, in upper Hindoostan, the Rev. John Ireland, a faithful minister of the Gospel, yielded up his spirit to the gracious God who gave it.

Surrounding the dying pastor's bed were members of the society of the station; some civilians, a few military men, together with some of the swarthy natives—servants devotedly attached to the self-denying master whom they were now to lose.

But ere Mr. Ireland's eyes closed forever on this world to open in an eternity of bliss, he essayed to speak to those around him. His words were few; but long years after he had gone they were remembered by men, who at that time young and thoughtless, have since embraced Christ as the Saviour:

'I have preached many sermons to you my friends; but before leaving you I should wish to say, if all is forgotten, let this be remembered:—'Oh! what a joy it is to die!'

In the same station, but at a later period, a thrill of uneasiness passed through many hearts among the European residents when it became known that the malignant cholera had attacked Mr. L., a popular young planter, a native of M—, in Scotland. He had supped at a late hour at one of the station balls, and was seized with the malady after retiring to his hotel. The skillful services of the medical officer of the native regiment were promptly at hand; but a few hours told the mournful tale, that though remedies might alleviate the sufferer's pains, they could not be expected to prevail. The poison of the terrible scourge had done its work with fearful rapidity, and death must soon ensue.

The scene which arose when the sorrowful opinion, 'No hope,' was given can better be imagined than depicted. The anxious surgeon, with bared arms, aided by a native assistant, rubbed the youth's cramped limbs, and a sparkling stimulant was occasionally applied to his lips when he complained of thirst. A friend nervously penned the last will, and a minister, kneeling with earnest voice offered prayer. But ever and again, until the final scene closed, an agonizing cry arose from the dying youth:

'I'm dying! I'm dying! Oh! how hard it is to be obliged to die!'

In a small patch of burying ground in that distant land the dead rest until the resurrection day shall break upon this world. 'And many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.'—British Messenger.

WANTED.

We want brave men. The Church needs them. Not that we wish to enlist fighting men, although, if they fight for a good cause, and do their fighting in a right way, they will answer the demand—'Carry on men, or men who are hearty, opinion, active, touchy, high-minded, and low-souled, we can do bravely without; but still the Church needs brave men, as it always has needed them. Therefore Paul says, 'Add to your faith, virtue.' We like that old meaning of the word, though the word itself is not Saxon, for after all the very essence of virtue is bravery, and there is no faith in the wide world that is worth anything practically, unless it works with the courage of true love. The very highest style of faith is that which makes a man dare do right, at all hazards. 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