

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,

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

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XIV.—No. 30.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1867.

Whole No. 706.

NEW GOODS.

For Spring and Summer
TRADE, 1867.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street, Fredericton,
Have received from London, Glasgow and
Liverpool—

Fifty Packages,

COMPRISING A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

DRY GOODS,

THE NEWEST STYLES IN

DRESS GOODS,

Shawls and Sacques,

Parasols, Straw Hats,
And Millinery Goods.

Trimmings and Small Wares,

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From 1 yard to 4 yards wide.

An inspection is respectfully so-

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SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street,
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Comprising a large Stock for the present
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40 Cases and Bales

BEING NOW OPENED.

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Straw Hats,

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RIBBON, BLONDS, FLOWERS,

Crystal Trimmings,

BELT CLASPS and PEPHAM BELTS,

quite new.

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in Peplum Style, quite new.

With a large variety of other Goods, which
will be sold at prices that cannot be equal-
led in this Market.

Respectfully soliciting your patronage,

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, May 8, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

A DREAM OF THE HEAVENLY CITY.

In the year 1814 three sisters resided in Lon-
don, two of whom were pious, Christian women,
while the third was wholly given up to worldly
pleasures. She hated the piety of her sisters, and
opposed it in many petty, spiteful ways, though
they endeavored to accommodate themselves to
her wishes and to render the differences of their
opinion as little disagreeable to her as possible.

One night, towards the close of the year 1814,
she had been out at an assembly very late; and
the next morning at breakfast was so remarkably
different from her usual manner that her sisters
thought she must be either unwell, or had met
with some misfortune that had affected her deeply.
Instead of her usual incessant chatter about
every person, she had met, every thing they wore,
and said, and did, she sat silent, sullen, and ab-
sorbed. As she ate nothing, her sisters asked her
if she was unwell.

"No."
"What was the matter?"
"Nothing."
"Had nothing distressed her?"
"She had no idea of people prying into what
did not concern them."

The whole morning she spent in her own room,
and at dinner the same scene as in the morning
occurred. She ate little, never spoke out but to
answer unavailingly, and then with an appearance of
depression and melancholy that spread their in-
fluences very powerfully over the cheerfulness of
her companions. She retired to rest late, and
with the spirit of one that expects from sleep
neither alleviation nor refreshment.

The next morning she again scarcely tasted
breakfast, and seemed in the same distressed,
uncomfortable state as on the preceding day.
Her sisters again renewed their inquiries. She said:

"I am well, and nothing pains me."
"Then you have something on your mind."
"Why will you not tell us? Do we not love you?"
"And can we seek any good but yours, in our
anxious wish to share your sorrow?"

"O! you have superstition enough of your own
without mine being added. I shall not tell you
what I saw, as you have no occasion to rack
your curiosity. I dare say you will think it some
spiritual triumph; but I laugh at such things. I
am not quite old enough yet to be the victim of
dreams and visions."

"We do not believe in dreams and visions,"
Anna, was the reply.
She answered hastily, "No, and I do not in-
tend you shall."

The sisters looked at each other, and remained
silent.
The second day passed as the first. Anna was
gloomy and moody, and her sisters, from pity
and anxiety, were unhappy. The third morning
she again entered on the day as one who loathed
the light, who had no object in living, and to whom
the lapse of the time in the prospect of futurity,
brings neither comfort nor hope.

As her sisters looked on her, one of them sud-
denly asked:
"Anna, what was your dream?"
"Ha, what was it? You would give the world
to know, but I shall not tell you. I thought you
did not believe in dreams."

"Neither do we in general. We know them to
be the offspring of a disordered stomach, con-
fused images and fancies when reason is dormant,
and the memory of them passes away as soon as
we are engaged in our daily avocations. Yet,
there is no doubt, some dreams are no more sent
in vain than any other affliction or warning.
There is a verse in Scripture which mentions God
as speaking 'in the visions of the night, when deep
sleep falleth upon man.'"

