

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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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1870.

Whole No. 867.

SPRING, 1870.

ALBION HOUSE.

JOHN THOMAS

has received per Steamers

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30 CASES AND BALES OF

STAPLE AND FANCY
Dry Goods,

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DRESS GOODS,

In all the new materials for the Season.

Parasols,

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COTTON HOSE,

In every price and quality;

GLOVES, in French Kid, Lisle, Spun and Cotton;

GAUNTLET GLOVES, in White and Colored;

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All at our usual low prices.

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Fredericton, June 10, 1870.

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DOOR MATS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Cotton and Linen Goods,

with a full assortment of every description of

DRY GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, June 10, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

REST, BUT NOT HERE.

BY MISS WEISS.

"No, not here, where life's battle is raging,
And shadows drift into our way—
Where success or defeat must be written
At the close of every day.
The cry of the great world is onward,
And onward without pausing to rest.
But toiling will one day be over,
And the heart of the weary be blest.
But 'tis not here, no, not here."

There are certain things to which, in the
relief. When we are hungry or when we
thirst, we seek bodily nourishment; when
Adversity spreads her sable mantle over our
heads and causes our pathway to be darkened,
we seek some true and long-tried friend, who,
we know, is always ready to offer a word of
consolation and cheer, and again urge us on
our way; when bowed down and weary, we
seek rest.

Rest is cessation from motion, action, or
labor—to be free from disturbance or annoy-
ance. How sweet it is, when the labors of
the day are ended and the shades of evening
gather thick around us, to seek our couch
and there rest our weary bodies. We see it
also in that youthful laborer as he throws
aside his tools, and with a pleasant smile and
happy heart, shouting "Homeward bound,"
bends his steps toward that vine-clad cottage,
away from the din and tumult of the city,
where a loved mother and fond sister are
awaiting his return. It is there alone he finds
rest; for a certain writer says: "No man can
rest who has not worked."

Yet this is but transient, and seeking it
should not be our object. This world has
been called a wilderness of woe, and man has
been represented as wandering through it,
seeking rest and finding none. We are, then,
to seek it, but not here. Ours is a world
where changes are as numerous as the sands
on the sea-shore, or the minutes which make
up the years of our lives, and life is full of
epochs.

Each summer brings its sunshine, each win-
ter its storms, each day its duties, each year
its changes; smiles blend with tears, hopes
with disappointments, and life shakes hands
with death in the old accustomed way; no
years come unladen with vicissitudes, no year
passes but stamps some memory upon the
heart. Full of hope and dreaming of antici-
pated pleasures whose comings and goings
are pending with time's uncertain fates, we
overlook present enjoyments and darken the
picture of to-day in comparing it with the air-
castles of to-morrow or the brightened mem-
ories of the past. Winter comes before we
realize the beauty of summer; blessings van-
ish before we learn their value; opportunity
goes just as we observe its presence; friends
depart just as we learn their worth, and we
see the sun of happiness sink below the hori-
zon in time only to wave the last adieu. Then
gazing upon these ruins, and repining, we ask
ourselves the question, "Why is life check-
ered?"—why a mere idle dream?

But is this all of life? Are we to go through
its scenes with bowed heads and sad hearts,
murmuring despondence about weary days
and clouded skies? Are we to look upon it
as a checkered scene—a idle dream? No; we
are all born to be happy and cheerful, to
make pleasant realities of life, not seeking
pleasure forgetful of duty, but making duty
pleasure, meeting misfortune calmly, looking
for the silver lining of every cloud, knowing
there is beauty in fortitude, something that
embodies character, and when afflictions come
to meet them as friend greets friend; then
only can we make our lives pure and holy.
To live is not to pass smoothly along a quiet
stream, gliding wherever its waves may bear
us, but we must select for ourselves a high
standard and be zealous in attaining it. At
the same time it is necessary that we lay a
sure foundation, not built on made land. From
the centre to the superstructure it must be all
of God, or some day it will be delivered over
into the hands of Satan.

