

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. 40.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1870.

Whole No. 872.

ALBION HOUSE.

September 30, 1870.

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JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Oct. 7, 1870.

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Cotton and Linen Goods,

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THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, June 3, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

INSIDE A MOSQUE.

We have nothing in our own land by which to give a notion of the plan of these Mohammedan churches. Generally they are constructed around a court yard, paved, and with a fountain in the centre. Entrance is made through an arched gateway; and then a long colonnade is disclosed, surrounding three or four sides. Before the door of the mosque itself oftentimes hangs a heavy leather curtain, swinging away by the corner when one wishes to go in.

No pictures or statues are ever allowed in Mohammedan places of prayer. In this, and in other respects, they set a praiseworthy example, which their Papal neighbors, claiming the Christian name, would do well to follow. Indeed, they carry this notion so far that it is only within a very few years that any Mussulman would allow himself to be photographed. They are taught to interpret the second commandment so literally that they assert, as a doctrine of the Koran, that all painters and sculptors are forbidden to make copies of the human form or person; they will be compelled to furnish eventually souls for all the bodies of men they fashion on canvas or in stone.

No seats are needed in the mosques, for all persons in the East prefer to sit or recline on the floor. The enclosures are kept quite clean, and are ventilated well. In this respect they are in agreeable contrast with the gaudy and filthy churches in Italy. On one side, against the wall, is wont on set occasions to stand an officer called an Imam, in a richly patterned robe, for him, to read prayers and chapters of the Koran. Another man, called a Moolah, on Fridays harangues the people, taking his stand in a conspicuous and often richly carved pulpit approached by a high flight of steps. Generally, however, the devotions are personal, and in good measure solitary. The devotee enters sedately, and immediately commences his multitudinous genuflections and prostrations, murmuring to himself a kind of liturgy that sounds like an incantation. The abstraction these people exhibit is truly wonderful. It would seem impossible to disturb them, even though the heavens should begin to fall. An intense business-like absorption appears to hold them in this exercise perfectly under its power.

Open at all hours of the day, entirely unlimited as to any bounds of parish locality, free to every one, these places of prayer afford a cool and comfortable retreat for all conceivable classes of incomers. The utmost quiet and decorum prevail. At almost any time a curious and interesting spectacle may be found within the wide precincts. A few persons will be seen engaged busily in their laborious devotions. Now and then a group of men will be discovered conversing in sedate tones, as if impressed with the gravity of the spot. And, most singular sight of all, you will see some at full length sleeping on the soft carpet, their heads buried in their extended arms, and covered to a most suffocating extent with their heavy blankets.

The poor wandering Arabs especially find their welcome in these consecrated buildings. No one ever drives a worshipper away, and no one ever assumes authority to turn the weary and overheated out of these cool places of refreshment. They consider it God's house for every creature of God, and that makes it his home. Even the birds, building their nests in the nooks of architecture, are not disturbed. Sanitary privileges, therefore, are free in these precincts to the poor and rich, the stranger and home-born alike. What arrested my mind more than anything else in some of these splendid temples, was the sense of right to be inside of them, which every person by his very manner claimed for himself, and no one ventured to deny to another.

It would be easy to give detailed descriptions of many of these edifices, but I cannot hope to prolong the interest they gave us in the actual inspection. That one which gave us all the most pleasure we found on the very summit of the Mokattam hills, within the enclosure for so many years the centre of all history and power. It is the most conspicuous of all the edifices that show their roofs above the high wall of the citadel, and stands close by the palace.

I do not like its architecture altogether, for the minarets are so lofty and thin that they resemble a candle with the extinguisher on the top. Hence the exterior commands admiration only for the beautiful finish of its material. The entire edifice is constructed out of veined alabaster. Once fairly inside the enclosure, we could hardly restrain our exclamations of delight and wonder. It is the finest in Cairo; and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the most costly edifice I ever beheld. It is artistically expensive, magnificent in the rough, with mere solid profusion of silver, precious stones and gold. The inside and the outside, as I have said, are of pure alabaster, of a yellowish white color, great columns of polished stone glittering like variegated glass clear to their summits. The porch, with its multiplied ornaments, the arches of the court-yard, and the domes that make the roof, are full of points of rare architectural beauty. And then within, on every hand over the vast area, the exquisite tablets inscribed with verses from the Koran, traced skillfully in characters of graceful Arabic; the pulpit, the winding staircase, the curiously-fashioned lamps suspended like so many vases from the ceiling by silken cords; the beautiful figures in the thickly tufted carpets, the stained windows in the lofty casements, elaborately carved, the cornices projecting heavily with pendants as tenuous as frost-work—all these to-day seemed so like the imagined scenery of the Thousand and One Nights, that I could almost bring back the dream of my childhood concerning the times of the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid.—Rev. C. S. Robinson, in Christian Union.

