

# 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. 8.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1866.

**ALBION HOUSE,**  
QUEEN STREET,  
FREDERICTON.

**NEW GOODS**  
FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

**JOHN THOMAS,**

Feels it a pleasing duty to present his grateful thanks to his friends and the public generally, for the increased support for the last three years, and trusts that unremitting personal attention in every department will insure a continuance of that confidence it is his desire to merit and maintain.

**The Stock of Goods**

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON,  
Is now Complete in every Department.

With a full variety, comprising several lots, bought at LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES.

**DRESS GOODS**

In all the New Materials at present worn.

**THIRTY PIECES PLAID LUSTRES.**

Good value, at 12 cents.

**WOOL SHAWLS—A LARGE VARIETY.**

In Shepherd Checks, Tweeds, Cloth, and Blanket Wrappers.

**FLANNELS.**

In White, Grey, Red, Blue, Yellow, and Fancy Criméon.

Of these we have received 75 pieces, bought at last year's prices.

**DOMESTIC GOODS—a large Stock.**

**PRINTS IN EVERY VARIETY.**

Fast Colors—from 12 cents.

**FURS,**

WARRANTED NEW.

In Mock Ermine and Martin Blankets and Horse Rugs.

We purchase all Goods for Cash, in the best markets, from first class Merchants, in such quantities as to get them at the lowest prices, which enables us to offer

**Superior Inducements to Customers!**

Goods sold by the piece for Cash, at St. John wholesale prices.

**OUR MOTTO IS**

**QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS**

**JOHN THOMAS.**

Fredericton, Nov. 16, 1865.

**SHERATON & CO.,**

Queen Street, - Fredericton,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL IMPORTER OF

BRITISH AND FOREIGN

**DRY GOODS,**

Have much pleasure in informing their friends and the public, that they have now completed their Stock of

**NEW GOODS**

FOR THE FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

Consisting of

**DRESS GOODS,**

**SHAWLS AND MANTLES,**

**FURS,**

In Sable, Stone Martin, Fitch, Astrican, Dogskin, Ermine—all the newest shapes—in

**TIPPETS, RIDING BOAS AND MUFFS.**

**BLANKETS,**

**SLEIGH ROBES,**

**HORSE RUGS,**

**AND CAMP BLANKETING.**

**Grey and White Cottons,**

**COTTON WARPS,**

**Ticking, Stripe Shirtings,**

**AND SWANSDOWNS.**

**PRINTS—fast colors,**

**AT TWELVE CENTS A YARD.**

**OSNABURGS,**

**STRIP BAGGING,**

**AND HOLLANDS.**

**CARPETINGS,**

**IN TAPESTRY (2 and 3 ply),**

**WOOL, HEMP AND STRAW.**

**CURTAIN DAMASKS AND TRIMMINGS,**

**WINDOW POLES AND CORNICES.**

**CLARK'S 6 Cord 200 Yd. REELS,**

At 30 Cents a Dozen.

Goods charged to Wholesale Buyers at Saint John Prices.

Our stock of COTTON GOODS have all been purchased before the late advance in prices, and are now worth more than we are selling them for.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

**SHERATON & CO.,**

Near Phoenix Square.

**The Intelligencer.**

(From the New York Observer.)

**THE NATURE OF WORSHIP.**

BY THE REV. EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D.

NO. II.

The Saviour affirms that worship, from his day, was to become spiritual and truthful. He probably refers, by the words "in truth," not so much to sincerity, as to the spiritual nature of the New Testament worship, and the shadowy, symbolical character of the ancient worship. From that time forth the worship was to be purely spiritual, by men in the possession of the substance, and no longer needing the shadows of the promised blessing. God is a Spirit, and the Holy Spirit within the heart is the spring and life of our worship.

