

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, OCTOBER 28, 1870.

Whole No. 875.

FALL IMPORTATIONS!

OCTOBER, 1870.

THOMAS LOGAN

Has now opened a large and well assorted stock of

NEW GOODS,

Embracing all the leading fabrics and newest styles in

DRESS GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

BATEEN SERGES,

PERSIAN CORDS,

MARSELS,

BROCHES,

EPINGLES,

CLAN TARTANS,

FRENCH MERINOES,

FRENCH TWILLS

Tweeds and Winceys,

WOOL SHAWLS,

CLOTH and VELVETEEN JACKETS,

White, Black and Colored Mantle Cloths,

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GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

CLOUDS, SONTAGS, BODICES,

FINGERING YARNS,

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BAOXY, LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE

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SHIRTING FLANNELS, in great variety,

Grey and White Cottons, Prints, Swansdowns, Tickings,

PARKS WARPS, at St. John Prices.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Frederickton, Oct. 28, 1870.

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PRINTS, a large Stock.

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Grey and White Cottons.

PARKS COTTON WARPS.

AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

The Stock is worthy of inspection, and can recommend

it with confidence, being the best value in the city.

JOHN THOMAS.

Frederickton, Oct. 7, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

WANTED! WANTED!

Day by day, year in and year out, columns on columns of the secular press are crowded with brief paragraphs headed with our caption, calling attention to the real or supposed Wants of a people intensely interested in the pursuit of the material things of this life, whilst everywhere are found those waiting to supply these demands for the sake of pecuniary remuneration.

A like announcement was made in a terse paragraph in a recent number of the *Head* to able divines to meet a want of the Christian Church; and the query arises if that call has found responses from the scores and hundreds who are abundantly able to fill the demand! and if it has not yet been filled, will there be those who will do the work intended? But important as that want may be, it is only one of many—and much less imperative than some others—that are immediately pressing, and indispensable, if the Church is to suddenly and permanently stem the tide of unbelief that on the one hand is so subtly, and on the other so boldly flooding our land; and that shall also prove a constant means of winning men everywhere and at all times to Christ. That doubtless shall be a power, and owned of God, bringing forth its results, like the bread cast upon the waters to be found again; but these shall be more moderate, hold and pungent, or soothing and persuading struggles with the expositors and neglectors of the cross, yielding fruits so that he that soweth and he that reapeth will labor side by side in the vineyard of the Lord.

The demands are earnest; and the best of faith is pledged that the largest supply will be no more equivalent to the demand, and the reward shall be sure and rich, even an hundred fold in this present world, and finally it shall be the inheritance of eternal life.

Wanted! Men who thoroughly believe that they are the ones meant in the call of the Master, and who will willingly obey the command,—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

Wanted! In every church in the whole world the largest possible number of persons, both men and women, who have been the professed followers of Christ twenty years and upwards, who will testify to the young and old with whom they mingle that they can say with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

Wanted! A great company of witnesses who have met trials and buffetings of this life locally and patiently, gaining confidence with every difficulty, and through grace have overcome all, to encourage the seeker, and to strengthen the believer in the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and to dauntlessly proclaim, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Wanted! Christians of all ages and unlimited numbers, who will without hesitancy bear testimony to the truth of the apostolic assertion, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

Wanted! In every city, town, and hamlet, followers of the Divine Master, whose daily life and conversation will sustain them in telling to all the world around "That the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God," and who can therefore enforce the injunction and the promise, "Be careful for nothing; but in all things, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Wanted! Men who know the power of the atoning blood to save, to bear witness that "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief," and to urge others to come and find the life blessing for themselves.

Wanted! Men and women of tried faith, and powerful in prayer, who will point the sinning soul the way to peace and joy by pointing them to the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; pressing home to their hearts the truthfulness of the promises, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" "Seek, and ye shall find;" "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Wanted! A host in the church who will plead the Master's cause, backed by the authority felt in their own souls. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us;" declaring that "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men;" and "Whether we be beside ourselves, it is for God, or whether we be sober it is for your cause;" "For the love of Christ constraineth us."

Wanted! That every professed disciple of Christ demonstrate the apostolic representation of "the fruit of the Spirit," which he pronounced to be "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" proving also the words, "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."

