

# 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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Queen Street, - Fredericton,

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JOHN THOMAS.

Fredricton, Nov. 16, 1865.

## The Intelligencer.

### THE CENTENNIAL OF METHODISM.

One hundred years have passed since the wave, beginning in England a quarter of a century before, struck our shores, or, more properly speaking, since this peculiar form of the great revival was planted here. For Methodism, as Whitfield represented it, who is still reckoned in England as a Methodist, and was one of its earliest and most powerful exponents, appeared in America, almost simultaneously with its advent there. For, as Whitfield was the first of the Oxford Holy Club that experienced the new birth and entered into the life and power of faith, so was he the first to proclaim this great duty and blessing to astonished myriads in England. And the very year (1738) in which he began to preach there, he turned his steps to America. He went back, but the next year returned, and commenced that wonderful tour from Clarendon to Boston which is called by Jonathan Edwards (his ardent friend and fellow-laborer) the Great Awakening. This is the year which British Wesleyan Methodism dates its birth, so that in fact American and British Methodism are twins. Though the two apostles differed slightly, as did Paul and Barnabas, they were none the less ministers of one faith as well as of one Master, and, like those, their great ancestors, labored in different ways for a common end. Perhaps the most striking proof of this is the fact that the first Methodist church built in America was erected in Philadelphia, in 1740, for Whitfield, and that church, or its successor on the same spot, is now recognized as the oldest Methodist church in that city, and was occupied by the General Conference at its last session.

Generic Methodism thus kindled both hemispheres at once with its blaze, as truly a divine lightning, and caused, too, by the coming of the Son of Man, as that which in his final revelation shall come like this out of the East and shine even unto the West. But special Methodism, that which took a form and life of its own and built for itself an everlasting name, was not planted here till twenty-six years afterward.

Its coming was not to be in the pomp and glory of Whitfield's popularity, but—as his own career had begun at home, as all true churches of Christ have begun to be, as Christ himself declares the kingdom of heaven ever cometh—without observation. Whitfield's march through the land was the most triumphant ever accorded in all our history to a minister. All Philadelphia, Franklin College, showered honors upon him; New York City, Yale College and the Connecticut Legislature hailed him as a light from heaven; while Boston, in her usual stately way of expressing her enthusiasm, sends a deputation of her clergy and chief citizens, headed by the son of the governor, to meet him while he is yet ten miles from the city, and the governor's carriage takes him from place to place, even fifty miles from the town. No great reform can begin with such *relat.* So, though Whitfield, in his half dozen visits to America, did much to soften the air, and lift the churches from the somnolence of controversy into the sweeter and serenest region of love, still his work did not visibly abide and grow. The great awakening became a greater slumber, and the wintry winds of doctrinal controversy rose and blew with increased fierceness, while vigorous dialecticians of many schools of theological surgery were busy in dissecting the dead body of Christ, and contending as to the meaning and function of its lifeless elements.

The origin of Methodism in no small degree resembles that of Congregationalism. The pioneers were in both cases pilgrims and pilgrims from another land than their own. Their departure was not unlike. Everybody knows the story of the Pilgrims by heart. That of the Methodist pilgrims is yet unknown. Dr. Stephens, in his well-made abstract, designed as a hand-book for his church, tells the novel tale. A community of German Protestants, expelled from the Palatinate on the Rhine by Louis XIV., found refuge with Queen Anne. Part of them were located in the county of Limerick, Ireland. In 1758 John Wesley visited and preached in their villages. His associates put them on their circuits, and he declares afterward that three such towns as theirs were hardly to be found anywhere else in Ireland or England. "There was no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no idle hours among them. From these practical Puritans came the seed of grain of American Methodism. In 1759 Philip Embury heard John Wesley preach, and on Christmas day of that year a manuscript fragment in his own hand-writing says: "The Lord shone into my soul, by a glimpse of his redeeming love, being an earnest of my redemption in Christ Jesus, to whom he glory forever and ever." In 1760, accompanied by his wife and by eight other families, they set sail for America. He is surrounded by his neighbors and spiritual friends, crowds of whom had come to see them off. He preaches to them from the side of the vessel. They sing and pray together, and with uplifted hands he stands blessing them until the vessel is lost to sight. That was the first Methodist preacher, class leader, treasurer, and trustee, in America.

