

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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From the Examiner and Chronicle.
ANNE RUTHERFORD'S EXPERIENCE.

By Mrs. M. A. DENISON.

Deacon Hutchinson's son had been dead one year, and that was why Anne Rutherford was still, though very blooming and beautiful, unmarried. She had been once the gayest of the gay. Not a merry-making, not a dance, not a wild frolic, but Anne was first and foremost. To those who did not know her well, she seemed the most thoughtless of giddy girls. And so she was, for a time. When Harry, the deacon's son, went up for prayers, one summer's night, Anne's low mellow laugh caught his ear. He was a strong man, but that almost turned him from his purpose. Not quite, though. By the grace of God, he was enabled to set his face heavenward—to hear her half-sacred, half-earnest protestations against his becoming "Deacon number two"—and then, harder than all, to see her pretty face averted when he came, and feel that his decision had cost him the one earthly realization that had seemed to him dearer than all others.

Two weeks before that eventful night, Harry had promised to be one of a party at an annual ball in the neighborhood. Anne had made great preparations—had quite set her heart on going—and for a fortnight, from a sort of dread of the result that might follow, to speak of it till a night or two before.

Then she watched his pale face jealously, and trembled a little when his answer came, firm and low:

"Anne, dear, I can't go."
"But your promise!"
His lip was unsteady.

"Let us compromise for this once; I will take you there; I will call for you; but I could not, with my present feelings, participate in the exercise of the evening; it is impossible."

She smiled very calmly, and said very coolly: "I shall not require your services in any way, after to-night," and he left her, almost broken-spirited.

Anne went to the ball with a cousin. Harry accepted an offer to act as supercargo of a new vessel, and from that day on which he left the town, Anne Rutherford was never seen to smile. She said nothing of her sorrow, even to her mother. Her own hand had shut the door of hope; she bore the burden alone.

Only at the next season of revival it was observed that Anne, the once gayest among the gay, went tremblingly towards the altar—the first one there—and threw herself upon the unchosen seat; comforted, perhaps, by the feeling that Harry, when he came home, would approve of this, even if he never loved her again.

It was well she sought strength such as she never felt before, for Anne Rutherford was thrown into the very furnace of affliction. Her father died within the week, and two days after came the news that a ship had foundered at sea, that nearly all hands were lost—and among the rescued, Harry Hutchinson's name did not appear. Poor Anne—widowed at heart—an aching anguish that even her faith could not quite conquer, when she felt that she had thrown away her cup of blessing (poor blind soul! she did not see that God was leading her). Anne was now dependent on her own resources of mind or labor.

She might then have made a great match, as the world called it. A good old man would have taken her to his heart and home—Deacon Rush, over whose silver hair no child's hand had ever wandered. He was rich—a noble and true man; but Anne felt it would be a mockery, and steadily put back the glittering temptation. When, after a few days' illness, the good old man suddenly died, people said, What a pity it was that Anne had not married him, and provided her mother and herself with a home.

"And now we are nicely settled," said Anne, glancing round the walls of their poor little home. "I think I'll go to Dr. Wells and try for the new school. If the good old Deacon had only lived—he had promised to me—I think I shall be quite happy, teaching."

Stop a minute, Anne Rutherford; there is some one coming up the little path with news for you. Lay your bonnet on the little table; move not with such reluctant steps to answer his knock.

"Will you have the kindness to look at this?" asked the prim lawyer.

Wondering, she unfolded the paper. Strange that she should be so calm, for that paper told her that good old Deacon Rush had left her half his fortune.

Walking quietly into the adjoining room, where the widow sits sewing, she says softly, with the thought of a quiver in her voice, "Mother, there is no need of my going to Dr. Wells; we are rich."

Anne was now the Lady Bountiful of the town. Old Deacon Hutchinson had left the place. Harry, the light of his eyes, was gone; his home had no charms for him now. Here Anne bought. The old homestead had often echoed to Harry's footsteps; the walls had known his laugh, and his merry voice. Some rooms were altered—a bay-window thrown out here and there. The garden was made almost a paradise.

But after all was done, there came the weary, weary regret, that she had sent the happy young life into eternity—and all for her earthliness—all for her jealous fear that he had found something that was more to him than she could be.

One day she reasoned with herself. "I must not, I will not suffer thus," she said; and she looked up sadly, meeting her reflected face in the mirror. "Twenty years old, and weary of life!" she went on, still murmuring. "How shall I answer to God for this regretful spirit?"

The face that met her gaze was still sadly beautiful—much more so than she saw, for the soul indicated each feature—the good, active soul. Her rich dress was plainly made. Ornaments she had none—she never wore them. Do what she would, however, her mind seemed never to have been so filled with the image of Harry Hutchinson as on that day. It was exactly one year from the time that she had changed from hope to despair.