"Life," says the poet Longfellow, "is real,
is earnest," and he who would "conquer in
the world's broad field of battle" must be a
"hero in the strife," having ever before him
the *beau ideal* of an excellence not yet at-
tained.

Again; it has been said that "he who aims
at the sun may not reach it, but his arrow
will fly higher than his aim; so he who strives
earnestly to realize lofty aspirations must rise
higher than he who rests upon low and trivial
objects."

We are all to fill some place in the ranks of
mankind; we have all some work to accom-
plish, and it is for us to choose whether or not
we will act well our part. Yes; we are all
helpers. Whether we stand upon the rock of
faith or trembling by the shore of doubt, we
are helping in a good and daring conflict,
battling for the right or supporting the wrong,
aiding the weak or serving the strong. Pure
thoughts and worthy actions are welcomed
wherever and in whatever form they are
brought to the dwelling place of truth and
right. They come as beacon lights to those
mariners who are guiding the ship of progress
which is hastening them on to a port where
the elements of gloom and darkness give place
to those of light and sunshine. But that these
lamps may be kept trimmed and burning,
workers will be needed, and that their lights
may be clear and undimmed by neglect, they
must be earnest, willing, and brave workers.

"Sculptors of life we are, as we stand
With our souls unweary before us
Waiting the hour, when at God's command
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
His heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel vision."

Then must we toil day upon day, year upon
year, till our weary heads tell us that we are
ripe for the grave, and the dream of life has
finally passed over us finding no rest? Tell
me, morning sunbeam, as you pass through

the golden doors of the East and herald the
day; tell me, evening breezes, as ye come to
us laden with the fragrance of sweet flowers;
tell me, silvery moonbeams, as ye watch over
a slumbering earth; tell me, brightly, pearly
rain-drops, as ye patter against the window-
pane; tell me, pure, spotless snow-flakes, as I
watch you in your silent mission; "tell me,
ye winged winds, that round my pathway
soar," tell me, ye nighty billows of the deep,
ah, tell me, Where can the soul find rest?
We listen, and soon the answer, borne on the
gentle breezes, comes to us soft but distinct.
"Rest not here, but on yonder shore." With
renewed energy we press onward, for the voy-
age is long and the journey tedious. Many
hills must be climbed, many mountains scaled,
many sufferings endured, many battles fought,
and many victories won.

Though we have launched our barks, where
is the shore? We gaze through the mist
across the deep blue waters, and by the eye of
faith we discern the silent city, which, we
know, is awaiting us somewhere on the dis-
tant sea; and we know that sometime we
shall see the sails that shall, beneath the chill-
ing gales, bear us thither. Turning to our
friends upon the shore, we sigh as we bid
them a lasting farewell; we feel the hand we
shall never again feel, and seal the kiss we
shall never again seal. We know not what
hand may smooth our pillow, what flowers
may bloom at our feet, what arms may kiss
or "what winds may vex the stone above our
heads;" but may that hand be that of a fond
mother, may the flowers be like those which
grew at the threshold of our childhood's home,
the winds those which rocked to and fro the
branches of the stately oaks. But the tide is
deep and the waves roll rapidly along, eddies
and flowing ceaselessly. While the tempest
is blowing fiercely, our guide-star is often lost
and our life-barks drift. With a troubled
gaze we try to pierce the heaving ocean, but
the sea is rough, and our track is often lost in
the wave's wild commotion. When the waves
leap high and the storm-cloud lowers to toy
with the crested billows, then we look again
through the mist and spray, that we may
perceive through the darkness catch a gleam
of the farther shore appearing; for we know
that over the dark waters there hovers a cloud
with a silver lining, and on that shore a bright
light is shining. And

"It we steer our course aright,
We shall reach the harbor safely
By our glorious beacon light."

To that shore we are drifting fast,—we are
drawing nearer each day,—and as we hope
soon to enter its port, the light seems to shine
still clearer. An unseen hand is guiding us
thither; an unseen eye is constantly watching
over us, and we feel that whatever may betide
we have a refuge—a help in Christ which
"faileth never." Upon that shore He has
erected a light-house, wherewith we may es-
cape being wrecked upon the rocks and quick-
sands. Then when at last we have entered
the harbor, when we have cast our anchor, we
shall land on that shore, and enter into the
rest which He has promised to all those that
love Him. There shall our tears be measured;
there shall our trials be counted; there shall
our labors be rewarded; there sorrow and
sighing shall flee away.

