

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS AND NOTICES.

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Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 29, 1865.

AN HOUR'S MUSINGS IN OUR STUDY.

There is scarcely one man in a million that has a history worth writing, or whose acts are worth recording for either the instruction or amusement of others. But few men are great in the common application of that term; while true greatness is generally hidden from view; and genuine heroism, such as makes the world better, is but rarely found, except in the walks and lanes of life where the world's historians seldom wander in search of materials for either biography or history. To be great in the eyes of others, a man must either be guilty of enormous crimes, successfully perpetrated, but such as history calls by another name, or he must possess a genius of rare excellence, such as scarcely one in a generation has, and successfully apply it to purposes of distinguished merit. The world is slow to acknowledge true greatness, and he who possesses it so as to receive the verdict of the world, must be one far above the level of even the higher types of humanity. Few persons are long remembered for their own sake. A generation or two consigns nearly all to the grave of forgetfulness, unless their relation to circumstances, or their connection with national or other history, rescues them from the oblivion to which the most mankind is consigned. There is one thing, however, which should be considered by all who aspire to be remembered, and that is, in whatever estimate their contemporaries may hold them, whether above or below their true worth, viewed from the stand-point of the future, they will be brought to their proper level, and posterity will not be slow in awarding them a character according to their merits. This fact should restrain the ambition of the unprincipled, and encourage the unselfish and upright.

Passing to another idea on this subject, we remark, that there are, after all, thousands of histories and biographies which might be written, and which, if once known, the world would be slow to consign them to oblivion. Heroes and statesmen would be stars of small magnitude when compared with thousands of obscure men and women, whose heroism has been displayed in the noble sins and daily duties of their unnoticed every day life. Thousands of God-fearing mothers have each done more for the commonwealth, and strengthened the pillars of the State more, than half the heroes who have fought a hundred fights, or the statesmen who, destitute of principle, have made alleged patriots their stalking-horse to place and power. Occasionally God throws out a noble soul into the forefront of a great fight, and amidst the din and carnage of the battle, lifts him above all his compeers, and shows the world what true greatness consists, and that the same elements make up genuine nobility, whether in the prince or the peasant. But these are exceptions rather than rules. True excellence and genuine worth are usually found in the humblest walks and doing the commonest duties, but doing them with a purpose—a noble purpose—such as God approves, and which has a glorious reward. Could the inner, secret, and soul-felt biography of such as these be written, the world would be benefited by them.

But there is another thought in connection with this subject of the weightiest importance. It is this: Every person's history is written! Not the mere proxy narrative of their going and doings; but the history of their hearts; the record of their emotions and affections; of their motives and aims; their hopes and fears; their joys and sorrows! The omniscient and universal biographer has a record of every heart. Every man and every woman is making history, and the census and daily page is not merely the record of their words and works, the deep hidden emotions of the soul, whether they be holy or impure, whether inspired by heaven-born motives, or prompted by the foulest corruptions of the unrefined heart, are all recorded, and the disclosures of the last day will reveal to the knowledge of all intelligent beings the true character of each individual. "We shall all be manifested at the judgment-seat of Christ." Here men are known as they appear; there, they will be known as they really are. Here, false judgments hide facts, and obscure alike both virtue and vice; there, the tinsel of hypocrisy, and the embellishments of circumstance will be stripped away, and the true balance of the sanctuary be applied to all.

With facts like these before us—with disclosures the most truthful and certain to be made, revealing the inner history, the unseen man, and bringing out in the clear light of history the very thoughts and wishes of the heart, we ask, if they should not afford motives for the regulation of the affections, the control of the thoughts, and the proper training and educating of the whole inner man? Men are in reality what they are in these hearts. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Hence the wisdom of the inspired course—"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Men record our reputation, God writes down our character. Human judgments and human histories disclose what we seem to be; the light of eternity will reveal what we really are! As the purity of royalty may cover the most diseased and loathsome body, so also human history may hide the inward corruptions; but the true history of every man will be disclosed, and the history of himself, as he really has been in life, will be among the volumes that will read to all eternity. Oh! then, how important that we make a good record!

"We beg to set the enquires of some of our friends at rest, by stating that our intended visit to some of the churches in Carleton County, and to attend the District Meetings there, is not by appointment, nor under the auspices of the Home Missionary Society. We are not, and never have been a Missionary of this Society, or in any way connected with its management, or the disbursement of its funds. When we travel, we are our own Missionary; our visits to different places are prompted and directed by our own sense of duty, and are performed on our own responsibility."

