

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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JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Nov. 16, 1865.

The Intelligencer.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

Drunkness and profane swearing have prevailed in the United States for the last three years to an extent altogether unparalleled on this continent, and reminding one powerfully of the godless era of the "Restoration" in England. War plays dread havoc with the morals of ordinary men. The good Christian it purifies and ennobles as the fiery furnace purifies gold—but in the bad man it intensifies corruption. Generals and influential public men have set the worst possible example before the country. President Johnson was notoriously drunk on the day of his inauguration as Vice President. Generals Sherman and Sheridan are notoriously profane. The example set in high places has led with fearful force on the whole community. The American Churches have lifted up a bold and faithful testimony against prevailing evils. The President from all that we can hear and judge is a sober man and has been so for months. A Temperance Revival has taken place, and is prevailing far and wide. And the latest New York and Philadelphia papers are filled with good news of a profound Religious Revival, like that of 1857. This is what the country greatly needs. If genuine and widespread it cannot fail to bring in its train, sobriety and reverence for things divine. If it be true that a revival of temperance is often followed by a revival of religion it is unquestionable that a revival of Religion implies and necessitates a revival of Temperance and of all the virtues that adorn the Christian character.

The Rev. T. L. Caylor of Brooklyn, New York, writes as follows to the *Evangelist* of last week:

Revolutions do not come to a church without an adequate cause. They are born of prayer, or of special devotion to God's work—or of both combined. The present revival in the church I serve grew largely out of the noble and determined efforts of the church to arrest the havoc of drunkenness in this neighborhood. Instead of talking and praying about sin in the abstract, they laid hold of a tremendous concrete sin. They declared war against it. An effective reorganization of our church Temperance Society was made; vast meetings held, and addressed by able speakers, and the pledge of abstinence was signed by several hundred. More than one inebriate has been reformed, and the whole community hereabouts has been thoroughly leavened with temperance truth. As soon as I saw how the hearts of the people were stirred up in doing good, I confidently expected an outpouring of God's Spirit. Since the "week of prayer" it has come. I believe that this blessing will descend on every church that does its duty.

Since the revival commenced, our active members have arranged a systematic visiting of the impenitent, conversing with them or addressing them by kind letters. Each one selects one or more to look after. He makes himself responsible for those persons. The best Sabbath school teachers visit their scholars during the week. In this way the pastor is powerfully aided—the working piety of the church is developed, and many are reached and brought to the evening services for prayer. Every evening meetings witness new cases of inquiry, and new converts to Christ. I earnestly wish that every church would do these two lines of action and carry them both out far more thoroughly than we have done. Are not fighting sin and saving souls the two great purposes for which churches exist?

Is there not here a lesson to our Churches in Nova Scotia? We can pray: we can work; God's beautiful Heaven is over us too, and His Spirit is free here as anywhere. Let us prove him!

Says the Philadelphia *Presbyterian*:

We continue to hear of a gracious work of God's Holy Spirit in the churches. At Washington, Pennsylvania, there is a revival, which has reached the students of the college at that place. So also at the church at Potomac, and many of the faithful there, seem to be seeking the Saviour. In Hackettstown, New Jersey, a large number of persons have been inquiring to Christ. The Week of Prayer was observed in the Presbyterian church at Williamsport, and the services have been continued with great interest. The number of inquirers is large, and nearly forty are said to be rejoicing in a new found hope in Christ. The earliest manifestation of the Spirit's presence was with the aged. Now it is with the young, though not with them exclusively. The interest is extending in the town, and all classes are moved to ask "What shall we do to be saved?" The *Recorder of Boston*, says:—"The present is the fourth week of special religious services held in the First Presbyterian church of this city. Some are inquiring the way of life, and others are thoughtful, serious attendants upon the means of grace. A Christian who attended but a single meeting went away saying, 'The Spirit is here.'"

