

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.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1867.

Whole No. 696.

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Fredericton, May 3, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

THE GENERAL ANGLICAN COUNCIL.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has invited the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, in common with the bishops of the British dominions and the missionary bishops of the Church of England, to attend a general meeting of all Anglican bishops, which is to be held under the presidency of the Archbishop, at Lambeth (the Archbishop's residence), on the 24th of September, 1867. The first impulse to this meeting was given last year by an address from the Metropolitan and Bishops of Canada, who expressed a desire that the Archbishop should invite the Indian and colonial episcopate to meet the home bishops for brotherly communion and conference. In consequence of that appeal, both houses of the Convocation of Canterbury at their last session addressed to the Archbishop their request that he should invite the attendance, not only of the home and colonial bishops, but of all bishops avowedly in communion with the Church of England. The same request was unanimously preferred to him at a numerous gathering of English, Irish, and colonial archbishops and bishops, recently assembled at Lambeth, which was also attended by the Bishop of Illinois. Moved by these requests, the Archbishop has issued his letter of invitation, and it may therefore be assumed as certain that the meeting will take place at the time specified. As regards the attendance of the American bishops, the *Church Journal* of this city says that the presiding bishop (Bishop Hopkins of Vermont) and Bishop Potter, of New York, expect to be present at the Council.

No one can doubt that the proposed meeting will be one of great interest and importance. Although there is a party in the Anglican Church which repudiates altogether the Protestant character of the Church, there is as yet no reason why Protestantism should cease to claim the Anglican Church as one of its branches. Of all branches of Protestantism, the Anglican Church is by far the most numerous, and every one is familiar with its great influence upon the fate of the Protestant world. It is losing, it seems, to a large extent, its hold upon the masses of the English people; but still it continues to be preeminently the Church of the English nation so far as the latter is represented by the Government and Parliament. In the United States the Church is slowly growing with the growth of the nation. In British North America, Australia, and India, three rising empires of the first magnitude, the Church is firmly established, and is possessed of great social influence. The same must be said of the other English colonies. Missionary bishops have already advanced beyond the limit of the British dominions and the United States, and laid the foundation of the Church in other, chiefly pagan, countries. The closer relations which have of late sprung up between the Anglican and Scandinavian churches give to any movement in the Anglican Church, looking toward consolidation, a special importance.

To Protestants it is naturally a subject of great interest to learn whether any of the Church parties dividing the Anglican Church will gain by this movement; whether the spirit of exclusiveness which disunites all other Protestants as sects will prevail, or whether the opposition to Romanizing tendencies, which has but recently led, both in England and the United States, to important manifestoes against the Romanizing ritualists, will assert its strength. The advance of the one or the other party in the consolidated Anglican Church cannot but be to all Protestants a subject of the most profound anxiety.

But in either case, whether High Churchism or Low Churchism shall be benefited by the success of General Anglican Councils, there is one feature in these meetings which deserves a special attention on the part of all Protestant churches. It cannot be denied that from the time of the Reformation down to the present day the want of organization has been a point of great weakness in all Protestant communions. The several denominations were cut up into isolated parts by national limits. The Lutherans of Germany ceased to be in permanent communication with those of Scandinavia; the Reformed of Switzerland with those of France, Germany, and Holland. The Anglicans, Wesleyans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and other denominations of Great Britain have no bond of permanent union with their brethren of the same faith in the United States. The disadvantages resulting from such a state of affairs are obvious. The proposed Pan-Anglican meeting is an important step to overcome this weak point. Bishops from all countries will meet to consider many practical questions, the settlement of which would tend to the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, and to the maintenance of greater unity in the missionary work, and to increased inter-communication among themselves. The question whether similar councils, or conferences, or conventions, or whatever name may be adopted for meetings of this kind—uniting representatives from all the different countries for deliberation on points of common interest—are practicable and would be greatly beneficial, deserves at least the serious consideration of every Protestant denomination.—*Methodist.*

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY MRS. M. L. BAYNE.