As arriving at New York the families scattered, only a few of them being Wesleyans, and, with the exception of Embury and three or four others, became backsliders. A few of their kindfolk arrived in 1765. Embury had neglected to stir up the gift which was in him. Some of these men were engaged in playing cards, though there is no proof that he engaged in the game, or was in their company. Mrs. Barbara Heck, visiting her brother, one of the players, showed that Lot's wife could sometimes surpass in zeal! Lot himself, she seized the cards, threw them into the fire, and went straight to Embury, her cousin, and told him he must preach to them, or they would all be lost together.

He sought to excuse himself, but she persisted. He yielded and preached his first sermon in his own house to a congregation of five persons, which Mrs. Heck had gathered. Preaching regularly followed. His house became too strait for the hearers, and he hired a large room near by. Capt. Webb, of the British Army, appeared one day in his congregation, a local preacher of Wesley's. They labored together. A larger hall was secured, being nothing grander than a rigging-loft on William street, and this gave place, through the energies largely of Barbara Heck, to a chapel on John street, which Embury planned, labored

upon as a mechanic, and dedicated Oct. 30th, 1760, and which site is still held by the church as a memorial of their beginning.

This is the origin of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The year in which that faithful woman brought Philip Embury and a congregation of five hearers face to face in his poor tenement to hear the Word of the Lord is repeated in the rounds of a century to-day. No ecclesiastical records exceed that of this church in marvellousness. Protestantism, a hundred years after Luther nailed up his thesis, had subdued kingdoms to itself. Puritanism in 1720 had made itself the leading power on this continent, Virginia and New York standing far in the rear then of New England in wealth, population, and power. But these were both largely civil as well as religious triumphs. The statistics of the M. E. Church show a growth that is directly if not exclusively ecclesiastical. It has 60 conferences, 9,821 itinerant, 8,205 local preachers, and 928,320 members. The little one has become a million. It has church property valued at \$27,000,000, 25 colleges and theological schools, with property valued at \$9,155,000, 158 instructors, and 5,345 students; and 77 academies, with 556 instructors and 17,961 students; making a body of 714 instructors and an army of 23,106 students. Its Book Concern has a capital of \$837,000; keeps 500 persons in its employ, does an annual business of a million of dollars, and has given away from its profits in various church directions since 1836, a period of only thirty years, \$1,047,690.50!

Its Sunday-school Union comprises 13,400 schools, more than 150,000 instructors, nearly 918,000 pupils, and more than 2,500,000 library books. It issues 2,500 publications, besides a monthly circulation of nearly 300,000 numbers of its periodicals. Its missionary society has 1,059 circuits and stations, 1,128 paid laborers and 105,975 communicants. But the M. E. Church alone is not the only offspring of this Park Place assembly. The other branches of the family under various names and colors in the U. S. and Canada, with this first-born, give an aggregate of 1,972,770 church-members, 13,650 travelling and 15,000 local preachers, nearly 200 colleges and academies, 30 periodicals, and controlling directly 8,000,000 of people.

After such a mass of massive statistics, comments are needless. We can but rejoice that the goodness of God has striven in them so mightily. It looks like a long stride toward the Millennium when one feels of the Lord's can thus bring forth fruit on a hundred-fold. Whatever peculiarities of faith or form distinguish this body from its kindred in the Lord, they share together the common joy. And when we see Presbyterianism struggling and dying in the rocky by the shores of a petty lake in a petty principality; Episcopalianism struggling and well nigh dying in the bloody clutches of Mary; Congregationalism hounded out of England and reduced in its formal expression to a hundred wanderers in a leaky boat on a wrathful winter ocean; Lutheranism flying in his solitary person on horseback, in midnight, to the castle of Erfurt; the Baptists persecuted to the death in every land, claiming as their only city of refuge in the wide world but a corner of this continent, a city called originally, with inexpressible depth of gladness and gratitude, Providence—and then to see their stately position and progress, we can but say to our young sister: You were like us in the ignominy of your origin, the persecutions of your growth, and the glory of your victory. If your branches run over the wall, so that others pluck your grapes, you have enough and to spare. From our store we can contribute each to each, and all thereby enrich each other.