Such are some of the wants of to-day; and like the old Macedonian cry that went up to the early Church, so these come pealing up to call us to the work of this hour. The Rationalism and all forms of irreligion of the present are not wanting in their devotees, who are bravely promulgating their notions and vari-

ous faiths. Christ's followers must not be less earnest than they, else they shall suffer fearful loss; and, filled with His Spirit, they shall not, they cannot remain dormant to the highest interests and most vital demands of all that is essential in the duty and warfare of the Christian life.—*Deinuds.*

BETTER THAN FIGHTING.

The French prisoners taken in the late battles have been transported to Germany, but they have been everywhere treated with the greatest kindness. The simple German people, instead of insulting them, seem anxious to soften their lot. They do not feel a spirit of revenge. They know very well that the common soldiers had nothing to do with bringing on the war, but they have been marched to the battlefield like sheep to the slaughter. So instead of taunting their captives, they come to the railway stations, "bringing them coffee and cigars, and every little refreshment which a soldier loves;" so that the captured French find they are among friends and not enemies. They are taken into the interior, but they are not shut up into fortresses, but scattered in villages, where they are allowed the greatest liberty, and go about as they please. Sometimes it is said they go into the fields to help gather in the harvest, and thus Germans and French work together as the best friends. Why should they not be? What possible interest have the peasants of one country opposed to the other? On the contrary, their interests are in common. They are all in the same condition—all poor, all struggling to live, all suffering from heavy taxation and the burden of military service, made necessary only by the mutual jealousy of their respective governments. The true welfare of these poor people, as of the laboring classes throughout Europe, can only be secured by their working together. Hence their interests—if not their mutual good feeling—should make them friends. It is only the wickedness of man that has set them against each other. What a crime is that ambition of rulers which sets these poor people to shedding each other's blood!

Since writing the above, we have read with deep and painful interest a long letter in the *London Telegraph*, describing the German hospitals at Mannheim. The organization is perfect and complete, but what a mockery on our civilization, that men first go to war, to wound and mutilate their fellow beings, and then apply all their skill to heal the cruel rents in human bodies, which their own hands have made! In an editorial suggested by this letter, the *Telegraph* says—

Eagerly and anxiously we are all listening for the sequel to the terrible narrative of last week. But whilst we wait, along with tales of "glory" begin now to come in tales of glory's bitter consequences—the ghastly reeking field of slaughter, and the hospitals full of moans and shrieks, and mangled humanity. Doubtless it fires the blood of a man to read how splendidly Frenchmen and Germans have fought for the tri-color on this side, and the white and black flag on that. But while all Europe is watching this combat of heroes, it is well that nations should be reminded of the horrible "after-glow" of this lurid glory—the meaning of "a great battle" to those who lie upon its field, while bullets are being pelted—the task which follows for the doctor, for the ambulance corps, and the nurses, when out-trailless, shell, and bayonet have played their part. We give elsewhere a very graphic letter in which our special correspondent describes from eyewitness this part of the fascinating terror of warfare. Let those who feel complacency in war, growing upon them, turn to this letter. Place in fancy the rooms full from wall to wall with sufferers, examine together with our correspondent the small red hole which the chasspot makes, the rent by which the needle-gun wounds and kills, and the great rugged tear of the mitrailleuse bullet. Read about the poor brave boy, from whose blade-bone the surgeon cuts the leaden bolt—of the four fellow-patriots shot through the lungs—of the Captain of King's Grenadiers, with his shoulder shattered, and "slightly wounded," too, through whose limbs ball and steel, and fragments of shell have passed. Or, in other accounts, read how the victorious troops stumble, upon their return, over the heaps of writhing men, and how the groups of corpses lie mixed—light coat with dark coat, red pantaloons with blue—Frenchmen with Germans; and how, as the night sinks, the air is horrible with the cries of helpless agony or of wounded wretches, screaming even at the touch of pitying hands.

In the same letter wherein these vivid pictures are drawn of wholesale suffering, men about the field; the wounded are gathered like fallen human fruit; while those who can be sent forward to the luxurious hospitals in the rear are picked out and doctored well enough to stand the short journey. The worst cases are dealt in field hospitals, and in the villages around and about the scene of battle. Everywhere the organization extends and exerts itself; it astonishes the poor wounded Frenchmen; they creep out of the fierce consuming battle into the hands of a "foe" who lavishes care and patience and pitying solicitude upon them. "Our treatment," one Volgaire says, "is superb;" and another, who fancied "all prisoners were to be shot," is reported as taking his chicken-breast in Sarabruk with a sort of dreamland delight and gratitude. "Great Heavens!" somebody will some day say, "if there is then no difference

in your hospitals between a bleeding lad from Garonne and a bleeding lad from the Oder, why should there be such a difference, whilst their skin is sound, that they should fight to the bitter death upon the Rhine?"