In one of the upper chambers of a pleasant home, a little child lay very ill, apparently dying. Friends were gathered near to offer the last services of love and kindness, and the physician, whose assiduous skill seemed baffled, watched with grave attention the coming of the terrible spasm that threatened each time instant dissolution. The little babe was itself unconscious of suffering or love, for its tender brain was numbed with the anguish it had endured, and all felt that it would indeed be a merciful hand that shortened the parting strife—all save one—that one the mother—who hung in agony above the couch of her child. She had not left it for a moment during its severe illness. She could neither eat nor sleep while her darling lay pale and senseless beside her; but she had never given up the hope that it would be spared to her, and now she refused to hear the physician's voice lest it should pronounce a fatal opinion. "I cannot, cannot give her up!" she cried wildly. "God will not require such a sacrifice at my hands. What has my darling done that he should suffer so? Oh! I cannot, will not give her up! She must live." In this rebellious

spirit the mother continued, and strange to say, at the very last moment succeeded in snatching her child from the very arms of death, and after a weary seige brought it back to convalescence and health.

Mrs. Herbert, the mother of the child, became in after years a Christian, and when she looked back upon that hour of her life, shuddered at her own rebellious defiance of God's will. "Still," she would say to herself, "I could not have given up my child, it would have killed me!"

Years passed on; the babe from a lovely and engaging child grew to be a beautiful, intelligent girl, and early gave remarkable promise of a youth of rare maturity. Her impulses were all good, the powers of her mind of more than average strength, and her heart was early given to her Saviour; and her life led to him through baptism. Her parents died upon her, her young friends held her up as a lovely example of what they themselves would wish to be, and her teachers were proud of her acquirements, and commended her diligence in study, and her gentle Christian deportment.

In less than a year she expected to graduate with honor, and all her energies were put forth to this end. She was not of a sanguine temperament. Indeed, this was the cloud no bigger than a man's hand in the horizon of her life, her proneness to melancholy; she regarded life with a critical attention, that realized its solemn importance. Hence she took but little interest in the frivolities that interested her young companions. "I cannot forget," she would say, "that I am on probation for another life, that will never end, and when I see so many going on so thoughtlessly to certain death, I shudder lest I too may become a castaway." It was well that she had realized so fully the importance of her mission, for in the midst of her studies without a moment's warning, she was seized with a return of the dreadful convulsions that had well-nigh destroyed her infant life, and when they left the power of thought and memory was gone, and the passive brain no longer wrought out future plans, or pondered over momentous deeds. The mother now saw her beloved child shut out from hopes and privileges that had always been her portion, and a victim to a dread disease which no physician could overcome, and looking back she saw how infinitely better it would have been had she died in infancy. "I wrestled with God for her," thought she, "and now I witness her sufferings, but am powerless to help. God knew what was best. I feel now as if he had permitted me to have my sinful wish that he might teach me in my woe to say, 'Thy will be done.' When I hear my dear child say, as she often does, that life has no longer any pleasure for her, and death would be welcome, I remember how I prayed that she might live, live, only live for my pleasure. Oh! surely God knows best after all!"

Yes, God knows best. We must never forget this, nor that he doth not willingly afflict. His ways are not as our ways, and the cross that presses us so heavily to the earth, may yet lead our eyes heavenward, to read, as did Constantine, "In this I conquer." The humility that is born of self-abasement and sorrow, is the proudest mantle the Christian can wear, for they who dimly grope here through the narrow path shall hereafter emerge into the perfect light, where the Lazaruses of this world dwell in Abraham's bosom.

KNOW GOD AND YOU WILL PRAISE HIM.