There is seemingly no danger that this child will die a hundred years old, from the preparations that are making for the celebration of the attainment of its majority. Sermons were preached on the subject in every pulpit last Sabbath; historical sermons are to be preached before each conference; contributions to local charities, a million educational fund for the whole convention, and a grand jubilee day the last Sabbath in October, are set down in the programme. They expect to reap three to five millions of money at this harvest home.

From our gray-beard corner—being about three times their age—we give them joy over their "smartness" and trust their next centennial will see all the world Methodists indeed, after the united and perfect pattern of Whitfield and Wesley.—*N. Y. Independent.*

### AMEN!

A father and mother left home to spend the day—three little Methodist people they were—and their three little boys, Charlie, Henry, and Bennie, ages in the order of their names—remained to look out for the house and animals. In the course of the day the house took fire just behind the oven-door, and the boys taxed their utmost energies to extinguish the flames. Bravely they battled with the fiery element, drawing and carrying buckets of water, and finally the fire was subdued.

At night, the parents returned, and the three lads met them at the gate to tell their tale. Charlie and Henry extinguished the flames, according to their story. "And what did you do, Bennie?" said the father to the youngest. "I—"

"I—answered Bennie, "clapped my hands, and said, AMEN!"

We want a class of temperance men and women to learn a lesson from this little boy. In every community there are practical temperance men and women who never do any thing for the cause. They leave all the work to be done by Mr. A., or Mr. B., or Mrs. C. They are not situated to do much for the enterprise. It will have little weight in promoting the cause, for then to do all they can. A poor plea this! If they can do no more, they can say, AMEN! A word of cheer, a friendly recognition of the good work, will have its influence. Little Methodist Bennie could not carry buckets of water; but he could say, "AMEN!" to cheer on his brave brothers. The class of temperance men in question can do much. Let them say, AMEN! to the philanthropic work. Let them do not say even that. They are not seen at temperance lectures; they belong to no temperance organization; they take no temperance paper; they are not posted on the temperance question. A liquor-shop within a stone's throw of their dwelling does not provoke them to act, even when a good prohibitory law is provided. Oh! if they would but awake to duty! How cheering it would be to see them even rub their eyes! It would be a real clarion call to the temperance army to hear them shout AMEN!

That is what we want in this crisis—that all men and women who banish rum should hang out

their flag. They can do this. When the great army of teetotalers is "marching along," they can run up a flag from the house-top, and show that they indorse the conflict. We would gladly welcome them into the ranks, and march on with them, shoulder to shoulder, to victory. But if they can not do that, we invoke them to cheer the column in its march of triumph!—*National Temperance Advocate.*

### BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.

(Continued.)

On the Saturday, when the bell rang, and John went to the office for his wages, he felt a thrill of joy run through him as he received them, and retired to a quiet corner of the workshop, looking at the sovereign and a half which lay in his hand, he said, "It is many a long day since I could say that ye both belonged to me; and now I have got ye, I'll take good care that I don't part with ye unless I get plenty out of ye;" and clasping his hand, and putting it and its contents into his pocket, you might have heard him say; "I'll buy my own cherries, that I will!"

Mary was much pleased to see him turn even sooner than the week before (for reasons known to our reader), and soon placed the tea before him, and while bustling about the room, and doing her best to keep the children quiet, she felt almost inclined to say how pleased she was, but checked herself, lest he might, when giving her the money, stop some for the last week's mistake.

When he had nearly finished his meal, he said: "Here, Mary, you'll be wanting to go—marketing directly, I suppose; there's the money," throwing it into her lap.

