

# 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.

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1867.

Whole No. 678.

**BOARDING HOUSE.**  
THE Subscriber offers accommodation, on the most reasonable terms, to both Permanent and Transient Boarders, in the commodious premises formerly occupied by Rev. J. Perry, situated in the alley of Charlotte street, and near the County Market. Entrance immediately opposite Campbell's Hotel. No pains is spared to keep a quiet and comfortable house, and at as low rates as can be afforded.  
(Nov. 9.) JOHN VANWART.

**MEN'S COARSE BOOTS.**—A Superior Article of my own Manufacture. A. LOTTIMER, Queen-st. sept. 21.

**NEW GOODS, FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE.**  
AT LOTTIMER'S.

**DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY, BOOTS, BORDERS, &c.**—The subscriber has much pleasure in informing his numerous Patrons and Friends that he has received a large number of Cases and Bales of New Goods in his line, suitable and coming season, which he has marked at a small advance from cost; his motto being "A Nimble Sixpence is better than a Slow Shilling."

**DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.**—Dress Goods, in plain and checked Winceys; Tweeds, Lustrs, Alpacaes and Coburgs; Prints, from 12 cents a yard; Wool Shawls, new styles, Mantles and Sacques; Ladies' Cloths, in Whitties, Ripple Heaver and Astracae; Scotch Tweeds and Pilot Cloths; Wool Scarfs, Hoods and Sontags; Red, White and Blue Flannels; Fancy Flannels; Grey and White Cottons; Osnaburghs, Towellings, Tickings, Shirtings, &c.; Scotch Fingering and American Yarns; Ladies and Gents' Paper Collars; Belt Clasp and Belting; Ribbons, Gloves, Flowers and Feathers; Hat and Bonnet Shapes; A lot of Ready Made Hats and Bonnets, very cheap; Ladies Black Caps; Fancy Dress Buttons; Table Oilcloths; Skeleton Skirts.

**BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.**—Ladies' and Misses' Boots, in Serge, Cloth, Felt, Calf, Kid and Grain; Gents' Boots, in Serge, Canvas, French Patent Calf, Kip, Grain and Upper Leather; Ladies' and Gents' Felt, Rubber, Foxed Over Boots; Ladies' and Gents' Rubbers; Ladies and Misses' Rubber Boots; Boys' and Youths' Wellington (long) Boots and Brogans; Men's Larigans; a lot of Men's Coarse Boots, for \$1.50; a lot of Children's Boots, for 15 cents; a lot of Children's Long Boots, for \$1; Children's Boots in variety.

N. B. Homepun, Socks and Mitts taken in exchange for Goods. A. LOTTIMER, Queen street, Nov. 22. Fredericton, N.B.

**VALUABLE FARM AND BUSINESS STAND FOR SALE!**

THE Subscriber offers for Sale the Property known as "WHITE'S CORNER," situated in the Village of Elmville, Parish of Springfield, K. C., comprising a Farm containing about 70 acres of excellent land, under good cultivation; has a small, thriving Orchard and a well cultivated garden; two DWELLING HOUSES, one suitable for two families, the other is large, two stories high, finished in modern style, and is entirely roof proof, and contains a STORE, where a large mercantile business has and can be transacted profitably with a small capital. Located as the above named Property is, in the most desirable and beautiful part of the Province, for pleasure, comfort and convenience, as well as business, makes it a very desirable residence.

The above would be exchanged for a Farm or City Property in St. John.  
For further particulars enquire of White & Bros., St. John; J. E. White & Co., Sussex Vale, or the subscriber on the premises.  
may 1.

NOVEMBER 21, 1866.

W. H. WHITE.

## ALBION HOUSE.

### NEW GOODS.

RECEIVED AND NOW OPENED.

42 Cases and Bales

### NEW GOODS,

For Fall and Winter Trade,

COMPRISING

WOOL SHAWLS,

NEWEST STYLES.

Real Aberdeen Wincies,

OF ALL GRADES AND COLORS.

Coburgs, Lustres,

AND

Fancy Dress Materials.

Flannels, Gingham, and

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

RIFFLE BEAVERS, (For Mantles.)

FURS,

AND

Black Monkey Muffs,

Ribbons, Gloves, Belt Buckles and Clasps.