To utter the name of God, as the heathen do, without knowing what the name reveals, is but foolishness and mockery; but to speak of that name as embodying all the excellencies of greatness and goodness, of holiness and love—this is praise—this is of all employments the noblest and the worthiest. And in proportion as that name is comprehended in all its infinite breadth and length, in that proportion will our praises abound, and our hallelujahs wax louder and louder. An unknown God calls forth no praise. It is the knowledge of what God is, or what is in God, that awakens praise. Just as the sight of some object of surpassing beauty, some mountain scene, some ocean view, some far-stretching landscape, draws forth, irresistibly, our fervent expressions of admiration; so it is the sight of Jehovah, as he has revealed Himself in his word, that calls up our hallelujahs. Profoundly conscious of wants and sins past number, we are driven to our knees, and this cry of necessity goes up unceasingly; we cannot but pray. But losing sight of ourselves, and getting larger, brighter discoveries of God, our souls fill with rapturous admiration, the utterance of vast passages into that of worship, our hearts go upward, as by some irresistible attraction, prayer melts away into praise, and the unutterable groan ascends into the more unutterable hallelujah. We see in Him the great Creator—creator of heaven and earth, sea, sky, hills, plains, forests, streams; and we praise Him. We see in Him the perfection of wisdom, and might, and truth, and righteousness; and we praise Him. We see in Him the Lord God, merciful and gracious; the God who so loved the world that He gave his only-begotten Son; the God of forgiveness and compassion and endless bounties; and we praise Him. All that is in Him, and about Him, speak of Him, and glorify Him, and glorify Him, and glorify Him, and glorify Him. His whole character is so glorious and lovable, that we wonder why there is such strange silence all around; why even one voice should be dumb; and say, as we contemplate more meditatingly, and learn more fully His unspeakable riches in the person of His incarnate Son, "Who would not fear thee, who would not praise thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?"

That Gospel which we preach is the proclamation of God's glorious character. It is His own testimony to Himself; it is our testimony to Him. In preaching it we give our good report of God; a good report of Himself and of his doings; a good report of His free, rich, immeasurable love, that, hearing that good report of Him, you may receive it, and give glory to the Lord your God, commencing forthwith a hallelujah, which each day of your life will deepen and render more cordial and more intense.—*Rev. Horatio Bonar, D.D., Kelsa.*

WILLIE'S SIGNAL FOR JESUS.

I heard such a beautiful story the other day, about a little child, that I must tell it to you. He was sick at St. Luke's Hospital in New York, and the lady who told me the story was there.

One day this child, about seven years old, was brought into the children's ward; he had been picked up in the street, where he had fallen from some building. His little leg was broken in two places, his head cut dreadfully, and his backbone so broken that it came through the flesh. He had about a week between life and death, a fearful suffering; but at the end of that time he began to mend, so that in a few days more his physicians concluded he could recover, but that if he lived they would have to cut off the splinters from his backbone.

Well, they performed the operation, and the child lived and grew better. About a week afterward, the doctors found there would have to be another operation. So they told the nurse that she must tell Willie that the next morning they would have to do it. The nurse was a noble Christian woman, and she talked to the little fellow, sitting by his bedside. She said: "Willie, I have told you what the doctors think, and I want you to try and be a little man, and bear it as well as you can. It is hard for you, I know, and it is hard for me to see you suffer so much, and it makes my heart ache day after day, to see all you dear little children suffer so; but it is God's will, my child," she said, "and he and his dear Son Jesus will help you through."

This was in the evening, and she left him till the morning, going from one little sufferer to another till her time was up. After she had gone,

the little boy pulled the sheet up over his head, and began to cry as if his heart would break. In the little bed next to him was a little girl, and as she saw and heard him cry, she said:

"Willie, what makes you cry so? Don't you know that Jesus can help you? This is his ward, they say, and he loves us all very much; don't cry any more, but let's pray to Jesus to take your pain away."

