

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1866

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THE CHURCH THE ONLY HOPE OF A THOROUGH TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

Other cases and agencies, most valuable, it is true, can be brought to bear on temperance by the world—by citizens generally. The cause of morality is the cause of temperance; and no man who wishes to see any good government well administered, or quietude and prosperity in civil society prevail, but what feels the necessity of encouraging and promoting in every possible manner, the spirit of the temperance reformation. But we do not see how an inebriate can ever look upon the degrading, demoralizing, and soul-destroying influence of alcohol in any thing like a true light, who does not contemplate it with a true judgment. God's cause, and the respectability in the final judgment of the human race. Motives of industry, prosperity, success in business, health, domestic happiness, and respectability in society—all these are strong, powerful, good, noble, and substantial motives and reasons; but we do not believe, with all combined, they are likely to have power enough to reform the besotted individual.

Yes, this work must begin in the Church, and be carried on by Christian people, if it is to be *permanent*. There is an instance on record—almost the only one we know of—where a small company of men, steeped to the lips in rum, united together (in Baltimore), and pledged each other by all that is sacred in love of home, and the duties that grow out of it, to abandon the cups forever, "as life, come death." This, however, was, as might naturally be expected, the

tempts to reform others. From that little group grew up the first vigorous and truly correct organization for temperance established in the country—the "Washington Temperance Society." So long as that Society went forward, the spirit, so long they prevailed. And we trace more recent developments in favor of temperance more particularly to that beginning than to any other. Since then, most that has been done by organizations has been achieved by one of our sister societies—the order of the "Sons of Temperance," and the "Father Matthew Society." Those who knew Father Matthew, attributed success not to his eloquence as a speaker, inless to his learning, or to his uniring activity on behalf of the cause, but his work was done in *through the power of the Christian spirit*, in any other, during his life. He is said to have visited upward of four hundred thousand households with this object in view, not leav-

them except in very rare instances, without bringing the inmates to the recognition of God, and abstinence from intoxicating drinks, as a prime Christian duty. In this spirit he pleaded for the use of this spirit he gathered the best encouragement together in Europe and in America. And the aid of thousands now living who trace their reformation to his example, his precepts, and prayers and implorations as a minister of Christ.

In regard to the Sons of Temperance, they have won the respect, admiration, and gratitude of every community where one of their divisions have been established. They have worked nobly, both by good and bad; but continually; but we are tracing the history of the various divisions throughout the country, that the vitality of some over others, the prosperity of their members.

It is not so small thing to leave the kingdom of Satan, and be translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. It is the highest resolution known even to the grace of God, to redeem those that the demon claims in every family where alcoholic cup is pressed to the lips of a father, or a member of the household. The man who has gone through this experience, and knows what it will, nor feel that he is engaged in a holy war, work for his tempting and his soul. He will find that he is struggling against the hardest enemy that the church ever struggled against; a Government, or a community, or an individual, soul, in crushing out the last remains of that body which the infernal world possesses, and which cannot be relaxed upon an immortal mind, even by the grace of God, until alcohol is done away with and banished forever. The Spirit of God cannot dwell in the bosom of a man whose brain is reeling under the influence of rum. The way to prepare Christ's way to the human soul is to Christian Church, or to a community is to take God's spirit which breathes through all his glorious universe, and upon the prayers of his people, must come to supply the place; and in this way, and in this way only, can we hope for a universal temperance reform.

—*Temperance Advocate*.

THE RACE FOR THE CROWN.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

The only starting-point in the race for a heavenly crown is the cross of Christ. To the thousands who are just now coming into the attitude of church members we would offer the *imply call—make a right start*. If you do not begin with a converted heart, and an honest purpose to see the Lord Jesus, whether rich or poor, popular or unpopular, then you will never reach the "mountain of the prize." Stop at once. Make no profession of what you do not possess. If Christ be not in you, you are not a Christian. Begin again. Throw away your heart. It is a false one. Turn your heart to the Father, but through Christ Jesus. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." The right start is in penitence, faith at the cross; the first step is to give your whole heart to the Saviour.

