

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. XVII.—No. 48.

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

Whole No. 880.

FALL IMPORTATIONS!

OCTOBER, 1870.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Has now opened a large and well assorted stock of

NEW GOODS,

Embracing all the leading fabrics and newest styles in

DRESS GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

SATEEN SERGES,

PERSIAN CORDS,

MAIRELS,

BROCHES,

EPINGLES,

CLAN TARTANS,

FRENCH MERINOES,

FRENCH TWILLS,

Tweeds and Winceys,

WOOL SHAWLS,

CLOTH and VELVETEEN JACKETS,

White, Black and Colored Mantle Cloths,

Black and Colored VELVETEENS,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

CLOUDS, SONTAGS, BODICES,

FINGERING YARNS,

CANADIAN & ENGLISH BLANKETS,

SAOXNY, LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE

Flannels,

SHIRTING FLANNELS, in great variety,

Grey and White Cottons, Prints, Swansdowns, Tickings,

PARKS' WARPS, at St. John Prices.

Every description of COTTON and LINEN GOODS,

SMALL WARPS, &c., &c.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, Oct. 28, 1870.

ALBION HOUSE.

September 30, 1870.

New Goods,

Per Steamships Dorian and Sidonian.

DRESS GOODS,

In all the Newest Materials.

VELVETEEN AND CLOTH JACKETS.

Wool Shawls, Clan Tartans.

LUSTRES, COBURGHES, ALPACCAS, FRENCH ME-

RINOES, REPS, FIGURED CIRCASSIANS.

Flannels,

Grey, White and Scarlet.

BLANKETS, in all sizes.

10-4 BLANKET CLOTH FOR CAMPING.

WOOL PLAIDS, in all the leading Tartans.

WOOL GLOVES, CLOUDS, HOODES.

FINGERING YARNS, in all Colors.

PRINTS, a large Stock.

TWEEDS and WINCIES, Plain and Fancy.

Grey and White Cottons.

PARKS' COTTON WARPS.

AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

The Stock is worthy of inspection, and can recommend it with confidence, being the best value in the city.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Oct. 7 1870.

The Intelligencer.

TRIALS OF AN AGED MINISTER.

The following letter, recently written by one of the most famous pastors of our country to his congregation, tells the story of ministerial life more vividly than a hundred ordinary essays. It suggests many thoughts both to ministers and people:

"To the Church at—"

"DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS: The aggregate experience of men seems to indicate that the mental and bodily powers may be usually relied upon to sustain us under the duties and responsibilities of life, up to about the age of threescore and ten years.

"In certain cases, they hold out longer; and now and then a man retains a good measure of vigor till seventy-five, and even longer. But such cases are exceptional, and should not be presumed upon.

"Although the winds of autumn have for some time solemnly murmured around your pastor, yet he finds it difficult to realize that he is so near the goal, at which wisdom would admonish that the work of his life is nearly done, and its heavy responsibilities must be laid down.

"Should I live to the close of this year, I shall have come to that age—after reaching which, heavy labor is usually a burden to the minister, and most likely unsatisfactory to his people. If he labors much beyond that period, he is in danger of having his powers decay without being conscious of it, and unwittingly trespassing upon the kind forbearance of his flock.

"I hardly need say here, that while I have given you the best of my strength and life for nearly a generation, it is a matter of unspeakable gratitude that there never has been an unkind feeling on my part toward my people, nor an unkind act on yours towards me. Few men have ever had more to be grateful for in this respect than myself. I have given myself to you and to the ministry, without seeking this world. When I came to you, nearly thirty years ago, I put myself unhesitatingly in your hands, and you have never abused this confidence. And no thanks, however warmly expressed, can exceed what I feel toward my flock. And it is no more than justice to my people to say, that the present movement is wholly from myself. I have not heard a whisper from my people that leads me to make it.

