

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

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1869.

Whole No. 828.

OCTOBER 1869.

The Intelligencer.

NEW GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

FREDERICTON,

Has received per Steamships *Alhambra*, *Caledonia* and *Acadia*, from Glasgow and Liverpool,

A WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

FOR THE

FALL AND WINTER TRADE,

Consisting of every description of

DRY GOODS,

ALL THE NOVELTIES IN

DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS, &c.

To which he respectfully solicits an inspection from the public.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredricton, October 29, 1869.

ALBION HOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

NEW GOODS,

For Autumn and Winter,

PER STEAMSHIPS "ACADIA,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "CALEDONIA,"

FROM LIVERPOOL.

One hundred cases and bales of DRY GOODS, being received, which completes the Stock for this season, comprising,—

A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED

STOCK OF

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

GOODS.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

FANCY

AND

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

TO WHICH

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS,

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredricton, Sept. 24, 1869.

HOW IT TURNS OUT DIFFERENTLY.

A vessel at sea is sometimes caught in the cap of a storm, and her crew upon her side, until she dips her masts in the brine, and cannot right herself by parting with her yards and mast, which she yields a prey to the tempest. It is no inapt illustration of the sorrows which often burst over the Christian, in the full expansion of his prosperity, before he can reel the affections too incautiously spread before the gale. In the first cup of severe grief he feels as if he were suddenly lost, when, in reality, he is but thrown from his balance. In the first confusion of his spirit, he utters impatient words at the Providence which has caught him up, and tosses him hither and yon in the fury of the whirlwind. It is in the sober aftermath that he remembers the years of the right hand of the Most High, and in penitent retraction exclaims, "This is my iniquity! What child of God has not reaped, with pious grief, his hasty impeachment of Divine Providence, with hearty confession, in the issue, that God's thoughts are not his thoughts?" The simple incident, now to be recorded, will afford a double commentary upon this text.

That fearful scourge of the young, the scarlet fever, had laid its iron grip upon a bright boy of eight summers. A dark malignancy band around the throat, encircled the ferocity of the assault under which the helpless victim was throated. The last sad offices of religion were soon rendered at little Bennie's grave, and then came the unavailing service of condolence with the distracted mother. Every topic of conversation was exhausted. Acknowledging God's right to reclaim the life he had given, as a mere act of sovereignty, and freely confessing to its righteousness, as an act simply of retributive justice, she could see no love in the blight that had fallen upon her beautiful boy. In that hour of turbulence her faith could not accept the discipline through which our heavenly father discloses the wisdom of his love. When urged to wait a little upon God for the interpretation of his purpose, who so often veils his richest blessings under this disguise, the bruised heart could find no comfort in what was so contingent, and Rachel wept and refused to be comforted.

At length, to put the case as concretely as possible, it was suggested "What if the Lord should, through this bereavement, win your husband to himself. Is he not more than ten sons?" The drooping eye sparkled like the diamond in the dew of its own tears, as she replied: "Ah, if it could be so! I could see infinite love in that, and kneel with thanksgiving upon the grave of my child, through whom the father was begotten unto God."

"Madam, God makes no bargains, was the response; but trust him with a generous submission, whose promise is: At evening time it shall be light."

It was only an hypothesis uttered to show how God could bring good out of evil, and with no expectation of its being an unconscious prophecy.

Three weeks later, like Nicodemus of old, under the cover of darkness, came this husband to the pastor's study. He was a quiet man, moving softly upon his own path, and justling against no one. Singularly reticent and non-demonstrative, what he thought and felt was only known to himself, and to him who reads all hearts. With a faint smile playing around his lips, such as can be seen only with diffidence in breaking through its reserve, he said, "I come to tell you that I have found Christ, to whom I have given up my wife!"

"Instantly the exclamation burst from me: 'Have you told your wife?'"

"No," was the reply, "only God knows it, and you." For the moment I could think of no one but the poor sufferer whom, a few days before I had sought, by hypothetically, to console. Had it then turned out differently with her, who could see nothing but frowns upon the Father's face, who beneath it lay this great joy, which was soon to drink up all her bitter grief? But recollecting the errand of my visitor, I begged him to relate the whole story of his conversion.

