

# 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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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1866.

Whole No. 630.

**ALBION HOUSE,**  
QUEEN STREET,  
FREDERICTON.

**NEW GOODS**  
FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

**JOHN THOMAS,**

Feels it a pleasing duty to present his grateful thanks to his friends and the public generally, for the increased support for the last three years, and trusts that unremitting personal attention in every department will insure a continuance of that confidence it is his desire to merit and maintain.

**The Stock of Goods**

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON,

Is now Complete in every Department.

With a full variety, comprising several lots, bought at

LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES.

**DRESS GOODS**

In all the New Materials at present worn.

**THIRTY PIECES PLAID LUSTRES,**

Good value, at 12 cents.

**WOOL SHAWLS—A LARGE VARIETY,**

In Shepherd Checks, Tweeds, Cloth, and Blanket

Wrappers.

**FLANNELS,**

In White, Grey, Red, Blue, Yellow, and

Fancy Crimean.

Of these we have received 75 pieces, bought at last year's

prices.

**DOMESTIC GOODS—a large Stock.**

**PRINTS IN EVERY VARIETY,**

Past Colors—from 12 cents.

**FURS,**

WARRANTED NEW.

In Mock Ermine and Martin Blankets and Horse Rugs.

We purchase all Goods for Cash, in the best markets,

from first class Merchants, in such quantities as to get

them at the lowest prices, which enables us to offer

Superior Inducements to Customers!

Goods sold by the piece for Cash, at St. John wholesale prices.

**OUR MOTTO IS**

**QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS**

**JOHN THOMAS.**

Fredericton, Nov. 16, 1865.

**SHERATON & CO.,**

Queen Street, - Fredericton,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL IMPORTER OF

BRITISH AND FOREIGN

**DRY GOODS,**

HAVE much pleasure in informing their friends and the

public, that they have now completed their Stock of

**NEW GOODS**

FOR THE FALL AND WINTER TRADE,

Consisting of

**DRESS GOODS,**

**SHAWLS AND MANTLES,**

**FURS,**

In Sable, Stone Martin, Fitch, Astrican, Dogskin,

Ermine—all the newest shapes—in

TIPPETS, RIDING BOATS AND MUFFS.

**BLANKETS,**

**SLEIGH ROBES,**

**HORSE RUGS,**

**AND CAMP BLANKETING.**

**Grey and White Cottons,**

**COTTON WARPS,**

**Ticking, Stripe Shirtings,**

**AND SWANSDOWNS.**

**PRINTS—fast colors,**

**AT TWELVE CENTS A YARD.**

**OSNABURGS,**

**STRIPE BAGGING,**

**AND HOLLANDS.**

**CARPETINGS,**

**IN TAPESTRY (2 and 3 ply),**

**WOOL HEMP AND STRAW.**

**CURTAIN DAMASKS AND TRIMMINGS,**

**WINDOW POLES AND CORNICES.**

**CLARK'S 6 Cord 200 Yd. REELS,**

**At 30 Cents a Dozen.**

Goods charged to Wholesale Buyers at Saint John

Prices.

Our stock of COTTON GOODS have all been purchased

before the late advance in prices, and are now worth

more than we are selling them for.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

**SHERATON & CO.,**

Near Phoenix Square.

Dec. 15.

**The Intelligencer.**

**PRAYER WHICH IS PRAYER.**

"Ask, and it shall be given you."

No words can be more grandly plain and un-

equivocal. And with this plainness, is associated

infinite truthfulness; while a possibility of failure

on the part of Him who uttered the promise is in-

conceivable. Honest men may fail of fulfilling

their engagements; the plans of mortals are liable

to be modified by the influence of foreign forces,

God is subject to no such limitation. Himself the

creator of the material system, and the framer of

all its laws—comprehending all the rage of Satan,

and understanding all the wickedness of men—this

promise is rendered certain of fulfillment by the

all-comprehending vision of Infinite Wisdom, and

the resources of Infinite Power. Why, then, is

there such an astonishing discrepancy, often, be-

tween the fullness of this divine promise and ex-

perience?

One reason is, that what men call prayer and

prayer are often as widely different as darkness

and light. There is a prayer of form, and there

is a prayer of the heart. In the former there is

motion of the lip, the utterances are unexception-

able, and sometimes the audience is favored, and

the Almighty instructed, by a full outline of

systematic theology, beginning with the creation

and sweeping on to the resurrection; but there is

no earnest struggling, no quaking of the heart

that would be filled with God. In the latter (the

prayer of the heart), the English language is often

murdered, to a critical ear; the words are some-

times indistinct—the thoughts a little confused;

but the deep spirit of earnestness is there, the

humbling of the heart, the childlike trust, the

grasping of the promises of the Eternal—and the

soul is stirred to its central depths. Now, a man

need not be cramped by liturgies and prayer-books,

to become a lip-worshipper; he becomes formal

when he binds his knees more from duty than

from a necessity of his inmost life—more to satisfy

conscience than because his wants drive him to

the feet of Jesus. Such a man may have a family

prayer—he may say God's blessing on his daily food

—and yet there may be no more prayer in such a

home, than in one where the knee is never bent,

and the voice never raised in devotion. The

prayer that pierces the skies, enters the ear of God,

opens His hand, and floods the soul with a gracious

answer, is a heart experience; and it often happens,

that when the heart has really and deeply entered

into the struggle, the lips refuse utterance—words

become hollow, utterly insufficient. Such prayer

is the most real, the most mighty, when human

language fails, and the Spirit makes intercession

for us and within us, with groanings that cannot

be uttered.