"I shall now tell you what I think would be wise, and which, if it meet your judgment, I would wish—and this I say without any mental reservation:

"1. That at the close of this year, 1870, you release me from all responsibility and labor. The proposal is not, that I leave the ministry, or leave the office that I have held so long, or be dismissed outright, but, if agreeable to my flock,

"2. That I retain the office of *Pastor Emeritus*, so that I may not feel that I am cut off from all your sympathy—so that the love and respect of my people, which have so long been a shield to my character, shall not seem to be removed, and so that, should I die in the pastoral office and leave a wife poor, she may receive a pension, annually, from the ministerial charities in the Commonwealth, distributed in Boston; and yet I would not have this relation in any degree be a barrier between my successor and my people, to prevent his obtaining their confidence and affections. My ideal of a retired pastor is that he be free from all responsibility and labor, and have no dictation to or control over his people.

"3. I should like, if I may have that grace given me for which I pray, so to behave and do right that I may spend the remainder of my days among you, and by your hands be gently laid in the grave.

"You can readily see that the position of an aged minister is and must be one of great trials.

"(a) The first great trial is, of course, to feel that he has done his work—he is no longer needed, and must be set aside. The world no longer looks to him. When a lawyer retires from public speaking, he can go to his office and do office business. Probably eight-tenths of all the law business in the Commonwealth is done in the office. When a physician retires from visiting his patients, he can go to his office, and still carry on his consultations; but when the minister has done public speaking, he has no such resource. A still and seclusion, and faculties decay, and to know that he ought to take joyfully this spoiling of his goods.

"(c) It is a trial to see his flock all turning away from him, as they ought to do, and following another shepherd. He reasons that they are not turning against him, but the poor human heart is in danger of feeling that they do. Reason does not always sit firm on her throne, with her eye clear.

"(d) Another trial is, that if the minister has given his life to his appropriate work, he ought, he finds in old age that he must be curtailed, and to stand to which he has been accustomed, and is also in danger of dreading poverty, or of being a burden.

"It is said too that usually his people occupy the first year of his successor's life in telling him the faults of the old minister. In this case, I should not wonder if it took two years.

"These are some of the trials of an old minister, in addition to those infirmities of age under which all must bend—as we see the streams of earth one after another dry up, and feel the feet grow unsteady as we shuffle down the hill of life. These trials, you will, I doubt not, most kindly take into consideration.

"For my support and comfort while I live, I feel that I am in your hands. During my long ministry among you, I have been satisfied with whatever you have been pleased to give me; but I have been able to do with it no more than to rear and educate my large family, and I have been too entirely devoted to your service to be able to provide for myself; and I am now too old to earn money. If my pen has brought me anything extra, it

was to meet the extra expenses of long years of sickness. Had money been my object, I should not have clung to you, and turned away from repeated solicitations to go where it was offered. I am content now, as heretofore, to trust myself to your sense of what is fitting. And as my feelings toward my people are like those of a father toward his children, may I not confidently hope that the children will never feel that the old man, worn out in their service, is a burden?

"My desire is to leave my congregation in the full tide of prosperity, and so to lay down my responsibilities as to make the trial as light as possible; and also so to live and act that I shall die in your esteem and love, and so live in your memory, by the grace of God, with not more imperfections to be regretted than what must be attached to humanity.

"I ask your charity and forgiveness for all my many imperfections, and again thanking you for all your forbearance and numberless kindnesses, I close this communication by solemnly invoking the richest of heaven's blessing on you and your children, and asking your fervent prayers in my behalf.

"Your affectionate Pastor,

—"

A FIVE DOLLAR BLESSING.

BY L. M.

"How low folks are in their minds," said Bro. Smith to Bro. Brown, as the two sat by the stove in the vestry on a Thursday P. M. waiting for people to gather to the monthly conference.