PRINTS,

Grey and White Cottons,

Which are 20 per cent. less than Spring Prices.

A LARGE LOT OF

WOOL HOODS,

Clouds, Crossovers, and Comforters.

SCOTCH FINGERING, AMERICAN YARNS, AND

BERLIN WOOLS—in all Colors.

All Goods marked at Cash Prices.

OUR MOTTO:

"Quick Sales and Small Profits!"

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 21st, 1866.

C. SALMON.

No. 2 South Side Market Square.  
WHILE all at very reasonable prices—Fashionable TOP COATS; Shooting GAMES; Dress COATS; Ruffing JACKETS; PANTS; VESTS, &c.  
Also on hand—Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Shirts, Drawers, Comforters, Table Cloths, BLANKETS, Rugs, Mat-trasses, &c.  
"Faint" Cloths, Beavers, Witneys, Fine Cloths, Tweeds and Duckings, made up to order, and warranted to suit in price, style and quality.  
nov.—31st

## The Intelligencer.

### JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

This is an old Latin hymn; one of the many, founded upon the last chapters of the Revelation. The hymn, of which we now give part, is by Bernard of Cluny, and was written about the middle of the twelfth century.

The world is very evil;

The times are waxing late;

Be sober and keep vigil;

The Judge is at the gate;

The Judge that comes in mercy,

To terminate the evil;

To diadem the right;

When the just and gentle Monarch

Shall summon from the tomb,

Let man, the guilty, tremble,

For Man, the God, shall doom,

Arise, arise, good Christian,

Let right to wrong succeed;

Let penitential sorrow

To heavenly gladness lead;

To the light that hath no evening,

That knows no moon, nor sun,

The light so new and golden,

The light that is but one,

And when the Sole-Begotten

Shall render up once more

The kingdom to the FATHER,

Whose own it was before,—

Then glory yet unheard of

Shall shed abroad its ray,

Resolving all enigmas.

An endless Sabbath day.

Then, then from his oppressors

The Hebrew shall go free,

And celebrate in triumph

The year of Jubilee;

And the soul that reckons not

Of temporal loss or gain,

Shall find within its bosom

Each happy Israelite;

The Home of endless splendour,

Of flowers that fear no thorn,

Where they shall dwell as children,

Who here as exiles mourn.

Midst powers that know no limit,

And wisdom free from bound,

The Beatific Vision

Shall gladden the Saints around:

The peace of all the faithful,

The calm of all the blest,

Inviolable, unvaried,

Divinest, sweetest, best.

Yes, peace! for war is needless,—

Yes, calm! for storm is past,—

And goal from finished labour,

And anchorage at last.

That peace—but who may claim it?

The guileless in their way,

Who keep the ranks of battle,

Who mean the thing they say:

The peace that is for heaven,

And shall be for the earth:

The peace that reaches

With festal song and mirth;

The garden, breathing spices,

The paradise on high;

Grace beautified to glory,

Unceasing ministry.

There nothing can be feeble,

There none can ever mourn,

There nothing is divided,

There nothing can be torn:

'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,

'Tis peaceless peace below:

Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,

The halls of Syon know;

O happy, holy portion,

Revelation for the blest;

True vision of true beauty,

Sweet cure of all distrust!

Strive, man, to win that glory;

Toil, man, to gain that light;

Send hope before to grasp it,

Till hope be lost in sight;

Till Jesus give the portion

Those blessed souls to fill,

The insatiate, yet satisfied,

The full, yet craving still,

That thirst and that craving

Shall be free from pain,

Where they, amidst heavenly citizens,

A home like theirs shall gain.

Here is the warlike trumpet,

There, life set free from sin;

When to the last Great Supper

The faithful shall come in:

When the heavenly net is laden

With fishes many and great:

So glorious in its fulness,

Yet so inviolate;

And the perfect from the shattered,

And the fall'n from them that stand,

And the sheep-flock from the goat herd

Shall part on either hand;

And these shall pass to torment,

And these shall triumph then:

The new peculiar nation,

Blest number of blest men.

