

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. XVII.—No. 30.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1870.

Whole No. 862.

NEW GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN

has now completed his Stock of
New and Fashionable

DRY GOODS

FOR THE

SPRING & SUMMER TRADE,

COMPRISING:

DRESS GOODS,

PARASOLS,

GLOVES,

HOSIERY,

STRAW HATS,

RIBBONS,

VELVETS,

LACES,

TRIMMINGS,

BLACK LACE SHAWLS,

LACE CURTAINS,

WINDOW DAMASKS & TRIMMINGS,

Carpetings,

OIL CLOTHS,

HEARTH RUGS,

DOOR MATS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Cotton and Linen Goods,

with a full assortment of every description of

DRY GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, June 3, 1870.

SPRING, 1870.

ALBION HOUSE.

JOHN THOMAS

has received per Steamer

ALHAMBRA and TYRIAN,

from the Manufacturers,

30 CASES AND BALES OF

STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods,

containing

DRESS GOODS,

In all the new materials for the Season.

Parasols,

a large stock, varied in style;

COTTON HOSE,

In every price and quality;

GLOVES, in French Kid, Lisle, Spun and Cotton;

GAUNTLET GLOVES, in White and Colored;

PRINTS & PRINTED CAMBRICS,

BRILLIANTS,

Black Velvet & Cloth Mantles,

SUN HATS,

Grey and White Cottons,

DENIMS,

BLUE and WHITE WAIRPS.

All at our usual low prices.

Your patronage is solicited.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, June 10, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

ELOQUENCE.

BY REV. W. TAYLOR.

Much is said about eloquence, and we may know much about its effects, but it is not easy to give it a tangible description. It does not consist in strong logic, nor in beautiful language, nor in sublime thoughts. Perhaps it will not be a great deviation from the truth to describe it as being a power that rouses, and captivates, and wins, and moves mankind. Words alone can not produce it, though they may be arranged in every conceivable form. It must exist in the speaker, in the subject upon which he discourses, in the circumstances which surround him, and generally in all of these combined. Eloquence is often found in connection with words, and not infrequently without them, but it never exists without deep feeling. When the latter prevails, eloquence is likely to accompany it, if thought is broken, if language is lame, and even if no language, either vocal or written, is employed. There may be eloquence in gestures, eloquence in tears, eloquence in a look, and eloquence even in silence. Often these noiseless appeals produce effects that are overwhelmingly powerful.

We read in the history of a military man, who, on a public occasion, was accused of treason against the commonwealth to which he owed allegiance. The only reply which he made to this charge, and the only proof of his loyalty that he offered, was simply to hold up to the public gaze the numerous scars which he had received in his country's service. Was there not eloquence in this mute appeal?

Let us bring before our contemplation a woman pleading for the life of her husband, who has been condemned to die. She is addressing an officer whose word can set the prisoner at liberty, or send him to the grave. With an almost bursting heart she begs for her husband's life. Formality is thrown aside. A studied manner of address would be mockery under circumstances like these. She has too much at stake to think about the arrangement of her words. These, prompted by her deep feelings, come welling up from the bottom of her heart without the least premeditation. But under the influence of her intense grief and earnestness, she can scarcely fail of being eloquent. Her pathetic entreaties will move any heart that is not devoid of sensibility.

See, again that person who has just been converted. He has just passed through deep anguish of spirit. Impenetrable darkness has enveloped him. "Oh, wretched man that I am!" has been his language day after day, and perhaps, week after week. Finally his burden is rolled away, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shine into his heart. What a fullness does he now find in Jesus! Had he a thousand souls, he could, without the least wavering, commit them all into the hands of one who is so mighty to save. Not a single cloud darkens his prospects beyond the river of death. "His joy is unspeakable and full of glory." He wishes to tell to all around him what a dear Saviour he has found; but language is inadequate, he has to much to tell. So sweetly and powerfully does God's Spirit witness with him that he can say but little. His powers of utterance are, in a great degree, overwhelmed by that weight of love which fills his soul. But how eloquent are his broilings! How accounts of praise, his eyes beaming with holy joy, and his countenance expressing happiness in every lineament. These declare, in unmistakable language, that Jesus is very precious to him.

Natural powers of eloquence may become more effective, when joined by an ability, on the part of the possessor, to clothe his thoughts in strong, beautiful and impressive language. Some of my readers have doubtless become acquainted, from books, with the speech of Mr. Sheridan, before the British Parliament, in the case of Warren Hastings. "The great natural and acquired powers of the orator were, in this instance, so aroused by the importance of the occasion, that the vast congregation who listened to him were either enraptured or spell-bound by the power of his eloquence. A motion was immediately made for a postponement of the pending decision, until the excitement produced by the speech had in a measure passed away, and the members could give their verdict with cool impartiality."