Worship is the action of the human spirit in the fullest exercise of its powers. And the object it seeks in worship is, access and communion with infinite spirit—God. It is the act of the human spirit searching after God the infinite spirit: finding him "in Christ," and communing with him by the quickening and attraction of his own spirit on the heart. It is

1. An Intellectual Exercise.—Thought of the High and Holy One is the first step in it; a correct intellectual apprehension of Him in his spiritual nature. To imagine that He has no personal existence, and yet pretend to worship him, is like addressing the moon or a post, and offering requests to them. God possesses an intellect or understanding limited only by his own nature—if any limit exists; infinite in its clearness, fullness, and comprehensiveness. It is then impossible to commune with Him, unless we rightly apprehend him. He has a nature like ours in what is essential to the affections. His is the heart of a friend and father. He is holy—having an infinite abhorrence of all sin; just, not compromising any principle to favor us. He is Almighty: his power extending boundlessly beyond all the compass of our necessities. He is merciful: having made provision to receive every penitent sinner.

Now, there can be no worship there, where there is either skepticism, or even vagueness of conception, in regard to Him whom we worship.

It is to be feared that many a prayer uttered in the air—not to God; the mind having no definite perception of His personal existence and presence. When we converse with a human being, there is some definite idea of his personal attributes present to the mind. If we are expressing thanks, there is a remembrance of the kind deed, and a tracing it to him. If we are requesting a favor, there is a distinct apprehension in the mind of his benevolence and ability.

We should never close an act of worship without being able to say, with Jacob, "This is Peniel, for I have seen God, face to face." And if any one suppose that the Syrophenician woman or the centurion had any more real access to Christ than we may have in prayer, they are under a very hurtful misapprehension. Our worship is lame, weak, sickly, just so far as there is no spiritual vision in it; no distinct apprehension of God—that faith which is the evidence of the invisible; no direct, conscious address to our Heavenly Father. The unsympathetic Jew saw the symbols of God; we are to see God. There is no possibility of worshipping Him in spirit and in truth without it.

**THE LOSS OF PRAYERS.**

The venerable Gardiner Spring, in his "Life and Times," recently published, in speaking of his feelings upon the death of his parents, makes the following striking reflection: "The most affecting thought to me on the death of my parents, was that I had lost their prayers." The value of these prayers is many times alluded to, in other parts of the volume, with deep feeling.

Such a sentiment is calculated to awaken thought in the minds of both parents and children, that deep solemnity for their children, which leads them to prayer in their behalf; but how many alas, are too much engrossed in other things, to make such a prominent part of their religious duty. If they realized the protection and relief which they might thus secure for those who are often exposed to sore temptation, and in serious danger, they would never slight or omit this duty. If they reflected that their neglect inflicted a positive loss upon those most dear to them, a loss which can never be replaced, they would be more diligent and earnest at the mercy seat. If they estimated aright the value of the blessings which might thus be procured for their offspring, they would not forget to insure them so rich inheritance. Some Christian parents are alive to the importance of the duty, and the value of the privilege of commending their children to God, and imploring His blessings upon them. A pious father whose voice is often heard in the social prayer meeting, never omits to make mention of the children in his petitions, with a fervor and tenderness which shows that these subjects of prayer are never absent from his mind when he approaches the mercy seat. His children bend happy witness to the parent's pleadings with their behalf, in their life and conduct. Happy is that parent, whose blessing is those children.

The sentiment is instructive to children, as teaching them how to value this exercise of holy love by their parents, towards them.

Dr. Spring expresses the feeling which should naturally result from the knowledge that parents are thus faithful to the highest interests of their children, when he writes, "From how many exposures and sins had their prayers protected me! how often had their prayers relieved and refreshed me in seasons of sadness and discouragement. How many blessings, and how rich, had their prayers procured for their dear son!"

"I was moved to do my duty by the thought that my mother was praying for me," was the explanation of one who was commended for his steadfastness in his duty at a critical period. How great the loss of such aid and support, those can tell who have felt the need of parental prayer, or those who having once enjoyed such aid and comfort, are now deprived of it forever. Have you a praying father or mother? Bless God for such a gift, value their prayers, and let the thought that you can have them but a short time, increase your estimate of their importance.