Jerusalem demands them:

They paid the price on earth,

And now shall reap the harvest

In blissfulness and mirth:

The glorious holy people,

Who evermore relied

Upon their Chief and Father,

The King, the Crucified:

The sacred "famous" number

Now wrought with endless seven,

Who made the Cross their watchword

Of Jesus Nazarene;

Who, led with heavenly nectar,

Where soul-like odours play,

Draw out the endless leisure

Of that long eternal day;

And through the sacred lilies,

And flowers on every side,

The happy dear-bought people

Go wandering far and wide,

Their breasts are filled with gladness,

Their mouths are tun'd to praise,

What time, now safe for ever,

On former sins they gaze;

The fouler was the error,

The sadder was the fall,

The surpler are the praises

Of Him who pardoned all.

Their one and only aim

The fullness of His love,

Who gives, instead of torment,

Eternal joys above;

Instead of torment, glory;

Instead of death, that life

Which with our happy Country,

True Israelites Irite.

(To be Continued.)

### AN OLD CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

One afternoon I was startled in my study by hearing the sound of an axe in the rear of the house. I was wondering who could be there, disturbing the almost Sabbath stillness of the midsummer day, when Maria, the housemaid, came to inform me that there was a strange man at the woodpile, and to request that I should go and see who it was.

I looked from a window, and discovered an ill-dressed fellow carelessly swinging the axe, and hacking here and there a stick in an undecided manner, with his head down, and his face shaded by the brim of a very bad hat.

There was something in his swaggering attitudes which I thought I recognized; but it was some time before I could realize that in those beggarly habiliments I saw the son of one of our most worthy and respected citizens. I stepped to the door.

"Martin Lockwood," said I, "is it you?" "I suppose it's me," he replied, giving the axe a reckless flourish with one hand, and striking it into a log. "I thought I'd cut a little wood for you, by way of amusement."

I made no answer, and he stood for a moment looking at anything except me,—rolling a quid in his cheek, and wiping the sweat from beneath his hat-brim,—with an evident attempt to keep up the old swaggering manner, while conscious shame was fast mastering him.

"I guess you are a little astonished at seeing me," he said, after an awkward pause, resuming his hold of the axe-handle, and leaning on it.

"Yes, Martin; I am a good deal astonished!"

"I've a way of astonishing folks. I astonish myself a little. I hardly know how I came here, but here I am; if I am not welcome, I'll put off again,—the world is wide,—I'm bound to live somewhere,—a man must live, you know?"

He laughed at first, but his voice grew hard and bitter, and there was a look of wildness and desperation in his eyes, as he proceeded; and I could perceive that the shame which covered him was being shaken and flung away by rising and swelling passions.

"You are welcome, Martin; come in."

He flung down the axe, which he had grasped again with savage recklessness; and followed me, swinging his hat, and taking long strides through the hall, with haughtiness defiant of rage.

"If I had thought you came to see me, Martin, I should have welcomed you before. You have picked up new fashions in your travels; I am not used to visitors that go chattering at the woodpile instead of knocking at the door. Sit down. I'll take your hat."

He sank slouchingly upon a chair; but instead of giving me his hat, he tossed it carelessly into a corner of the room.

"I supposed I wouldn't be considered fit to enter a decent man's house," said he, crossing his legs with an arrogant bend of the neck. "I wouldn't knock and be refused. I've been something of a scamp and a good deal of a fool—I know it as well as anybody."

"And you are sorer for it than you are willing any one should think," said I.

"There's no use in being sorry for what can't be helped."

"Yes, there is,—great use in it, Martin. Repentance is the water that helps to wash us clean again, when we have been in the mire. To pass over our errors with a reckless and desperate air, as you are endeavoring to do now, is to add foolishness to wickedness."

"Well, you are right, there," said Martin, frankly, penetrated by the direct truthfulness with which I met him. "I don't know whether I am exactly sorry, but I'll tell you, sir, I am furious when I think what a perfect fool I have been—what a disgrace to myself—what a shame to my folks, who, I suppose, won't own me again, fool that I am!"

He gnashed his teeth together, with an expression of remorse and convulsive pain which drew me nearer to him than I could get before. Hardened villainy repels us; but the moment the sinner softens, the moment penitence appears, our sympathies flow out to him, all the deeper and more impulsive for the great barrier of guilt which has kept us from him hitherto, but which we now feel breaking away.

"O Martin!" said I, "is this indeed you! the boy I used to watch with such interest as you grew up, hoping such great and good things of you! I, Martin, where have you been?"

