

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. 22.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1866.

Whole No. 646.

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 Glenarran;

OR,

THE LITTLE SEED: HOW IT TOOK ROOT AND FLOURISHED.

CHAPTER III.

'IN DUE TIME YE SHALL REAP IF YE FAINT NOT.'

Meanwhile the spring advanced. The woodbine in the hedges about Glenarran was getting green; the thrushes and blackbirds sang loudly; and the rooks and herons began to build in the old trees behind the glen. Joe went whistling at his work, he felt so light-hearted.

The steep hill above the shore was the hardest to plough in Mr. White's farm, and was generally left to the last. It was a tedious piece of work, and Joe was obliged to stop and rest his horses each time he came down the hill. He had a good view of the long line of sand stretching away towards the globe, and Mr. Johnson was often to be seen walking up and down the shore. He sometimes stopped to talk to the boatmen, and then Joe looked after him with interest, for he knew he was sowing the good seed.

To the right Joe could see the backs of the village houses, and the little gardens that the people took such pride in. His own garden was quite a show, for Mary had some taste for flowers, and had laid out one bed, which was always gay in summer with roses, stocks, sweetwillians, and nasturtiums. It was very pretty even then, with a golden and white border of crocuses and snowdrops. Joe let Mary amuse herself as she liked with her flowers; but his own delight was in his potato and cabbage plot, and he used to hurry over his dinner in order to have a little time for digging in the garden.

He was employed in this way one day towards the end of February, and Mary was standing near him with Jenny in her arms, when James MacPherson came into the garden. He began to play with the child, whom an occasional present of lozenges had made a firm friend of his. There was a wonderful change for the better in his looks; he was recovering his self-respect, and could now look brightly in the face of any one who spoke to him.

'Jamie,' began Joe abruptly, 'there's something I want you to do for me.'

'Well, Joe, I will, if I can; but tell me what it is you want.'

'Come with me to the church to-morrow.'

James laughed in his careless way. 'I canna promise you that, Joe.'

'Why canna ye, Jamie? Sure there is no good reason that I know of.'

James laughed again. 'I've no clothes that would fit the church, Joe, for one thing.'

Joe looked at James' dress, and was obliged to confess that it would hardly do. His clothes were one mass of patches, and smelled strongly of stale fish. 'They'd do well enough for the evening church,' he said. 'I wish you'd come, Jamie.'

'If you went once you'd like to go again,' observed Mary.

'I'll meet you at the church gate, Jamie,' continued Joe, 'and we'll go in together; and you can sit in our seat. I'll be at the gate after the class to-morrow night.'

'I canna go to-morrow,' replied Jamie. Joe persevered; he had no idea of being discouraged.

'You'll come with me some night, Jamie?'

'Well, there's no saying, Joe; maybe I will; and that was all he could be got to say.'

On Sunday week Joe set out for the class in great spirits, for James had at last promised to go to church, and said he would be waiting for him at the gate before service began. But poor Joe's hopes were doomed to disappointment; for although he lingered about the churchyard until the prayers were nearly over, no James appeared. He took the matter greatly to heart, he had built so much on James' promise; and it was all Mary could do to cheer him up that evening.

Joe did not remonstrate much with Jamie for his breach of faith; and he was rewarded for his forbearance, for Jamie showed signs of yielding towards the end of the following week. He paid the Fosters an early visit on Sunday morning; and Joe and he were a long time shut up together in the little room. Mary's feelings were not entirely pleased when she saw them issue forth at length ready for church, Joe in his old working clothes, and Jamie in Joe's Sunday dress, his new cap and crimson handkerchief. She took a witty pride in Joe's respectable appearance. His best clothes were always carefully brushed and mended by her own hands; and to tell the truth, she did not like to see Jamie wear them. Joe looked so fully pleased and satisfied that she felt still more provoked; she could not help reproaching him a little when he came home to dinner.

'Why, you might have lent Jamie your working clothes,' she began; 'they'd a' done him right well, and the congregation would not have had to look at you when you went into the church.'

'Indeed, Mary, I never gave a thought to my clothes, or the people either, I was that content to have Jamie in the seat with me: I'd a' done more nor that to get him out. And he liked what he heard; he says he'll go again the night.'

Joe's words were a great relief to Mary, for she had been so vexed with him for his breach of faith, that she had almost given up all hope of his going to church.

'You're in the right, Joe,' replied Mary; 'I know I shouldn't ha' been vexed.'