Have you children who may be guarded and blessed by your intercessions? Only for a brief interval may this privilege be yours. Let them not be losers by your neglect or forgetfulness, while

you live. It is better for them to mourn the loss of your prayers when you are gone, than to be deprived of their benefit while you live to confer it.

**BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES.**

It was about three o'clock on a scorching hot Saturday afternoon in July, when John Lewis, the carpenter, laid down his hammer, and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out a few coppers. "Just the price of a pint," as he said to himself, so he resolved thereupon to step across to the "Golden Eagle," and have some ale to quench his thirst. Just as he opened the door which led to the bar, what should he see on the polished counter, but a plate of beautiful ripe cherries; the sight of which made John's mouth water so freely, that he knew exactly what he was doing, his hand was stretched out to take a few, when the shrill voice of the landlady from behind called out:

"You touch them if you dare, sir!"

John was startled; but before he could reply, the landlady added:

"The idea of your taking such a liberty! I should like to know what you are thinking about!"

"Well, missus, I was only going to take one or two to wet my whistle."

"You had better not try it," she said with warmth.

"Why, you won't mind my having a few; I was so thirsty, and they looked so tempting," said John, thinking she was joking.

"No, sir, not one; I have just bought them as a treat for my children; they are a peculiar sort, and very expensive."

"Well, just let me try one."

"No, not one," she answered, with determination in every look; "if you want any, 'buy your own cherries!'"

"Well, I was going to have a pint of your best," (he replied John, "but I think I'll take your advice, and go and buy some cherries instead; and turning round, he walked out of the shop."

The landlady was in a moment that she had committed a mistake, and called loudly for John to come back; but this only made him quicker his steps, and get away as fast as possible.

"Well, I've done it," she said, as taking up her plate of cherries, she passed into the parlor: "what a stupid I was, not to let him have one or two; he is too good a customer to lose; I must look out, however, when he comes to pay his account, and coax him; he must be won over again if possible."

With such reflections, she tried to calm down her disturbed feelings.

Meantime John hastened down the street, looking out for the first shop where fruit was displayed, and as soon as he caught sight of the things he wanted he called out:

"Here, master, let me have threepence's worth of those cherries, will you?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, and quickly placed in his hands a small bag containing the cherries, which, when John received, he returned again to the workshop. All this had taken place in a few minutes, and the events had crowded so quickly one upon the other, that when he laid the bag of cherries on the bench and put one in his mouth, his sweetness aroused vividly within him the treatment of the landlady even with additional force; and her words seemed so to "stick in his throat," that as he swallowed the juicy fruit, each seemed to give birth to the landlady's words: "Buy your own cherries!"

"Yes," said John, "and this is the way you serve a fellow is it, after spending many a pound with you, and now to begrudge even a paltry cherry!" and striking his hammer on the nail as he muttered the words, his echo seemed to answer back to him: "Buy your own cherries!"

All the rest of that afternoon the words haunted him, and do what he would, even the saw and the plane echoed the same advice, and at times, he appeared to grow desperate, while from his lips would rush the words: "Buy your own cherries!"

"Ah! yes," said he, his wounded conscience calling him; "I have bought them too long for her and her children; I will take care of number one for the future, and soon can have not only cherries, but many other sweet things beside."

At length the bell rang for leaving work, and John walked to the counting-house and received his wages, which amounted generally to about thirty shillings; for although he was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the public-house, he was not by any means what people would call a drunkard; indeed, he would have felt insulted if any one had dared to apply such a term to him, and no doubt would have been prepared in his way to prove that he only took what he considered did him good. And if he did on a Saturday night sometimes get over the score, while the friendly glass went round more freely than usual, and the cheerful song caused the time to fly fast, so that he went home later than usual, it was simply because he was a good fellow, who must do as others do; and if, at such times, the wife complained that the money left was barely sufficient to purchase the needleful things for the coming week, he was apt to tell her to "mind her own business," and a few sharp words between them would be the result. But alas! such scenes are too well known to need description, and Mary, like many others, had grown weary with complaining; but nevertheless she determined to do her best to keep the house as comfortable as her limited means would allow; and by kind words and looks to make the home as attractive as possible; feeling assured that by such means she was more likely to draw him from the public-house; whilst the opposite course would most likely drive and keep him there.