Her heart was ready to sink when she felt the money fall. "Ah!" she thought, "he has soon stopped the overplus of last week;" but, looking by the light of the fire it looked rather yellow, she went to the window, for it was a narrow street in which they lived, where the daylight never fairly entered the room except by accident, or when a streak of sunlight shot its ray down among them.)

"Can it be possible!" she thought: "a sovereign and a half!" while an utterance of surprise escaped from her, as she said in a whisper: "Is all this for me, John?"

"Yes," said John, "and I hope you will spend it well."

"I hope," said Mary, trembling, "You haven't done any thing wrong to get so much, John?"

"No, my lass," said John, while his heart trembled with emotion. "I have done no wrong long enough, and I am going to do right for the future."

"But—"

"Never mind, now," said John; get your bonnet and shawl, and let us both go to market."

Mary did not need a second order to get ready, all the while wondering how it was to be accounted for; resolving, however, while she was tying her strings, that she would quietly wait until John thought proper to give her an explanation. So after bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the other children, and the house, they went on their way. John then briefly told her the decision he had come to, and hoped she would forgive him for the past, and help him to do better for the time to come; to all of which Mary listened with trembling joy.

Their conversation was soon interrupted by their approaching the first place that they should call at, which was the butcher's who, when he saw them coming together, ceased crying. "What will you buy for?" thought he, "they won't want much; a small joint that every body else leaves, or some pieces in yonder corner, at fourpence a pound, will suit them. So he commenced looking at his stock of meat with his back toward John and Mary."

He was aroused from his reverie by hearing John's voice, "I say, governor, what's this leg of mutton a pound?" and looking round, he saw John in the act of handling a piece of meat of that description.

"The idea of your asking such a question!" thought the butcher; but in a moment he said: "Eightpence."

"Take it down and see what it weighs," said John.

"Yes," said the butcher, thinking to himself, "I'll weigh it, and that will be enough for you, I know."

"It weighs just eight pounds, and come to five shillings and fourpence." Now you are done, he thinks.

"I'll have it," says John.

"Yes," thinks the butcher, "when you've paid for it."

"Here, Mary," said John, "give him the money."

Mary pushed her finger inside her old glove, and brought out the sovereign, and laid it on the butcher's block just as carefully as if she was afraid of rubbing the gold dust off.

The butcher watched every movement, and thought all this care was to be regarded as a sign of deception, and that the money was bad; so taking it up quickly, he bounced it hard upon the block to test its quality, but when its ringing assured him that all was right, in a moment his face changed its expression and his voice its tone, while he said, with great politeness:

"Can I send it home for you, sir? and is there any other article—beef, pork, etc.,—while the change rested meantime between his fingers."

"No," said John, feeling rather vexed, "nothing else to-night."

"Thank you, sir. Let me see; you live at No. 20 Broad street, don't you?"

"Yes," said John; and upon Mary taking up the change, they passed out from the shop.

It is not necessary for us to follow them round to the other places; it is only right to say that each shopkeeper was surprised and pleased to receive larger orders and more money than usual, and, as a matter of course, showed them an extra amount of politeness.

Meanwhile the children at home had their talk about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together!"

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether any body that father knows has died and left him some money."

"And with similar child-like talk they were engaged when a rap at the door disturbed them."

Sally went to the door, and there stood a butcher-boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Mister Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there is no one of that name lives here."

"The English sovereign, a gold coin worth twenty shillings English, or about five dollars American money."

"It's strange," said the boy; I was told this was the house. Isn't this No. 20?"

"Yes," said Sally, "this is No. 20, but no one of that name lives here."

"Well, who does live here?" said the boy.

"My father and mother, and us," said Sally.

"And what's your father's name?" said the boy.

"They call him Jack Lewis," said Sally.

"Well, that's the same man—Mister and Jack's all the same," said the boy, "and here's a leg of mutton for him."

"Oh! I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally; "we never have such things as them come to our house."

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy; "and it's paid for."

"Well, if it's paid for I'll take it in; but I'm sure you'll have to come and fetch it back again," said Sally.

"Oh! it will be all right," said the boy, and away he went.