"How the church is falling into an unseemly disregard of its ordinances; they are neglectful of social meetings, of the communion table, and Sabbath preaching! I am quite disappointed in the results of the labors of our new minister. He seemed when he came among us a man of capacity, with a good share of the Spirit, and there were indications of a revival for a time. But all that has passed by, and church and minister seem to have gone in a body to 'Egypt.' It is a most deplorable state of things. I wish the brethren and sisters might see it in this light and betake themselves to prayer and heart-searchings that the causes of our spiritual barrenness might be ferreted out, and, through repentance, the Lord's anger appeased, so that his hand might be stretched forth toward us in pardon and mercy."

Bro. Brown listened to the speaker with attention, and made answer in a similar strain, bewailing the lowliness of Zion and wishing for "better days."

"What can we do to bring about these better days?" asked Bro. Smith, putting a few more sticks of soggy wood into the stove.

"This is very poor fuel," he added. "I'll warrant Mr. Dix don't burn any such in his own house."

"He sells his marketable wood at six dollars the cord," said Bro. Brown, "burns tree limbs at home, and picks up wet stuff for the church."

"That is not treating God's house with respect," said Bro. Smith. "No wonder Bro. Dix is in a low state of mind, a backslider, lukewarm state. He should supply the church with as good fuel as he has at home to say the least."

"He says he can't find wood for the meeting house, and pay a money tax to the minister, too—it is too heavy a draft upon him, so he sells his best wood to get money to meet the tax," remarked Bro. Brown.

"This is a subtle way to hide his narrowness," said Bro. Smith. "Bro. Dix is able to do much more than he does for the support of the gospel. I wish I had the money at interest that he has. But to return to the point from which we have wandered,—what can we do to improve our spiritual health and vigor?"

"I have thought upon this point considerably," said Bro. Brown, "and have about come to the conclusion that we shall never accomplish much in spiritual things with our present minister. He seemed to run well for a season, but now, all is at a stand-still—nay, even going backward. Our converts of a year ago, where are they? You can't lay your finger on one out of three of them. One of the regular prayer-meetings has completely died out, the other is just ready to expire, and here we two sit to represent the monthly conference. The minister is not in his place, the church members are engaged in their worldly affairs. We need a man who shall be able to get up grand awakenings."

"But who can we get?" asked Bro. Smith.

"With our means, we can't command the first talent, you know. Our minister is a pretty fair sort of a man if he but had more of the spirit, though I regret to say he is becoming rather cold and lifeless. Think of his neglecting the monthly meeting. How can we expect the members will be otherwise than backward if the minister sets the example?"

"I never knew him absent before," said Bro. Brown, "and think he must be unexpectedly called away, or something unusual detains him at home."

"I should have thought he would have sent word to the brethren then," said Bro. Smith, rising and consulting his watch. "It is an hour past time for services to commence, so there will not be anybody else here to-day, and we may as well go home."

Bro. Brown arose, and while the two were closing the stove and preparing to leave, some light feet were heard ascending the vestry stairs, and a lady stood before them.

"Oh," she said, "you are about leaving. I have hurried as fast as I could to get down here and let the people know, if any were gathered for monthly conference, the reason of the minister's absence. His wife is sick, and he got out of dry wood yesterday. This morning he expected a load, but it didn't come, so he had to hire a team and go after it. He said he should try hard to get back by half-past two, but if he failed, I must endeavor to leave his wife long enough to let the people who might gather at the vestry know the cause of his absence. Mrs. Denham is so sick, and I have had such a struggle to keep her room comfortable with the green wood, that I have not been able to get down here till now."

"I am sorry there is sickness in Mr. Den-

ham's family," said Bro. Smith. "Ministers are very apt to have sickly wives I believe."

"You are right, and no wonder," returned the lady.

"I don't know why you say that," remarked Bro. Smith.

"It would require an unusually strong constitution to endure the anxiety to which ministers' wives are ordinarily subjected," said the lady.

"Anxieties!" repeated Bro. Smith. "What anxieties have they beyond women in general?"