She did not see a weary traveller, with a little bundle tied on the end of a stick, moving slowly along—moving with anxious eyes fixed on the old, yet some way toward home of his birth.

"Does Deacon Hutchinson live there," he asked, of a white-headed boy. "No, sir; he's gone to Waltham, down to his son's; sold out here."

On went the footsore traveller, with a weak sigh; nor did he stop till he came to a pleasant cottage, once the home of Anne Rutherford. There, too, the finger of change had touched every object; but only to beautify. A spinning-wheel stood before the door; an old tidily-dressed woman sat beside it.

"Doesn't Jesse Rutherford live here?" asked the stranger.

"No, sir; Jesse Rutherford lives farther down than this. I mean down in the graveyard yonder."

There was a long silence.

"Where is his family?" he asked, much agitated.

"His family? Miss Anne, God bless her! lives in Deacon Hutchinson's old house; and a mighty nice place she's made of it, as she does of everything she touches. She bought it with old Deacon (Jesse's) money."

"What! is she married to him?"

"Married to a dead man! I guess not."

"His widow, then?"

"That's likely—and she never a wife! No, poor girl! she'll never marry. I'm thinking, under these circumstances, I guess you're a stranger in these parts?"

"Look closely," said the man with much emotion, taking off his cap.

"My blessed stars! if I shouldn't think! why you're Harry Hutchinson!"

"Yes, and you are grandmother Tucker, that lived by the Green?" he said, catching her as she turned to her feet.

"Come in," cried the old dame, breathlessly. "Nancy, Nancy—I say, Nancy—here's little Harry Hutchinson come to life!" she screamed with childish laughter. "Why! he's been dead nigh on to a year!"

"What is the matter, mother?" and a young woman with a sturdy child in her arms made her appearance at the door.

"That's not him; Harry was a bright-faced fellow with curly hair, and this one is hollow-eyed, and pale."

"My good friend," said the young man, "I have been a great sufferer from illness; no wonder I look changed, thin and old. Notwithstanding all this, I am Harry Hutchinson, and the old eyes were keener than the young ones. Where is my father and why did he leave the place?"

"Most likely it was for grief of you, sir," was the younger woman's answer. "Yes, I think you are Harry Hutchinson, I caught the look, then—come in, sir, and rest. You see it took hold of the old man; reading of your death as it were, made him quite thin and stooping and aged-like. He used to go round so solitary, and stand and talk to the neighbors of you, sir—it seemed for a time to be all his comfort. And he had a sort of hope that he should see you again—that your name was left out by some mistake; but after a while he gave that up, and when his son John went him that he had better sell out, and come and live with him, why he took him up."

"And Miss Rutherford bought the house?"

"Yes, she bought, and paid a good price for it, too; she was a nice girl, is Miss Anne. I used to think she was wild, but none of your kind, you see; though, to be sure, it alters a body to get religion."

"I shall be happy in time."

So said Anne Rutherford, as she sank on a seat after a long walk. She had wandered to the outmost verge of the town, where lived men and women for whose souls no one seemed to care. She had seen a poor father suffering for necessary food and clothing; a sick father, prostrated on a miserable bed, unable to help himself or others; a weeping wife, from whose heart the last vestige of hope seemed gone. Into this wretched place she had carried new life, new hope, new happiness. Every debt should be paid, the children must be clothed, the sick man must have nourishment, the poor wife rest.

She was saying to herself that she felt paid already, when a kiss on the cheek startled her.

"Are you tired, Anne?"

"No, mother, not much," she replied, smiling, puzzled somewhat at the new expression that seemed to change her mother's face.

"There is—I don't know how to tell you—" said her mother.

Anne turned round—she stood with lips apart—her heart beating with mingled feelings.

"Harry—he was not—lost—my darling!"

assigned the development of our almost unknown but undoubtedly great natural resources, the successful working of our mines, the spread of our agriculture, the extension of our manufactures and commerce, the maintenance of our well-earned fame in naval architecture, and all the countless applications of modern scientific discovery to the improvement of the useful and ornamental arts. If they fail in these tasks, so important to the welfare and prosperity of the country, strangers better fitted for the work will assuredly step in to fill their places and reap the rich harvest which is yet to be gathered. How carefully, then, ought we to tend the germ of an intellectual life upon which the future will make such weighty demands! What more truly patriotic than to diligently and zealously encourage the provident and enlightened culture of our youth, and prepare them for the honorable performance of the duties they owe to themselves and to their country!

FACILITIES SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT.