In other places there are indications of good, and everywhere there is great encouragement to pray; for men listen earnestly, and with great apparent solemnity, to the word of life. Speaking of Philadelphia the same paper informs us that the "Week of Prayer" extended into a month of prayer, and that the interest deepened as the meetings continued. The largest churches in the city were crowded every day at 4 o'clock, except when inclement weather kept invalids and women at home. The tone and spirit of the meetings were admirable; there was little of rambling talk, and a genuine heartiness and earnestness in the prayers, which lifted the heart of the great congregations to God. Very many requests for prayer for particular persons came in from day to day, and they revealed burdens on many hearts which could be thrown off only before the mercy-seat. As the great union meeting went on, they gave rise to meetings in particular parts of the city, and to denominational meetings for prayer. In the southern part of the city the New and Old-school Presbyterians have held union prayer-meetings together, and expect to continue them in their churches. In the United Presbyterian churches there have been meetings for prayer for the last three weeks, which

have been largely attended. The churches, we think, have been revived greatly, and we do not doubt that sinners have been converted.

A most significant incident is told in connection with the Revival at Chicago. Dr. Patterson of the Reformed Presbyterian Church there, as fine and large hearted a Christian as you could expect to meet with anywhere this side of the "shining shore," set the example before his flock, and Reformed Presbyterians in general, of using hymns in public worship. Ministers, Elders and people ceased to object to Hymns. The gateway was opened, and in Sabbath Schools, and Prayer Meetings, "the greatest liberty is manifested in regard to psalm, hymn or paraphrase singing, and the Lord is blessing us the meanwhile."

Though Chicago is a wicked city, its Christian people of all denominations, blessed be God! are a unit. As an instance of Christian unity that prevails, I will just say, that at one of the union revival meetings, not long ago, one of our most respected elders, (an elder in the Reformed Presbyterian Church) in his zeal for the good work, volunteered to blow the bellows for the organ in one of our city churches, when the person in charge could not be found; and in doing so, I warrant he scattered the dust and cobwebs which years of exclusive worship had gathered in the minds of many a good Christian.

The Church of God is moving—and moving together, moving in concert of prayer and good work. Close up! close up! is now the word of command along the scattered lines of the Lord's army, and we be to the man, or church, or denomination, who will insist on leaving gaps in the ranks, or be found straggling in the rear.—*Hartford Presbyterian Witness*.

A GRACIOUS PROCLAMATION.

"Fear not." It is very brief. It is spoken in a breath, and with one opening of the lips. But it is the word of the great King, and as spoken by him it cast a protective shadow over the heads of his trusting people as broad as his power, as cool and refreshing as his love. Everything in this text being on the largest scale, I think we are justified in giving this declaration also its widest and most general application.

It is a dissertation from all fear that "hath torment," from all undue anxiety and apprehension, from all excitement, foreboding, solicitude, which would bring pain. It affects all personal, all relative, and all religious and public interests. "Fear not" for any of them. Let us try (with much reverence) to give expression and expansion to this gracious declaration of the great King.

"Fear not" for thyself. I will wash the thoroughly from thine iniquities, and cleanse thee from thy sins, create in thee a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within thee, give thee the joys of my salvation, and uphold thee with my free spirit. I will console thee in trouble, strengthen thee for duty, open a way for thee amid life's perplexities, pitch thy tent in safe places, and be around thy tabernacle with my sheltering presence until it is taken down, and thou art called to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thy path may seem rugged and cheerless; but it is open and onward; and I will pass with thee myself along all its length, nor leave thee in the shades which hang over its close. I will be with thee in the dark valley to support thy trembling steps with my rod and staff; I will softly unlock the awful door, and usher thee into Hades, where a thousand sights of beauty will fill thy delighted eye, and a thousand voices of welcome will hail thy coming.

"Fear not" for any among thy kindred and acquaintance of the same family of God. There is a shield over the head of each, a providence as watchful of every one as if that one alone were a dweller on the earth. When they pass through the waters thou shalt not overflow them, and through the flame it shall not kindle upon them. While they live they are mine; "they live unto the Lord." When they die they are mine; "they die unto the Lord"—living and dying, they are the Lord's. Fear not with a slavish, unbelief, for any whom thou lovest. They are dear to you, are they less dear to me? Thy brother is dead, but he will be alive again. Thy sister is lost, but she shall be found.

"Fear not" amid changes however startling, circumstances however unexpected; for I am not a mere watcher over a broken and lawless world, sending and checking, and trying to save something from the wreck! I am the perfect Ruler of a perfect providence, setting kings on their thrones and watching sparrows in their fall; preserving your mightiest interests, and numbering the hairs of your head!