It matters not what a man loses, if he saves his soul; but if he loses his soul, it matters not what he saves.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

I well remember in my childish days puzzling over these words, and wondering how the command, as I conceived it, could be obeyed. "Pray without ceasing"—there was a slavish sound in the injunction. It seemed to lay claim to my whole time, to make it, at least, necessary that I should be always in a spirit of prayer; and I felt like some hearers of old who burst forth, under our Lord's teaching, with the exclamation: "This is a hard saying, who can hear it?"

As I became more thoughtful on the subject of religion, and more desirous to obey its precepts, the command seemed to take a gentler form. I then understood it to mean, be ever ready to turn to your God as a counsellor and friend; never let any emergency find you unprepared, because "ever looking unto the Lord;" never take any step without seeking wisdom of him, nor enter into any scene where you could not ask his presence! About this time I met with the following pleasing anecdote: There lived in a clergyman's family a domestic of simple, fervent piety. Once a month, in her master's study, a number of his fellow-laborers met with him to consult over difficult passages of the Bible, compare their views, and seek the right construction. One day after they had left, Mary heard that the text chosen for the next monthly discussion was "Pray without ceasing." She involuntarily exclaimed, "What! a whole month needed to study out that text? It is one of the easiest and best in the Bible." "Well, Mary! what do you think it means?" She answered, "This is the way in which I understand it. When I open my eyes in the morning I ask that the Sun of righteousness may shine upon my soul; when I wash, I ask that the Saviour's blood may cleanse me from sin; when I dress, I am reminded of the robe of his righteousness in which I must be clothed; when I eat and drink, I think of him who gave me food and drink; when I take my meals I remember that my soul must be nourished by him. Thus, throughout the day everything furnishes me with a thought for prayer."

Years passed on; I often thought of the passage which had once so troubled me, but which now seemed like a kindly friend reminding me of a welcome duty. At length, at a Sunday-school meeting, my old taskmaster took the form of a tender benefactor. The minister who addressed the scholars was speaking of the privilege of prayer. He said, "If once in our lifetime we were allowed to offer our petitions to God, what an important period that would be. How we should count it the great day of our lives! How anxiously we would look forward to it. How carefully we would be to remember and present every reasonable desire to the King of Heaven; how this meeting would be the great subject of our thoughts. Again, if once in a year all people were invited to make their requests known to God, what anniversary could equal that in their estimation? O the trembling hearts that would await the hour, the fears that something of moment would be forgotten, the requests that would then be presented. Or were the occasion less august, such an opportunity once a month would be greatly valued. But, dear friends, God does not so deal with us. He does not limit us to one day in a lifetime to present our petitions. He does not say 'Only once a year you may seek my face,' or 'But once a month you may pray to me.' There is no time during the busy of the day, or the long hours of darkness, in which his children may not pour their requests into his willing ear. In great mercy and consideration he even says, 'Pray without ceasing.'—Christian Work.

ETERNAL NIGHT.

A dear little girl, who had lost a pet she valued highly, was urged not to grieve so much for her bird.

"I would not care so much, mother," she answered, "if Robbie only went anywhere; but he just died and didn't go anywhere." It was a touching example of the craving in every human soul after immortality. The doctrine of annihilation is one so dreadful that it seems wonderful it could ever have found believers. While life and health last, and all be prosperous about us, it is easy to put far off the evil day, to fill the mind so full of worldly plans and schemes that it is little troubled with thoughts of the hereafter. Indeed those who believe this fearful doctrine, consistently strain every nerve to make the most of the present.

A man who had once been under deep convictions of sin, at last shook off his anxieties, and his conscience in time became "seared as with a hot iron." He laughed at his former distress, and declared his belief that when he died he should perish like the trees and brutes, and be no more happy or miserable than they. For years he pursued his course of worldliness, when suddenly an accident brought him face to face with death.

Now the doctrine he had so rejected to believe, became the horror of his soul. "Have I," he said, "done with existence? Shall I presently cease to think, to see, to feel? Must I lie down to be nothing forever? I have labored for nothing; I cannot bid farewell to the earnings of so many years."