A certain class of persons are rarely eloquent, though they may be distinguished for strength of logic, for fluency of speech, and for the extent of their knowledge. As speakers, they may succeed very well in imparting instruction and in convincing the judgment; but they are deficient in that warmth of feeling which is as necessary to eloquence as the sun is to daylight. Even the most eloquent do not at all times exercise that power over congregations which characterizes their best efforts. Many of their speeches are in no way distinguished for effectiveness. But when animated by the subject or circumstance, or both, they become irresistible, and carry their hearers with them as trees bend before a tempest.

The eloquence of some persons is long buried before it is developed. This was true of Patrick Henry, whose celebrity, as an orator, is well known to all who are acquainted with American history. His beginning was very unpromising. For several years he was a lawyer of a very low grade, and his most intimate friends had no anticipation that he, as a speaker, would ever become distinguished. But a suit came up, called the Parson case, in which he was engaged, and which awakened an interest in the public mind. Henry, roused by the occasion and his surroundings, broke before it the fetters that had long confined his powers, and poured forth a torrent of eloquence that astonished all who heard him. From this time he never failed to electrify audiences when the subject was of sufficient importance to call his faculties into active exercise.

As has been noticed above, some are not naturally eloquent, and it is evident that in this field they can never become distinguished, though, in other respects, they may possess

talents of an eminent character. We should make it a daily object of life to improve to the greatest possible degree our useful powers, of whatever kind they may be, and employ the same in such a way as will promote God's glory and the welfare of our fellow-men.

THE STATE OF THE HEART.

I know an ancient fortress which one brave man could have held against a host. Perched on the summit of a lofty rock, around which the sea goes foaming, and parted from the mainland by a dizzy chasm, over which a narrow arch, hanging like a thread in mid-air, is thrown, that old castle stood in other days impregnable. There was but one way of approach, and that such as one man could hold against a thousand. As might be inferred from these words of Scripture, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," it is otherwise with us. With appetites and passions, each of which may be an instrument of sin, our hearts lie open on many sides to attack. Take, for example, the most innocent of these appetites, that of hunger—"Give me neither poverty nor riches," says the wise man, praying as much against the first as the second; because, though happily we know nothing of it, it is difficult for a hungry man to be an honest man. The empty sack, as the proverb says, cannot stand upright; and he tempts the poor through this appetite who used it to tempt our Lord himself—saying to Jesus, when he was an hungered, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." In this, as in other ways, Satan tried with his fiery darts every joint in our Champion's armor; and only failed because as Jesus himself said, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." We cannot say so. Like traitors lurking within a beleaguered city, our natural corruptions are ready to open the gates and betray us to the enemy. Hence, he who would keep his heart from evil, keep it pure and holy, must plant a sentinel at every avenue by which sin may find access there—guarding against none more than the little sins, as they are called, that are like the weevils who enter by the window and open the door for bigger thieves. The man of God has his eyes to keep, and so Job said, "I have made a covenant with mine eyes"—his tongue, and hence the exhortation, "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile"—his ears, and hence the warning, "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err"—his feet, and hence David says, "I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word." And since there is no gate of the five senses by which the enemy may not, unless the Spirit lifts up a standard against him, come in like a flood, we have need to guard every port, and write over every portal, "Here there entereth nothing to hurt or to defile."

The work of grace is carried on within the heart. It is therefore the state of our affections more than our outward conduct that should occupy our chief attention and engage our most earnest prayers. Let me illustrate and enforce this by an analogy. The burning thirst, the flushed cheek, the bounding pulse, the restless nights of fever, are but the symptoms of disease. That thirst physicians may allay by cooling draughts; and opiate may dull the sense of pain, and sleep and sweet oblivion on the eyes of the sufferer. The symptoms are alleviated, but the disease is not arrested—the evil is but masked, not mastered. And that is all which is achieved in the reformation which sometimes passes for regeneration; in that outward improvement of habits and decorum of life which will never supply the place of sanctification in the judgment of a holy, heart-searching God. Man looketh on the outward appearance. God looketh on the heart. I once heard physicians say, as they stood baffled by the bedside of one fast passing on to death, "We can do nothing now but combat the symptoms." Ominous and fatal words! Divine grace, thanks be to God, does more. Let it reach the heart, and those works of the flesh, which are the outward symptoms of indwelling sin, will ere long pass away, like a plant, which, cut at the root, droops and withers, and dies. It is in the heart the change is wrought for salvation; and there, as a building rises from its foundation, the work of sanctification is carried onward and upward to perfection. Cleanse this fountain and purity will flow in all its streams. Let our hearts be turned heavenward, and our members and affections, our powers, and time, and influence, will follow and obey its movements—as from stem to stern, from her keel that plows the wave to the masts that rake the sky, a ship obeys the hand of the steersman and movements of the helm. Who, therefore, would live in grace, would die daily to sin, would live daily to righteousness; while they strive to keep their hands from doing, and their ears from hearing, and their lips from speaking evil, let them strive above all things, to keep their hearts with all diligence, since out of them are the issues of life.—*Sunday Magazine.*

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

You have had many such, and so have I. Times when we have been certain that God sent one across our path for us to help, and through indecision, or timidity, or pride, our work has been left undone. Only a moment, and the opportunity was gone forever. A kind word, and how little after all would it have cost us, a smile, which perhaps the soul was panting for, a tender rebuke—who of us can tell how far its influence might have reached?