However, our friend John is standing at yonder gate with his wages in his hand, evidently hesitating what he shall do. Let us draw near, and by doing so we shall hear what he has to say.

"Well, what shall I do? I must go and pay my score, for I don't wish to be dishonest; if I knew how much it was, I would send it; but never mind, I'll go and pay her and have done with her," so away he went.

The moment the landlady caught sight of John, she put on her best smiles, and without giving him time to utter a word, she said, "I am so glad to see you, John; we have just tapped a fresh barrel of our best," and drawing a glass and holding it to him, she said, "I wish your opinion on it."

"No, thank you, I don't wish any," said John; "I want to pay what I owe you; how much is it?"

"Come," said Mrs. Boniface, "it's all stuff; take a glass man, what's your hurry?"

"No, not a drop," said John, "I want to be off."

"Well, will you have a glass of something hot?" said the landlady.

"No, nor long either," said John.

"But," said the landlady, "Tom Smith is in the parlor, and Dick Bates will be here directly; you won't go just yet."

"Will you let me know how much I owe you?" said John, getting impatient, "or I shall I go with-out settling."

"Ah! I see now," said the landlady, "that I put my foot in it this afternoon, and offended you; but I hope you won't mind a few words spoken in haste: come, let us be friends once more."

"Not a dram will I take here or anywhere else if I know it," said John; "and as to offending me, that don't matter, that I see, so long as you get your money."

"But," said the landlady, while she was looking after the P's and Q's, (pints and quarts), "I don't like to quarrel with any one, especially with you; now do let us make it up, and as for the cherries, I have kept them for you; see, (fetching them out of the parlor, where they are)."

"No, thank you," said John with a smile, "I took your advice, and went and bought some, which were very delicious; and now take what I owe you out of this sovereign; I want to be off."

"I don't like," said the landlady, "really to change this without your tasting something; what will you take?" (Throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel, by-the-by.)

"Nothing," I say again," said John, speaking decidedly; and taking up his change, he walked out, and soon found his way home.

"Well, I have made a nice mess this time!" thought the landlady, "and if I ever get caught again losing my temper, I'll be bound it shall not be over such a good customer; if it had been one of those noisy fellows, I shouldn't have cared a bit, but a nice, quiet fellow like John, who takes his glasses so regularly, and pays up every week. However, I'll look out, and the first chance I get to set him going again, I will. He is not going to slip in this way, I can assure him; he is too good to lose without an effort, and when once again I have him right, I'll keep him, I warrant."

While she was thus scheming John's future capture, he was hurrying home, and reached it much to the surprise of his wife, long before his usual time; she, however, had only to put the kettle on, and while preparing the tea-things, the water boiled.

John sat almost in silence, and took his tea. Mary was on the point of asking him how it was that he was home so soon, when all at once he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out some money, threw it into her lap, saying: "I suppose you'll be going to market, Mary."

"Yes," said Mary, and she would have added, "and I shall be glad to go soon;" but she had learnt by past experience that she must not say too much on Saturday night; so taking up the money, she went into the bed-room to get her bonnet and shawl, and then with a woman's curiosity, looking to see how much she had given her, was surprised to find three or four shillings more than she usually received.

"I wonder whether he knows how much he has given me," said Mary; but fearing if she returned to ask, he might want it back, she quickly passed down stairs, and out into the street, afraid every moment he would be after her for the extra shillings. She had not gone far before she heard some one running fast behind her, and in a moment looked round, thinking it was he, but it was only a little boy playing; so on she went, and quickly visited the different shops, and being a thrifty-body, spent her money as wisely as possible, the extra shillings enabling her to add to the comfort of the family during the next week. When she returned laden from market, she found from what the children told her, that father had been out almost all the time, and she feared, after all, he had gone in search of her. However, when he came in soon after, nothing was said on either side, and thus the night was ended. (It is strange how drunk kills the intercourse between man and wife is it not?)