Pity and tender affection gushed from my heart, and prevented him from taking offence at anything I might say. And I went on, picturing to him the promise of his boyhood, the love and expectation of his friends, the noble and happy life he might have lived, and the darkly contrasting career of vice and wretchedness to which his youth had been abandoned.

His swaggering defiance was all gone, and tears of anguish and contrition ran down his sun-burnt face.

"I know it all! I know it all!" he said, with stifling sobs. "I have thought of my home until my heart yearns as if it would break. But I don't dare to go there. I can't bear to have my sisters see me so,—it would kill my mother! And my father will never forgive me!"

"Your father is an excellent, kind man," I said.

"I know that, but he is stern; and when his mind is made up, it is just like melting granite to attempt to move him. I wrote him a few weeks ago, telling him I was willing to come back. Here is his answer."

Martin took a letter from a pocket of his tattered coat, and gave it to me to read.

In a hand that trembled with emotion,—in words that seemed all alive with the grief of a broken-hearted father, yet stern as that father's iron will,—the old man had responded to his son's appeal.

Instead of money, he sent him reproaches for the past, and counsel for the future. Instead of inviting him home with a loving welcome, he reminded him of the many and earnest warnings with which he had endeavored to check his son's ruinous career.

"You have despised those warnings," he said. "You have reduced me almost to beggary in my old age. I have sent you to school in vain. I paid twelve hundred dollars to keep you out of jail, when in a fit of drunkenness you had set fire to Squire Amos's house. I trusted two thousand dollars to you, to set you up in business, on your solemn pledges of fidelity and industry. You squandered every cent of it. I have paid for the carriage you have broken, and for the horses you

have ruined by over-driving. How have I been rewarded for all this! What encouragement I have now to send you money in your distress! You have forfeited all claim upon me. Never send or come to me again for assistance. You have gone wilfully from my heart and my home, and your follies have blocked up the way behind you."

A few words of solemn entreaty, that Martin would by virtuous conduct redeem the past, concluded the inexorable father's letter.

"You see," said the young man, who had recovered himself, while I was reading, "there doesn't seem to be much chance for me there. But something has driven me back. It isn't my poverty alone, for I could have done something,—or I could have starved; I would rather have starved; but I was forced to come,—I have walked more than a hundred miles,—I have begged by the way; and now what am I here for? I came through the woods, and across the fields to your house,—for you are the only man I dared to see, and I scarcely dared to see you?"

"Have courage!" I said. "The hand of Providence is in it. You have been guided; it is for some wise purpose that you have been led here. All will be well, I think!"

I conducted him, humbled and weeping like a child, to a room where he could wash himself, and change his dress. I gave him clothes of my own to put on. Then I sent a private message to his mother, who lost no time, but hastened to meet her son. I avoided being present at their interview, but I could not help overhearing the sobs of both behind the closed door.

When the sound of weeping had subsided, I knocked and entered.

Mrs. Lockwood came forward to meet me with extended hands, her face full of hope and gratitude, and tearful entreaty.

"I thank you, I thank you, for restoring to me my child!" she exclaimed, with a burst of emotion. "He is changed,—don't you see he is changed? He was never so humble, so softened, so true to me, as he is now!"

"Mrs. Martin, he is still my son?" "Oh, turned from me to embrace once more the young man, who now sat with his head upon his breast, weary, crushed in spirit, heaving deep sighs from his overburdened heart.

"A true mother will never deny her son!" I answered. "And, indeed, Martin never needed love and sympathy—perhaps he never deserved them—as he does now. Will his father consent to see him?"

"I do not know! O, I do not know!" wept the poor, yet trembling mother. "He has loved him better than any child we have. But he will never hear his name mentioned now. Sometimes he lays groaning all night, and in his sleep I have heard him start and cry out as if he was in pain."

"Martin! Martin! you kill me, you kill your father!" He isn't the same man now,—he is gloomy and silent,—he seems always brooding over some great sorrow, and we can guess what that sorrow is."

Without designing it, the mother sent daggers to the heart of her son. He burst forth into a deep cry of agony, and twisted his hands in his hair. I endeavored to soothe him, and prevent his doing violence to himself.

"Let me go!" said he. "Let me go. I