THE CALVINESE BAPTISTS.—The American Baptist Almanac, just issued, gives the names of eleven weekly papers, to which two others recently resumed in the southern states should now be added; and of ten monthly publications, not including one that has started into life since these pages were given to the printer. It records thirty-three colleges and twelve Theological schools, of which however nine colleges and one Theological school have suspended operations during the war.

It reports as the sum total of C. Baptists in the United States, 592 Associations; 12,792 churches; 7,887 ordained ministers; 69,615 additions by baptism in one year, and 1,040,863 as the whole number of members.

These statistics include the returns of the southern churches for 1860 instead of 1864, because there has been no opportunity for obtaining later information.—Star.

HOME MISSIONARY REPORT.

No. 2.

To the Corresponding Secretary.

DEAR BRO.—Months are short hurried periods of time. I can scarcely realize that a month has passed since the date of my last report. But so it is. September is nearly gone and the time is at hand when your Committee should hear from me again.

This month has nearly all been spent with the church at Douglas. The revival of which I spoke in my last report as then being in progress at that place has continued. I did not expect to remain quite so long in one place, but the interest of the meeting and the deep liberality of the people in supporting our funds, seemed to me, as I presume it will also to our Executive Committee, to justify my protracted stay. God has blessed many souls in that place. A number have been reclaimed who had been wanderers for years. A large number have professed faith in Christ and have been baptized in the name of the Sacred Trinity. I have baptized ten this month and added eleven to the church, which makes in all thirty-nine baptized and forty added to the church. I continued meetings every evening until last week, when I found it necessary on account of my health to come home a few days. Bro. Gunter kindly took my place in the mission field, and spent a few days with his old friends at Douglas. I supplied his place last Sabbath in the city. After preaching three times on the Sabbath, I attended a meeting late in the evening in the "Home for the Fallen." This was a truly interesting meeting. There are now about thirty in this institution, who have been gathered from the dens of vice and the broad road to destruction. A good home is provided for them, and faithful Christian instruction imparted. A number of the girls have been converted, and spoke in the meeting of the love of Christ for such wretched sinners as they were, and expressed their gratitude to God and the Christian friends who had sought them out and brought them to so good a home. Several arose for prayers, and appeared to be truly penitent. God grant that they may never rest, until like the woman, who was a sinner, who sought the Saviour in the house of a proud Pharisee, they hear Jesus say unto them, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

I have collected in cash during the month \$28.39. If other places do as much for our funds as the good people of Douglas have, our society will be able to extend its operations, and employ more missionaries.

Having been appointed a delegate from our General Conference to the General Conference of the Free Will Baptists of the United States, to be held at Lewiston, Me., I expect to leave home next Monday to attend that meeting. I anticipate much pleasure while meeting with our American brethren, but regret that my co-delegate (Bro. McLeod) has decided not to go. After my return I expect to visit the churches on the Nashwak. G. A. HARTLEY.

Carlton, Sept. 29th, 1865.

P. S.—I may just here say that a letter was received from Bro. Parsons, written from Grand Manan, as his report for August, but in consequence of the absence from home of a number of the committee, no extracts from it were published. He was then laboring on the island, but had not made any especial efforts for revival in consequence of the absence of so many of the men folk, who are so busily engaged in the fishing business at this season of the year. Another report is expected soon when his numerous friends and the friends of the Home Mission Society may expect to hear from him through the *Intelligencer*.

G. A. H.

A VACATION RAMBLE.

An aged brother, known to some of our readers, (Deacon J. G. Ricker, of Boston,) and who has been employed as a City Missionary in Boston for a number of years, has recently had a vacation ramble, some notes of which he sends for insertion.—[Ed. INTELLIGENCER.]

DEAR BRO. MCLEOD.—I am spending my vacation in Aroostook. I felt inclined to visit once more my brethren on the upper St. John. As I was walking from Fort Farnsworth to Togus, I stopped at Andover on Monday, Aug. 25th, where Elder McMullen was holding a protracted meeting. Elder McMullen preached, and then others participated in the services, I spoke and prayed, and it was a good meeting. Preached twice at Togus. A low time here.

Visited the parish of Perth opposite Togus. Found excellent houses with brethren Armstrong, Sabine, and Bishop; men of large hearts, who are striving to do what they can to sustain the cause of Christ among them.

Preached the Word five times to large and very attentive audiences. The people are hungry for the bread of Life, and some are anxious to see the cause of God revived and Zion built up. What is needed greatly in this new country, is a system of schools, and an intelligent, educated, and consecrated ministry. Parents must feel the momentous responsibility that rests upon them, to educate their children, and train them up in their worship. Nothing for show or display. Are rather illiterate, but have learned of Jesus. Some of them never saw a Sabbath-school, but still they have a good one numbering thirty-five scholars, in which they are deeply devoted. They have built a school-house which they intend to use for holding meetings in, as well as for school. They mean that their children shall have a far better education than they themselves. I have visited and preached to them, and their wisdom has been a bright example to all.