Hasten, then, ye angel bands, to convey the
purified spirit to the portals of bliss. Roll
back thy waters, mighty Jordan, that we may
pass over. Open thy pearly gates, thou golden
city, that we may enter. Long have we con-
tended with life's ills; often have our eyes
been dimmed with tears. Now we shall rest;
now shall our eyes be bathed in the ocean of
love; now we can rejoice that our rest is
peace.

Then halt not, weary pilgrim; press for-
ward. There is rest awaiting you; but it is
not here, no, not here.

IS IT A GOOD BOOK.

Lizzie had been reading with rapt attention a
story book, which for several days she found it
hard to leave, even to take her meals. I am sure
she would gladly have sat up all night to
finish it, if she had been permitted. After it
was completed, Aunt Ruth took it up from
the table, and turned the leaves for a few min-
utes.

"Is this a good book, Lizzie?" she asked,
rather doubtfully.

"I don't hardly know, auntie, whether it is
a good book or not."
"I think you can easily judge by the effect
it has had upon your mind. By the fruits,
you know, we judge whether a tree is valuable
or not. Has this book induced you to think,
after all, that things may be harmless which
you have always been taught to look upon as
dangerous? That what your conscience tells
you is wrong, may be only an innocent amuse-
ment?"

"Well, auntie, you would not approve of its
views about dancing, for instance, and theatre-
going. But Amelia Vernon was an excellent
Christian girl, and so kind to the poor."
"There is the mischief with such books. Most
"religious novels," as they are called, are, to
my mind, more destructive to souls than those
which are wholly irreligious. A lovely, ami-
able character is portrayed, with really good
points, and then there are added other which
are extremely pernicious; those which, in real
life, would wholly neutralize the good charac-
teristics. Where did you ever see a theatre-
going, ball-going professor of religion who had
any spiritual-mindedness, any love of prayer or
the Bible? Any book which teaches the con-
trary, however fascinating it may be, teaches
a falsehood, which may mislead the soul to
eternal ruin."

"If a book, dear Lizzie, makes you look
with less abhorrence on any sin, if its dashing
hero talks profanely, or if the morals of the
story are not pure, if it tends to make you dis-
satisfied and impatient with the lot God has
appointed you, and to distinguish less clearly
between right and wrong, you had better throw
it into the fire, even if it is bound in velvet with
clasp of gold. The fair page of the mind can-
not be washed clean after it has been defiled
by such contact, any more than a sheet of paper
which you have covered with ink stains."
—*Polytechnic.*

THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

BY REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG, BELFAST.

The name of Patrick has been so long asso-
ciated with superstition and error, that many
believe that this truly and evangelical mis-
sionary was a Romish priest like those who
have cursed Ireland and every other land
where they have obtained supremacy. In the
following article, extracted from a more ex-
tended work, Mr. Armstrong ably vindicates
the memory of the Rev. Sacerd MacCalpurne,
otherwise St. Patrick. He writes as follows:
"This great and eminently useful man, ac-
cording to Dr. Usher and other learned men,
was born about A. D. 372, near Dumbarton, at
that time regarded as a part of North Britain.
It would thus appear, that whilst Ireland had
the advantage of his ministerial services, Scot-
land had the honor of giving him birth. His
father, Calpurnius, was a deacon or office-
bearer in the Christian Church, and his grand-
father, Potinus, was a Presbyter or minister.
There is no doubt that he received a Christian
education, although, by his own admission, he
for a time neglected to improve the lessons of
his youth. He was named Sacerd by his
parents, but afterwards took the name of
Patrick—in Irish, Padruic. This name he
probably received in Gaul, where he studied
for the ministry; and it is not unlikely that it
was adopted in honor of some kind benefactor,
as Saul is supposed to have done when he
changed his name to Paul. The term Saint,
so commonly added when Patrick is spoken
of, was given at a much later date. Canon-
izing was not then thought of, either by East-
ern or Western Churches. Patrick was a saint
in the same sense as the primitive be-
lievers, who are called 'saints and faithful
brethren in Christ.' He was a Christian,
which in this world must ever be 'the highest
style of man.' The account so generally re-
ceived, regarding his being brought to Ireland
as a prisoner, is the most probable. Nial, an
Irish king, having made a successful raid into
North Britain, took a number of prisoners,
and a large amount of spoil. Retaining soon
after to his own country, he disposed of the
prisoners in the usual way—presenting a
number of each to his subordinate kings and
chiefs, and selling the remainder as slaves.
Patrick became the property of Milchoin,
called also Milcho, a man of some rank in the
country now called the Braid, in north Dal-
riada. He was at once put to the duties of a
herd-boy, being then about fifteen years of
age."

