

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD.

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

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XV.—No. 52.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1868.

Whole No. 780.

ALBION HOUSE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1868.

THE STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Is now complete in every Department.

80 CASES and BALES

Having been received, comprising
A LARGE VARIETY OF

GOODS. DRESS GOODS

Being unusually Cheap.

Tweeds and Winceys,

A Large Stock, at very Low Rates.

Grey and White Cottons, PRINTS. FLANNELS!

IN GREY, WHITE and SCARLET.

BLANKETS!

A Large Stock offered at LOW PRICES.

Mantles and Mantle Cloths.

WOOL SHAWLS,

1800 Skeleton Skirts,

Direct from New York.

A FULL SIZE SKIRT for 25 CENTS.

NOVELTIES IN

Grecian Bands, Parrier and Drop

SKIRTS!

BLUE AND WHITE WARPS!

St. John Manufacture—Warranted.

An Inspection respectfully solicited.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 2, 1868.

FALL GOODS.

October, 1868.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

IS DAILY RECEIVING HIS STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

COMPRISING A

General Assortment

OF

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRESS GOODS,

Shawls and Sacques,

FLANNELS,

Blankets,

Prints, Osnaburghs,

TICKING.

COTTON WARPS,

And every description of

Cotton and Woolen Goods.

VELVETS, RIBBONS,

GLOVES & HOSIERY!

See, See, See.

Wholesale and Retail.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, October 28, 1868.

The Intelligencer.

INDUCEMENT TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS!

THE "INTELLIGENCER" FREE TILL THE END OF 1868!

We are desirous of having our list of subscribers

increased for the next year. With this object in

view we offer the following inducement: For two

dollars (\$2.00), received any time before the close

of 1869! By availing themselves of this offer new

subscribers will receive the paper till January 1st,

gratis.

Fifty-two numbers of the INTELLIGENCER is good

value for \$2.00. Our object in making the above offer

is that we may secure a wider circulation for our

journal, and thus, by reaching a greater number of families,

accomplish more fully its mission.

In every village and city of our country there are

many who, we doubt not, would gladly become subscribers,

if their attention was directed to the character

of our paper, and the object had in view in its

publication. Each one of our readers may render

us efficient aid by obtaining for us new subscribers

among his personal friends; and on every fitting

occasion urging upon christian communities the necessity

of supporting a religious journal. PASTORS OF

CHURCHES can also do much by bringing the merits of

our paper before the people among whom they labor,

with the view of obtaining for it an entrance into

every family as a weekly visitor.

To FREE BAPTISTS especially the "INTELLIGENCER"

has become a necessity. The resolution of approval,

unanimously passed at the last General Conference,

told unmistakably the feeling with which that body

regarded this journal, and yet there are, we regret to

say, scores of Free Baptist families that are not

known on the INTELLIGENCER'S list of subscribers, nor

do they take any religious paper. Should this state

of things continue? We think not. We do not ask

the patronage of our churches because of any profit

we expect to derive from the enterprise, for as far as

any monetary profit goes we have as yet failed to

discover where it is. We ask your support simply

because we need it in order that we may be relieved

from a portion of the embarrassment we sometimes

experience in the management of the paper which is

the acknowledged organ of our denomination (consequently

in one sense as much your paper as ours), and

which is admitted by all to be a real necessity to

our churches. If, in asking that at least all Free

Baptist families subscribe for it, we ask too much,

attribute it to our anxiety for the prosperity of the

denomination we love.

Will not our ministers, agents, and subscribers

generally, lend us their aid in extending the circulation

of the INTELLIGENCER? Let each subscriber send

us one new name. From whom shall we hear first?

THE "INTELLIGENCER" SENT TO ALL NEW SUB-

SCRIBERS TILL JANUARY 1ST, 1870, FOR \$2.00.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

who have been prompted to renew, we tender our

thanks for the support we have enjoyed thus far; and

we respectfully solicit a continuance of their favour.

Notwithstanding our terms are "payment in ad-

vance," we find by reference to our books that there

are many who are now in arrears. Upon all delin-

quents we are compelled to call for immediate pay-

ment. Delay causes us anxiety and loss. Remittances

may either be made to us by letter—post-paid—

or be sent through any of our agents. Other sub-

scriptions are about expiring. Newspapers can only

live when renewals are promptly made. Our friends,

knowing this, will please favour us with immediate

remittances.

We feel greatly obliged to the friends who have

acted as agents, and hope they may continue their

valuable services. Perhaps they can succeed in col-

lecting arrears due in their respective localities; if so,

we shall be much indebted to them.

BUDHI, THE CHRISTIAN ASSAMESE WIFE.

The native Christian village of Sibagor, Assam

is located near the Dikho river, a small stream

which pours its waters a few miles below into the

great Brahmaputra. Standing back from the

road on the river bank, in a compound shaded

with beautiful trees and flowering shrubs, and

facing the river, is the mission bungalow, with its

broad verandahs, venetian blinds, and thatched

roof. To the right of the bungalow, only a few

yards distant, and in a line with it, is the mission

printing office; while at the head of the bungal-

ow, close to the road under the shade of a clump

of bamboo trees, stands the native chapel.