"Sir," he began, "do you remember saying some months ago, in a sermon, that God often uses affliction as a means by which to draw sinners to himself? In my folly I thought how idle an experiment it would be with me, that if the Almighty should in that way, challenge to a measurement of will against will, it would be found that something besides coercion was necessary to subdue me into a Christian. But somehow, who, little Bennie died, it turned out very differently. All this languid pride was subdued. Instead of this rebellion, I felt strangely drawn to that Great Being who had laid upon me this stroke. I have been praying to him ever since, and now I hope that I am at peace with him through the merits of his Son."

A long evening was spent in conversation with him, with the most satisfactory conviction that 'old things had passed away,' and that he was a new creature in Christ Jesus."

The next day I met, as usual, the Bible class of ladies, and there, in deep mourning, sat the bereaved mother, with the same dark shadow of grief resting upon her quiet face. I scanned it narrowly, but there was no light that I could discover breaking in under the edges of that cloud. She is ignorant yet, I said to myself, of the Lord's great love for her. At the close of the exercise she mingled with the throng and passed beyond the door. I knew then that I would be the bearer to her of great joy. Following, with rapid steps I overtook her, fortunately alone. "Mrs. H., has your husband told you anything?"

A deadly pale spread over a cheek already too pale, while the hand pressed instinctively, to hold the throbbing heart: "Is there any new sorrow for me to bear?"

Reader, have you ever felt how the heart of a wounded bird beats against the hand of its captor? So was this poor dove trembling with fear in the hand of God; and yet he was her Father, though she knew it not.

"No, my dear madam, not sorrow, but joy," I rejoined. "Do you remember telling me how you could kneel at Bennie's grave, and thank God for his infinite love in taking him away?"

"Yes, perfectly well," she answered.

"Go home then and tell your husband to erect this night the family altar, and as you kneel by his side, praise Him who has turned your mourn-

ing into dancing; who has put off your sackcloth, and girded you with gladness."

"Has God, then, given me my husband?" she asked, in quick breath.

"Yes, madam; your living husband in the stead of your dead son; and, as he will tell you, the living through the dead."

Briefly reciting the interview of the preceding night, the tears rained down her cheek, as she stood beneath the oaks of the shaded street, but they were tears of holy gratitude and joy, mingled with penitence, as she recalled her expressions of despondency and gloom. I bid her adieu, with the injunction to help her husband break through the diffidence and reserve so characteristic of him, and so to learn from his own lips the reality of the great change he had undergone. It was an instructive lesson to me to wait upon the Lord in the midst of dark dispensations, until He shall make them plain.—From a Pastor's Portfolio.

ACTIVITY IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

The Christian life is intended, by its Author, to be one of energy. A woe is pronounced on them that are at ease in Zion. The Christian is described as running a race. He is represented as pressing forward with earnestness. His zeal leads him to pluck some as brands out of the fire. Though the Father gives his beloved sleep, yet in their waking moments they are much like those before the throne who cease not day nor night in their hallowed service. The Christian meditates, like David, on the law of the Lord, day and night. He longs for God's testimonies. Paul-like, he is inquiring, "Lord, what will thou have me to do?" Like one of old, he cries, "Lord, teach me thy statutes."

His affections, too, are running out after God. He adopts the sentiment of the poet:

"O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up in thee?
I long, and thirst, and strive to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me."

He is full of care for his fellow beings. He does not, like Cain, say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He is much like Paul, who had it in his heart to live and die with his brethren. He realizes that the joy of one is the joy of himself and the joy of all the heavenly family. Over the woes of his fellow beings he resembles Jesus weeping on Olivet over the impending destruction of ganansaying Jerusalem. He has the spirit which rejoices with the joyous and weeps with the weeping. Seeing the world lying in sin, and remembering the pit from which his feet were taken, his heart's desire is that they might be saved. He weeps because they are the enemies of the cross of Christ.