With facts like these before us—with disclosures the most truthful and certain to be made, revealing the inner history, the unseen man, and bringing out in the clear light of history the very thoughts and wishes of the heart, we ask, if they should not afford motives for the regulation of the affections, the control of the thoughts, and the proper training and educating of the whole inner man? Men are in reality what they are in these hearts. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Hence the wisdom of the inspired course—"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Men record our reputation, God writes down our character. Human judgments and human histories disclose what we seem to be; the light of eternity will reveal what we really are!

The following report of a Festival recently given to the children of the village, is furnished by Mr. Hart, the teacher in the new school house referred to.—[Ed. INTELL.]

SATURDAY NIGHT.

vive, what message shall I send to your mother?" The other replied, "I do not know." That Christian soldier prayed that night; his companion was restless, sleepless. On the morrow the battle was in order; the charging party, in which were the two soldiers side by side, was advancing with rapid stride. The second, as they advanced, touched the shoulder of the first—"If I fall," said he, "tell my mother I die in the love of Jesus; he has pardoned my sins." The battle was fierce; the second soldier fell mortally wounded, and died soon in joyful hope; and the first survives to tell these facts and to acknowledge, gratefully, the goodness and mercy of the Lord."

There was an uncommon pathos in the manner of the above statements which we cannot express in words, but which was manifestly felt by all present.

On Thursday, Sergeant Boston Corbett appeared in the meeting for the first time in many months. He was regular in his attendance before the war, and during the progress of it has occasionally been present. He led in prayer, and afterwards remarked that he was glad to return to this place of prayer. He had been wonderfully preserved through the war, and he thanked God for it. He had been where the bullets flew swift and thick about him, but they had no power to harm him. He had been in Andersonville prison; fourteen of his company were there, of whom twelve died of starvation. Besides himself, one only had survived the horrors of that prison pen, which no one had described could describe. He had always felt, in war and everywhere, that God was his protector. He had performed his duty to his country the best of his ability and had been honorably discharged, and was now determined, more than ever, to devote himself to the cause of his Saviour. He related several touching incidents in army life.

A young sailor remarked that when he left his home in Sweden to go to sea, the last interview between him and his mother was indelibly fixed in his mind. They looked at the Great Bear in the heavens; they looked at the Pole Star; they agreed, at a certain time each night, to look at those stars, and thus hold intercourse with each other. He sailed down the Atlantic, away to the south, until he saw those stars receding from his view, until at length they wholly disappeared, and all was dark and cloudy. When he looked for another star, there, in mid ocean, he saw in the heavens another star. It was over his head. It shone into his heart. It was the star of Bethlehem. It pointed him to the Saviour. His mother saw it too, and now, at morning and evening, and at noon also, blessed be the Lord, he could talk with his mother through that star, and they understood each other perfectly, although she was in Sweden and he was here. He was a sailor boy still, but that glorious morning and evening star was the light of his soul on the broad ocean as well as on the land and everywhere. "Oh! I pray for me, brethren and friends," said he, "that amid surrounding darkness I may ever see that star in the heavens, for it is the star of hope to my soul." He spoke in broken English, and with great apparent feeling.

Another said: "The great fact in our Bible lesson today (the prodigal son) is the wonderful display of God's mercy in saving the most desperate and abandoned sinners, and the individual whose case was noticed yesterday need not despair. Whenever he turns his eyes and his thoughts to his Heavenly Father's house he will find his Father ready to receive him yet he is a great way off."

On this day the seats were well filled, while numbers were standing at the entrance. There were many strangers, and among them an unusual number of ministers of the gospel, several of whom took part in the services, and whose remarks were received with marked attention. The meeting was quite spiritual, and at the moment for closing several were standing ready to speak and pray. The inexorable, but necessary, rule was applied by the leader, and the stand he made was well sustained. Words were endless things, and the tongue no man could tame; it was a fire of iniquity. He shewed the folly of talking at random. His remarks were filled with truth.

(Singing.)

5. Obeying orders—by Louisa Johnson, Susan McLeod, Cecilia Cossman and Jocelyne Perry.

6. Justice and Mercy—by Elizabeth Clarke.

7. A Bright Day will Dawn—by Theodore Colpitt.

Elder Perry was then called for. In taking the stand he said—Words were endless things, and the tongue no man could tame; it was a fire of iniquity. He shewed the folly of talking at random. His remarks were filled with truth.

(Singing.)

