

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.]

Vol. XIII.—No. 20.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1866.

Whole No. 644.

NEW GOODS.

MAY 1866.

12 Packages, containing
Brussels, Tapestry, Three Ply
and Kidderminster

CARPETS,
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

Swiss and Leno Curtains,

CURTAIN NETS,

WHITE COTTON AND LINEN

SHEETINGS,

PLAIN AND TWILLED.

Grey and White Cottons,

TABLE DAMASKS AND TOWELINGS,

Ticking, Stripe Shirtings,

PRINTS, BRILLIANTS,

French and Linen Gingham,

BLACK AND COLORED

DRESS SILKS.

Black Corded Silk for Mantles.

BLACK AND COLORED COBURGS,

ALPACCAS,

FANCY

DRESS GOODS, &c.

Together with a Large Stock of LADIES'

and MISSES'

SKELETONS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Balance of Stock daily expected.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

SHERATON & CO.,

Near Phoenix Square,
Fredericton, May 11, 1866.

MAY 4TH, 1866.

ALBION HOUSE,

QUEEN STREET,

FREDERICTON.

NEW GOODS!

RECEIVED THIS DAY,

10 Cases, comprising :—

DRESS GOODS,

COBURGS,

LUSTRES,

AND

PRINTS,

Grey and White Cottons,

TICKS,

Straw Hats,

SKELETON SKIRTS.

AN INSPECTION

Is respectfully solicited.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, May 4th, 1866.

The Intelligencer.

(From the Christian Treasury.)

The Cottagers of Glencarran;

OR,

THE LITTLE SEED: HOW IT TOOK ROOT AND FLOURISHED.

Chapter I.

THE LITTLE SEED.

'Mary,' said Joe Foster, looking up from his

Bible, which he had been poring over intently for

nearly half an hour, 'give me the wean, an' do you

take the book and help me wi' these questions.

Mr. Johnson will be nearly at the church by this

time, an' he doens like us to be late.'

'You'll have to find your next questions earlier

in the week, Joe, I'm thinking,' replied Mary.

She set the baby on his father's knee, and taking

the book and paper out of Joe's hand, she began

to consider the question, and mark the texts of

Scripture which were an answer to it. 'There, Joe,

it's no so very hard after all. I've marked

out the verses. Your cap and handkerchiefs in

the bed; don't be late. I wish I was going wi'

you.'

Joe was shutting the door behind him when

little Jenny, his eldest child, woke up, and cried

that 'daddy' must not go without kissing her.

Of course he had to come back and cover the

small glowing face and curly head with kisses;

but at last he was really off, saying he knew he

was very late.

Mary was a happy, thankful woman, as she

sat thinking that Sabbath evening. She gave

God thanks that Joe was becoming so earnest

about religion; for she remembered how little

interest it had for him a few years ago. When

they were first married, a very slight excuse

would have kept him at home the whole Sab-

bath; and although he used to read her a few

verses every night, she feared he did so more to

please her than from any higher motive. Now,

to her great joy, he had joined their minister's

Bible class; and it was a stern necessity indeed

that could keep him away from either morning

or evening service. It was pleasant to see him

taking delight in these things; but it was best

of all to see that religion was beginning to in-

fluence his life and conduct. Mary attributed

this happy change (under God's blessing) to Mr.

Johnson's teaching; she was too humble-minded

to imagine that she had had anything to do with

it.

Mary, however, had influenced her husband for

good; but in order to tell you how this was, I

must go back about three years in her history.

Joe and Mary had been engaged more than a

year before they were able to marry. Mary was

a servant in Mr. Johnson's family for a great

many years. Her chief business had been at-

tending upon Miss Johnson, an invalid, who was

always confined to bed, and depended for every-

thing upon her faithful maid, to whom she was

very much attached. The sick lady spent a

great deal of time in working for the poor. She

and Mary were generally employed in this way

when Mr. Johnson (having finished his parish

work for the day) came to spend his evenings

in his daughter's room. Mary's mind expanded

greatly while she listened to their conversation

band all this, and you will make him honor the

faith you profess.'

Mary had borne the good clergyman's counsel

in mind, and had earnestly striven to act upon it.

She certainly had not talked much about religion

to Joe; but he soon began to respect the power

which made her yielding and sweet-tempered.

He soon honoured the holy Book and holy day,

which Mary so greatly valued. When they were

first married, he could not but observe that Mary

suffered nothing to keep her from church, or to in-

terfere with the time she spent in prayer, night

and morning, at home. So he grew up to respect

Christ's religion. That was the first step he took

in the narrow path. Mary thought over all this

that quiet Sabbath evening, while she sat near the

hearth with baby on her lap, and little Jenny

playing on the floor by her side. Presently the

sweet church bell began to ring, and she could not

help regretting that she was unable to obey its

summons. However, she recollected that her

duty as clearly kept her at home now, as it had

formerly led her to worship in God's house; and

when the little ones were put to sleep, she spent a

peaceful, happy hour in communion with her

Lord.

Meanwhile Mr. Johnson was in his well-lighted

vestry-room, surrounded by his class. 'His

children' he liked to call them, although most of

them had reached man's and woman's estate.

