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

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CLEARANCE SALE.

JANUARY 1, 1870,

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that in order to effect a clearance he will sell the balance of his Stock of the following Goods at greatly

REDUCED PRICES:

DRESS GOODS,

REPPS, FRENCH MERINOES,

MINNIVER TWILLS,

DROUGETS, EPINGLETTS,

COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

BLACK, BROWN AND VIOLET

VELVETEENS,

WOOL AND PAISLEY SHAWLS,

MUFFS AND BOAS,

WOOL HOODS, CLOUDS and BREAKFAST SHAWLS,

TWEED SKIRTS AND SKIRTINGS,

SCOTCH TWEEDS

AND MANTLE CLOTHS,

CANADIAN BLANKETS.

The above Goods are all this Season's importations.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, January 14, 1870

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.

The Intelligencer.

MORE GOOD NEWS FROM MADAGASCAR.

BURNING OF THE ROYAL IDOLS!

Modern missionary enterprises, says the London *Christian World*, has no where had so triumphant a vindication, as in Madagascar:—

The history of the London Society's Mission in that island reads like a ntinuous chapters in the Acts of the Apostles, and still the prospect brightens. Each successive mail brings news of fresh adhesions to Christianity, and the letters which have just arrived describe nothing less than the destruction of the national idols, and the requests of the whole metropolitan province to be instructed in the knowledge of the true God. The wonderful story of the constancy and martyrdom of the early converts need not be repeated here.—Gloomy as were those days of bitter persecution, and despondent as were the friends of the mission during the reign of the cruel Queen Ranavalona, they are seen to have been full of blessing for the future Church of Madagascar. They were the storms which made the newly planted tree of life take such firm hold of the soil that it could never be uprooted or disturbed; and directly the hurricane passed and more favorable seasons returned it grew and flourished with a vigor which has astonished all beholders; while Christians, halting and discouraged by difficulties at home, have had their faith renewed as they exclaimed, 'Truly this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

The present Queen succeeded her sister as sovereign of the ruling Malagash tribes in the beginning of last year. The Christians, having enjoyed perfect toleration, and even some degree of royal favor, for several years, were multiplying rapidly, but they hardly expected to welcome the Queen herself among their number. At her coronation, however, she appeared with a Bible in her hand, the tribute or acknowledgment of the keepers of the idols was declined, the astrologers dismissed, and religious liberty was distinctly proclaimed. Shortly afterwards an order was issued that all Government work should cease on the Lord's day, and native preachers were sent for to the palace to read the Scriptures. In November, 1868, a beautiful church which had been erected close to the spot where the first Christian martyr of Madagascar suffered, was opened for public worship, and the Queen attended the service.—

The Prime Minister, standing by her side, urged the people to become Christians. Other new and substantial churches were erected, the Gospel was widely extended into the neighboring provinces; the churches formed a 'Congregation Union,' and the adherents to Christianity in the island were numbered at 50,000. At the opening of the Malagasy New Year, the usual feast was given at the palace, but instead of the customary idolatrous ceremonies three native preachers were called upon to pray, and the Queen, in her public address, declared that she 'sustained her kingdom by leaning upon God.' A month afterwards she and the Prime Minister publicly professed themselves disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, by being baptized in the large court in front of the palace, and during the present summer, she has been busily occupied with the erection of a chapel royal within the precincts of the palace.