ALMOST CHRISTIANS.

There are a great many who say, "What does all this talk about following Christ amount to? There are men who certainly are better Christians than those who are in the church; they do not believe in the divinity of Christ. They are upright, public-spirited men and so most valuable citizens. Nobody contributes to all worthy enterprises so willingly as they. They are temperance men, and are active in endeavours to save from intemperance those around about them. They are seeking by their examples to impress the community with ideas of generosity and integrity. In many respects they are self-sacrificing. And, although they may not technically be followers of Christ, are they not really followers of Christ? And are we to say of them that they are not in the new life? I say, unhesitatingly, that they are not in the new life. There are many men who seem to be only moralists, but who, I admit, are in the germinant state of Christianity. There are those who are familiar with the truth of Christ, and are excellent in the lower forms of morals, and of whom a great many men say, "They are followers of Christ, though they do not want it, and though they reject his name." But I say, No.

Now, I do not regard a man as a Christian simply because he is in the church. Neither do I regard a man as a Christian simply because he is just and upright. A man may be better than members of the church, and yet not be a Christian. That is not the point of comparison. We cannot afford, unfortunately, to make church membership the standard of Christianity. We are to measure all men by nothing else than the ideal of Christ himself, viz. *that faith which works by love.*

I shall not undertake to answer the question which we have propounded, and which branches off to an entirely different subject; viz. what becomes of those who reach no high point on the plane of morality, but do not touch the yet higher plane of spirituality? You might just as well ask me what becomes of a marksman who almost hits the mark, but does not hit it. You might just as well ask me what becomes of an anchor that is let out of a ship, and reaches almost to the bottom, but stops short without touching it. You might as well ask me what becomes of a portrait which is splendidly painted, and is almost like the man it is designed to represent, and yet is not like him. You might as well ask me what becomes of medical treatment that comes very near curing a man, and yet lets him die. The question as to what becomes of these developments of morality I leave to the Master. "Eye hath not seen," I know not. But one thing I know, that whatever may become of those who have hit but little closer, whatever may become of those who have not been instructed, there scarcely can be room for doubt as to what will become of those who have had an open eye directed to the clearest truth, who have had it urged upon them again and again, who have been convicted by it, and whose souls have been stimulated and electrified by the power of this truth as it is in Jesus Christ. When men, under such circumstances, deliberately put the truth aside, and, cruelly, so far as in them lies, the Lord of glory afresh, and tread under foot the blood of atonement, and call it an unholy thing, it can scarcely be doubted what will become of them. If we are to accept the revelation of Scripture at all, we must take this part of it.

And now let us say to you, that, whatever may seem to be the plausibilities of modern reasonings, in respect to character, whatever may seem to be the real excellence of the lower sphere of human attainments, no man shall see the Lord except he be a participant of his holiness. No man is in the kingdom of God unless he has developed all those higher spiritual forces, and come into this ideal state of manhood, by the regenerating power of God.

Men may be very good men in their way, and do many things that are amiable and exalted, and yet, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—*Thy-mouth Pulpit.*

WILL HE SUCCEED.

In nine cases out of ten, no man's life will be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or vanity of father or mother kept him from contact with hard life, if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he moved all the time in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the same work to some else; if he has been permitted to shirk till shirking has become a habit—unless a miracle is wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half as much his as that of his weak, foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part; never allowed to shirk any legitimate responsibility, or permitted to dodge work, whether or not it made his back ache, or soiled his hands until hearing heavy burdens became a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood he from choice—parents, as they bid him good-bye, may dismiss their fears. His life will not be a business failure. The elements of success are his, and at some time, and in some way, the world will recognize his capacity.

Take another point. Money is the object of the world's pursuit. It is a legitimate object. It gives bread, and clothing, and houses, and comfort. The world has not judged wholly unwisely when it has made the position a man occupies to hinge more or less on his ability to earn money, and somewhat upon the amount of his possessions. If he is miserably poor, it either argues some defect in his business ability, some recklessness in his expenditures, or a lack of fitness to cope with men in the great battle for gold.

When a country-bred boy leaves home, it is generally to enter upon some business, the end of which is to acquire property, and he will

succeed just in proportion as he has been made to earn and save in his childhood.