But even such prayer may be unattended by

the desired blessing. It is possible to groan upon

the bed of pain, and toss through the watches of

a whole night, and go forth unblest; and the

reason is simply this: that the earnestness and

agony are spasmodic, and not continuous. The

first reason mentioned to account for so much un-

answered prayer was, that the heart is bound up

and frozen in a cold formalism. But here we have

touched on an entirely different cause of failure.

There is no hypocrisy now; the burdened heart is

intensely in earnest. Wives bring their husbands,

parents their children, to God; and as they pray,

the agony—deep and real—increases, until words

fail, and the soul speaks in broken sobs; and yet

these may rise from such a struggle, while husband

and child perish in eternal night. Fearful is this

thought, but intensely true. And the reason is

simply this: that the earnestness is transient, not

abiding. The exhortation to be "instant" in

prayer is forgotten; the throne of God and the

cross of Christ are not besieged; there is no Jacob-

grateful must it have been as a seal to the patient,

faithful labor and preaching of the fall and

winter in which he has sought for a revival.

The inquiry meeting in the evening was so fully

attended that for once special, individual instruc-

tion had to yield to general speaking to all.

And so in Oberlin with a wonderful day closed

the *annus mirabilis*—wonderful year—of 1865.

**FAMILIAR CHARACTERS.**

A correspondent of the *Central Christian Ad-*

ocate gives some pen-sketches of characters that

are familiar to most persons. We present a few

specimens:—

Mr. Cheatus talks also of being persecuted,

and feels that he is an injured man. But I have

found that Mr. Cheatus takes advantage of his

neighbor's ignorance or necessity. When he

trades, he says, "It is naught, it is naught," and

straightway when he has sold an article for more

than its value, he turns to his companions and

with a chuckle of delight exclaims, "Didn't I

put it to him," "I guess I came it over him that

time."

He is careful never to assist in paying the sexton

or preacher; does next to nothing toward build-

ing the church or keeping it in order; coolly

avoids contributing for the purchase of the Sunday

school library; allows the collection-box to pass

him with the utmost indifference and neglect, and

the claims of poverty, or of the missionary cause

appeal to him in vain. He seems to imagine that

he has a free press to heaven, and that somebody

else must pay his fare, and keep the road in order

and meet all expenses. He wants a comfortable

seat, and a warm room, but is filled with indigna-

tion if called on to bear his share of the burdens.

He is a dead-head on the road. He went into the

vineyard not to labor, but to sit in the shade and

drink the wine, and have someone to wait on him,

and keep the flies off him. He cheats his neigh-

bors in business, and sponges his way through the

church, and feels that he is persecuted when plain

people express themselves in plain English, and

says that he is a swindler. Let them persecute and

take him, and let there be none to deliver him

until his soul be delivered from its degradation.

Near akin to Mr. Cheatus is Mr. Gripe.

He differs from Mr. Cheatus in this: He aims to be

honest in all his dealings, and scrupulously en-

deavors to keep all his promises, excepting always

the promise he made when he joined the church.

He has not yet found out that it is one of the im-

possibilities to be stingy, and be a Christian at the

same time. Even in this nineteenth century he is

slow enough to suppose that he can accomplish

what millions have tried to do, and failed in every

case. For six thousand years, not a single one

has succeeded. Yet Mr. Gripe tries it with as

much doggedness and self-composure as if he were

sure of coming off in triumph. He prays God to

bless the poor and needy, and extend his kingdom

over all the earth, but takes care that he is not

used as an instrument to fulfill his petitions. He has

a holy horror of a sermon that calls for money, and

dreads the presentation of a subscription paper, and

sighs for the good old days, when a quarter of

a dollar was quarterage. He advises the preacher

to say nothing whatever about his salary, especial-

ly in the pulpit, as that would give his minister

the appearance of being secular, and thus weaken

his influence.

One of his old acquaintances called to see him.

He gave Mr. Gripe immense satisfaction to show

him about his farm. He talked largely of its soil,

his flocks, and herds, his fine horses and splendid

swine; and spoke with great elation of feeling, of

his sagacity and success in money-making, and

pridefully pointed to the solid facts as proof positive

of the truth of what he said. As he was engaged

in the delightful task of communicating this kind

of intelligence to his acquaintance, he held his

head high, as if he were owner of all the space

above him as well as the soil beneath; his words

were glowing and alive. The glory of his present

possessions was only surpassed by his vast expec-

tations for the future. He swelled with enthusi-

asm, and was eloquent with gesticulation; he stood

over much territory, and threw his feet a good

ways apart, and swung them about with a fan-

gling and majestic sweep, making you think

that he was trying to imitate the Colossus of

Rhodes, or that he was a little Nebuchadnezzar,

taking a triumphant survey of his royal Babylon.

But while in the ecstasy of his enjoyment, a neighbor

called for his aid to a benevolent project. "Mirac-

ulous dictum!" how soon Mr. Gripe grew

poor! His hogs had died with cholera; the

price of cattle had fallen; his crops were likely to

be light, and times were hard, and sure to be

harder. He was going to build a new barn; in

fact, he claimed that he had been losing money.

Oh! how poor he had grown in a few short hours.

I found a new application of the wise man's words,

"Riches take to themselves wings and fly away."

I came very near feeling sorry for him as he re-

counted his losses and failures, and miserable pros-

pects. And when I looked in his face, I was

more troubled than ever; for he could not have

looked more cheerful had he at that moment

expected the cholera to attack himself, family and

hogs.

Another brother of the Gripe family lives in the

city. He does a large and thriving business, his

family ride in a fine carriage, and dwell in a spa-

cious mansion of upper-ten pretensions, and he

talks of the thousands he has made in trade. All

his manner of living is of the elegant type. He