Gratifying as was all this, it was not so important or decisive as the intelligence received last week. The Prime Minister himself wrote to the Rev. Wm. Ellis, and it is from his letter that some of the subsequent particulars of the joyful events of September are taken. It would seem that some questions had been raised by the keepers of the great national idol, which was preserved at a village about eight miles from the capital, as to their liability to the public service which the Queen held herself entitled to require from all her subjects. When she told them that the idol was no god of hers, and that she intended to lead her kingdom to trust in the true God and Jesus Christ, they threatened that their idol should use his 'medicine which would kill.' At last they went to the capital to assert their rights of exemption, and the Queen then called a council of her chiefs and Ministers, to whom she declared that the national idols ought to be burned, for they did no good whatever—they were all deceit and falsehood. Her council asked if a general assembly should be summoned to decree the burning of all the idols in the country, to which the Queen replied that that would please her well, but she had no desire to force or compel her people; she now only asked for the destruction of the national or royal idols. To this the chiefs gladly agreed, and officers were immediately sent to the village of Ambohimanambola, to burn the great idol there. They rode with will and haste into the sacred enclosure, where once it would have been death to bring a horse at all. Mr. Ellis mentions in a note to his recently published volume, that Dr. Lyall, a British agent, was one sent out of the country for riding his horse through a village where an idol was kept. The villagers gathered round in amazement, but the Queen's mandate was found even more effective to burn an idol in Madagascar than in England to make a bishop. Not the least opposition or resistance was offered to its execution, though the attendants on the idol were, or professed to be, terribly afraid of the consequences of offering such indignities to their deity.—They refused to assist in gathering fuel for the bonfire, and the Government officers were obliged to do this themselves. The god and his paraphernalia having been brought out of the house were committed to the flames one by one; first the long cane called Tsoutsonaraka, which usually preceded the idol in processions or journeyings; then twelve bullocks' horns, from which the sacred sprinklings were made; three scarlet umbrellas followed, and the silk Lamba or loose flowing garment which concealed the idol when suspended on the person of its keeper when it travelled. The idol's case, made of the trunk of a small tree hollowed, with a lid or cover, came next; and lastly the idol itself, on seeing which the people said—'You cannot burn him, he is a god!' to which the officer replied—'If he be a god he will not burn; we are going to try;' and when enveloped in flames one of them held it up on a stick to show it was burning.

The idol had been kept sacredly hidden from the people at large, and when it was brought out to view they were astonished to find it such a contemptible affair. Mr. William Pool, the architect engaged in building the memorial churches, thus describes it in a letter to the *English Independent*:—"The idol consisted altogether of two thicknesses of scarlet silk, about three feet long and three inches wide, having a small piece of wood of the size before named, inserted in the middle between the silks in such a manner that, by turning the silks a little way, the point of the wood could be made to touch water or anything else that was to be sanctified. At either extremity of the silk, a silver chain was sewn or fastened equal in length to the width of the silk. It would seem to have been brought from the south of the island by some people belonging to the village of Ambohimanombola, in consequence of a bribe consisting of one third the revenue of the kingdom offered by Andriamasninvalous, who united all the clans and tribes in Imerina, it is said by the influence of this idol. Its share of the revenue was subsequently compounded for by the Government paying its keepers a fixed sum monthly.—The idol was supposed to render the Sovereign invincible, to preserve from crocodiles and from fire. It was referred to when contagious diseases prevailed, the sprinkling of water touched by the end of the idol being thought a preservative from infection. Again, a piece of ginger which the idol touched, if placed in the mouth, was supposed a preservation in battle. The anger of the idol was intimated by the cover of his box opening stiffly.

Six other idols were burnt on the two following days. The Sovereign's private idol, which had been kept in the Palace, was nothing but a small quantity of sand tied up in a bag. Another is said to have consisted of three round pieces of wood, about six inches long, that in the centre being about one and a quarter inches in diameter, while the two outside pieces were each a little more than half an inch in diameter, and all fastened together by a silver chain. It was kept in a round box about twenty inches high and ten inches diameter, and every year, about the beginning of our September, it was consecrated anew by sprinkling the blood of a red cock on it. This idol had its house in a village, some distance from the capital, and there oxen were sacrificed in its honour. It was supposed to give success to traders, especially in their dealings with foreigners or in a foreign land. Hence money of property was promised the idol before engaging in any trading adventure, its keeper giving in return a piece of white earth or chalk, assuring protection and success.

The Rev. R. Toy represents the destruction of objects of superstitious worship as still more extensive. 'Notice,' he says, 'was given in the market, that every person possessing charms or anything pertaining to the idols, should deliver them up to the persons appointed to receive them on pain of punishment. The charms and the like which have been given up and burnt in different parts of Imerina are said to have been immense, and gave several days' employment to a number of the officers.'