Sunday was spent in John's usual manner: in the morning he went out for a walk, and after dinner, sat at home to read the paper; when the shades of evening gathered around, he strolled out, and did not return until after ten o'clock. (By the way, this waste of God's holy day through the cursed drink!) This being a regular thing with him, no notice was taken of it, yet Mary thought John quiet and dull, and once asked him kindly whether he was well; but he said he was all right, so she did not venture to question him again. All the next week passed away in home without any perceptible change; but John, not liking to return home sooner than usual, went on the Monday night, and to the public-house, and was so much interested, that when another meeting was announced to be held on the following evening, he decided to go, and from that time the speakers said of the good it had done them, he signed the pledge.

(To be continued.)

**WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?**

BY REV. THOMAS L. CUYLER.

Are you waiting for leisure to seek God? That will never come to your heart. Satan will see to it that your soul is kept employed. He keeps his slaves busy. If it is leisure from your daily occupation that you are waiting for, let me tell you that it is in your business, and from the avails of it, that Christ asks you to serve him. I know a merchant in New York who handles millions of money every year, and never lets a day go by without some timely gift to Christ in the person of his poor, or without some personal effort to make his count-room more effectually than many a minister in the pulpit. I received, the other day, a package of "fractional currencies"; a poor servant girl, the earnings of her hand; and it was all to be given to the "Board of Missions." That package was the cost of a coarse gown worn all the longer, or a new bonnet postponed for another year; but in God's sight those few dollars weighed as heavily as the rich merchant's thousands. In Christ's vineyard, that merchant and that kitchen-girl stand side by side. Alas! my impatient friend you have never tasted the joys of either.

Far from your waiting until you are older before you come to Christ! Just as soon might the farmer wait through the golden October, and then sow the seed for next year's harvest. The ground is already iron under the December frosts. Every hour you live decreases your chance of salvation. Sermons have not touched you this year as they did the last. You are less likely to come into

Christ's vineyard that when 1865 came in; as the grave draws nearer, heaven becomes farther off! The late Dr. Spencer made a careful examination of the ages of two hundred and thirty converts who entered into their Master's vineyard. Of these there were:—

Under twenty years of age.....135

Between 20 and 30.....65

Between 30 and 40.....22

Between 40 and 50.....7

Over 50.....1

Out of all these two hundred and thirty souls, only eight gave themselves to Jesus after passing middle life; during the nineteen years of my own imperfect ministry, I have never received over a score of persons into the church who had passed their fiftieth year. He who waits until he has nothing to offer his God, but a decrepit frame, and a worn out mind, and an exhausted heart, insults his Creator. He who waits to be carried into the vineyard on a sick-bed is not needed there. I often think of what a dying soldier said to his chaplain in the hospital: "Chaplain! I have done a great many bad and wicked things in my past days; but I am too much of a man to fling the flag of my life into the face of the Almighty."

Finally, my friend, you are waiting until you are fit to enter the vineyard! Christ is the best judge of that, and he invites you just as you are. The vineyard gate is open. Christ accepts unwashed laborers, and will cleanse them from their filth. He accepts very awkward laborers too, and will teach you how to work. There is room for all. Jesus accepts a coarse coat, and an illiterate mind, and small talents, and narrow influence. He has work for the humblest. There is a place there for you, even though it be no higher place than the Salisbury Shepherd's, who thanked God for his potatoes and salt; and who taught his children the Bible while he mended their shoes. He does his life-work well who fills his place. A cobbler may serve his God as completely and as acceptably as an archangel before the throne.

The vineyard gate stands open—and heaven beyond it. When you enter there, you begin to live—not to breathe.

To breathe, to eat, to sleep,

To smile, to sigh, to grieve,

To hang an idler round God's earth,

This is not to live.