If all the money he has had come of planting a little patch in the spring, and selling its produce after weary months of watching and toil in the fall, or from killing woodchucks at six cents a head, or from trapping musk rats, and selling their skins for a shilling; setting snares in the fall for game, and walking miles to see them in the morning before the old folks are up; husking corn for a neighbor moonlight evenings at two cents a bushel; working out an occasional day that hard work at home has made possible—he is good to make his pile in the world.

On the contrary, if the boy never earned a dollar; if parents and friends have always kept him in spending money—pennies to buy candy and fish hooks, and satisfy his imagined wants—and he has grown to manhood in the expectancy that the world will generally treat him with similar consideration, he will always be a make-shift; and the fault is not so much his as that of those about him, who never made the boy depend upon himself—did not make him wait six months to get money to replace a lost jack-knife.

Everybody has to rough it at one time or another, if the roughing comes in boyhood, it does good; if later, when habits are formed, it is equally tough; but not being educational, it is generally useless. And the question as to whether a young man will succeed in making money or not depends not upon where he goes or what he does, but upon his willingness to do "his part," and upon his having earned money, and so gained a knowledge of its worth. Not a little of this valuable experience and knowledge the country boy gets on the old farm, under the tutelage of parents showed enough to see the end from the beginning, and to make the labor and grief of children contribute to the success of subsequent life.—*Heath and Home.*

HELP IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

1. If a man faints, place him flat on his back and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cold water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain, swallow the whites of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen articles known, with the advantage of their always being at hand; if not, a half pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drippings," or melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. One of the best things to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly is to cover it profusely with flour and salt half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spurts, be quick or the man will be dead in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around near the part between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, twist it around until the blood ceases to flow, and keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound, between the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases; but do not lessen that pressure for an instant until the physician arrives, so as to glue up the wound by the coagulation or hardening of the cooling blood.

5. If your clothes take fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect on the flames. If not extinguished, or a great headway is gotten, lie down on the floor and roll over and over, or better yet, envelop yourself in a carpet, bed cloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.—*Good Health.*

A REMARKABLE DEATH-DEED.

* *The Month*, of London, gives this account of the last hours of Czar Nicholas:

All night long the imperial family and the two physicians, Mandt and Karel, watched anxiously in the adjoining room, without daring—so despot was the Emperor's word—to open, or even to knock at his bed-room door. About two o'clock, Mandt, hearing a faint moan, ventured to scratch at the door; but even that displeased the Emperor, and it remained closed. He called Mandt in the morning, and said, "I think you were right; I believe I am a dead man." "Oh, Sir, I only said that to dissuade you from leaving such imprudence." "Look me in the face, and tell me it is possible to hope." "I think so, Sir." "I tell you I am a dead man. Come, do your business and sound me; I should like science to confirm my own conviction." Mandt did as he was ordered, and shook his head. "Well?" "Sir!" "Mandt, you are troubled, your hand is shaking; you see I am braver than you. Come, pass sentence on me quickly, for I must finish my business in this world, and there is a great deal to do." "Your majesty is more alarmed than is necessary. There is nothing to despair of, yet; and with God's help—" Nicholas fixed his eyes full upon the physician, and Mandt could not meet them. "Mandt, you know that I am not easy to deceive. Come, the truth, and the whole truth. Do you think Nicholas does not know how to die?" "Sir, in forty-eight hours you will be either dead or saved." "Mandt, I thank you," said the Emperor with the utmost calmness. "Now, farewell; let my family come to me."

Then, as the physician was turning away, he recalled him. "Mandt, let us embrace, old friend. We shall probably never see one another again on earth. You have been an honest and faithful servant, I shall recommend you to my son." "What, Sir—not see you again! On the contrary, I hope, and my duty compels me, to see you again. Alas, henceforward your care will be useless. There is nothing left for me but to call the priest, to see my Ministers, and make my peace with God. Human skill can do no more, and I would rather try nothing." "Sir, I rebel!" exclaimed the poor physi-

cian; "I have no right to give you up like this, and it is my duty not to do so." "Will you guarantee my cure?" The physician bent down his head; he could not reply. "Farewell, my friend." "Sir, God is great, and for the sake of Russia, which he defends, he may yet work a miracle." "It is because I know that God defends Russia that I neither hope nor wish to be cured. Mandt, send my family to me; I assure you that I feel that I have no time to lose."