She laughed again. "You have a verse in the
Bible for everything that suits you; but I do not
choose to be warned in such a manner, and there
is no doubt I shall get it out of my head in a day
or two."

"Anna, we do beseech you to tell us. If you
really have a dream from heaven, you surely
would not wish to forget it; and if not, we will
help you to laugh it off."

She answered, "Well, if I must tell you, I
must. No doubt it was very extraordinary, and
very frightful. I should have thought it the
effect of the bill, but that I never saw anything
anywhere like it."

"I thought I was in the wide streets of a great
city. Many people were walking there besides
myself; but there was something in their air
which immediately struck me. They seemed
thoughtful and cheerful, neither occupied with
business nor with pleasure, but having about
them such a dignity of repose, such high and set-
tled purposes, such grace and purity, as never was
stamped on mortal form. The light of the sun was
something strange. It was not the sun, for there
was nothing to dazzle. It seemed an atmosphere
of light, calm, lovely, and changeless. The build-
ings seemed all palaces, but not like palaces of
earth. The pavements were all alike of gold,
and glittering windows seemed like divided rain-
bows, and were made to give and transmit none
but rays of gladness. It was, indeed, a place to
which hope may bend, and wherein charity might
dwell. I could not help exclaiming, as I passed along,
'These are the habitations of righteousness and
truth!' All was beauty, bright and perfect. I
could not tell what was wanting to make me wish
for an eternity in such a place; yet its very purity
oppressed me. I saw nothing congenial, though
looks of kindness met me in every face that
happy thought. I felt nothing responsive. I re-
turned in silence their friendly greetings, and
walked on alone oppressed and sad. I saw that
all went one way, and I followed, wondering the
reason."

"At length I saw them approach a building
much larger and finer than all the rest. I saw
them ascend its massive steps and enter beneath
its ample porch, but I felt no desire to go with
them, farther than the foot of the steps. I ap-
proached them with curiosity. I saw persons enter
who were dressed in every variety of costume o-
f the nations; but they disappeared within the
porch, and then crossed the hall in white. O
that I could describe that hall to you. It was not
marble, it was not crystal, it was not gold; but
light, pure light, consolidated in form. It was

the moon, without its coolness, it was the sun,
without its dazzling rays, and within was a stair-
case mounting upward, all of light, and I saw it
touched the snowy feet and white and spotless
garments of those who ascended. It was indeed
passing fair; but it made me shudder, and I
turned away.

"As I turned, I saw on the lowest step one
looking at me with an interest so intense, and a
manner so anxious that I stopped to hear what
he had to say. He asked me, in a voice like
liquid music:

"Why do you turn away? Is there peace
elsewhere? Is there pleasure in the works of
darkness?"

"I stood in silence. He pressed me to enter,
but I neither moved nor moved. Suddenly he
disappeared, and another took his place, with the
same look and manner. I wished to avoid him,
but I seemed riveted to the spot.

"Art thou come so far, he said, and wilt thou
lose thy labor? Put off thine own garments,
and take the white here."

"He continued to press me till I got weary and
angry, and said:

"I will not enter. I do not like your lively,
and I am oppressed by your whiteness."

"He sighed, and was gone. Many passed by
me with looks of mingled kindness and pity, and
pressed me to follow on with them, and offered
me a hand up the stairs which led to their
mystic change; but I rejected them, and stood
melancholy and distressed.

"At length one bright young messenger came
up to me, and entreated me to enter with a voice
and manner which I could not resist.

"Do not turn away," he said, "where canst
thou go? Do not linger; for why shouldst thou
weary thyself for naught? Enter thou and taste
of happiness. Do not all tribes and colors press
into that hall? Are they not clothed and washed
and comforted?"

"He gave me his hand, and I entered along
with him. Here I was sprinkled with pure water,
and a garment of pure white was put upon me; and
I knew not how, but I mounted the white
stairs with my happy guide.