Such a one cannot be idle. There is an inward life animating his soul. There is a fountain gushing from his heart in streams of active benevolence. The sick, the suffering, the poor, the weak, the fainting, the tempted, the erring, the degraded—every form of human need—receive his attention, his sympathy, his prayers, his counsels, and, as far as practicable, his substantial assistance, which he is active in the interests of the family circle to which he belongs—active in the neighborhood among the worshippers of Jesus, in the Sabbath school, in society, in political interests. He is alive, not from carnal ambition, not for self interest, not from any human spring of action, but because he is baptized with the spirit of Him who went about doing good.

What hinders any one of our readers from being such a Christian? Say not, "I am sluggish in my nature." Christ came that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly. "The things of the earth so engross my attention, that I cannot but lose interest in spiritual things." The apostle says, "Love not the world, neither the things which are in the world." Paul says, "Seek those things which are above." "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth," Christ says, "Lay up for yourself treasures in heaven." Yield not yourselves to "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and to the pride of life."

We know that it seems like an abrupt Elijah or a coarse clad John the Baptist, to say such things to the time serving, world pleasing professors of this age; but it is God's sacred truth. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." "To be carnally minded is death." "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

But perhaps some may inquire how this Christian activity is to be attained. Come unto Christ that you may have life. He is the fountain of life. It is by real, sincere, and continued communion with Christ that your heart will be strengthened. Having through him died unto sin, you shall also live unto God through him.

Sin will extinguish this life of God in the soul. A disposition to please the flesh, a spirit of compromise with the workers of iniquity, a smiling countenance for the more respectable machinations of Satan, will dry up the spiritual life of the individual or that of Christian society like the scorching simoon's breath. Blessed are they who even "hate the garments spotted by the flesh."

What shall the final end be of those who slumber? Will they hear the approving voice of the Judge, saying, "Well done, good and faithful? Or will they be as the fruitless branches—as the barren fig tree—consumed, accursed? Will they lose the appearing of the Master of the vineyard? Or will they be as those before the breath of winter, who cry, 'the harvest is past,' and our store houses are unfilled? How will they stand before the wreck of all their vain hopes? It is to be feared that there are thousands of professors in the Christian organizations of America who do not realize that they are called to be workers in the cause of Christ. They fancy that they are to principally live for the world, and pay an occasional visit to the vineyard by way of recreation. Mistaken vision! They know not that they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked—without God, and without a living ground hope in the world."

But those who are alive from the dead, may rejoice when Christ, who is their life, shall appear, then they also, will appear with him in glory. Then shall they rest; for there remaineth a rest for the people of God.—Telegraph.

It is a point of true wisdom to discover the name of God in the voice of God, and to learn what he is from what he says.—M. Henry.

Every human being is connected with God's world by a thousand ties, and cannot live a single day without doing good or evil.—Dr. B. Porter.

DEATH & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN SPIRITS, WINE AND MALT LIQUORS,

Take this opportunity of informing their friends that they continue the trade of Drunkards, Bankrupts, Beggars, and Maniacs, on the most reasonable terms, at the shortest notice.

The subscribers return their sincere thanks to numerous customers, and to all the tipping part of the community, for the extensive patronage they now receive; and they hope that the many proofs that are now to be found of the success in the above line of business will secure to them the increased support of drunkards and little drop drinkers, as well as forever silence the advocates of total abstinence societies, those bitter enemies of their long established and popular trade.

Death & Co. beg leave to assure the public that the articles in which they deal are the best and most pleasant poisons in the world; and they will warrant them certain death in every case where the individual perseveres in the use of them.

Death & Co. being under obligations to send more persons to the poor house, the prison, the gallows and the grave yard than any other firm; and they will also do it with the greatest possible despatch. To accomplish these desirable ends it is only necessary for the individuals to take a glass occasionally, till he feels that quantity insufficient to gratify the craving appetite which it will soon create; and when this man, whiskey, gin, brandy, wine, cider, ale or porter, appetite is formed, the persons are then prepared to brave temporal and eternal misery for the sake of an open glass. In short, Death & Co. will spare no pains or expense to bring the wives and children of their customers to misery, temporal and eternal, and drive to delirium and death as many as the public good may require. They are constantly receiving new supplies of poisonous liquors, which they will sell by the glass, the bottle, the barrel or hoghead.