"Most women when they eat one meal have some tolerably definite idea as to where the next is to come from," was the response, "but ministers' wives don't always have this comfortable assurance. I know Mrs. Denham don't."

"Are the minister's family complaining of their fare among us?" asked Bro. Smith rather sensitively.

"No,—at least I never heard them complain of anything, though how a woman can get along as Mrs. Denham does is surprising to me. In feeble health, with two small children, company at a moment's warning, and often the slenderest stock out of which to prepare acceptable food to set before guests; a poor, inconvenient house, scanty furniture, and never a month's wood in the shed even in the dead of winter."

"You are making out quite a case," interrupted Bro. Brown, "but I don't know who is to blame for this state of things. When Mr. Denham came among us, we subscribed certain sums for his support, and expect to meet our obligations like Christian men. He knew about the sum we would be able to raise. Had he deemed it insufficient to meet the wants of his family, he was at liberty to say as much, and seek some other field of labor."

The lady bowed and glanced about the vestry.

"How many came in to attend monthly meeting this afternoon?" she inquired.

"Only myself and Bro. Brown," was Bro. Smith's reply. "Religion is at a low ebb with us. We had been deploring the lukewarm state of our church when you entered."

"What did you conclude was the cause of it?" asked the lady, resting against a slip and putting her feet to the warm stove.

"We think there are more causes than one," Bro. Smith replied. "I suppose some of us may have neglected duties and thus displeased our Master. Then we are all apt, more or less, to lean on the minister, and ours doesn't seem to be in the place he was some months ago. Bro. Brown and I have been considering whether or no when the year is up it will not be as well to let him go, and try another one."

"Then you have become dissatisfied with Mr. Denham," said the lady.

"Well, we should not wish to say that exactly," was the reply. "Perhaps the man does as well as he can, though he has not the life and the power of some ministers. I have not been as blessed under his preaching as I expected to be at the outset, and Bro. Brown's experience corresponds with my own."

"Yes," said Bro. Brown approaching. "I confess Mr. Denham has not come up to my expectations. When he first came among us, I thought he was going to be an instrument in the hands of God of accomplishing much good in our church and community, but these prospects are now quite overcast. It looks gloomy ahead. Mr. Denham has lost much of his spirituality, or I am no judge of such matters. The blessing I obtain from his ministrations is very small."

"If you have got a five dollar blessing, I don't know what more you could expect," said the lady, in a quiet tone of voice.

Her words were electric. The two men looked quickly at each other, and turned their steps toward the door.

Bro. Smith and Bro. Brown communed with themselves that night. They were both worth their thousands. The little woman at the vestry was dependent on her own exertions for support. Yet on the minister's subscription list her name was down for an equal sum with Bro. Smith and Bro. Brown, and she had found no dearth of spirituality in Mr. Denham's sermons. On the contrary, they fed her soul from Sabbath to Sabbath. She saw the minister's family were pinched in every way. The very small salary was slow and irregular about coming in, and they often lacked for the comforts, if not for the necessities of life. These things depressed Mr. Denham. He was comparatively young, and peculiarly diffident,—greatly lacking in self-assurance. He could not go to men of wealth, years his senior, and ask for the pittance they had subscribed towards his salary. But he felt that God would withhold his blessing from those who treated his cause so miserably, and prayed in his closet that the little church might be delivered from the thrall of covetousness. It was a hard place to work, and when, added to other difficulties, his wife fell sick, Mr. Denham felt he would not be sorry to end his labors there with the closing year.

"But a word spoken how good it is!" and the little woman who visited the vestry on monthly meeting day had spoken this word.

"If you have got a five dollar blessing, I don't know what more you could expect."

What more, truly! They were amply able to pay twenty-five; such a sum would be no more for them than was five for the little vestry woman. They had raised two hundred and fifty dollars for their minister,—he needed five hundred. It was only a reasonable compensation for his services and support. He did not ask it,—the agreement had been that he should accept what they could raise. Yet it was a mean thing to half support a servant of God. How could they, as a church, expect God's blessing, till they righted this wrong in their midst?