James not only went back that evening, but he went next Sunday too, and signified his intention of being a constant attendant for the future; moreover, he began at once to lay by part of his wages for the purchase of a Sunday suit.

The steep hill was ploughed, and Joe was busily engaged in sowing it with oats one bright morning, when, as he got near the bottom of the hill, he heard voices, and looking over the hedge saw Mr. Johnson standing in the midst of a group of fishermen, who were at work caulking their boat. They had drawn her a little way up the beach to a sheltered nook among the rocks, where they had made a large fire under the pot containing their pitch. As Joe was working near the hedge he could overhear a good part of what Mr. Johnson was saying to them. He was telling them in very simple language how Jesus found the fishermen mending their nets by the lake of Galilee, and called them to follow Him; and how they left all they had, their boats and nets and cottages, so soon as they heard his blessed voice.

Then he explained to them why those fishermen had to forsake all they had, when they would follow Jesus. He told them that Jesus was calling them at that time though they did not see Him; and all He required them to leave was sins; fighting, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking must be given up if they would be his disciples. Seeing that he had gained their attention, he went on to tell him how pleasant Christ's service was, and how safe He kept his people. If they had Him for their keeper they would fear neither storms on sea nor troubles on shore. When Joe returned to the neighbourhood of the hedge, Mr. Johnson was bidding his little audience good morning. He soon perceived Joe, and came to join him.

'Both of us sowing to-day, Joe,' was the first thing he said.

'Yes, sir,' replied Joe.

'It will be some time before your crop comes up, Joe, but most probably it will be longer sowing before there are any signs of mine; yet I am as sure that one will spring up as the other. Do you know why I am so sure?'

'Joe had a good idea of the answer, but he was not quite prepared with it.'

'Because I asked the great Husbandman to bless it, and water it with the dew of his grace. You have been sowing the good seed too, Joe: How does it prosper?'

Joe coloured, and looked a little awkward. 'How do you know that I have been sowing, sir?'

'Because,' replied Mr. Johnson, smiling, 'very little happens in Glenarran that I do not either see or hear of. I have made my own observations the last few Sundays. I have seen poor Jamie a worshipper in God's house, and I have heard who brought him there. Go on, my young friend; it is good work; it will last. When all this world's learning is looked upon as a little bag from the East, when the greatest generals and their victories no longer excite admiration, the work you have engaged in will meet you again. It may be going on years after you are dead, and you will find fruits of it in heaven. But do not be discouraged,' concluded Mr. Johnson, 'if you meet with disappointments; I have met with a great many, and you are likely to do the same; so I warn you not to let yourself be cast down by them.'

Joe had soon cause to remember Mr. Johnson's warning. He had occasion to go into the garden the next evening immediately on returning from his work; and his indignation was very great when he saw a man forcing his way through a gap in the hedge, which he fancied he had securely blocked up. The man had a sack across his arm. Joe stood still and watched him; he saw him go to the stack and begin to fill his bag from it. Mary had told him some days before that somebody was carrying away their turf, for she had remarked a hole in the stack which was daily becoming larger. Joe suspected a certain Andrew Reid who lived at the opposite side of the street, and bore anything but a good character among the neighbours; and when he saw the man with the sack, he felt sure he could be no other than Reid. He crept a little nearer in order to make sure of him; but the rustling he made started the depredator, and he looked round. It would be hard to say whether Joe was most angry or surprised when he recognised Jamie MacPherson. He was passionate by nature; and it was nearly impossible that he should remember his position as Jamie's teacher just then. He burst out into a torrent of fierce and angry reproaches, as most of us might have done under the circumstances. Jamie started on seeing Joe, but he did not speak till Joe paused from want of breath; then he dug the turf down at the foot of the stack, and said solemnly—

'There they're for you; you needna ha' made such an outcry for the like of that. I'm sure I'd ha' left them back in a day or two.'

So saying, he turned and went out of the garden, and the Fosters saw nothing more of him for almost a week. Mary was quite as angry as Joe; and their joint resolution that night was to have nothing more to say to Jamie, who had proved so unworthy, and made so base a return for their kindness. But after a few days their just indignation softened a little, and Joe began to make excuses for his pupil. 'You see, Mary,' he said, 'Jamie has been doing evil all his life, and it was a folly to expect him to forget his bad ways at once. He doesn't know what it means to be honest, I think; but he did look ashamed of himself when I found him out; and I'm certain sure he'd ha' felt no shame a wee while ago.'