For the accommodation of their numerous customers, and for the despatch of their increasing business, Death & Co. have appointed a sufficient number of active agents, who are stationed at convenient distances in splendid palaces, beer shops, and public houses. These palaces, beer shops, and public houses and groceries may be known by the squalor, filth, obscenity or misery of the customers who congregate around them, as well as by the odors of the poisons continually polluting the air around.

Satisfactory references can be given to county jails, houses of correction, lunatic asylums, hospitals, work houses, insolvent debtors' courts, the court of bankruptcy, or the wives and families of those whom Death & Co. have had the happiness to make drunkards.

N. B.—Death & Co. beg leave to caution all tipplers and dram drinkers from giving any heed to their wives, children, or friends, or any advocates of total abstinence societies, as these parties are enemies to his soul and body destroying business. Gentlemen, by calling on our agents, may see specimens of drunkards and subjects of the charnel house, at all hours, by day and by night, Sundays not excepted.

DEATH & Co.,

TURNED OUT OF CHURCH!

"And so they have turned me out of the church. If it can do without me, I suppose I can do without it."

"I am not sure of the latter," said our minister, "for nearly half a century, I have never seen the day that I could do without the church, and now to be snuffed from its ordinances and to be separated from its fellowship would grieve me beyond measure. I would do almost anything to be restored to its communion, that I might live with the church and in the church, and die in it. If I am not fit to be in the church below, certainly I am not fit to be in the church glorified. One thing is certain, I cannot do without its fellowship, and restored, I must be. With them, I must live and love and pray, and if I must repent and make confessions and change my conduct, be it so, I cannot do without it, nor can you, and you know it."

"But they have given you the cold shoulder?"

"The excuse will not answer; your sin and its discipline is not caused by their sin. It is your own sin. Neither your Lord, nor His church ever asked you to turn your back upon your church and upon the Holy Emblems of His great sacrifice, to break your solemn covenant with God and His church, again and again, and for years. No—use the right words—you have turned the 'cold shoulder' upon Christ and upon His flock, your brethren, by remaining away from your church, and by absenting yourself from its sacred ordinances—by your sin, whatever it is."

"You separated yourself from them and sinned against the Lord, who died on the cross for you. The church was grieved, injured, you are wrong and have sinned. They bore with you long and patiently, but now you are suspended, and the privilege and right of communing with any of the family of God on earth is yours. You cannot, dare not anywhere in the world, go to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, 'eat of the bread and drink of the cup in remembrance of Him.' You can do without the church? No sir, you cannot; you can neither do without Christ, nor without the church of Christ."

"I tell you solemnly what to do—and I charge you before God to do it. Go before your Lord in secret, and there make your confessions and repent—repent, sir. You cannot do without the church."—Christian Observer.

RIGHT TO LEGISLATE FOR TEMPERANCE.—The Rev. Albert Barnes, the distinguished commentator, states forcibly the right of society to suppress by law the liquor traffic. The substance is this:—

1. Society has a right to protect itself.

2. Society should not legislate to protect evil.

3. Society should not legislate to regulate evil.

4. Society has a right to take efficient means to prevent and remove evil.

5. Society has a right to remove a public evil by destroying private property if necessary.

Help others, and you relieve yourself. Go out and drive away the cloud from that distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart.

All the matter in the universe is but an atom to the soul, if once she plans herself for eternity, and seek her refuge and her rest in God.—D. McNeill.

LOVE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP.

There was a fine Christian philosophy in the cheerful remark of a bright young Christian on his dying bed. "When I have most pain in my body," said I, "I have the most peace in my soul. I do not doubt but there is love in the bottom of the cup, though it is terribly bitter in the mouth. It was at the bottom of the cup that the precious blessing was deposited, and he must needs drink the whole bitter draught to reach it."