He then said: "I have been praying, Susie, and I have been asking Christ to take me, for do you know they say that every night Jesus walks through our ward, and takes one or two of us little children away with him—those that love him and want to go with him, and I have been telling him how much I want to go with him, and that I can't bear to think of all the pain I will have to-morrow if he don't take me. And I will tell you, Susie, what I am going to do, for fear I should be asleep when Jesus comes. I am going to hold my hand up so, (and he held one hand by the wrist, just above the bed-clothes,) so that when Jesus walks through our room to-night he will see my hand, and know I am the one that wants so much to go with him. I have told him I would, and he will look for me," and the children went to sleep. And early in the morning, when the nurse went to look at all the children, there she saw little Willie stiff and cold in death, with his hand just above the bed-clothes, held up by the other, as he had told Jesus he would find him.—*Little Corporal.*

THE DIAMOND KEEPS ITS MARK.

The Bible tells us that a large part of the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem, is composed of gold, and that that gold is as clear as glass. It is transparent; you can see through it.

What a blessed thing it is to think of having our names, and everything we do for Jesus, written there, so that they never can be rubbed out! Every little movement made with the point of a diamond on glass will leave a mark there. And so everything we do for Jesus, no matter how little, will be written on the golden glass of heaven in such a way that it cannot be rubbed out.

We read in the New Testament about the woman who came to our Saviour before his crucifixion, and poured the ointment on his feet. The disciples found fault with her, but Jesus took her part, and said that wherever the gospel was preached, in all the world, the good deed that she had done should be known and mentioned to her honor. She made a mark then that will never be rubbed out.

One day the Superintendent of a Sunday school in this city was going along near Third and Dock streets. He saw one of the large boys, belonging to his school, coming out of a drinking saloon. The boy's name was George Simpson. As the Superintendent passed by, he raised his finger, and shaking his head, he said, in a kind, but serious way:

"Take care, George; take care."

Some ten or twelve years passed away, and he had forgotten all about it, when one day a very genteel-looking young man came up to him in the street, and bowing said:

"I think, sir, this is Mr. P., who used to be the Superintendent of such a Sunday school?"

"That is my name, but I don't remember you."

"Don't you remember a boy named George Simpson, who used to belong to your school?"

"No, I can't recollect the name."

"Well, sir, don't you remember meeting him one day, coming out of a drinking place, near Third and Dock streets, when you shook your finger at him and said, 'Take care, George!'"

"O, yes, I remember that."

"Well, sir," said the young man, "I am George Simpson, and I want to thank you for what you did and said that day. It was a little thing, but it saved me from ruin. I was just beginning to go the drunkard's way. But something in your words and manner made a great impression on me. I quit drinking. Not long after I joined the church. Now I am living in the West, and quite well off; but, my dear sir, I owe it all to you."

Now you see how that Superintendent, like a diamond, was making a mark that can never be rubbed out.

HUNGRY AND THIRSTY SOULS.

To picture the world that most men live in as a wilderness, its joys like cast out and withered flowers, the flow of its pleasures like the fantastic imagery of the air, its pomp and dignity like shadows, its resonant and stately speech and words of power like flying echoes in their vanishing; to sink into a barren, dreary plain where the streams sink into the sand, and the grass is withered or gone, and the people are straying like men struck blind; would only excite derision. Men would before scoffing men, some of whom were as yet without fixed principles, they committed a gross and almost fatal error. Looking about him, Wilton saw already many faces flushed almost to insubriety; many eyes that, spite of their flash and sparkle, moved with difficulty, and that dire unsteadiness that marks the incipient stage of drunkenness.

"My friends," he said, and then paused, as if to give greater emphasis to what might follow, "I am going to make a confession."

Some of the company smiled at this, but by far the greater number were awed at the sad yet earnest tones of his voice.