The Emperor's family remained with him at least three hours, leaving the room, after taking leave of him, one by one. One by one his grandchildren, sons, and brothers came out, the hereditary Grand Duke the last, with his face bathed in tears. Another hour's agonizing suspense passed, during which there was a total silence in the imperial chamber. Then a noise was heard in the corridor, and a courier from Sebastopol was announced. The general aid-de-camp thought himself justified in knocking at the Emperor's door. Then came a faint murmured reply, "What am I wanted for? Let me be left in peace." "Sir, a courier from Sebastopol." "Let him speak to my son; I have nothing more to do with that." Then came the Metropolitan Nicanor and his clergy, in procession, to bring the dying Emperor the last consolations of religion; and after these, appeared the Ministers of State, with Count Orloff at their head. At ten o'clock at night the Emperor sent for the officers of his household. His grand, immovable face, now ashy pale, bore the impress of approaching death. Stretched upon that poor camp-bed, he bade them all farewell, and even while dismissing them with kind words, he was interrupted by the death-rattle, and his agony had begun. He signed to the attendants to leave the room, and they never saw him again alive. The next day, February 18th, 1881, the Grand Chamberlain went into the Emperor's room, and on coming out, announced that Nicholas Paulowitch was dead.

CHRISTIAN DUTY TO THE ERRING.

Every member of a Christian church owes to every other the utmost degree of love and helpfulness. In cases of religious decline and sin, those who, through infinite mercy, retain their consistency and integrity, are bound to do all they can with a view to the recovery and restoration of their less favored brethren. In all such instances the church should elect to err, if err she must, on the side of leniency and forbearance, rather than on that of harshness and severity. In no instance should the *ultima ratio*, exclusion, be resorted to till all possible means of recovery have been tried and exhausted; and where nothing is left but the exercise of this last act of judicial authority, the excommunicated should not be utterly abandoned as if their case were hopeless, but be still followed by the prayers and loving exhortations of those who once owned them as brethren; and should always be bound to feel that the door of the church is as freely open to them on their return as it is at first to receive them into the fellowship of God's people.

CROWDED LIVES.

Are some lives really very much fuller than others, or do they only appear so? Perhaps all lives, however placidly and leisurely they may seem to pass, are in reality full of incident and interest. Onlookers cannot see everything. And there is so much hidden life connected with every person, the nature is scarcely possible for us to judge correctly of each other. Nor is it at all necessary that we should judge at all. There is enough in one's own life to afford matter for conjecture and reflection.

And one thing which will probably strike all is that we have very crowded lives. Whatever may be the ease with which others, there is in our own life no lack of incident, no dearth of absorbing interests. Our lives are as full as they can hold. We are obliged to be constantly doing something to prevent ourselves from being overwhelmed by a torrent of duties. We think, and plan, and endeavor; we strive, and fight, and execute; we endure, and suffer, and grow weary. There is with very few of us any need to wish—as the young so often do—that something may happen to us; quite enough things happen to us every day. Occurrences follow each other so rapidly that we have scarcely breathing time between. We are surprised by sudden emergencies that call forth all our powers. We are startled by unexpected difficulties which we have to surmount. We are compelled to perform unanticipated tasks. Joy comes to us out of dark clouds, in swift, lightning-like flashes; and sorrow, even in summer time, rolls above us in thunder-claps. If we would at all keep up with the times in which we live there are not only great but very constant demands upon our strength; and our lives are so crowded that space for leisure or ease is denied to at least many.

Perhaps we all feel content that our lives should be so full. As they are never very long it may be well to have as much in them as we can possibly put. And no doubt many people crowd as much into a year as would have sufficed our slower-going forefathers for eighteen months. We have lost all taste for an insipid existence, and prefer our own way to theirs.

But who does not feel that after all—however much we may crowd them—our lives will not hold everything? Some things are pushed altogether out of them that are great losses if we only knew it. We see a man who amazes us by his power; he can do almost everything; his brain is constantly at work; he manages two or three businesses; he thinks not only for himself but for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of others. What a full life his is! Yes, but some things are crowded out. He has strength, shrewdness, foresight, genius even, and, better than all, success. But he has not everything, as one can tell by looking at him. He has not happiness, nor serenity, nor peace of mind. There are some homes from which it is sad to find love altogether pushed out; the members of the family are so busy getting money, and dress, and position, that they have neither time nor space for tenderness. Something must be crowded out,