Brethren, it is this "fear not," which often we most need to hear; we do not exercise ourselves in great matters—we can trust these to him, for we feel they are too high for us; but we do painfully exercise ourselves in lesser things as if we had the sole charge of them. We should not for a moment presume to grasp the keys; but we do presume, in our thoughts, to dictate when and where, and how they shall be used. We strive, oftentimes almost unconsciously perhaps, to rearrange and reorganize particular circumstances, and even whole scenes in our life and in the lives of others. And with a still more importunate and sorrowful eagerness do we seek to have some power in arranging for life's close. We would not dare to take the key of death into our own hand, but we would touch it while it lies in his. Not now, or Not there, or Not thus, we are always saying.

Now, we say, when the father is called to leave the family of which he is the sole stay. "Let him live, let a few years elapse, let his family be provided for, let his work be done!" It is done, the answer. His fatherless children are provided for. I have taught him to leave them when I die. The Father of the fatherless, the Husband of the widow, is God in his holy habitation."

Not now, we say, when the mother has heard the home-call, and with a calmness and courage greater than those of the soldier in battle, is rising above all her cares, and becoming a child again, at the threshold of the heavenly home. O, not now! Who will check the waywardness, encourage the virtues, receive the confidences, soothe the little sorrows, and train the loves of those infant hearts? Who will teach the evening prayer, and listen to the Sabbath hymn? Who can give a mother's care and feel a mother's love? I, saith the Shepherd, I will gather the lambs with mine arm, and carry them in my bosom. I will

forget no prayer of the dying mother's heart. I will treasure in my heart the yearnings of her life over her children; and the unutterable compassion of her dying hour; and when many years have sped, and she has been long in heaven, these children will remember her from their holiest and happiest moments, and by their walk and their work will be proving that she did not live in vain, that she finished the work that was given her to do.

Or, we say, "Not there," O, not there! Away on the sea—a thousand miles from land—let him not die there, and be dropped into the unfathomable grave, where the unstable waves must be his only monument, and the winds the sole mourners of the place! Or not in some distant city or faring land—strangers around his bed, strangers closing his eyes, and then carrying him to a stranger's grave. Let him come home and die amid the whisperings and breathings of the old unquenchable love. "He is going home," is the answer, and going by the best and only way. "I can open the Gate Beautiful in any part of the earth, or sea. I can set up the mystic ladder, the top of which reaches to heaven, in the loneliest island, at the furthest ends of the earth, and your friends will flee to the shelter of my presence all the more fully because you are far away."

Or, we say, "Not thus," not through such agonies of body, or faintings of spirit, or tremblings of faith—not in unconsciousness—not without dying testimonies. Let there be outward as well as inward peace. Let mention be made of thy goodness. Let there be foretellings and foreshowings of the glory to win six years, nor were his ministrations as fruitless as they had been. Dissatisfaction arising among the people, a committee of two gentlemen were appointed to confer with him. They frankly stated their errand; and he as frankly admitted that he was sensible of his want of success. The gentlemen desired to know what he thought was the cause. Without hesitation he replied, "The loss of my prayer book."

With surprise they said, "We never knew that you used one." "Yes," he answered, "I have enjoyed the benefit of one for many years till lately, and I attribute my want of success to my loss of it. The prayer of my people were my prayer book; and it has occasioned great grief to me that they have laid it aside."

Much has been said lately of the general expectation of a revival. Many churches are looking for it—looking, I fear, to their ministers to secure it; and it does not come there; but almost every instance is reported. And though truly grateful for what we hear, yet "what are these among so many?"—among "the thousands of Israel?" The people turn to the pulpit and complain that preaching is not searching and convicting. Why? Because the Holy Spirit does not accompany it with His quickening power. And who is to blame for that? A prayerless church. Alas! our pastors have lost their prayer books. Wordliness and greed of gain have closed these prayer books. If opened at all, it is only for a little while on Sunday. However sad, we must confess God's people are not ready for a revival. The Master may well say, "What do ye more than these?"—the world. Card-playing, dancing, wine-drinking, frequenting the theatre and opera, are too common practices. Said a man of the world, recently: "Christians are more liberal than they used to be. I see them at the theatre, and join them in the dance and at the card-table." Yes, there is too much of this liberal Christianity.