"Five years ago I had a brother, a bright, beautiful lad, in whom the hopes of a large family were centered. He was called a genius, and he was one. Sensitive, gentle-hearted, and generous to a fault, he also gave promise of extraordinary vigor of mind. One night, several boys in the village where I was born resolved to have a frolic. The party was to be a secret one, and we were each to carry from our homes, if we could, provisions and wine. It came off with success. There was good cheer, there were bright and flowing liquors, we were all young and buoyant. My brother had never tasted wine. Whether it was a disinclination caused by natural dislike, or whether it was intuition that led him to avoid it as dangerous to him, I do not know. I only know—and the recollection at this moment is burning in my brain—that we all thought that if we could get Herbert drunk it would be fine fun. Friends could not have set themselves more ingeniously at work to compass this object than we did. I was foremost in the attempt. I will not excuse myself, nor in aught palliate my conduct. I knew he had a manuscript poem at home, that had been pronounced remarkable by competent critics; I knew he could improvise almost without mental effort, and expected under the stimulus of the fiery serpent—whose sting I dread more than I dread death—his brain would be quickened, and we should be charmed, perhaps amazed at the exhibitions of his rare gift."

As at last prevailed, but instead of quickening the wine stupefied his faculties. A few glasses reduced him to a state of utter insubriety.

"The party broke up, he alone was immovable and quite insensible. There was no arousing him from the state of deathly sleep into which he had fallen. I dared not take him home that night, fearing our frolic might be found out in consequence of the trouble we should have in getting him to his room. So we left him there, lying as

real food and drink, for thoughts that will fill their souls, for what will last them and serve their higher needs, for truth, holiness, love, divine things.—*Good Words.*

THE BEAUTIES OF BIBLE LANGUAGE.

If we need higher illustration not only of the power of natural objects to adorn language and gratify taste, but proof that here we find the highest conceivable beauty, we should appeal at once to the Bible. Those most opposed to its teachings have acknowledged the beauty of its language; and this is due mainly to the exquisite use of natural objects for illustration. It does indeed draw from every field. But when the emotional nature was to be appealed to, the reference was at once to natural objects; and throughout all its books, the stars and flowers and gems are prominent as illustrations of the beauties of religion and the glories of the church.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

"The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree."

The power and beauty of these same objects appear in the Saviour's teachings. The fig and the olive, the sparrow and the lily of the field, give peculiar force and beauty to the great truths they were used to illustrate.

The Bible throughout is remarkable in this respect. It is a collection of books written by authors far removed from each other in time and place and mental culture, but throughout the whole, nature is exalted as a revelation of God. Its beauty and sublimity are appealed to, to arouse the emotions, and through the emotions to reach the moral and religious nature. This element of unity runs through all the books where references to nature can be made. One of the adaptations of the Bible to the nature of man is found in the sublime and perfect representation of the natural world, by which nature is ever made to proclaim the character and perfections of God. No language can be written, that so perfectly sets forth the grand and terrible in nature and its forces, as we hear when God answers Job out of the whirlwind. No higher appreciation of the beautiful, and of God as the author of beauty, was ever expressed than when our Saviour said of the lilies of the field, "I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these;" and then adds: "If God so clothe the grass of the field;—ascribing the element of beauty in every leaf and opening bud to the Creator's skill and power.—*Prof. Chadbourne.*

AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH.

"A speech, a speech from Wilton," cried the thoughtless fellows.

"He can't make a speech on cold water. I defy him," said one of their number.

"My friends," began Wilton.

"Hear, hear! he's really in for it now," cried a young man whose flushed cheeks gave pitiful signs of his devotion to the bottle. "Wilton is on his feet."

The comrade they called Wilton was a young man some twenty-three years of age. Upon his face, within his eyes, a settled melancholy rested; his manners were as grave as those of an old man. He was often called "Wilton the steady," on account of his quiet adherence to principle.

The head-partner of the firm in whose employ Wilton was, gave a great party once a year, and it was to this gathering Wilton had been persuaded to come.

In vain his companions tempted him with the wine that flowed freely. The "firm" considered themselves good Christians, as, indeed, did the world generally. They gave largely to charities and to their church, where their seats were seldom empty. They did a great deal of good with their money, yet in placing this fiery temptation before young men, some of whom were as yet without fixed principles, they committed a gross and almost fatal error. Looking about him, Wilton saw already many faces flushed almost to insubriety; many eyes that, spite of their flash and sparkle, moved with difficulty, and that dire unsteadiness that marks the incipient stage of drunkenness.

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