Back of this row of buildings is the Christian

village of Sibagor. The houses of the native

Christians, built low of bamboo and reeds, and

thatched with the long jungle grass of the country,

after the native custom, present in the appearance

of modestness and convenience, a strong contrast

with the houses of the neighboring heathen.

Into a pleasant home in this quiet village, Peter,

a Christian convert, took his wife Budhi on the

day of their marriage. A few years before, Budhi,

a homeless, wild, heathen girl, had been

the care of the missionaries who remained, her

Christian privileges and happy home were still

enjoyed. Her husband, with daily employment

at the mission press, earned sufficient support to

supply the simple wants of his family; and the

young wife, contented and happy, never dreamed

of a change.

A few months after her teachers left, Colonel

T., one of the European officers at Dibrughor,

anxious to obtain an honest native to hold a re-

sponsible situation, offered it to Peter, promising

four times the wages he received at the printing

office. The temptation was too great for Peter to

resist, and he asked to be discharged from his

present employment, that he might accept the

new situation. His request was granted, but his

wife could not be reconciled to the proposed

change, and in her grief she came to her teacher,

exclaiming:

"Oh, Mem Sahib, my heart is heavy; night and

day there is no joy. How can I leave my teachers,

Christian brethren and sisters, and live among the

heathen? There are no native Christians at Di-

brughor, no chapel or missionary there, no one

to instruct or watch over us, not a friend to care

for us in sickness; how can I go away from all I

love here? And she added, as the crowning grief

of all, "My dear boy cannot be brought up like a

Christian, to do to worship and to school."

The teacher's eyes filled with tears as he witnessed

Budhi's distress. Perhaps the thought of her

own separation from her native land, and the

happy home of her childhood, deepened the sym-

pathy she felt for this weeping.

Sheltered, as Budhi had been in a Christian

village, under the protection of the missionaries,

she had not realized as she now must the full cost

of declaring herself a Christian among the heathen.

Not only would she be deprived of her Christian

privileges, but as a Christian in the midst of a

heathen village, she would daily be exposed to

the insults of the people around her. But, thought

her teacher, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and

turning to Budhi, she encouraged her to be faith-

ful to the heathen among whom she was to be

placed; and, cheering her with the hope that on

their missionary tours the teachers would by-and-

by visit her at Dibrughor, she bade her good-

bye, and a few days after Budhi with her husband

and child left for her new home.

In their small covered canoe, the journey up

the Brahmaputra was long and tedious, but the

Christian family safely reached their destination.

Very sad and unhappy was Budhi in her new

home the first few weeks after her arrival. The

dark, dingy hut, with its two small rooms inspired

no exertion to make home attractive. The pretty

treasures which had decorated her former cheer-

ful home lay hid in a chest. So mechanically

she prepared her daily meals, and mechanically

evening devotion. But when he left for his daily

labor, Budhi would sit and weep for hours as the

child played on the mat by her side. No one

saw her save a few heathen women who met her

at the tank where she went to fill her jar with

water. They tauntingly bid her "not come nigh

them with her water jar, for it would destroy their

caste; and if she but touched their cooking

dishes they would throw them away; no caste

was so low as the Christian caste. She was a dog,

and if she died no one would bury her," and spit-

ting on the ground in token of contempt, they

would pass on.

Budhi never retorted, nor tried to win them;

but sad and gloomy turned away. Where were

all her earnest resolutions to try and do her peo-

ple good—to make her home an example to her

heathen neighbors? All buried under her load

"Beater," he shouted to a servant who, tired

of waiting for his master, had squatted in the

corner of the verandah and fallen asleep. "Beater;

beater; are you asleep?"

"Sahib, I am coming. I have come, Sahib."

"Did you hear that singing just now—that

beautiful singing? Who was it?"

"It was the band, Sahib, playing for the great

Babu's wedding."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the colonel indignantly;

"I don't mean that horrid Babel of sounds, but

the voice I have just heard singing a Christian

hymn—a woman's voice."

The bearer, fast asleep, had not heard a sound

of those sweet notes; but the good Christian ex-

plained it all to him. "It is perhaps, the wife of

the Christian Peter, who lives in a house behind

the garden fence; for Christian women sing at

their worship, I am told."

"Ah, I had forgotten," said the Colonel to

himself. "Peter did bring his wife. A Christian

among these heathens. Just like the wretches to

tempt her. That was a pleasant Christian vil-

lage at Sibagor."

And then for the first time he thought of the

present home contrasted with the one she had

left; and turning to the bearer he asked:

"Is the Christian woman happy here?"

"How should I know, Sahib? It is not our

custom to know about other men's wives."

"No," replied the colonel sarcastically. "You

are all very pious souls; but you will lie, and steal

every rascal you can lay your hands on;" and on

dismissing his servant for the night, he entered

the house. But the thoughts of his own loved

home far away, and the hallowed scenes which

the singing of Budhi had revived, could not be

banished, and he resolved "he would live more

like a Christian than he had been living."

Budhi had found her joy in Christ again; and

taking up her home duties, she discharged them

faithfully, and tried with tenderness and love to

win the heathen women around her, and teach

them of her Saviour. Faithful to her husband

and child, gentle to her neighbors, and devoted

to her religion, she set a bright example to these

around her. But her heart still yearned for her