On the succeeding Sunday, some of the Court officers and ladies went into the village which had been the scene of the first idol burning, and preached Christ to the inhabitants. Some of the country people feared that their rice fields would be visited by hail storms as a punishment for the destruction of the idols, but the majority openly showed their joy, and begged that Christian teachers might be sent to them. This cry has come up simultaneously from the whole metropolitan province, and according to one account, a special deputation was sent to the Government from some of the Hova villages, demanding that since nothing was now left for them to worship, means should be taken to teach them the knowledge of the true God. This was a request, however, with which the Government could not comply—it was not within their province. The Prime Minister, therefore, summoned the missionaries and native pastors to his house, and called upon them to meet the demand for teachers. Out of 280 towns and villages in Imerina it was found that 120 were already under Christian instruction, and for the remainder the churches in the capital undertook to find preachers from their own ranks. The best qualified of the members have been set apart for the work, and the churches are to make weekly collections for their maintenance. The Queen will, no doubt, largely contribute to this fund, but the Government, as such, takes no part in the matter, and only show its favor to the Mission by extending to the new evangelists the exemption from public service which was formerly claimed by the keepers of the idols.

Thus, as far as the Court and principal tribe are concerned, Madagascar is now a Christian country. There is yet a great deal to be done before the island at large is evangelized, but the influence of missionary teaching is gradually spreading from the centre to the circumference, and may now be expected to advance with greatly accelerated force. Some troubles and difficulties must be looked for, but if both missionaries and Government continue to act with the wisdom which they have hitherto signally displayed, and if, too, the work of evangelization be not interrupted from without, Madagascar will in a very few years take her place among the civilised communities of the world, and will assuredly exercise a great influence on the future of the whole African continent.

"TAKE CARE."

A few months ago I was sailing down the St. Lawrence, that lovely stream, whose name with henceforth be to me a synonym for beauty. The full moon shone brilliantly; in its clear light the beautiful banks were distinctly visible, and the river itself was like molten silver. Forever photographed on memory's pages will be that night on the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec. Hundreds of people besides myself were on the steamboat, enjoying the trip after their own fashion; some sat upon the deck, unwearidly looking upon the beauty around; some were reading in the saloon; others were dancing; while with others the time passed in pleasant converse.

There was an elderly gentleman among the passengers, and as he sat in the saloon he observed that a young man who passed him, walked unsteadily; not, indeed through the motion of the vessel, but because he had been drinking.

'Young man,' said he, 'you must take care what you're about.' Some little time elapsed, and among those who were looking out on the beauty of the night from the fore end of the vessel were these two. The young man was sitting near the bulwarks, which were low; after awhile he rose, and in doing so, slipped against the railing, lost his balance (ah, how easily! with his head giddy with drink), and fell overboard. The gentleman who had warned him saw him fall; and he told me, that as he fell, he appeared to try to catch at the side of the steamboat, endeavoring to save himself; but in vain. An alarm was given, and the engine stopped; but the body never even rose to the surface; it was supposed that it was caught by the wheel; and thus ended the earthly career of that young man—somebody's son. Oh! what a dark spot on that bright night! What a sad memory must ever link itself with my thoughts of the beautiful St. Lawrence! And methinks, if the river could have spoken, every silvery wave of it, sparkling in the moonlight, would have reechoed the warning words, 'Take care what you're about.' 'Take care! take care!'

Have we never heard these words? Have they not often been spoken to us by the still, small voice of conscience, by the word of God, by the ministers of his truth, and, it may be, also, by a voice that has long been silent? Have we heeded them? Oh! could that young man have foreseen the fatal issue of his intemperance, would he not have shrunk from the first draught of the intoxicating cup, as from a serpent's sting? Perhaps this particular form of temptation has no power over us; we may be in no danger of sinning thus; but we must remember that Satan is subtle; that he adapts his temptations to our temperaments, and that, though he does not approach all his victims in the same way, nor reach all by the same avenue, he most surely seeks to lead all into sin. Let us, therefore, as the only safe course, shrink from the least taint of evil. 'Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away;' lest, all too late, we hear ringing in our ears the eternal echo of an unheeded warning, 'Take care what your's about.'—*Christian Banner.*

THE BIBLE AS A JEST BOOK.