On a friend's turning his thoughts into another channel, and assuring him that there was a hereafter of which the Scriptures told us, a still deeper horror seized upon him. "If they are true, eternity will be more dreadful than a loss of being. I will not believe them. Yet how dreadful the idea of sinking into eternal, thoughtless night."

It made no difference with his real condition whether he believed in a future life or not, for very soon he had opened his eyes in eternity. There all unbelief must have an end. Oh, it is worth our while to blindfold our eyes when we are walking straight on toward a most fearful precipice? Will it make our fall any less terrible? We are provided with everything needful to make our life beyond one of joy and blessedness. The provisions are ample and free. Can we afford to reject them.

SOLENN DAYS!

BY REV. N. CASTLE.

Yes; these are solemn days! There is something fearful to consider in connection with each one. The joyful and the sorrowful, the hopeful and the despairing, the dying and the living, crowd themselves so closely together that their strange and sudden mingling produce, in the mind of the reflecting, exciting expectation. Do you ask me of what? Why, of going hence. The long, black roll of mortality is rapidly lengthening as these days of sickness go by. How many mothers have folded their tender, but lifeless, infant-forms over their beating hearts, and laid them down for their last sleep, within the last few weeks! Many a bright morning has dawned hopefully on the unbroken households of the village and city, which have ended in clouds and storm. I have been where the young and the aged were confined, heard the wail of the bereaved, and seen the mournful retiring from the vaulted city, if not a better, a more reflecting, considerate man.

What a world! How physicians study, drive, and give medicine in order to keep the soul in its prison-house! How many anxious hearts beat with increasing quickness as death is under the moorings of a returnless spirit! How sadly silent the watchers sit, in the darkness of the night, only partially relieved by the dimly-burning lamp, keeping watch with death! Eternal things rush upon their lonely spirits, and the night is spent in converse with the dead.

But the sickness and mortality of these days is not the only thing which makes them solemn. I mean to true Christian hearts—it is the wickedness of the wicked. Is there any check put upon pleasure? Does not the dance, the comedy, the low farce, and the wild festivities of a vanity-seeking world go on as unremittently as though the knell of death had never been rung on this planet? Is there any less indecent jesting, bawling, nonsensical laughter, and foul-mouthed profanity? Is there less lying, cheating, and dishonesty? Who can say that there is? Oh, when will the wickedness of the wicked have an end?

Are Christians and Christian ministers more in earnest in view of these things? Death is busy all the time, gathering the wicked, with the righteous, to the silence of that land where "there is no work, knowledge, or device." The chances of the salvation of the wicked are lessened every day. What might be accomplished to-day may be hopelessly undone to-morrow. Men are drifting, and some may soon be forever beyond our reach. Sin is hardening; and words that might now melt and move the deadening heart into life will soon fall like the rain-drop upon the brown and barren rock. To-day they may "have ears to hear," but to-morrow they may be dull in death.

Christian brother, the message of God is fast dissolving in your mind, and the bright vision of the Lord's glory and mercy will soon have passed away, and eternity, in the language of one of our own ministers when dying, will be in view. I hear the voice of God in the distance, calling one after another of his watchmen from the walls. Soon, it may be very soon, we will hear him speaking to us, either in our own or a stranger's home, bidding us to get down, for our work is done. But until then let us stay and work. There is so much to be done and suffered, and so few do it, before this world will be saved, that no one must be idle or quit the field. The solemn day will soon come; it may be too soon for some of us. It is already selected, and on the swift wing of Time it will make no delay. Let us not waste our time and strength in foolish plans for delay. Every day we live, viewed in the light of our mission and eternity, is worth a world. More than the value of a world depends on the right improvement of even so short a period as a day. Oh, for that agonizing earnestness that will not let us rest! O, for some dissolving power to melt and mould us for work! Work, work! Yes; that is the word. Blessed Jesus, help our poor hands, heads, and hearts to work for thee.

PAT'S PLEA FOR THE BIBLE.

In a school in the west of Ireland, a few years ago, were two boys, about the same age, fifteen or sixteen. Their names were Pat F. and Philip O'F. There were many intelligent people in the school, but Pat and Philip took the lead in most things, and indeed, visitors were often astonished at the remarkable readiness and appropriateness of their replies to the miscellaneous questions put to them. Philip had become a missionary of the Cross in Turkey. We do not know what has become of Pat, at that time by far the most promising boy in the school. But "the day will declare it."