"After six years hard service, Divine Pro-
vidence opened a way for Patrick to return to
his family in Scotland. Nor had his long
absence and various privations been without
a profitable influence. The religious impres-
sions of his early days revived; he was led to
a serious review of his state in the sight of
God, and, through grace, was brought to re-
pent and to believe the Gospel. Having
dedicated himself unreservedly to the faith
and service of Christ, he expressed a desire to
prepare for the Christian ministry. Arrange-
ments were accordingly made for his going to
France, where many of the youth of that
period pursued their studies. During his
entire course of study, it is said of him, that
"he eagerly applied his mind to the attain-
ment of wisdom, and the learning of the Holy
Scriptures." Patrick remained several years
on the Continent, maturing his views and
increasing his knowledge by intercourse with
eminent Christian men. After receiving or-
dination, in the simple and Scriptural form
that characterized the Churches of Gaul and
of Ireland, he returned to Ireland. He was
accompanied by a band of missionary breth-
ren, filled with the noble ambition of diffusing
the knowledge of salvation through every part
of the land.

"The date of Patrick's entering upon his
truly apostolic labors in Ireland, is not ex-
actly known. There is reason to believe that he
commenced, A. D. 412, when his powers were
unimpaired, and his pious soul was yet warm
with the freshness of a first love. The place
where he landed and commenced his evan-
gelistic labors, is said to be in the parish of Saul,
on the border of Strangford Lough. By the
Divine blessing, a number were converted
under his preaching, and a church was soon
after erected. Among the converts was Di-
ch, an influential man in the district, who
gave him every encouragement in his good
work. His first church was long known as
a *Sacred Fire* (Patrick's barn), because the
gables were placed north and south."

"And here it may be proper to refer to the
fact, that Christianity had a place and a name
in Ireland before the era of Patrick's arrival.
Irenaeus, who wrote early in the second cen-
tury; Tertullian, who wrote in the third cen-
tury; and Chrysostom, who wrote in the
fourth century, make reference to the fact in
language that places it beyond a doubt. Nor
should it even be forgotten, especially by
Irishmen, that the grosser errors and inven-
tions of Romanism, were neither divulged nor
enforced, till after the time of St. Patrick.
Whilst it is admitted that there were Chris-
tian teachers and Christian people in Ireland
before his arrival, it is equally true that a
great part of the inhabitants were still in the
darkness of heathenism. Sun-worship was
the prevailing form of idolatry, as proved by
the numerous cairns and altars that still exist,
bearing names that indicate plainly the pur-
pose for which they were erected. Druid
priests conducted the cruel and imposing rites
of their system, and exercised a powerful in-
fluence over the conduct and hopes of the
people. To bring down these strongholds of
Druidical superstition, Patrick and his associ-
ates applied themselves with great earnestness,
and it would appear that under God they were
eminently successful."