The Bible has been put to all sorts of uses, and has been abused in all sorts of ways. It is a rich mine of illustration for poets, historians, orators, and philosophers generally. It has been reviewed from every possible point of observation, and many things have been professedly taken out of it which were never really in it. Its use as a jest book, however, has not generally received the attention it deserves. We are not prepared to say that this mode of using the Scriptures is a modern custom; it may have been practised, for aught we know, before we were born. But we verily believe it has never been carried to so great an extent as at the present time. People who are tired of the stale jests of 'Joe Miller' and kindred jokers turn to the Bible, as affording them something fresh and original. If they find an historical fact in Scripture which can be wittily applied to an opponent in debate in such a way as to excite a laugh at his expense, forthwith it is used as unscrupulously as though the Bible were made for the special purpose of furnishing historical jokes. If Bible precepts or promises can be so tortured from their proper meaning as to form the foundation for a pun, the pun is instantly made, and the Bible becomes a convenient jest book.

Our meaning could be made plainer by giving a few illustrations of these jests from perverted Scripture texts; but in repeating them, we might by some be deemed guilty of the very offence we are condemning. There can be no need, however, of quotations, for every intelligent reader must have noticed these efforts at wit at the expense of the word of God. Many of the popular papers and magazines of the day furnish in nearly every issue illustrations of what we are reprobating; in them no jokes seem so marrowy as those made from the Bible. We would name periodicals in which the 'funny' department would often be materially abridged if all the conceal allusions to sacred things were eliminated. And these are not scurrilous publications such as find readers only in pot houses, brothels, and similar vile places. They are respectable dailies, and weeklies, and monthlies, such as are to be found in the parlors of the pious, and in the hands of Sunday school children.

In conversation, as well as in print, the Bible is found to be a convenient jest book. We should not be surprised at this from scoffers who make no pretensions of belief in the sacredness of the book. But, unfortunately this propensity to jest with what is sacred is not monopolised by scoffers. Christians sometimes indulge in it with apparent zest, and even ministers are known to set the example. Sometimes the pulpit is the place where a pun is made on Bible language, or a jest evoked from scriptural facts! The foolish may laugh, but the thoughtful are grieved. Such ministers should tremble in view of the mischief their thoughtlessness may produce.

Magazine editors tell us that many of these jests on sacred subjects come from religious persons, and especially from clergymen. Now, it occurs to us, that if such people must send funny stories to popular periodicals, they should find the material elsewhere than in matters connected with religion. If an ignorant man misquote or misapply scripture texts either in prayer or in speaking, well bred people ought to pass it over in silence, and not seek to give publicity to the blunder by thrusting it before the eyes of thousands of readers. Such incidents, of course, must often come under the observation of clergymen, but is it right to publish them, and thus help the scoffer in his work of throwing ridicule on religion?

The old saying, 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' is applicable here. Men who habitually jest over the Bible must lose their respect for it. The habit of irreverence, like all other habits grow stronger by use. Admitting that there is a time to laugh,' there must surely be a limit to the subjects of one's mirth. There must be in every well regulated mind an impassible barrier beyond which are subjects too sacred for a jest. The world is sufficiently vast and varied to afford materials for legitimate pleasantry without trespassing on the sacred domains of religion. Aside from this, the law of mental association is such that when a Bible text is made the foundation of some foolish jest, the jest will be recalled to mind whenever the text comes before it. We know of men who say that there are some passages of Scripture they never hear quoted, even under the most solemn circumstances, without having brought to their minds some silly pun which years before they had heard on these texts. Though they struggle, they are unable to control their memories. The ghost rises unbidden, and will not set down. Call this weakness, if you will; it is a weakness that ought to be regarded.—*Exchange.*

The slanderer harms three persons at once, he of whom he says the ill, him to whom he says it, and especially himself in saying it.

ONE HOUR IN FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETING.

Everybody has heard of the Fulton Street daily prayer meeting. The New York *Observer* furnishes the following account of an hour spent there on a recent Monday:—

The assemblage was large. The number of women in attendance is increasing. More are wanted. No prayer meeting is half equipped without them. God listens to the voices of all hearts, and none are more ready to open the heart to our Heavenly Father than Christian women. We are uncertain as to whose prayers prevail. We would not be surprised to be informed, when 'the books are opened,' that they were the 'unexpressed desires' of hearts having no voice that falls on human ears.

The meeting was led by the senior editor of the *Observer*. After the opening, he presented some requests for prayer, which he had been asked to do in person. They were of such a nature as could not be explained, except by saying they were very urgent and pressing. Some of them involved anxious hearts in sore trials. Again and again the meeting took up these cases and commended them to the throne of the heavenly grace. It was a tender and touching moment.