"Isn't it a whopper?" said Tommy. "Only fancy if this was our'n, wouldn't we have a tuck-in for dinner?" And the little fellow danced about the room for joy; and while he was cutting his capers (not for the mutton sauce) in this manner, another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes," said Sally, "I'll bring it!" said Tommy. But on opening the door, a baker's boy presented himself with three large loaves.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"Well," said Sally, thinking it strange, "my father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him."

"All right; here's these loaves for him."

"Are they paid for?" said Sally.

"Yes," said the boy, "Come, make haste!"

"Well, I'll take 'em in, being as how they are paid for; but we never have such big loaves as them, and I am sure you'll have to fetch 'em back again. There's a mistake somewhere."

"There, that's all fudge," said the boy, and off he went.

"An't them busters?" said Tommy. "See, sister, they are new and well baked, too, an't they? Only fancy if they was ours, wouldn't we make a hole in them soon?"

And again he started off with a dance and a shout, in the midst of which another rap at the door was heard.

"Here they are," he said; "I'll bring them to the door."

But upon the door being opened, there was a lad with parcels of tea, sugar and coffee, and the same question was asked. But Sally by this time had decided to take all in that was paid for, at the same time telling each one, "they mustn't be surprised if they had to fetch them back again."

The grocer sent potatoes and cabbages; the buttermilk eggs, bacon, and butter; and a few other articles from different shops arrived, until the table began to be quite full.

"I do wish father and mother would come home," said Sally. "Suppose a policeman was to come and find all these things here, what should we do?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether father's going to keep a shop?"

"Don't be silly, Tommy; it would make you still, I know, if we had all to go to prison," said Sally.

In the midst of this dialogue, much to the joy of the children, father and mother returned, and soon told them that the things on the table were for the coming week, and that all of them would have a share if they were good; and giving them a piece each of the new loaf, and a bit of cheese, off they were sent to bed, and told to be very quiet. But quietness was out of the question. No sooner were they up-stairs than they began to talk of the morrow's feasting; and their tongues made such a noise that it awoke the other children; and then Tommy had to tell them that down-stairs there was such a wopping leg of mutton, and such big loaves, and lots of other things; and they soon set up a shout which brought the mother to the foot of the stairs, and she said:

"If you children don't be quiet, you shan't have any pudding to-morrow."

"Pudden! pudden!" said the little ones. "What's that?" And again the voice of Tommy was heard telling the others, that down-stairs there was flour and currants, and that on the morrow mother had promised to make them a plum pudding. Of course, with this additional piece of news, was it any wonder that their eyes were not much troubled with sleepiness, and that long before the time for getting up had arrived, Tommy was showing them, by the aid of the pillows, how big the loaves were, and how mother would make the pudding; and then they wished for the time to arrive when they might be able to experience in reality that the 'proof of the pudding is in the eating.'

However, the day was at length fairly ushered in, and to the astonished eyes of the children, the whole of the articles displayed; and it can be more easily imagined than described how the day passed away, with so much to talk about, and so many things to enjoy. And when, in the afternoon, while all were seated around the table, mother brought out a plate of nice rosy-ripe cherries, was it any wonder the children set up a shout of joy, that Mary's heart was too full to contain its emotion; and that, while the children were making ear-rings of the cherries, she drew close to John, and kissing him quietly, the tears trickling down her cheeks the mean while, she whispered in his ear: "We may be happy yet."

And so it was; for in a short time John found that he could buy clothes for his children, and then for himself and wife. And then it began to be whispered that he was getting proud, for he moved into a better neighborhood, where he only had to pay about the same rent nevertheless. And soon after he began to put by his savings in the Building Society, and this enabled him to build a cottage for himself. Meantime the master, finding him more than ever attentive to his work, appointed him as foreman, at an advanced rate of wages; and somehow, John used to say, that "he found it vastly more pleasant to receive two sovereigns and a half a week for looking after men doing the work, than one and a half for doing it."

And step by step he arose, until he became a master himself; and instead of working, he had men to look after it and to do it for him. He has bought