"O, what a light burst upon me when I reached
its summit! Mortal words cannot describe it,
nor mortal fancy conceive it. Where are the
living saphires, where are the glittering stars
that are like the bright radiance on which I stood?
Where are the forms or the looks of love that
breathed in the innumerable company before me?
I sank down, overpowered and wretched. I crept
into a corner and tried to hide myself, for I felt
that I had nothing in unison with the blessed
creatures of such a place. They were moving to
the harmony of sounds that never fell upon mortal
year. My guide joined in raptures, and I was
left alone. I saw the tall forms, all fair and
brilliant in their ineffable felicity; their songs and
looks of gratitude forming the circumstances and
differences of each. At length I saw one taller
than the rest, one every way more fair, more
awful, surpassing thought; and to him every eye
was turned, and in his face every face was bright-
ened. The songs and the praises were to his
honor, and all seemed to drink from him their
life and joy. As I gazed in speechless and trem-
bling amazement, one who saw me left the com-
pany and came where I stood.

"Why," he asked, "art thou silent? Come
quickly, and unite in the praises and the song."
"I felt a sudden anger in my heart, and I
answered with sharpness:

"I will not join in your song; for I know not
the strain."

"He sighed, and with a look of surprise and
humiliating pity returned to his place. About a
minute after, another came and addressed me as
he had done; and with the same temper, I
answered him in the same words. He seemed as
if he could have resigned his own dazzling glory
to have changed me. If heaven knows anguish,
he seemed to feel it; but he left me and returned.
What could it be that put such tempers into my
heart?"

"At length the Lord of that glorious company
of living forms of light and beauty saw me, and
came where I stood. I thrilled in every pulse
with awe. I felt my blood curdle, and the flesh
upon me tremble; but my heart grew hardened,
and my voice was bold. He spoke, and deep-toned
music seemed to drop from his lips.

"Why standest thou so still when all around
thee are glad? Come, join in the song, for I
have triumphed! Come, join in the song, for
now my people reign!"

Love, ineffable, unutterable love, beamed upon
me, as though it would have melted a heart of
stone, and I melted not. I gazed an instant, and
said:

"I will not join in the song, for I know not
the strain."

"Creation would have fled at the change in
his countenance! His glance was lightning, and
his voice thunder. He said:

"Then what dost thou here?"
"The floor beneath me opened, the earth
quaked, and I sank into consuming fire. With a
trill, I awoke."

"There was a silence for a time, for the sisters
were struck with awe. They considered the
dream—the impression it had made.

"Anna," said they, "we cannot wish you to
forget this dream. We surely believe it to be
from God. Your description of the holy city is
nearly the same as we find in the Bible. 'The
city hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to
lighten it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and
the Lamb thereof.' All who enter there must
put off their own garments, that is their own
righteousness, and must be clothed with linen,
clean and white, even in the righteousness of
me, saith the Lord. Those that walk in the
light of it are those that have come out of great
tribulation, and washed their robes and made
them white in the blood of the Lamb.' O, dear
sister, you know something of the way, do listen
to the faithful warning! Join us, and walk in
the path that leads to the heavenly city."

Anna's brow again darkened, and she answered:
"I will do as I please. I do not intend you to
preach to me."

"She continued in this state till the end of the
week, and was found in her room a corpse! No
one knew the cause of her death. She died with-
out disease and without change.—Young Pilgrim.

I pray you note this, we must first be made
good before we can do good; we must first be
made just before our words can please God.—
Lettiner.

THE TWO SCENES.

FAITH AND BRAVADO.