A solemnity which could be felt settled down upon the assembly. Then sad cases of intemperate persons, who were going fast to the gates of death, were presented and fervent prayer was offered for them. These cases are very numerous.

A gentleman said his heart had been moved by these cases. He knew of many such. Some had professed reformation. He designated one case in particular where the poor inebriate professed repentance and conversion, and made public profession of religion. He went south, and in a minister's family, by the minister himself, he was offered a glass of wine. He sik. He became a sot, and in penury and rags, he returned to this city. He professed to be very sorry; borrowed money, as he said, for making a certain turn in his affairs, and made altogether another turn, and all for the worse.

After singing,

"Come we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,"

Dr. Prime related a case in his own experience. A man wrote to him, expressing great desire to see him, at the same time intimating that it might be an unwelcome intrusion upon his time and sympathy. The supposition was, that it was a case of defalcation, as the writer said he had disgraced himself. He said he wrote to the man, assuring him that the worse his case was, so much the more he desired to see him. The man came—one of the worst drunkards he ever saw, shivering and trembling on the very borders of delirium tremens. He talked with him and prayed with him, and pointed him to the Power that was able to save. He laid the case before a Methodist friend and a Unitarian minister, all walking arm in arm in Broadway. Before they separated, they all agreed to pray for this poor drunkard. The drunkard reformed for a time.

Other requests were read. One for a daughter who had left her poor mother's roof and gone, no one knew where. The cry was for prayer, that she might be preserved from sin and shame, and might be restored to her home. The leader said this was a very touching case. Earnest prayer was offered.

LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN.

A clergyman arose, after the prayer, and told of the case of an only daughter, who ran away from her poor mother's cot in Scotland. The mother was a poor widow without friends. She could do nothing to bring back her daughter but pray. She was a woman of prayer and faith. She prayed every morning and evening for her poor, erring child's return. She prayed, and she believed that God would hear prayer.

One night, at a late hour, the daughter came in and cast herself upon her mother's bosom, and asked her forgiveness. She had come a penitent, and she was gladly forgiven. But said she:

'Mother, how comes it that your door was not fastened when I returned?

'Oh, my child! I have prayed to God night and day for your return. And I surely believed in your coming, and never a night has the door been fastened and the wee bit of a light been wanting in the window to welcome your return; for as sure as God hears prayer, so sure was I of your coming, for God would hear my prayers. So, night after night, I would go to my bed and leave the door open.'

It was a Scotchman himself who told the story in his own tender and touching way, and the effect was electrical, and many cheeks were bathed in tears. No report can paint the effect produced by this little narrative, taken in connection with the request for prayer for an absconding or a stolen daughter of tender years.

At this juncture, a young man arose and spoke in a voice so low and indistinct, that only those in the immediate neighborhood knew what he said. It was this:

'I have been deeply impressed and awakened by the exercises of this meeting, and I want you all to pray for me, that I may become a Christian.'

The meeting was one of the tenderest interest at this point.

Another verse of the same hymn was sung,

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun, below,
Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow."

Certainly faith and hope pervaded the meeting; and these words had a deep meaning, and very precious, as they were sung with great animation, such as is never felt unless deep emotion is aroused.

A Jew arose and said there is one church which has not been prayed for during the Week of Prayer. It is the Greek church; more cruel in her persecution of the Jews than even the Roman Catholics. A delegation has been appointed to go to the Emperor of Russia and ask him to grant permission to the Jews in his Empire to emigrate to these glorious United States, where they may enjoy freedom of worship, and where he hoped they might be prepared to embrace the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Pray for the success of that application. And then he led in a short, fervent prayer. Here the whole assembly arose and sung,

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

Intense, and more and more intense, the feeling had become with every passing moment to the close. The song of the conclusion well expressed the songs and joys of the heart which seemed to animate all. The benediction closed one of the most interesting hours we have ever spent in this hallowed place of prayer.

THREE STRIKING CASES.

Soon after her conversion, a Christian wife began to pray for her husband. He was naturally of a kind disposition, but utterly averse to attending public worship. Year after year passed away, and on every Sabbath the faithful wife would ask him to accompany her to the house of God. He uniformly refused, but he did it kindly, often saying,

'You and the boys may go, but I will stay at home with my books.'