8. The Sabbath Day—by Amy Ellsworth.

9. No seats in Heaven—by Miss Blakesley.

10. Moral Precepts—by Enoch Colpitt.

11. Man considered as a mortal—by Louisa Johnson.

(Singing.)

12. Resurrection of Lazarus—A Dialogue—by Cecilia Cossman, Susan McLeod, Enoch Colpitt, Theodore Colpitt, Jocelyne Perry, Emma E. Johnson, and Sarah A. Cossman.

13. Abraham's call to offer up his Son—by Amelia Crawford.

14. Third chapter of Matthew's Gospel—by Amy L. Brittain.

Elder Perry was again called to deliver a short address. He spoke of the vanity of mankind having their thoughts placed upon right objects.

Edward McLeod, Superintendent of the Millstream Sabbath School, was called upon, and as he was introduced in Sabbath Schools, for in them children were trained in the right way; their tendency was to mould the character of men, and fit them for the world to come.

The Superintendent thanked the friends for their kind words, and closed.

Springfield, K. C., Sept. 16th, 1865.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—

ASYLUM FOR DRUNKARDS.

Among the modern improvements in the United States for the cure of drunkenness and the diminution of intemperance, is the establishment of an "Inebriate Asylum." This institution is situated in a place called Binghouton, in the State of New York. The projector of it was Dr. J. E. Turner, and who is its present Superintendent. The buildings are to be simple and delightfully situated. A writer on the subject says:—"The design of the institution was original; it being the first in the world; but the publication of the plan excited attention abroad, and since then others have been started in Switzerland and elsewhere.

Dr. Turner has studied the subject of controlling, and medically treating the inebriate for many years, and has visited Europe and investigated the morbid anatomy and pathology of inebriety, and the effects of alcohol on the different races of men. He has dissected 542 subjects that have died of inebriety; made 460 post mortem examinations; attended 400 cases of delirium tremens, and visited 410 cases of opium-takers."

The plan of the institution is to treat the inebriate as in a thoroughly organized hospital, and to control him, none being received for less than a year.

Patients may be committed by the courts, or voluntarily commit themselves, signing a contract to be governed by the rules. They are watched, controlled, and medically treated. It has now about twenty patients. The scheme is, of course, experimental, and it would be rash to condemn it before trial.

We do not see how it can do any injury, and if it does good it deserves commendation and support.

Since writing the above, we learn from a reliable witness in an excharge, that there has been several applications for admission to the Inebriate Asylum, and that the inmates are to be admitted in a month or two.

Mr. Editor.—Several gentlemen of the press in St. John have recently made visits to the Nashwak Mills village; and returned, have made known to the country that within two and a half miles of Fredericton, in the beautiful and picturesque valley of the Nashwak—which may have been hitherto regarded as the "Sleepy Hollow" of New Brunswick—a charming little suburb is springing up as if by enchantment.

Little communities like ours, just beginning to attract the attention are not expected to be forward in publishing any progress made by them. They may venture to make a short announcement to the public, so as to gain notice; so that many a little affair which delights the young, and sends a thrill of joy through the hearts of older persons, may frequently transpire and no mention of it ever appear in a newspaper.

Such however, with your kind permission, Mr. Editor, shall not be the fate of our first Sabbath School picnic, held in a little grove near the village Academy, at 2 o'clock, Wednesdays day afternoon.

As the appointed time drew near numbers of persons on foot and in carriages with well-filled baskets and trunks could be seen hastening towards the little grove, with upturned faces—scanning the heavens which looked down upon them, and threatened every moment, by a dash of rain, to put a stop to the picnic.

There was a great joy of all concerned, and the gloomy clouds were soon driven away, and the sun shone out with unusual warmth and brilliancy; and it really seemed to us that our kind Heavenly Father intended that the teachers and children of the Sabbath school should be able to recognize a bright smile from His face when they met in their grove.

The Rev. Mr. Latheron, the only one of several invited clergymen, not deterred by the prospect of heavy rain, was early on the ground, and bore testimony to the good order and prompt obedience of the children.

Preparatory arrangements in the grove for the feasting and amusement of the children and friends of the school had been judiciously and tastefully made by Mr. Samuel Butler (Mr. Gibson's Architect, and our Vice-Superintendent), assisted by several of his young men, who have come from various parts of the country to help in the erection of the new edifices.

"It was on the night before an important battle in Virginia," said a speaker, "two soldiers were in conversation. One said to the other, 'We shall have a hard fight to-morrow, and if I should fail I want you to write to my mother and tell her that I have served me in the religious faith she taught me.' The Rev. Mr. Latheron, the only one of several invited clergymen, not deterred by the prospect of heavy rain, was early on the ground, and bore testimony to the good order and prompt obedience of the children.