11. The Greek racer in the Isthmian Games was accustomed to train himself for the contest by rigid self-denial, by abstinence from intoxicating drinks and luxurious food. He "kept body under." And when he threw off his cursive race in the Stadium, he started off all his tangle garments. He did not carry an equipment; for that pound might be the weight of victory. He gave his friends, seeing you compassed about with a cloud of witnessess, as many as who are watching you—lay aside every weight, and the sin which clingeth closely to you, and run with patience the race set before you. This requires self-denial at the outset. "any man will come after me," says the Master, "let him deny himself." Some start with heavy load; they undertake to carry the world on their backs, and break down under the weight. Some entangle themselves with besetting sin. The sin traps them up, and they cannot escape. Every backslider I have ever known was the victim of some one or more besetting sins. He would not give up his favorite sin; and so he

I hear you say, "Yes! I must give *everything up that is wrong*, and nothing less. If you that your spiritual growth and usefulness are hindered by engaging in certain practices or attending places of amusement, then let them *all* go! If you have any doubts in your mind *which* is the right place for a Christian stay away from it. I, one, I have never known a church member *improved* by the ball-room, the theatre, the table, or the social wine-glass. I have known hundreds to backslide when their feet took these "slippery places."

I also hold that Christians ought to surrender their right to do lawful things, if by course they can remove stumbling-blocks or

The Great Ranks commanded the intense gaze of assembled thousands. Royal spectators were present; sometimes princes stripped for the crown test, and ran eagerly for the laurel-crown. What a countless crowd of witnesses behold the immortal soul that is running for the heavenly prize! The general assembly of the first-born on high, the vast army of martyrs, the church of God, the lynx-eyed world, are all watching the combatant in the Christian race. The crown that is set before us is no wreath of laurel such as vulgar heroes win in the Stadium, or a jewelled gew-gaw such as earthly princes covet. It will be the smiting crown of glory. It will be the smile of Jehovah-God kindling on the brow of the saint—a diadem of celestial and supernal light!

"Run the race Christian!
 Heaven is before thee;
 Fight the fight Christian!
 Jesus is o'er thee;
 Onward and onward still
 Be thine endeavour;
 The rest that remaineth
 Flows on forever!"

AN INTERESTING FACT.

In 1807, a clergyman left the city of Hartford for the far west—as far as Whitestown, New York. He took with him some copies of the "Rise and Progress," and as he stopped at a cabin tavern, he noticed that the woman w

waited on him at the table, was busily engaged in reading. He inquired what book she had, and learned that it was the *Wise and Progressive*, which a neighbour had lent her. "I will be so happy to see it," said she, and she immediately opened it. He gave her a copy of the book, which she received with great delight. In 1838 he was passing that way, and inquiring for this woman by name, he was pointed to an elegant house where she resided. He called on her and asked her if she remembered him. She did not. But, "you do not remember the man who gave you Dr. Bridg's *Wise and Progressive* thirty years ago?" "O, yes," she said; "are you the man?" So that book was the means of converting my wife, and it was lent round, and others read it, and had meetings and read it, and they were the nucleus of the *Wise and Progressive* in the Sabbath day school, and the *Wise and Progressive* followed; and by and by we went for minister and formed a church. The church of Wyoming is the fruit of that seed. And the book still lives; and who knows but it may be

means forming other churches, or raising other writers like Doddridge, to bless the world. The influence of books of truths thus perpetuated is boundless and incalculable. Baxter wrote and his pungent truths fell upon the mind of Doddridge, and awakened it to the service of God and mankind. Under its impulse Doddridge wrote his work, and it converted the soul and kindled the heart of Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote his View; and that was the means of Lady Richmond's conversion. His Daughters' Duty has been the means of converting hundreds. To give a book we may be lighting a train of fire, which may kindle other fires, which shall spread their influence until their blended light shall mingle with the splendors of the millennial morning.

SECRET FAULTS.

"Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

This may mean not so much faults concealed from others, as those which are hidden from ourselves. Do you think this impossible?

Long ago a friend made the startling suggestion that men are usually ignorant of their greatest faults. Said my friend, "I did not make any discovery myself, but it was suggested by a true man, a man of much experience in life and in the world. It set me to thinking, and what I at last denied, I afterwards concluded must be true."

In the first place, if we really saw a truth about ourselves, we would be anxious to get rid of it for improvement; the first impulse would be to correct that fault, and then it would cease to be the greatest. For our own sakes, we do not wish to indulgently what we know to be true of ourselves, or a blemish in our character, and one we know others must recognize; our desire to stand in their esteem is too strong for that.