More than ten years passed thus, the wife still praying for the salvation of her husband. The glad day at last came, when as usual after breakfast, she said,

'Will you go with me to church this morning?'

'Yes, I will,' was his reply.

Her heart overflowed with gratitude to God for at length hearing her prayer. Quickly she hastened to her closet, and besought the Lord to make this the day of salvation to his soul.

The Lord heard her in this matter. Every word that fell from the pastor's lips seemed for him. His heart was completely subdued by the love of Christ, and he is now a devoted member of the church, with his wife.

Another case is that of a wife who had prayed for her husband twenty years. Like many others, he sought to hide himself behind the sins of God's people, and was apt to point out his own example as better than theirs. He seldom attended public worship, preferring his books and newspapers. For her two sons the mother felt deep solicitude. Her prayers were heard for the younger son who united with the church. His brother preferred the pleasures of the world.

Reverses in business came. The family removed to the solitudes of a farm in the country. The wife kept on praying for her husband. He at length yielded. When he at first asked her to pray for him, her joy found vent in grateful tears. He is now, with his wife and younger son, a sincere Christian.

The third case, I have in mind, was the youngest son of an aged minister. The men of God would often before preaching, entreat the people to pray for his son James. Year after year passed, and there seemed to be no impression made on the young man's mind. Unlike the two preceding cases, he went regularly to church. His sisters were all truly pious, but his stout heart rebelled against a father's prayers and a mother's tears.

A stranger's voice, heard in the old meeting house, at length arrested the young man. Feeling his great sinfulness he sought his father's prayers. He was soon led to trust in Christ, and found peace in believing. The joy of his parents was unspeakable and full of glory. A few years ago, his father finished his work and went to his reward. James is now, and has been for years, a pillar in the church of God—deacon in the church, superintendent in the Sunday school, and the most liberal supporter of the pastor.

'Be not weary in well doing; for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.'—*S. S. Times.*

HOW MY $600 A YEAR WAS NOT PAID.

The pastor of an American Church says:

$600 a year is just the salary my people, through their committee, agreed to pay for my services. My house rent and fuel were also included. This was considered a fair living for the place in which I am located. But the salary was to be paid in quarterly instalments. The first quarter passed, I was nearly square with the church; the second was about half behind, and the third was not, any of it, paid at the end; and the fourth and half the third were behind when the year closed.

A donation had been made, out of the friendly interest of the community. Then there was a revival. Seventy and more had been added to the church. One hundred dollars in money was received, and about sixty dollars in other things, and the committee said, and I agreed, 'The church have virtually paid the money. You have had it.' I gave credit for the $100, and helped the largest sum to be placed to the credit of the church in one payment. The arrears hung heavy on the record, and at the end of the second quarter not a dollar has been paid on the second year, and $60 is behind on the first year.

Before the first three months of the second year closed, we had made repairs on the church. $1300 had been expended. The church lifted well, and the minister, wishing to make the burden as light as possible, said nothing about money due him, paid his own subscription and worked for the repairs. The congregations grew larger, and the church increased and rejoiced. But the minister is burdened with debts which are more than balanced by his accounts against the church, from which he can realise nothing. What shall he do in this case? Go and tell his difficulties to the church. They all sympathize; but nothing is done. Long before the second year is out the minister is engaged to continue his service still longer, in hope of better things.

I have now about $450 against the church. I look around. A teacher is boarding with me for a few weeks and is only twenty years old, has $750 for his salary, and his money is on hand at the close of his first term. I have spent more time and money than he in preparing myself for my calling, and in his first days of service he obtains a larger salary than I have. I must work harder and more hours than he—must visit two hundred families, must superintend the Sabbath school, must preach three fourths of all the funeral sermons in the place, and ride from one to twelve miles to do it—must preach two discourses every Sabbath, and have a word for every occasion of public interest.

How shall such things as these be needed? I have hired money within the last year to pay a debt that was crowding, when a farmer worth $10,000 owed me over $40, and was paying out money every day for work and implements of comfort and use.

These are only a few of the many discouraging incidents which teach their lesson, and his, God's true servant to look lightly upon earth's treasures and prospects, suffer privations, and lay up his treasures in heaven.