Many of the richest Christian graces lie at the bottom of the cup of trial. How lustrous shines the jewel of faith. Joy, too, is there—such joy as the Apostle tasted in his 'tribulation.'—Courage, always shows too, the most grandly when the light is fiercest, and when death on his pale horse is careering down on us over a field strown with defeat and disaster. There is a patience of hope, a peace passing all understanding, a sweet sense of the immediate presence of Jesus, that can never be reached by us in a state of ease and prosperity. They lie at the bottom of trial's bitter cup. And God esteems them in their beauty and power. This love which our father's love compounds for us, shall we not drink it?

I have found great comfort lately, when in sore trouble, in reading a short sketch of the racy talk of old 'Uncle Johnston,' a poverty stricken negro who reached over one hundred years, and was lonely since Ellen left you? His minister inquired, 'Yes, massa, I feel very lonesome.' But don't do blessed Jesus comes round every day and gives me a few drops of heaven, just as a nuss would wid a spoon; den O how I want to get hold ob de whole dish. When I was so sick de older day, I could see de dust of God's chariot coming ober de mountains for me! Den he say to me, 'Wait old Johnston, wait! hold on a teetle longer, and I'll come round directly.'

'Yes, Lord, I will hold on, if the Lord please, for another hundred years! O blessed Jesus, only keep de table standin' for me; I see bound to be dead.'

Brother in sorrow, look at that solitary saint, holding in his trembling hands a cup that has a few drops of heaven in it; and never let you or I complain of the draught which Infinite Love may press to our lips. 'Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt!—T. L. Cuyler.

CHRIST AT THE WHEEL.

'I have not time to attend religion,' is the spoken or unspoken excuse of most engaged in the busy walks of life, when urged to turn their thoughts to the concerns of their souls. They feel that to succeed they must drop all other pursuits and for a space of time give all their attention to the subject, when the matter will be settled for life. But how to get this day or week of spare time, is the question with them. There seems to be no leisure, so they put off the question with the vague impression that their busy lives will in some way excuse the neglect.

A poor Swedish sailor, in the loneliness and heart sickness which a young man has felt on the wide ocean, felt the need of something in his trouble. Then he bethought him of Jesus Christ, and as he said of his experience afterward, 'With my first thought of him he met me at the wheel. There, in the solemn darkness, the Saviour showed himself to me. I cannot speak your language well, but Christ understands me, and I understand him, and ever since he met me at the wheel—poor sinner's friend—I live very close to him.'

God had come down to him in his every day employment. No sooner does the heart go out to Christ than he comes down to meet it. Whether it is in the workshop, the office, or on the vessel's deck, wherever a prayer can go up, there can a blessing come down to the soul.

Though we have not time to attend to our souls, we all have time to be down idle upon our pillows when sickness comes.

We shall all have time to die when the message goes out for us.—S. S. Times.

PRAYERS IN THE CARS.

An English traveller on the western railroad, gives the following account of an exercise quite unusual, we venture to say, in America as in his own country:—

As this must necessarily be a brief summary, I will only give one out of several instances of this apparent piety of American laborers which came under my notice. I was in a car on the Union Pacific Railway with a large number of soldiers and workmen of different callings from all parts of the Union. They were bound, the former for the different forts along the line, and the laborers for the company's new workshops at Cheyenne and Laraine. They were a rough looking lot, as borderers mostly are, every man of them being armed to the teeth, as it is necessary to be when Indians, both red and white, are on the war path, and lives and pockets may at any moment depend upon a quick load and clean shot. It was early morning, and several of my fellow passengers were amusing themselves as the train rattled along, shooting prairie dogs with rifle and revolver from the carriage windows. Besides the workmen there were several excursionists, and I was changing morning salutations with some of those who had left the sleeping car later than I had, when one of the party (a quiet looking gentleman who kept a store in Chicago), rose, and addressing all as borderers mostly are, every man of them being armed to the teeth, as it is necessary to be when Indians, both red and white, are on the war path, and lives and pockets may at any moment depend upon a quick load and clean shot. It was early morning, and several of my fellow passengers were amusing themselves as the train rattled along, shooting prairie dogs with rifle and revolver from the carriage windows. 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