Every teacher knows how a single really good, or really bad boy will draw upon the master, is what tells upon those about us, and it is the opposite of this which kills our spiritual life. We daily between the good and evil inclinations of our hearts. We step past the work which Jesus gives us to do, and take other burdens which we find more grievous by far to be borne. We send money, it may be, to the far-off heathen, but we lift our heads above, and draw up our garments

from the defilements of the heathen about our door. It is the mother whose child is sick in the dirty hut around the corner who needs your help. Something tells you that you might influence her to become a better and a happier woman. Now is the time, when her little one lies between heaven and earth, that her heart is broken up and that you can gain a hold upon her better nature. It will be delicate work, and perhaps not agreeable. You know how Jesus dealt with the very worst, and the very poorest of earth. He knows how to help you. Here is a stranger, with a faded shawl perhaps, and an unfashionable bonnet, who comes to church and slips into the first pew by the door, and by her face you can see that she is not quite sure of being welcomed even in the lowest seat. Do show her that you are a Christian sister by shaking her by the hand and asking her into your own pew. It will go farther than a score of sermons towards assuring her of the truth of religion. I lived once three years in a large city, and during that time not a single person ever asked me how it was with my soul, and I was among Christian people too, and there were opportunities enough. Who lost them, and how many such are we losing?

As Christians we are too thoughtless of others, and too proud. We are constantly wondering what the world will think of us, and not what the Master thinks. There are these beside us daily, who are waiting for what, perhaps, we alone can give them; it may be kindness, it may be counsel, it may be example. Let us strive to be more like our Leader, and let us not miss the opportunities which come with each day, lest some soul go down which might have been saved if we had done our duty.—*Advance.*

IS HEAVEN YOUR HOME?

The following beautiful sentiments are from one of Robertson's sermons:—

Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which his heart, untrammelled, fondly turns. He is to double all pleasure there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities.

And now, my brethren, if that be the description of home, is God's place of rest your home? Walk abroad and alone by night. That awful other world in the stillness and the solemn depth of the eternities above, is it your home? Those graves that lie beneath you, holding in them the infinite secret, and stamping upon all earthly loveliness the mark of frailty, and change, and fleetingness—are those graves the prospect to which in bright days and dark days you can turn without dismay? God, in his splendour, dare we feel with him affectionate and familiar, so that trial comes softened by this feeling? It is my Father, and enjoyment can be taken with a frank feeling; my Father has given it me, without grudging to make me happy. All that is having a home in God. Are we at home there?

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

Most people like to be handsome. Nobody denies the great power any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by good looks, even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their good looks—paints and washes, and all kinds of cosmetics, including a plentiful anointing with dirty harem oil.

Now, not every one can have good features. They are as God made them; but almost any one can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will do:

Keep clean—wash freely and universally with cold water. All the skin wants is leave to act freely, and will take care of itself. Its thousands of air holes must not be plugged up. Eat regularly and simply. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse; it must have regular work and regular rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with the teeth clean. Of course, to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. Any powder or wash for the teeth should be very simple. Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off the enamel or injure it. Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a clean skin who breathes bad air. But more than all, in order to look well wake up the mind and soul.

When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. Do not know that the brain expands, but it does so. Think, read—not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people who know something; hear lectures, and learn by them.

This is one good of preaching. A man thinks and works, and tells us the result. And if we listen, and hear, and understand, the mind and soul are worked. If the spiritual nature is aroused, so much the better. We have seen a plain face really glorified by the love of God and man which shone through it. Let us grow handsome. Men say they cannot afford books, and sometimes they do not even pay for their newspaper. In that case, it does them little good—they must feel so mean while reading it. But men can afford what they really choose. If all the money spent in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, were spent in books and self-improvement, we would see a change. Men would grow handsome, and women too. The soul would shine out through the eyes. We were not meant to be mere animals. Let us have books, and read them, and sermons, and heed them.—*Health Reformer.*

THE MODEL PRAYER MEETING.

Even a child of eight years old would have been interested in the enlivening service we are now etching. Not a moment was lost; not a syllable of persuasion was needed. One man rose, and gave a touching account of the scene a few evenings before, when he had first set up a family altar in his once prayerless house. That was his first speech. While he was speaking, the tears stream down the cheeks of the astonished and overjoyed wife. Then comes a fervid prayer of thanksgiving to God from some one present, and a petition that the family altar thus reared may never be desecrated, or thrown down. After this a youth arose, with a blue jacket, and an anchor embroidered on his broad collar. He had been brought there by a tract visitor. The burden of his short, artless speech was—come to Jesus. "Whosoever will, let him come," said the sun-burnt youth; "that means everybody on board may come, from the captain to the cabin-boy. We are bound for heaven. Christ is our pilot. 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