Bro. Brown and Bro. Smith sent their boys next day with a load of dry wood and kindlings to the minister. Then Bro. Smith who held the subscription list, drew it forth, and placed a figure 1 at the left hand of the 5 which stood against his name, so now it read:

"Alpheus Smith—\$15.00."

He thought it was an improvement, and concluded to go round the parish and see how

many others would be of the like opinion. He found several, and quite a little purse of ready money was made up for the minister. Bro. Smith and Bro. Brown found the sermon more spiritual at once. The prayer-meeting, put on new life, and ere long there were indications of a genuine revival of religion.

Bro. Smith and Bro. Brown openly declared in monthly concert that they believed covetousness was the great sin in their midst at which God was angry. Bro. Dix felt the force of the declaration, and hauled two cords of his best marketable wood into the church sheds for winter fires.

When Mr. Denham's year came round, instead of seeking out a new field with a heart depressed by manifold temporal trials, he was laboring in the midst of a protracted meeting, where crowds of anxious souls flocked to the altar seeking salvation through Jesus.

Bro. Smith liked his fifteen dollar blessing so well, that he thought he must make it twenty-five the next year, so he did,—also Bro. Brown, and a good many others doubled their first subscription.

How strong that once weak church now grew! What a power for good it became in the community! What happy converts went down beneath its baptismal waters! How strong were its laymen in the spirit and power of the truth! What a godly pride that pastor felt in his people! Yes, and even the wicked and careless said:

"There is a set of men and women who practice as they preach; they honor their profession; they give without stint for the support of their cause;—there must be something in a gospel for which men will sacrifice worldly gain."

Oh! professed Christian, are you starving your soul on a Five Dollar Blessing, and wondering at your hunger? "Go ye and do likewise."

EARTHLY RENOWN.

This is the desire of the many. For this the world most eagerly pants. The highest ambition of the worldly man is to seek for earthly renown. He would be thought by the multitude wise and great, noble and distinguished. He earnestly longs for this kind of immortality. For this he rises up early and sits up late—tosses long and forgoes many comforts. He seeks this distinction by striving to acquire wealth, to reach the height of fame, to write his name on the lofty rounds of worldly ambition. Not content with all this, he essays to pen his own autobiography!

But let us direct the pursuit of all to a far nobler end. Would he be immortal? let him become a Christian. Let the angels pen his epitaph. Let God himself write his autobiography. Has he not done this already? Has he not recorded his name in the book of life? Has he not said, "The righteous shall be laid in everlasting remembrance." Surely, this is enough to incite our loftiest aspirations, to quicken our hope to vigor, and to enlarge our faith in Christ. If we truly love God and keep his commandments, we shall have a right to the tree of life, and so be counted worthy ere long to be immortals in an immortal land.

HONORING THE SABBATH.

The great and good Sir Matthew Hale gave it as his personal experience, that the proper observance of the Sabbath, the honoring of God on "this sweet day of rest" by devoutly attending the sanctuary and rendering other acts of worship such as the day is designed and fitted to encourage, refreshed him and made him strong for encountering the burdens and performing the duties of all the six succeeding days. On the other hand, if he failed at any time in his Sabbath duties, suffering the world to encroach upon times and seasons due and devoted to God, he felt through all the week, in all he did and undertook to do, the enervating and crippling effect of not fittingly honoring "the day that the Lord has made."

This was not superstition. It was a devout man's sober and conscientious experience. He regarded the sabbath not simply as a day of physical rest, but as a day for the soul's special enjoyment, by closer communion with God, and elevation above the "things that are seen and temporal." He felt himself subject to Divine law. He looked upon the command "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," as perpetually binding upon the individual. To obey assured him of the approval and blessing of the Lord of the Sabbath, the influence of which shed sunshine on his soul through all the toils of the week. To disregard or neglect, awakened within him the accusations of conscience, the voice of which continued to chide him during all the hours that he was wont to devote to the ordinary business of life.