He had held them in his arms at the font, and

prayed that they might have power and strength

to have victory, and to triumph against the devil,

the world, and the flesh. He had taught them

ever since, and believed he had reason to hope

that some of them were now his fellow-pilgrims

onwards, and would be his friends for ever. O

happy Christian friendship! Happy people who

love in Christ! You are bound together by the

only tie which death cannot sever!

The question Mr. Johnson's class had had to

answer was the following: 'What blessings are

promised in Scripture to those who speak to

their neighbours about Christ? Joe's verses

(thanks to Mary) were quite correct. They were—

Mal. iii. 16, 17: 'Then they that feared the

Lord spoke often one to another; and the Lord

hearkened, and heard in, and a book of remem-

brance was written before Him for them that

feared the Lord, and that thought upon his

name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord

of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels;

and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own

son that serveth him.'

Col. iii. 16: 'Let the word of Christ dwell in

you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonish-

ing one another in psalms and hymns and

spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts

to the Lord.'

Dan. xii. 3: 'They that be wise shall shine as

the brightness of the firmament; and they that

turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever

and ever.'

Eccles. xi. 6: 'In the morning sow thy seed, and

in the evening withhold not thine hand; for

thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this

or that; or whether both shall be alike good.'

Prov. xi. 25, 30: 'The liberal soul shall be

made fat; and she that watereth others shall be

watered also herself.' 'He that winneth souls is

wise.'

Mr. Johnson spoke at some length upon all

these verses. He reminded his pupils that their

first duty was to care for their own salvation,

then for that of others; and referred them to

the example of Matthew the publican, who, as

soon as he was called to be a disciple, made a

feast for Jesus, and invited his fellow-publicans to

meet Him, and hear from his divine lips those

glad tidings which had just been made known to

himself. 'There are some of you, my children,'

said the minister, 'who have found a dear Saviour;

don't you want others to find Him too? Have

you found ease and calm in letting the burden of

your sins fall down at the foot of his cross, and do

you not wish your friends and companions to rid

themselves of the like sore burden? Is there not

some thoughtless acquaintance, younger or more

ignorant than yourselves, that you may try to win

into the right way? No little child whom you

may tell of Jesus' love? Glencarran people, he

continued, bending his eager gaze first on one and

then another, 'are the neighbours who walk be-

side you on this street, and sit with you in this

church, to be your companions in the next life

also? Or is this poor life to be the end of your

friendship, and must they sink into hell reproach-

ing you, who knew the way of salvation, that you

never spoke earnestly to them about the one thing

needed? Alas! alas! the most earnest among us

never properly realizes these things. If we did,

I think no day would pass without our warning

some sinner to flee to Christ for refuge from the

wrath to come. 'In the morning sow thy seed,

and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for

thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this

or that; or whether both shall be alike good.'

And you know, he observed in conclusion, 'you

know to whom I give this advice. Only to those

who hate sin, and are keeping strict watch over

their own conduct. They only have a right to

teach others.'

Tears stood in the eyes of the girls, and some of

the young men appeared moved. They took

their places in church without exchanging a word.

But Mr. Johnson's energy had quite exhausted

him. He leant back in his chair, wondering how

he should get through the service. He was not

even so strong as he had been when Clara died;

and he was forcibly reminded, every Sabbath

evening, that his time for sowing the good seed

was nearly over. One of his pupils, who had

observed him growing faint, appeared with a glass

of wine, which she had run off to the village to

fetch. 'You know, he observed in conclusion, 'you

know to whom I give this advice. Only to those

who hate sin, and are keeping strict watch over

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him. He leant back in his chair, wondering how

he should get through the service. He was not

even so strong as he had been when Clara died;

STAYING THE ROUGH WIND.

In the climate of Judea, the east wind is very

tempestuous and violent. Job says, 'The east

wind carrieth him away, and he departeth; and as

a storm hurleth him out of his place;' and Jer-

emiah, speaking of God's wrath upon his enemies,

declares, 'I will scatter them as with an east wind

before the enemy.' It was a hot, scorching, fever-

bringing wind. The 'thin ears of corn' which

Pharaoh saw in his dream were 'blasted with the

east wind,' and this brought the plague of locusts.

The east wind, then,—blasting, burning, destroy-

ing,—is emblematic of the judgments which God

sends.

But, 'He stayeth his rough wind in the day of

the east wind.' When He sends this burning

wind upon His people, He moderates its fury. He

stays its roughness. He checks it, and sets bounds

to it, and does not suffer it to blow as hard as it

was feared.

There are few sons of God upon whom He does

not send His east wind. Sometimes it sweeps

away property, but it does not sweep away the

promises of Him who sends it,—'I will never leave

thee nor forsake thee.' 'The Lord will provide.'

'No good thing will He withhold from them that

walk uprightly.' It withers and blasts our hopes

of earthly advancement, or honor, or pleasure, but

it does not dry the fountains of our hope of

glory, and honor, and immortality in heaven. It

stretches us upon the bed of pain, fever, and