The useful not the great,

The deed that never dies,

The silent toil that is not lost,

Set these before time eyes.

Up then, my friend, and live,

Thy time will soon be o'er;

Oh, enter from the vineyard, wake!

The Judge is at the door.

**THE CHOLERA IN 1865.**

A most valuable document is the *Report on Epidemic Cholera*, issued by the Citizens' Association of New-York. In preparing this collection of statistics, the Association has added to its claims upon the gratitude of the people of this great commercial city. In order to obtain well-established principles, the physicians who have prepared the report have made a careful induction from the facts of the progress of cholera during the year 1865. It is to these we would invite special attention.

In relation to the first appearance of the epidemic, we have some important facts: "On the 11th of May, the present year (1865), the first case of cholera at Alexandria in Egypt was announced in the northwestern district of that city, near the railway station—a filthy suburb inhabited by about twenty thousand Arabs, Greeks, and Maltese, who were living in gross neglect of every hygienic law. From this point the malarial fever spread, and assumed the characteristics of an epidemic. On the 25th of June, the deaths from cholera in that city were occurring at the rate of two hundred per day. But previously to the latter date, the same epidemic had been announced at Cairo and other places on the Nile, and in its deluge. At the same time, and previously, Mecca and Medina in Arabia, and the vast caravans of the Moslem pilgrims that were of that region, thoroughfares and encampments of that region, had become hotbeds of the cholera. By mid-summer it was estimated by the Pasha of Damascus that, of the seven hundred pilgrims who visited Mecca in the month of May, more than forty thousand perished from cholera. Before the middle of August, eighty thousand persons alone perished from cholera in Lower Egypt alone."

"Sweeping around the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, the epidemic quickly reached the ports of Beyrout, Jaffa, Alexandria, and Smyrna; and appearing at the Naval Hospital, near the gates of Constantinople, the 8th of July, it continued its deadly progress throughout the crowded and filthy quarters of that city, and in the course of a few weeks was destroying a thousand lives daily."

"The island of Malta, and the city of Ancona, on the gulf of Venice, were reached by the epidemic early in August, and it commenced its ravages there, although the absolute quarantine and sanitary cordons of those places had attempted to defy its approach. At the same time, and probably at a date considerably earlier than this, the same malarial was rife in the city of Bagdad and on the borders of the Persian gulf; and at later dates it spread to Jerusalem, Damascus, Trebizond, Yarna, eastward, and to Medina, Osimo, Torre Maggiore, Piacenza, San Polo, San Marco, and Foggia, westward; and later, to San Severo, Albacete, Palermo, and Valencia. At the last named city, the epidemic was fully announced about the middle of August. During the months of August and September, the epidemic visited Marseilles and Toulon, in France; and Catalonia, Gibraltar, Barcelona, and Madrid, in Spain; and, at about the same dates, reached Odessa and various ports on the Black Sea. During the last weeks of September, the epidemic began to manifest itself in Paris and in Southampton and their surrounding districts."

The following conclusions may be drawn from these facts: That the cholera has followed the channels of commercial intercourse, keeping close by water-sides, and establishing itself first in filthy quarters of cities, that were already inviting its approaches; that the relation of human agency and of the lines of transportation in the march of the epidemic has been peculiarly apparent, and that it has followed the laws previously deduced from its history.

"The season was exceedingly hot and damp. The epidemic earliest, and as if by special election or predisposition, afflicted the persons and classes who dwelt in foul air, and who are most negligent and reckless in their diet, who indulge in excesses

White Pine Compound. In two years from the time that had been wheeled in Manchester alone one hundred dollars worth, where it took the lead of all the other remedies in the market, and it still maintains that position. There is good reason for all this. It is very soothing and healing in its nature, is warming to the stomach, and pleasant to the taste, and is exceedingly cheap.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints, the White Pine Compound stands unrivalled. It was not originated for that purpose; but a person in using it for a cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also cured of a kidney complaint