'Joe,' replied Mary, 'I shouldn't have tried to set you again him as I've been doing these days past. Regretful tears rose to her eye as she spoke; and she continued in a low tone, 'We are often ungrateful to God, and He has been kinder to us nor we ha' been to Jamie.'

The result of the conference was, that little Jenny was sent next door to bid Jamie come in. The child returned, saying, 'He says he'll no come.'

'He off again, Jenny, and tell him that mammy has got a nice book, she's waiting to read till he comes.'

This last embassy was successful; and James appeared, looking rather grave and awkward. He barely returned Joe's and Mary's pleasant 'good evening,' and settled himself in his accustomed corner in silence. The next day he called Joe into the garden, and showed him that he had put back all the turf he had taken.

'I'd rather not ten pound I hadna touched one o' them,' he said.

'Say no more about it, Jamie, mammy,' replied Joe, 'but let bygones be bygones.'

From that day their intercourse continued on the same footing as before, and soon afterwards James began to accompany Joe to Mr. Johnson's Sunday evening class. Joe was extremely glad of this; he knew Jamie would learn the meaning of truth and honesty and gratitude better there than he could teach him.

Mary was very happy and prosperous at this period of her history; she often gave God thanks for Joe and the little ones, and thought that the sun shone upon few happier homes than hers. But one morning she got a sad fright about the baby. He had not seemed well for some days, but she had not fancied he was going to be very ill. However, after Joe went out at breakfast-time that morning, the child's symptoms alarmed her so much that she sent for the doctor. It was an anxious time to poor Mary till he arrived, for her affection magnified baby's danger. The neighbour women came to see how he was, and

condole with her;—there was a good deal of kindness among them, poor things!

The doctor assured her that there was not so much the matter as she had feared; and little Andy grew very much better after his visit. He was lying asleep on his mother's knee when good old Thomas Irvine, a particular friend of Mary's, came to inquire for him. Thomas was the oldest inhabitant in Glenarran, where most people reached a good old age; he was ninety years of age, and wonderfully active in mind and body still. This slated cottage near the church gate had been his dwelling all those years. He had a good word from every one, and was never missed from his place in the church.

'Well, dear,' he began, 'wee Andy's in the way of mending now, I hope?'

'Oh yes, Thomas, I would fain hope so; but he frightened me dreadfully. Oh, what would I do if I lost my dear wee son?'

'He is in good hands, dear, I needna mind you of that.'

'I knew that all the while, Thomas; but I couldna keep from fretting.'

'You take trouble far too much, Mary,' said the old man, gravely shaking his head; 'and it's a bad thing to do.'

'Who can help taking trouble?' asked Mary.

'I've done a great deal in my time, dear. I've seen many a mourning after them that died and went away till I made myself ill. That was when I was young, Mary; but I saw the folly of it, and I gave it up.'

'How did you give it up, Thomas? Did you forget them you'd been mourning for?'

'No, Mary, I never forgot one of them; but I saw that the time was wearing on when I'd be following them, and I set myself to make ready for my journey. I know it canna be long till I see all my dear friends again. Christ's watching over them, Mary: He's been watching over me all my pilgrimage, and it will soon be ended now.'

'You've had a long life, Thomas?'

'Ay, dear; but if I was assured of one year to come, it would seem longer to me nor all the time that's past.'

'Has it been happy as well as long?'

'It has been full of mercies,' replied the old man earnestly, 'mercies and loving-kindnesses;—mercy has followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'

'But I've had my troubles, Mary. I lost my father, mother, brothers and sisters, and many an old friend and neighbour too; and I nearly broke my heart after them that went till America. Almost all my comrades and acquaintances went. It was a sin and a folly to take trouble in the way I did. I would not do it now.'

'I shall have to wait a long while, Thomas, before I can take things as easy as you do. I think God never expects us not to grieve after friends; but at length He teaches us submission to his holy will.'

'God is good to you, dear; He is not going to try you this time. Baby is wakening, and he looks finely.'

'Will you stay with us to-night, Thomas? And when James comes in you must return thanks to God for us; He has been so gracious to us—so much better nor my fears. Joe will take you home again any time you like.'

(To be Continued.)

THE BOY MARTYR.