"Having commenced the good work so
auspiciously in Down, he soon after directed
his course to the scenes of his youthful cap-
tivity in the neighboring County of Antrim.
Milcho, his old master, is said to have opposed
his Christian views, but several members of
his family were brought under the influence
of the truth. Patrick preached Christ with
singular force and effect in the district, and
indeed throughout the greater part of the
territory of Dalriada. A church was imme-

diately erected on Skerry height, which has
ever since been associated with his memory,
and is called Skerry-Patrick. Churches bear-
ing his name, soon after sprung up in many
places, some small and some large, according
to the wants of the population, and the num-
ber of converts. It is evident from history
and tradition that Patrick was an ordained
Evangelist, an office for which his talents and
earnestness pointed him out as peculiarly fitted.
To this he was doubtless set apart by his
ministerial brethren, much in the same way as
the zealous Whitefield of later times. Of
both it may be said, that they were divinely
called and qualified for evangelistic labors,
and greatly honored in bringing multitudes to
know and love the Saviour."

"After some time spent in Down and An-
trim, Patrick directed his steps southward. At
Tara Hill, he is said to have addressed an im-
mense assemblage, where the king, surrounded
by his chiefs and Druid priests, was present.
Several were converted to Christianity on the
occasion. He next proceeded to Connaught,
preaching at various places on the way. It
was during this missionary tour, that he visited
the famous Cruachan mountain, called after-
wards Craugh Patrick. It was not 'repul-
t' he banished on that occasion, but the abo-
minable rites and vices of heathenism. Soon
after, wear of him being in Munster, where
he preached with equal fidelity and with like
success. Kings, princes, and numbers of the
people in each of the provinces, renounced
idolatry and embraced the Christian religion.
Many congregations were established, over
which Presbyters, or bishops as they were
called, were settled. The ancient book of
Tirochan states that Patrick ordained, or was
connected with the settlement of, upwards of
400 bishops, one of whom was his own son."

"Worn down by the weight of years and la-
bors, Patrick gave up his itinerant mission, and
settled, it is said, in the quiet and picturesque
neighborhood of Dundrum, County Down. Shortly
before his death, he expressed himself to
friends around him in the following terms:
—'I trust not myself so long as I shall be in
this body of death, because he is strong who
daily endeavours to subvert me; yet up to this
time, by the grace of God, I have kept the
faith. Now I commend my soul to God who
is faithful, whose mission I perform, lowly
that I am. I pray God that He may grant me
perseverance, and that He may vouchsafe to
permit me to bear witness to Him, even to my
death.'

"Patrick is believed to have died on the
17th of March, A. D. 465, aged 92 years."

BAPTISM OF JESUS.

"And Jesus, when he was baptised, went up
straightaway out of the water: and lo, the heavens
were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of
God descending like a dove, and lighting upon
him; and lo, a voice from heaven, saying this is
my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."
MATT. III. 16, 17.

Enlarging upon the time when the divine
voices were heard, we may note that the first
came to our Lord when He was in the attitude
of obedience. Why needed He to be baptized?
It is a sinner's ordinance; Jesus is not a sinner,
and needs no washing, no death, no burial!
But He takes the sinner's place, and therefore
comes to be buried in Jordan, for "thus," saith
He, "it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."
It was to Christ an act of obedience. He took
upon Himself the form of a servant, and being
found in fashion as a man, He became obedi-
ent to every ordinance of God, and hence He
yielded himself to baptism. Then came the
voice, "This is my beloved Son." Brethren
and sisters, learn that when you are in the path
of filial obedience, you may expect the Spirit
to bear witness with your spirit that you are
born of God. If you live in neglect of any
known duty, if you are wilfully unobedient
of any command of Christ, you may expect that
there shall be withdrawn from you the sweet
assuring tokens of divine love; but if you be
scrupulously obedient, only desiring to know
what is the Lord's will, and then promptly do
it, not asking the reason why, nor using your
own tastes, or indulging your own whims, then
in the path of obedience, especially if it cost
you much, you may expect to have the witness
in yourself that you are a child of God.—*Spur-
geon.*

AFTER ALL.—It would be a sad thing, O
unbelieving ones! if it should transpire that
you are mistaken after all,—if in the end you
should face death with the painful conscious-
ness of something more than you had counted
upon beyond. And unless your faith in un-
belief is stronger than that of many another,
this may happen. The chances are very great,
indeed, that happen it will, any way.