In addition to the obligation imposed upon us of endeavouring, to the best of our ability, to counterbalance our want of material, wealth and standing by the higher intellectual training, which eventually is the surest and safest means of improving our condition, there is another consideration which ought to act on our young men as a powerful stimulus to increased mental activity. In old and rich countries, nearly every family has found its level, and is very generally content with its lot. It thus happens that matters usually run in a well known and well beaten track, the son not unfrequently following the calling or profession of the father, who has in turn inherited the same from those that have gone before him. But in this country, when transition and progress are the order of the day, things have not assumed such a stable form, and our line of action is influenced by any such traditional adherence to family occupations.

We are untrammelled and free to pursue that path of life, which seems to be most promising; and there are few offices of honor, trust and emolument to which even the humblest among us may not aspire. Energy, perseverance, and intelligence seldom fail in securing their proper reward; and when exalted station is attained, what can be more gallant and mortifying to a man than to find that, owing to early neglect of some of the necessary branches of education, he can neither win the influence and respect of his fellows, nor discharge with credit and satisfaction to himself the duties incident to the position he has gained?

Mind must eventually bear the sway; the onward and upward progress of the human race is the march of intellect, and the more native talent and well-trained mind possessed by a country, the richer and more influential it will become.

HIGHER ENDS.

In the foregoing remarks I have mainly considered education as a means to an end, and that end more worldly prosperity. But is the accumulation of wealth, and the satisfying of our physical wants the chief end of our existence here? Though few will dare to avow that such is the case, yet how many act as if it were? This earth is not man's abiding place, and when he departs, he can carry with him none of the riches nor luxuries which have formed the objects of his most eager pursuit. It has been declared that "man shall not live by bread alone," and surely that part of him which is destined for immortality, his moral and intellectual nature, is most worthy of his care and attention. It is manifestly incumbent upon him, in fulfillment of the laws of his being, to cultivate with the greatest assiduity and to the extent of his opportunities, those talents which his all-wise Creator has committed to his keeping, and which make him differ from the beasts that perish. It is not for me to deal with the religious aspects of the subject; this solemn duty properly belongs to those specially set apart for the purpose. But, so far as intellectual culture is concerned, it is painful and almost disheartening to find it so generally judged by the low and sordid standard to which I have referred. Is not this a view of the matter invariably taken by all those who, ostentatiously parade themselves as practical men, and contemptuously sneer at knowledge which appears to have no immediate and obvious application? They value, and very properly value, sound common sense and practical wisdom; and imagine that these can be acquired more surely in the business of life than by any amount of intellectual training. With a large proportion of this class of people it is of no use to argue. With boastful self-complacency they triumphantly clinch all argument by an appeal to their own career—"they have never had much learning; they left school at twelve or thirteen; and yet they have made large fortunes, and have succeeded wonderfully well;—far better, indeed, than most of their book-loving neighbors." It is even more painful to be forced to conclude that many of those who avow themselves as fast and staunch friends of education, and who ape the prevailing fashion of the day, and speak and write of its beauties and benefits, and think it incumbent upon them to sound its praises on all public occasions, yet show by their conduct that they must be either ignorant in their professions, or so ignorant and grovelling in their ideas as to be incapable of estimating education otherwise than by its money-worth. In this class education has many flatterers but few true friends. With regard to it, as to other great questions of even more vital importance, the real test of sincerity is deeds rather than words.

LEARNING ITS OWN REWARD.

No intelligent and thoughtful man will deny that, over and above the material advantages which are very properly expected to flow from a thorough good education, there must also come from the same source, much that is elevating, pleasing, and profitable both to the individual possessor and to society at large. Cicero admirably sums up the benefits of intellectual studies in the following brief sentence:—"Hæc studia adolescenti mentis senectuti oblectant, secundis res ornant, adversis solant ac perferunt præterit, delectant domi, non impediunt foris." And again he exclaims:—"Quid est enim, per Deos optabilis sapientia? quid præstantius? quid homini melius? quid homini dignius?" As much as fourteen centuries ago, Boethius, within the walls of his dungeon, and during the awful moments of suspense which preceded his doom by the Emperor Theodoric, could find a delightful and absorbing recreation in writing a treatise on the "Consolation of Philosophy," a production which is less distinguished by the sublime morality of its views than by the elegance and purity of its Latinity. The translation of this work of Boethius

occupied the attention and soothed the almost despairing spirits of Alfred the Great amid the trials to which he was subjected; and the same labour of love was accomplished by Queen Elizabeth during the restraint and captivity from which she suffered before she ascended the throne. Sir Walter Raleigh's cruel and tedious confinement would have been far more irksome, had not the composition of his "History of the World" furnished solid and interesting employment for his busy and fertile brain. But there is no need to multiply instances of the "Consolations" which a well-cultivated and well-stored mind affords under prosperous as well as adverse circumstances. Yet, it will hardly be denied that knowledge for its own sake, and for the private comfort and individual happiness which it promotes is far too little valued and commended in this eminently utilitarian age.