Then we may mistake in our estimate of our

That is a hard case, if we are not only ignorant of our faults, but will not bear to be told them. Then the help lies in this: there is One "who searcheth the heart." If we are truly desirous to be better, let us search and try on every way and turn unto the Lord. Let us honestly pray, "Cleanse thou us from secret faults."

PAYING THE PASTOR'S SALARY.

A worthy miller—as the story is told in Dr Dunbar's memoir—was once pained by hearing that the minister was going away for want of support, the church having decided they could no longer raise his salary. He called a meeting, and addressed his brethren very modestly, for he was one of the poorest among these comfortable farmers. He asked if the want of money were the only reason for this change, and if all were united in desiring the services of the pastor, could they still keep him. There was but one voice in reply. The pastor was useful and beloved; but the flock was so poor!

"Well," replied the miller, "I have a plan which I can raise his salary without asking one of you for one dollar, if you will allow me to take my own way to do it. I will assume the responsibility for one year. Have I your consent?"

Of course they could not refuse this; although they expressed surprise, knowing the miller to be a poor man.

The year drew to a close. The minister had been blessed in his labors, and no one had been called on for money. When they came together the miller asked the pastor if his wants had been supplied, and his salary promptly met. He replied in the affirmative. When the brethren were asked if they were any poorer than at the beginning of the year, they all answered in the negative.

ning of the year, each one replied "No," and asked how they could be, when their church privileges had been so mysteriously paid for. Asked again, "Is any man here any poorer keeping the minister?" and the reply was the same as before. "Then," he said, "brethren, I have only to tell you that *you* have paid the salary."

"I would have been as anxious as you always did, only more of it, and with greater promptness. You remember you told me to take my own way in this matter; and I have done so. As each one of you brought his grain to the mill, I took out as much grain as I thought proper proportion, and laid it away for the sale of the mill. When harvest was over, I sold it, and have paid the minister regularly from the proceeds. I have not missed it, and I have not been poorer for it. I have missed it, and therefore made no sacrifice. I have not. I propose that we stop talking about poverty, and about letting our minister go, and add enough to his salary to make us feel that we are doing so. I will do it." Mr. Dunbar used to say, "O, for a man in every church!"

The story applies itself. No man ever made himself poorer by helping to pay the minister's salary, whether or not he knew when how he paid it. We could, any of us, do so as much as we do in that regard, and be just as well off at the year's end, if that be all. Then is it nothing to be able to "feel that we are doing something?"

THE ACCOUNT.—A minister was once preaching before a convocation of his brethren, and in order to excite their attention to the motives by which they were influenced, exhibited to them the Judgment day, and Christ as the Judge, seated on throne, calling to his ministers to approach, and render an account of the motives which prompt them to undertake the sacred office. Addressing them, he said, "And what did you preach?" "I preached, Lord, that I might keep a good

ing that was left by my father, and if I had entered into orders, it would have been lost and my family." The Judge says to him, "S

by, thou hast thy reward." A second is exclaimed, "And what did you preach for?" "Lord, I applied myself as a learned man, a good speaker, a vigorous preacher, and I preached to the people my abilities," "Stand by," said the Lord, "thou also hast had thy reward." The question is put to a third: "And what did you preach for?" "Lord," he replied, "I had no great abilities, my ambitions views, but wishing to have an genteel employment, I entered the ministry for the livelihood." "Stand by," said the Saviour, "you also have had your reward." The question is finally put to a fourth: "And what did you preach for?" "Lord, I never aimed at the things of this world, but I desired to be made rich in myself, but being called by divine providence to the work, I preached to the people, and to bring my fellow-sinners to thy Majesty, and to comfort thy people." The immediately said, "Room! men, room! Allow this man come and sit with me on my throne." He has owned and honored me on earth, will own and honor him through the eternity."

THE HIGH ROCK.

In dread, in danger, or alone, the disheartened Christian, or the despairing sinner has uttered the cry of the Psalmist, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." The call has moved the hand that is able to save, and it has been stretched out to aid and guide the suppliant. Light was poured into the darkened soul; the way of life was revealed, and security and confidence have taken the place of restlessness and alarm. — God has been true to his promise, and has gathered his people.

When subtle temptations would draw the Christian from duty, when enemies would drive him from his position, "the name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."