Has our Lord recalled his exhortation, "Come out and be ye separate?" Pastors, however faithful, cannot make a revival. They must have the prayers of the people. Moses was a mighty man of prayer. More than once he averted the wrath of God from Israel. Yet when Israel was struggling with powerful Amalek, and with varying success, Moses' prayers alone did not cause victory to perch on Israel's banner. Aaron and Hur were on the mount associated with Moses in supplication. Does not the incident in Exodus, chapter xvii, teach us that without their prayers Israel would have been beaten back? For when through fatigue Moses dropped his arms, Amalek prevailed. And those arms were only held up by the agency of Aaron and Hur. These uplifted hands denote Moses at prayer. Such is the general understanding of Christian and Jewish interpreters. Indeed all three were engaged in earnest supplication. But it was the support which Aaron and Hur gave Moses that finally decided the result. And so those two men are a type of the indispensable help that must be rendered a pastor by his people's prayers.

Luther was prevalent in prayer, but his prayers did not secure the Reformation. For a generation the followers of Luther and Wickliffe had been praying. Luther stood alone before the august Diet of Worms—a noble spectacle of moral heroism. He was firm, for he had spent nights before that day in prayer. But he was strengthened by the intercessions of scores in his behalf. Aaron and Hur were all around him, though no man saw them. They were his prayer book. Christendom, and our own church, have brought to the Lord, we must re-open our prayer book. If we return unto the Lord, He will return unto us; but we must return on our knees.

THE WALDENSES.

A traveller among the Alpine hills and valleys where the Waldenses so nobly witnessed for Jesus, and added to the noble company of martyrs, writes as follows:—

We are now in the very heart of the Valleys of the Waldenses, and O, what a spectacle presents itself! Glorious, grand, wild, picturesque, beautiful as anything that nature can exhibit, but infinitely more interesting from the hallowed recollections crowding the mind and intense emotions filling the soul, as you gaze on the wondrous works of Jehovah that surrounds you, and think of the heroic deeds that, some centuries since, were enacted here. I walked through dellies where handbills of men, "strong in the Lord," had withstood multitudes. I drank of the waters of springs that once "ran red with the blood of the saints." I stood upon stones that had been smothered with the brains of helpless infants, and I sat on ledges of rocks upon which the faithful had been pitched from the cliffs above, their mangled limbs finding a resting place softer than the hearts of their cruel persecutors. He must be more or less than a man who can stand unmoved in such a place as this.

A little way farther moulders the "old Fort" in which 680 or 700 men defended themselves against more than 10,000, and were not dislodged till, with incredible loss, two small pieces of artillery were brought to bear upon them. Not far from the fort, in a sheltered meadow less than a hundred yards square, before I knew anything of the spot I had remarked upon the singularly brilliant and intense green of the grass, as well as its surprising luxuriance. It is the "Damen's Plain," so called because over two hundred females, who refused to renounce their faith, were driven there and ruthlessly massacred. The darkest vegetation in Belgium is said to be on the field of Waterloo. It might, perhaps, be going a little too far to assert that the blood of these martyrs causes this great fertility on the Damen's Plain, but certain it is, that the abundance of product and richness of color are easily discriminated from the patches around.

BEAUTY.

[Taken from the school paper, which was read at the closing of the fall term at Blissville, Hart's Mills, November 17th, 1865.]

In taking a view of the natural beauties that surround us, we would first notice those of a celestial nature, viz., the sun, moon, and stars. The sun, the great lumina of the day, throws its reflecting rays upon this, our little sphere, which reposes in the sunshine of his beautiful beams, and causes vegetation to spring forth, and the earth to yield her abundant harvests. The moon and the stars, or, as some writers have called them "millions of torches lighted by the Creator's hand and hung out in the blue abyss," form a scene of magnificent grandeur that is unequalled in this vast universe; we can then behold worlds and worlds revolving in their proper space, with an order that cannot be surpassed in beauty. While gazing upon those airy pinions of sublime splendor, those millions of stars that call forth our adoration to Him who rules the universe, we might well exclaim with Moore:—

Oh, I could wish for wings to flee away
To you, calm, shining orb, and be at rest;
They look so like the bowers our God has made,
To shield the lonely and the broken-hearted!