Unbelief is rarely stronger than belief,—
never so strong when strength is most needed.
Unbelief may be, in the estimation of certain
philosophers, more philosophical than belief,
but thousands can testify, have testified, that
it is not half so comforting. Philosophy is
good, but at certain times comfort is better,
and it is always more sweet. Philosophy
may help a man to die like a stoic, but belief
makes it his glorious privilege to put aside
his earthliness like a saint.

TRUE COURTESY.—Real courtesy is widely
different from the courtesy which blooms in
the sunshine of love and the smile of beauty,
and withers and cools down in the atmosphere
of poverty, age and toil. Show me the man
who can quit the brilliant society of the young,
to listen to the kindly voice of age; who can
hold cheerful converse with one whom years
have deprived of charms; show me the man
of generous impulses, who is always ready to
help the poor and needy; show me the man
who treats unprotected maidenhood as he
would the heiress, surrounded by the protec-
tion of rank, riches and family; show me the
man who never forgets for an instant the deli-
cacy, the respect that is due to a woman, in
any condition or class,—show me such a man,
and you show me a gentleman,—say, you
show me better,—you show me a true Chris-
tian.

In good society we are required to do obli-
gatory things to one another; in genteel soci-
ety we are required only to say them.

HOW TO GET RICH.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

A very peculiar man was old Mr. Closen.
All his life he had been to the house of God on
the Sabbath. Very few men ever got as much
preaching for so little money. He had been
a home-man, always at work, always saving,
and always laying up money. He had a sort
of intuitive knowledge that the man whom he
saw in the pulpit with his minister, on Sabbath
mornings, must be after money for some good
object; and so he buttoned up his coat at once
and no eloquence could unbust it. Some
neighbor reported that he was once known to
give away a shilling; but that was long ago,
and so lacking in confirmation that nobody
believed it.

Just as the old year was going out and the
new one coming in, I met Mr. Closen on the
road, looking over the wall at a fine looking
field of wheat belonging to himself. There
was a glow on his face which seemed to say,
"Ah, sir! that crop will bring me many dol-
lars next year."

"Well, Mr. Closen, you have got a fine
field of wheat, to be sure."

"Yes, sir; and its not the first I have raised,
I assure you. My land gives me grand
crops of wheat. My barns are more than full
of the crops of last summer."

"What are you going to do with it all?"

"Do? Why sell it, to be sure."

"And what will you do with the money?"

"Why there's a new trouble. It is difficult
to know how to invest it so as to have it safe,
and yet yield a good dividend. I must have
both."

"I can tell you, sir, where you can do it."

"I doubt it; but let us hear. Will the money
be safe?"

"Perfectly so."

"And the interest good and sure?"

"Yes without fail."

"Well, tell us at once all about it."

"I advise you to invest a part in China."

"In China?"

"Yes. We are having the whole of that
empire opening its gates to receive our reli-
gion, our civilization, and our institutions. The
Board of Missions are about to send out a score
of young self-denying preachers of the Gospel,
and we want the means. Here you can invest,
and the principal will be safe, and the income
large."

"Do you suppose I am simple enough to be-
lieve that money given away is ever to return,
or to pay a dividend? Sir, I am not quite a fool."

"I hope you can say that a thousand years
hence. But may I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly, if it be a true one. None of
your mad-up stories for me. Every word
shall be true."

"Well, sir, a few days since I met a gentle-
man—the owner of large paper mills. He took
me through the mills, and showed me the great
vats of pulp, and the great piles of paper ready
for the market, and a world of things which
I did not comprehend. After seeing all the
machinery, and hearing his praises of his men,
and how they sent for the United States stock
—fifty and a hundred dollars at a time—every
time he went to the city, I said—

"Will you please, sir, tell me the secret of
your great success, for you told me you began
life with nothing."

"I don't know as there is any secret about
it. When sixteen years old I went to S—
to work; I was to receive forty dollars a year
and my food—no more, no less. My clothing
and all my expenses must come out of the forty
dollars. I then solemnly promised the Lord
that I would give Him one-tenth of my wages,
and also