God is a rock when earthly foundations fail. The disaster wrecked your hopes, and misfortune bereft you of your riches. In the clefts of the Rock of Ages you can find refuge. Misfortune can dissipate, no misfortune lessen. Has disease wasted your frame, and is the tide of life ebbing and bearing you into the unseen world? Disease cannot invade the heavenly country to which the pious Christian is going; the ebbing tide of life will bear his feet to the sea of glass, where they stand who have gotten the victory, "having triumphed by the blood of God, and they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and of the Lamb."

Has deen come to your household, and touched with chilling frost the bud which was so beautiful and so beloved? Has he quenched the light that shone in loving eyes, silenced the voice whose accents were so musical, palsied the hand which used to clasp yours so tenderly, and thrill you with its meaning pressure? Or then indeed you need not be so faithful to the memory of the dead, a rock of refuge, an high rock, a rock of defence. Then you need, as never yet, to be led to the Rock that is higher than you are, whence you may see the gracious purposes of God, now concealed in the shadow of grief; whence, too, you may catch the echoes of that voice: from beyond the boundaries of time, which declares, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God: a God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

God is a Rock, an high Rock; He will lead y
to Himself; He will bind you to Himself; I
will bless and protect you forever. His word
declares it. His dealings with his people prove
Your own experience, Christian, adds a new att
estation to the firmness, the faithfulness, the perm
nent strength of the rock of your salvation.

BAD BOOKS.—Beware of bad books. They are traitors in the household. They are "the enemy who snatches away the wheat, and sows tares in its stead. They are poisoned sweets, destroy the healthy appetite. They have the semblance of knowledge, but not the reality. They

Are we known by the company we keep? Our books are our company. In reading the works of an author, our minds come in direct contact with his mind. For good or for evil, we are under his most direct influence. It has been said, that we reflect the colour of the rock on which we lean; and it is so. When Moses came down from the mount after talking with God, he

Be jealous, then, of the books you read. We find them in the balances of the sanctuary, and found wanting, discard them from a place in your libraries, homes, and hearts.

A clergyman of New York once visited a State prison, where a young man who had thrown away many advantages was confined for the crime of murder, and was there awaiting his trial. The shelves were lined with books. What kind of books were they? Bibles, tracts, histories, works of science, and true state? No; corrupt, licentious poetry revealed the rock which had imparted its colour to the criminal's life and character. Let the young avoid bad books as they would bad men and bad women.

WARM UP THE PRAYER MEETINGS.—A warm-up in Zion's Advocate says: I have seen many places in my days. More than once I have travelled in the northern portions of our country, the Canadas, amidst winter storms and blizzards which almost took my breath away. I have suffered from the piercing cold of the snow-drifts, and have been chilled by the night air upon the heights of the Alleghanies have lain down to rest wrapped only in my blanket upon the glaciers of Switzerland, and been frozen by the breezes from the eternal snows of the Alps. I have visited other regions where the cold of a short time would be endangered by exposure. But I have been in one place where I suffered more from the cold than in all these. That place was a formal, lifeless meeting, for prayer. I have been chilled, vea frozen through and through, until my vitality seemed almost dead. I have sat as if in a Greenland winter, and I was torable; and it took me a long time to cover my wonted warmth and vigor. I have written in my note book, "Let me die any day, and anyhow, rather than be frozen to death in a prayer meeting."

"THE WORD."—The late Mr. William Greenfield was once company, at the house of a friend with a gentleman of deistical principles, a student in him, who put to him the following questions and other questions: "Can you give me any reason why Jesus Christ is called the Word? What is meant by the Word? It is a technical term," Mr. Greenfield, unconscious of the subtlety of the question, answered, "It is one of the mystical principles of the inquirer, which he has taken from the Scriptures by the mild subtilty and decision; by which he has endeavored to mark it, as I suppose, as the medium of communication between man and God; the term is used in the sacred Scriptures to denote that He is the only medium between God and man; I know no other reason." The word was shut.

SMALL COURTESIES.—I want to tell you a
The way to make yourself pleasant to others
show them attention. The whole world is
miller of Mansfield, who cared for nobody,
he, because nobody cared for him. And the
world would serve you so, if you gave them t
cause.

Do the best you can where you are; and
that is done you will see an opening for so
better.

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.

A. B. Atherton, M. D.,
(Formerly Senior House Surgeon to Boston U.
Hospital.)

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

CITY HOTEL, - - Fredericton, N.
May 4th, 66.