In taking a view of the terrestrial world, we admire with what exactness the trees put with their leaves, and the blades of grass spring up; they are myriads in number, yet they are in as complete order as if they were but hundreds. We can behold the rugged river as it rushes along over cascade and precipice, then again into the smooth mild lake. What a striking contrast they present! the one rushes along vociferously, the other moves calmly with scarcely a wave ruffled upon its bosom.

Beauty in the different stations in life, tends to promote improvement and advancement in the different arts. The ships that sail the ocean this day, could never have ploughed the rough main without there first being a skilled workman to manage their building; the mighty rocks of the earth could never have been sculptured into fitly framed buildings without their first being an orderly workman.

Beauty, which is like the flower of the morning soon fades; its freshness disappears and naught remains, but the shriveled face of its former possessor. But what is beauty? it is an ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; its virtues are beyond the range, or even the mild tint of nature herself. To have a disposition to please is one of the most excellent qualities, with which a person can be possessed. With what brilliancy a pleasant disposition shines when compared to its opposite; it is as light compared with darkness; it is at such a time as this that we can prize its value; it is not to be compared with anything else in our moral view of things; it will smooth the rough path of life—cheer the broken-hearted—make friends of foes—and quell the greatest riots. Personal charms are not to be compared to the acquisitions of the mind; let education adorn our intellect, true virtue guide our actions, and modesty prevail in our movements, and these will compose the true loveliness in either sex. Beauty of the face without the embellishments of the understanding, may be compared to an edifice of magnificent stature, with the exterior adorned with all the fashions of art and splendor, and the interior full of loathsomeness and want.

Therefore, cultivate those ornaments that are essential to happiness, and form the true virtues of the human character.

TESTING THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"The individual," says John Foster, "who should solemnly resolve to try the best and last possible efficacy of prayer, and unalterably determine that heaven should not withhold a single instance of the utmost effort of persevering prayer could bring down, would probably find himself a much more successful agent in his little sphere." It is doubtful whether any, since the days of early Christianity, have made the proposed effort. At all events, it is not likely that such an effort has been made in the times of the outward prosperity of the Church. When everything moves serenely, and the Church seems successful in her efforts, the danger of reliance upon human aid is likely to increase. It is when earthly supports fail, that we take up the language of the Psalmist, "My soul waiteth only upon God." But if we would try the "last and best efficacy of prayer," we must at all times wait only upon God, eschewing all human dependence, and relying wholly upon divine help. That holy man of God, Dr. Edward Payson, says, that one of the fruits of his experience as a Christian minister, is, "a conviction that religion consists very much in giving God that place in our views and feelings, which he actually fills in the universe." In the universe God is the Creator, the Upholder, the Director, the first and the last, the all, and in all. Now, in order to pursue the course indicated in the remark of John Foster, we must have such a spiritual connection with God as this view of Him presents. He must be the only Being upon whom we depend. It must be with us, as if we were alone in the universe with God. Then will our souls go out towards Him, and our expectation will be for Him; then shall our prayer be as the voice of Him who speaks in the ear of one beloved, trusted, and known. Then shall the "all things" be possible to him that believeth, bear its rich fruit, as faith mingles with importunate prayer, and desire according with the will of God, becomes realized in the answer of unspoken prayer. Then will strength, happiness, and wisdom enter as by the inbreathed air, and the power to will and to do the good pleasure of God, will be wrought within us effectually by the indwelling spirit.

ABOUT ORDER.—Put things right back in their place when done with. Never leave them all about helter-skelter, topsy-turvy, never. When you use any article, box, shovel, rake, pitchfork, axe, hammer, tongs, boots or shoes, tools, stoves, pencils, writing apparatus, pins, thimbles, pin-cushions, needles, work-baskets, kitchen furniture, every article of housewifery, or husbandry, no matter what it is, the very moment you have done using it, return it to its proper place. Be sure to have a special place for everything, and every thing in its place. Order, order, perfect order is the watchword, heaven's first law. How much precious time is saved (aside from vexation) by following order, systematic regularity! And little folks should begin early to preserve order in everything. Form habits of order. These look,