The duties resting upon men in regard to the observance of the Sabbath, have not changed with the years that have since rolled away. The great command stands unrepented upon the record. The divine law is as authoritative now as it was then. The same Lord of the Sabbath demands honor to his statutes and the best homage of human hearts. The consciousness of duty religiously performed, is as soothing and cheering now as at any former period in the history of the church. And the consciousness of coming short in the matter of Sabbath-day duty, of wilfully transgressing what God commands, ought to awaken uneasiness and regret and sorrow, which, in the Christian's heart, no pressure of worldly business should be strong enough to still.

Attendance on the sanctuary, though far from being the whole sabbath duty devolving upon the Christian, is yet a palpable and important one. To do this duty faithfully and conscientiously, implies that other duties will not be left undone. The promise to those who frequent the house of the Lord, to pay their stated vows to Him who has ordained the church, and who directs the assembling of His people together, is distinct and often repeated. The Lord of Hosts in His holy temple, and delights to dwell among the contrite souls that long and thirst for His presence. How eagerly should the saints resort to the place where they may count upon seeing their Redeemer and King. "How amiable!" indeed, to the Christian heart, should be the earthly "tabernacles," where the Most High ap-

pears to shed gracious influences upon the souls that look and wait and pray. Where the soul, yearning to meet and commune with God, prompts the feet to enter the sanctuary, nothing short of necessity will be able to keep them away. The aspiration, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord," can only be satisfied with actually entering there, and sharing in the sanctuary devotions.

Where the house of God is attended sparsely, or only occasionally, the influence is that this sentiment is languid if not inert. All our sanctuaries ought to be filled, and that they may be, nothing is wanting but the fire of devotion, the love for the sacred place, which the Psalmist again and again so eloquently expresses. Let the Christian reader, whose place in church is often suffered, for trifling cause, to be vacant, think on these things. He cannot afford, either for his own sake or example's sake, to follow in the footsteps of those who refuse to "call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honorable," who shun God's house, and scout and profane His Sabbath.

He should be found where his heart should always be, rejoicing to pay his vows among the assemblies of the upright, on whom the "Lord commands the blessing, even life for evermore."

—Interior.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if troubles come upon you; keep up your spirit, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop forever; The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven! With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when life is in the air; A sunning morning comes without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that ends in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something eternal, that will stay, When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

He that revenges knows no rest; The neck posies a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and little, great things are accomplished.

Water filling day by day, Weeps the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school, never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick; A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray, To drive all wicked thoughts away.

—The Mentor.

THE INVITATION SOCIETY.

Some years ago a gentleman residing in one of our cities was deeply impressed and grieved by seeing multitudes who neglected public worship, and he determined to make the effort to induce some of the Sabbath-breakers to frequent the house of God. It required some little effort at first, but he overcame his timidity. One Lord's-day evening he went forth with his holy purpose, and meeting a young man who did not appear to be on his way to a place of worship, he respectfully addressed him, got into conversation with him, and persuaded the stranger to accompany him to worship; and as an inducement, offered him a seat in his own pew. Succeeding in this case, he was emboldened and encouraged to profess himself. And now, mark what a blessed result! he was the means of leading one hundred young men to become stated attendants at the sanctuary, many of whom have been truly converted to God.

A minister of the gospel mentioned this at one of his prayer-meetings, when the idea was caught up by some persons present, who at once said, "How admirable a plan this is for doing good." A little association was immediately formed, called the "Invitation Society." In sixteen months two hundred persons were persuaded, by eight or ten of its agents, no longer to forsake the assembling of themselves in the house of prayer. One of these agents, an earnest Christian, in humble life, devoted himself to this work, and was the means of bringing forty to hear the word of life.—*Christian at Work.*