It was at Antioch, about three hundred years after the birth of Christ, that the Deacon of the church of Caesarea—the place from which the Centurion of the Roman army sent for St. Peter—was subjected to the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith, and force him to deny the Lord who bought him with his own precious blood. The martyr, amidst his agonies, persisted in declaring his belief that there is but 'one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.' His flesh was almost torn to pieces; the Roman Emperor Galerius himself looking on. At length, weary of answering their taunting demands that he should acknowledge the many gods of the heathen, he told his tormentor to refer the question to any little child whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God, the maker of the heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who was able to bring us to God, or to worship the gods many, and lords many whom the Romans served.

Now, it happened that a Roman mother had approached the scene of the martyr's sufferings, holding by the hand a little boy eight or nine years old. Pity, or the desire of helping the sufferer, had probably brought her there; but the providence of God had sent him with his own precious blood.

The judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eye rested on the child, and pointing to the boy from his tribunal, he desired the Christian to put the question he proposed to him.

The question was asked; and, to the surprise of most of those who heard it, the little boy replied, 'God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father.'

The persecutor heard, but, far from being either softened or convinced, he was filled with fresh rage. 'It is a snare,' he cried. 'O base and wicked Christian! Thou hast instructed that child to answer thus.' Then, turning to the boy, he said, more mildly, 'Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak? How did you learn this faith?'

The boy glanced up to his mother's face, and then replied, 'It was God's grace that taught it to me; and when I set upon her, upon her knee a baby, she taught me that Jesus loved little children, and I learned to love Him for his love to us.'

'Let us now see what the love of Christ can do for you,' cried the cruel judge; and, at a sign from him, the Lictors, who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the poor trembling boy. Fain would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the expense of her own life. She could not do so; but she could whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ and to maintain the truth. And the poor child, feeble, and timid as he was, did trust in that love; nor could all the cruelty of his tormentors separate him from it.

'What can the love of Christ do for him now?' asked the judge, as the blood streamed from that tender flesh.

'It enables him to endure what his master endured for him, and for us all,' was the reply.

Again they smote the child to torture his mother.

'What can the love of Christ do for him now?'

they asked again. And tears fell even from heathen eyes at that Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered:—

'It teaches him to forgive his persecutors.'

And the boy watched his mother's eye as it rose up to heaven for him, and he thought of the sufferings of his dear Lord and Saviour, of which she had told; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the false gods they served, and deny Christ, he steadfastly answered, 'No there is no other God but one; Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love Him for His love.'

Then, as the poor child fainted between the repeated strokes, they cast the quivering and mangled little body into the mother's arms, crying, 'See what the love of Christ can do for him now.'

'And as the mother pressed it gently to her own bleeding heart, she answered,

'That love will take him from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven.'

'Mother,' murmured the gasping child, give me a drop from our cool well upon my tongue.'

'Child, thou shouldst not have time to receive it; ere it was here, thou shouldst be drinking of the river of life in the paradise of God.'

She spoke over the dying; for the little martyr spoke no more; and thus the mother continued, 'Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life, the grace of Christ, given to His little one; thou hast spoken the truth in love; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. Young happy martyr for His sake, may He grant thy mother grace to follow the bright path!'

The boy faintly raised his quivering eyelids, looked up to where the elder martyr was, and said again, 'There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent; and so saying, he died.'

A FAIR FIGHT.

The following anecdote of Rev. Dr. Bently, well known among the clergy of olden time, is given by a correspondent of the Salem Register:

One night at a late hour, the Doctor was disturbed at his studies by a rattling sound among some wood, which, saved and split for his study fire, had been left by the teamster, the afternoon previous, too late to be properly housed. He arose, went cautiously to the window, and saw a woman filling her apron with wood which she hastily carried away. He resumed his seat and recommenced his study. Shortly after the same noise occurred, and on looking out a second time, he saw a similar operation, the woman filling her great apron to the utmost limits of its capacity.

When she had gone, he returned to his book with a tender pity in his heart for a destitution which sought relief in this lonely, dreary, not to say sinful, manner. By and by, he was startled by a heavy crash of falling wood, and hurrying to the window beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the wood from her apron. He remained motionless, his gentle heart filled with commiseration.

She swiftly departed and soon returned heavily laden with the wood, which she threw on the pile as if it were indeed 'the accursed thing.'

The Doctor's compassion and curiosity were now, intensely excited. He followed her retreating figure till he discovered her residence, and thus ascertained who she was. What she was, was no mystery to him. The last hour had shown him her virtue's lofty height. He called early the next morning on Mr. B., the wood-dealer, and directed him to send a half cord of his best wood, sawed and split, to Mrs. —, but by no means to let her know from whom it came, which was readily promised. Mr. B.'s teamster, who happened to be within ear-shot, though out of sight, was not so bound, and when he tipped the wood into the poor widow's yard, replied to her eager inquiry who had sent it, by relating the conversation he had overheard.