This debasement of learning is undoubtedly a tendency of the times, and I conceive that I would be remiss in the due discharge of the duties of my position, did I not seriously call attention to the fact. Instead, however, of using my own words, I shall borrow the language of Dr. Caird, both because he expresses my sentiments with force and elegance which it would be presumption in me to hope to rival, and because his name cannot fail to add weight and importance to the cause he advocates. I earnestly entreat our men of means, and more especially our well-to-do traders and merchants to ponder carefully the words of this eminent divine, and honestly ask themselves whether, in the kind of education they seek for their children, they are or are not following the practice he so eloquently condemns. Dr. Caird first puts the case in a way which is not unfamiliar in this Province. I have heard almost his very words used, and could name many who would not hesitate to approve and adopt the sentiments expressed in the paragraph with which he introduces the subject. He begins thus: "Of what use are learning and scholarship? Why let your son waste precious years in mastering dead languages, or studying philosophy, or cultivating a taste for poetry and art, when he is intended not to be a clergyman or an author, but a practical man of business? These things won't help him on in life! All the scholarship on earth will not make him a better judge of dry goods. The learning of Porson or Bentley would not help him a bit in a speculation in cotton, or an investment in bank or railway stock. The youth must push his fortune as a manufacturer, or merchant, or engineer,—what will all the poetry and metaphysics in the world do to help him here? No! let the few years he has to spend on education be devoted to the practical branches; let him learn to write a good hand, be ready at accounts, acquire, if need be, a knowledge of the modern languages; but that is all the learning he needs. Other kinds of learning might only make him a book-worm, and at any rate, if they did not spoil him for a man of business, they are practically useless,—to what purpose such waste?"

DR. CAIRD'S REPLY TO AN OBJECTION.

Now it is quite true that, in the sense of being directly turned to account in the business of life, many kinds of knowledge are utterly useless. And if the chief end of man, even in this world, be to be a clever and successful man of business, to spend his time in acquiring such knowledge is sheer waste. Moreover it is also true, that forasmuch as to live is the condition of all other enjoyments, it is a very important thing for a youth to master those kinds of knowledge which are technical or professional, which will qualify him to earn his bread, and creditably to discharge the duties of his secular calling. Nor can any man be such an idiot as to despise money or the qualifications that enable us to make it, seeing that money is the means not of low enjoyment only, but of all sorts of enjoyment and influence, high as well as low. Yet, on the other hand, if all this is said, it leaves the broad principle unaffected—that practical utility is not the test of knowledge, seeing that knowledge, in itself, and for its own sake, is, to him who knows its worth, better and higher than all that can be got by means of it. All that can be gained at the very best by examining what is called useless learning, and confining a boy to the kind of knowledge that will help him to push his fortune in life,—all that at the very best can result from this, is that he makes a fortune. But a fortune is worth only what a man can enjoy out of it; and if his mind is narrow and uncultured, if he has not in youth acquired the invaluable power of appreciating, and enjoying the things which a cultured taste and a comprehensive, broad liberal intelligence alone can enjoy, then is he shut out from that which gives its chief value to money and leisure. He may indeed, without this, have everything that can minister to animal and sensual delight, but a man cannot get more than a limited animal enjoyment out of his money. If he try, he is drawn back by the warning hand of physical disease; if he persist, he soon, by the endeavour after excessive sensual enjoyment, destroys the very power of enjoying. The only way in which affluence and leisure can extract more out of life is when its possessor can thereby command the means of wider intellectual happiness, when his large and liberally cultured mind can rise beyond the narrow limits of sense, and by the expansive, the elevation, the intensifying of existence, which knowledge communicates, live, as compared with the mere moneyed man, three lives for one. It is no waste, then, to cultivate and inform the mind in youth even with what seems needless learning. It is false economy to restrict it to the narrow beat of practically convertible information. There are not a few men of business, who, even in the secular sense, have chosen for themselves and their children this better part—men who amidst all the toil of business, manage to keep up liberal tastes, and who can escape from the feverishness and shake of the dust and soil of life's conflicts, ever and anon, in converse with the great minds of ancient and modern times, of their own or other countries and tongues. But no man who has ever happened to witness the spectacle which you have sometimes observed—that which is presented by a man who has gone on in life, who has succeeded in amassing affluence, yet whose lack of culture leaves him with money but without the larger part of money's worth—the coarse, narrow-minded, ill-formed man of small ideas and a big purse, with a plethora of wealth and a collapse of thought, at whose table your body is overfed and your intellect starved, whose walls are covered with pictures which he cannot appreciate, and shelves filled with books of which he can enjoy nothing but the gilt backs, the man of soulless unrefined affluence and vulgar magnificence, no man, I say, that has ever witnessed and under-