From a friend I learned the following narrative
of events which occurred many years ago. In a
vessel which sailed for Europe was a young lady,
a devoted Christian, who with becoming modesty
yet fidelity let her light shine in the midst of a
company of godless or giddy passengers. She
conversed with whom she could on the great sub-
ject of personal salvation, and distributed religious
tracts and books. She felt that there was an op-
portunity of doing good and honoring her Master
which should be diligently improved. Freely she
had received, and freely would she give. Grati-
tude to God for his mercy to herself made her
long to be the instrument of saving some of the
precious souls whom Providence had brought
within her reach, to be new stars in her Saviour's
diadem. Ridicule and cold looks could not drive
her from her heavenly purpose. Her Redeemer's
approbation and the salvation of a soul were of
more account to her than the good opinion of the
whole company. Not that she was insensible to
their sneers, but faith triumphed over nature, and
she continued day after day her work of love,
strengthened by the felt presence of Him whom
she served and in whom she trusted.

One day a dreadful storm came up. The wind
blew a gale and consternation spread through
the ship's company. The gay and thoughtless
and profane wailed before the tempest. In their terror,
these poor afflicted creatures gathered around
the Christian lady whom just now they had de-
spised and shunned. They clung to her side, as
if she were an angel, looked up so beseechingly
into her serene face, and begged her to pray for
them. They seemed to believe that her prayers
could save them, or that she was their only friend.
And there she stood among them in the calm
dignity of a divine faith, undismayed by the peril
of the scene, and breathing forth words of prayer
or sympathy or counsel. How sublime her position,
as she brought those who had held her in derision
to forsake their sin and come to the
loving, forgiving Saviour. With what tender
earnestness did she seek to win them from ruin,
and to awaken within their terror-stricken hearts
the peace of God.

Verily she had her reward and victory, even
on earth; how great will be her reward in
heaven.

This incident brings to mind another, which
came under my own observation, a few years
since, of a very different character. In the steam-
ship which brought us from Southampton was a
large company, representing many nations. Among
them was one man, an American, who made him-
self disagreeably conspicuous. He was a person
of coarse nature, boastful and profane, whose only
claim to notice seemed to be his money. Some of
this, accumulated in his business as a butcher,
he had been spending in a European tour, the
particulars of which formed the theme of his daily
talk, which was interspersed with oaths and slang
phrases. He was, moreover, dressed in a suit of
blue which gleamed with bright gilt buttons.

For the most part, we had a delightful passage;
for though it was mid-winter, the weather was
mild, and the sea almost untroubled. So we sailed,
making rapid progress, till we were, as we sup-
posed, within a few hours of New York, expecting
to reach the city that very night. Every eye
beamed with joy in the hope of a speedy release
from the ship, and many were imagining the warm
welcome awaiting them on shore. We spoke to
each other of our homes, wondering whether we
should find our friends alive and well, yet anticipat-
ing a happy meeting.

Just before evening, we were close by the light-
ship, which assured us how near we were to the
end of our voyage. All were jubilant, but our
American hero was particularly demonstrative,
bragging with an oath that he would be at his
home in B— by eleven o'clock that night; and he
strutted about the deck in all the grandeur of
his brass buttons as a victor over Neptune.

I was standing on deck, looking off upon the
smooth sea, over which we were so pleasantly and
swiftly gliding, when there came an instantaneous
and frightful change. The wind, which had
been gently breathing, now, as with the rapidity
of lightning, wheeled about and turned into a
fierce north-easter. Clouds began to gather, dark
and angry, and the sea was in a fury. No pilot
could venture out in such a gale, and of course,
all hope was abandoned of reaching our port that
night. We were, besides, in no small peril. The
captain himself, though unwell, now took the
helm, where he bravely stood all through that
frightful night. The first thought was to sail
round about the light-ship, and then wait the
day of day. But our watchful captain was afraid
to trust his ship so near the land, and ere long
pushed out into the open sea. The next morning
found us a hundred miles from where we were
when the storm took us the evening before.