The conscience-stricken woman, feeling that her sin and her repentance, in the lonely darkness of that midnight hour, were known, were understood by another heart beside her own, nestled, without delay, to the house of the benevolent man, to express her gratitude and her sorrow, and, with deep humility and bitterness, told him the temptation to which her extreme poverty had reduced her, of breaking the eighth commandment. 'Sir,' said she, 'though my house was dark and cold, though my heart was wrung with anguish at the sight of my poor shivering little ones, I could not keep it, I could not keep it, my conscience would not let me.'

'Say no more, my dear Madam,' said the good man, 'I saw it all—I saw you conquer the devil in two fair fights.'

ASK FOR GREAT THINGS.

Christians, ask God for great blessings. There is great need. Millions are perishing; yes, tens and hundreds of millions. In our own country, nearly thirty millions are living in rebellion against God; dishonouring him, bringing his wrath and woe eternal upon their souls. Hundreds of millions in other lands are doing the same. O plead with God for them. No power but his will suffice to turn their hearts and save them. Millions of them will die before the year ends. They must be saved soon, if ever.

You have a great God to ask of. He is able to do great things at your request. It is perfectly easy for him to turn those millions from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

You can plead his great mercy. As he spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all, a sacrifice for the salvation of lost men, you can ask boldly for great blessings from him—that his saving mercy may be granted to many of the perishing.

You can plead great promises. The promise to give the Holy Spirit at our request; to pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, so that all should know him; the many promises of the conversion of the world to Christ; these all encourage us to ask God to do great things for us. You have great providential encouragements. God has answered prayer remarkably in our day. He has brought into operation many means for the conversion of the world. He has so ruled the world as greatly to favor the cause of religion; especially in freeing our nation from slavery, and weakening the Papal and Mohammedan powers.

Come, then, to God, with requests for great blessings on our lost world this year. And plead earnestly. Speak to him of his promises. 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.'

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

It has been said of Archbishop Leighton, that if any man did him an injury he was ever afterwards most anxious to do that man a good turn. The same has been remarked of Cotton Mather and other eminent Christians. Barkitt beautifully observes in his journal, that some persons would never have had a share in his prayers but for the injuries they had done him. When some of the courtiers of Philip the Good would have persuaded him to punish a person who had used him ill, he declined, saying, 'It is a fine thing to have revenge in one's power, but it is a finer thing not to use it.'

There is a way, however, of revenging ourselves, which is always in our power, and which we should always avail ourselves of: 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' A missionary once preached upon these words of our Saviour, and a Hindoo gentleman who was present was so impressed by them that he said to some of his friends, 'What a beautiful doctrine! 'Love your enemies.' Certainly there is nothing in our shasters like that.'

The following is a touching illustration of the spirit which Christianity begets, contrasted with that which heathenism inspires: Two men living in the southern part of Africa had a quarrel, and became bitter enemies to each other. Soon after, one of them found a little girl belonging to his enemy in the woods, at some distance from her father's house. He seized her and cut off two of her fingers; and as he sent her home screaming with her bleeding hands, he cried, 'I have had my revenge!'

Years passed away. The little girl had grown up to be almost a young woman. One day there came to her father's door a poor, worn-out, gray-headed old man, who asked for something to eat. She knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her fingers. She went into the hut, and ordered the servant to take him bread and milk as much as he could eat, and sat down and watched him eat it.

When he had finished, she dropped the covering that hid her hands from view, and holding them up before him, she said, 'I have had my revenge! The man was overwhelmed with surprise. The secret of the girl's conduct was, that in the mean time she had become a Christian, and had learned the meaning of the verse, 'It thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; if he be thirsty, give him water to drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.'

How beautiful the conduct of this injured Christian girl appears in contrast with that of her heathen enemy! Let us imitate such conduct, and endeavor by God's grace to follow closely the teaching and example of Him who is the bright pattern of the Christian life. Jesus conquers by kindness and love. When we were enemies, he died for us; and in proportion as we have his spirit shall we manifest love and kindness toward any who have injured us or are unfriendly to us.—*Christian Banner.*

TRIBUTATIONS.—The Son of God accomplishes for us a two-fold work. He gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify us unto himself. He brings us back from Satan's bondage, and cleanses us from sin. He sets us free, and fits us for God's presence.