But where was our vanishing hero? The first
appearance of danger had silenced his tongue, and
cowed his spirit, and he slunk away to his berth,
perhaps to hide his cowardice. He was the first
to succumb, nor was he seen nor heard from dur-
ing all that night. He, so bold and confident,
had now no word of encouragement for the weak
ones—the women and children. His ministry
ended just when it was needed. Fear got hold
upon him, nor did it leave him until the next
morning, when the storm was over, and the great
waves, which had now and then lifted up the ship
as if in their mighty hands, and shaken it as if
an infant over the abyss, and then dashed it down
with a dreadful violence, had laid aside their anger,
and all thought of danger was past. Then did
the profane boaster reappear upon the scene, de-
claring that he had not been a "bit" afraid—not
he. Those of us who had witnessed his cowardly
terror a few hours before, smiled at his easy cou-
rage when the placid moon in the mild early morn-
ing was looking down so lovingly upon us.

Lord Bellingbrooke once asked Lady Huntingdon
how she reconciled prayer to God for particular
blessings with absolute resignation to the divine
will. "Very easy," answered her ladyship, "as
if I were to offer a petition to a monarch o-
f whose kindness and wisdom I have the highest
opinion. In such a case my language should be
I wish you to bestow on me such a favor, but you
Majesty knows better than I how far it would be
agreeable to you, or right in itself to grant my
desire. I therefore content myself with humbly
presenting my petition, and leaving the event en-
tirely to you."—American Exchange.

CHRIST-LIKE.

Not long ago I was talking with a minister of
the gospel, who, since he himself found the way
to Jesus, has been the means of helping other
souls to come to Him; and he told me what first
made him love the good Shepherd.

One day when he was a boy, as he was playing
with other children, a lady passed along who was
known for her kind deeds and gentle ways.

"They said that lady is just like Jesus," said
one of the boys.

"Well," replied my friend, "if Jesus is like that
woman, I shall love Jesus."

For the first time Jesus seemed as a person to
him, and as a person worthy to be loved; and
from that hour he began to love Him.

Let us each do what we can to be like Christ.

He was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from
sinners. He delighted to do God's will. He
wrought to save the lost, and comfort the suffering,
and teach much about God. We must do the
same. Some of us can work in one way, and
some in another. Some are wise and eloquent;
they can speak for Jesus. Others are weak and
little; they can do what this little girl did,—help
to spread the words that are spoken to save souls.
And so finally, when Jesus rewards those who
have toiled for His dear sake, it shall be said to
some of us, "She hath done what she could."

The best lives are those which are given to
God. And the happiest lives are those which
are spent in serving Him. And there are no lives
which have so much influence in the world as
those which are modelled from the sinless life of
Christ.—Messenger.

WINNING SOULS.

The little church at Greenville had no pastor;
but Mark Davis, the young student from the Theo-
logical Seminary who supplied their pulpit was
earnest and eloquent, and very desirous to see a
work of grace among the people. He regretted
his inability to follow up the Sabbath discourses
with week-day pastoral labors; but from this his
necessary studies precluded him. He could only
exhort the brethren to be diligent in cultivating
the spiritual field, and to water the seed he was
sowing with tears and prayers.

There were few efficient helpers in the Green-
ville church. The two deacons were faithful men;
but one of them was laid aside from active labors
by a broken limb; and the other found his time
heavily taxed for the support of a numerous family.
"If only Colonel Clark would take hold of the
work, how many souls might be won for Christ,"
said the young minister.

"Yes, brother Clark is the smartest man we
have," said Deacon Allen, beside whose sick bed
the affairs of the church were being talked over.
"He is talented and wealthy; and has besides a
lawyer's special gift for pleading with his fellow
men. But though he sometimes gives a very ed-
ifying exhortation to the brethren in a church
meeting, I do not believe he ever made a private
personal appeal to an impenitent sinner."

"He must do it," Deacon Allen, he must. I'll
see if I cannot persuade him."

And soon the lawyer's office rang with an earnest
appeal from Mr. Davis for that brother's help
in the great work of saving souls. The Colonel
felt the force of the words addressed to him. He
could not deny the necessity and the duty of such
personal labor for the Master. Yet he was strangely
reluctant to engage in it; and wholly disinclined
to promise the special effort which the young
minister urged so warmly upon him. But
Mr. Davis scattered all his excuses and refuted his
objections; and so he at length consented.

It was on Saturday evening that the matter was
thus arranged; and on the following Sabbath
notice was given for a meeting on Tuesday, when
those who were living without the Christian's
hope "would be addressed by their fellow towns-
man, Colonel Clark, on the subject of their personal
salvation." The announcement was a great
surprise. While the people of God rejoiced to
hear it, the unconverted were startled to unwont-
ed interest by its novelty.

But the lawyer himself was thrilled with fore-
boding and carrying a troubled heart. He had
been for many years a professor of religion; and
it had not before occurred to him seriously to
doubt his own piety. He was well grounded in
doctrinal knowledge; exemplary and punctual in
external forms and observances; read his Bible
stately and reverently; gave liberally to the
institutions of religion; and occasionally took his
part in the prayers and exhortations of the social
meetings. He was a single man; so there had
been no call upon him for family instructions or
devotions; and he had never charged himself with
the duty of winning souls to Christ.

Now that he saw the obligation, he felt both
unable and unwilling to perform it. Yet he had
promised and must make the attempt. Hour after
hour on Monday he sat with the Bible in his
hand trying to prepare for the unwonted labor.
But his efforts were in vain. His thoughts were
confused and rambling; no fervent, earnest words
would come to his call. "What was the matter
with him?" As he asked himself this question,
a strange, uneasy suspicion took possession of his
heart. And the door of that sanctuary once
opened to doubt, query upon query followed.

"What did he know of penitence for sin, that
he should call others to repentance?" What had
he felt of the love of Christ that he should urge
its constraining power? What was his experi-
ence of the blessed nature and sanctifying power
of religion that he should invite men to its em-
brace? He followed of me, even as I also am
of Christ? Mockery, solemn mockery, he saw and
felt it to be.

Tuesday came; and his soul writhed with an-
guish. His eyes were opened now. He knew
that he had been self-deceived; that there had
never been a genuine work of grace in his heart.
"What should he do to be reconciled to God?"
All day long he pondered the question. Looking
not at Christ and his perfect work, but at his own
dark and unconverted heart, he saw no hope, he
found no comfort.

Thus the hour arrived when he was to stand
before his fellow sinners with the message of the
Gospel. Monday, he had felt that unless light
and peace should come to himself, he could not
speak to others. But he felt differently now.
If he was a lost and guilty sinner, so were they;
and he must tell them so, and beseech them to
flee from the wrath to come. Whatever became
of him, this was clearly his duty, and he would
do it.

So he went to the place of gathering and faced

the crowded assembly who were waiting for his
words. In tones solemn as eternity he told them his
own condition, and while acknowledging his utter
want of hope for himself, pleaded with them to
turn in penitence and faith in Jesus. Every heart
was touched, and when he sat down sobbing voices
begged him to pray for them. "Yes, my poor
friend, for you and myself," he said. And falling
upon his knees, he cried, "God be merciful unto
us sinners."

Then his heart was broken for sin and he saw
a waiting Saviour—a finished salvation—and
could speak of redeeming love, and win souls to
Christ.—Congregationalist.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

Don't be discouraged if, in the onset of life,
things do not go so smoothly. It seldom hap-
pens that the hopes we cherish of the future are
realized. The path of life in the prospect is
smooth and level enough, but when we come to
travel it, we find it all up-hill, and generally rough
enough. The journey is a laborious one, and
whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall
find disappointment, if we have built on other
calculations. To endure cheerfully what must be
and to elbow our way as easily as we can, hoping
for a little, yet striving for much, is perhaps the
true plan.

But don't be discouraged if occasionally you
slip by the way, and your neighbors tread over
you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or
two dishearten you—accidents will happen; mis-
calculations will sometimes be made; things will
often turn differently from our expectations, and
we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remem-
ber that fortune is like the skies