We remember on one occasion, Mr. B., well known in that neighborhood, paid a visit to the school. He was desirous of trying at once the knowledge of the Scripture possessed by the scholars and their power to apply it, to the solution of controverted points. Mr. B. assumed the language of an opponent of the general reading of the Word of God:

"Boys," said he, "what right have you to read the Bible?"

"Every right, sir," said the boys, "for Christ said—John v. 29—'Search the Scriptures.'"

"All very well," said Mr. B., "to prove that big people may read—men and women who have come to the years of maturity—but what has that to say to little fellows like you?"

"The Word of God is for little people too," said Pat, "for we read—2 Timothy, iii, 15—that Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from a child."

"But," said Mr. B., Timothy afterward, you know became a priest. Your text only proves that young boys who are going forward to the priesthood should be taught the Holy Scriptures."

"O, but, sir," said Pat, with a bright twinkle in his intelligent eye, that proclaimed he had the best of the argument, even before the answer came, "Wasn't Timothy—2d Epistle, 1st chapter, and 5th verse—taught by his grandmother? and shure, sir, she wasn't a priest?"

Mr. B. acknowledged himself beaten.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

I am the Way! the lonely Shepherd said; And beckons us with tender love, to tread The paths He trod. His voice most sweetly bids us "Follow Me!" O'er hill, through vale, if we desire to be Where dwells our God.

I am the Truth! the dear Redeemer said; Our souls may from His Holy Word be fed With food divine; 'Twill ease our burdens, give us grace for strife, And guide us through the mazes of this life To heaven's sweet clime.

I am the Life! the precious Saviour said; If by the cords of His pure love we're led, We shall be blest; Not only in this weary life, but there In paradise, in realms of bliss, we'll share His children's rest.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life, O Lord! Teach us Thy Way to know, from Thy blest Word!—

No sign retain; May Thy rich Truth our sinful hearts make pure, The blessed Life to win, may we be sure, The crown to gain.

ON THE USE OF EARS IN CHURCH.

Presence in church is a good thing, since it encourages the preacher, sets a good example, and is a constant reproof to non-church-goers. It must be remembered, however, that one's presence is not all that is required; the attention is to be fixed on the services of the occasion. It is possible that the soft cushion and the dim light may suggest to the weary body the idea of repose. If, in addition to this, the preacher has a monotonous, hum-drum style, it is not surprising if the senses become stupefied, and the soul unconscious of all externals. It is also possible that, with eyes wide open and intently fixed on the speaker, the mind may be wandering far away, and the sinner in the pew be no more conscious of what is said than if he were in Kamtschatka or the planet Jupiter.

It is evident, therefore, that not only eyes, but ears have their use in Church. We admit that it is possible to hear too much. We have known people to hear three sermons on one Sabbath, besides attending Sunday-school twice, and having a prayer-meeting or two thrown in to fill up. After such spiritual gourmandizing, we should think there would be very little chance for digestion or assimilation. It must be confessed, however, that the majority of church-goers do not err to this extreme. While there may be a few who hear too much, the great mass of people hear too little. Many do not go to church for years; they hear no preaching, and if compelled to attend the funeral of a friend, they get in a position outside of the house—on the sidewalk, if possible—where they cannot hear the preacher's voice.

There are many regular church-goers who do not use their ears. They sit with others in perfect quietness, but they are thinking of yesterday's business transaction, or of to-morrow's note to pay; of the plans for their new house, or repairs for the old one; of the price of stocks and the probable rise or fall of gold; of the latest styles of dress, or of the size of the milliner's bill, painfully reflecting that, in these evil times, it is usually in inverse proportion to the size of the bonnet. Such people might be properly classified as *testudinal*, inasmuch as they have the tortoise-like property of drawing themselves within themselves, and of becoming oblivious of all that is about them.

The ears of some are exceedingly sensitive. They catch everything that is said, but do not always make the application intended. Starting with the mistaken notion that the preacher intends to be personal, they watch for anything which may indicate that he means them, and when they find it, they are in high dudgeon because the minister has exposed them in the presence of the congregation. Dr. Hurd, in his *History of Rationalism*, tells us that it is a common custom in Holland for the members of a congregation to inquire of each other on leaving church, "Have you heard the dominie call your name?" meaning by this: "Have you heard the pastor so describe people that you could not mistake the class to which you belong?" But our sensitive hearers go further than this. They not only find themselves classified, but imagine that they are personally indicated; whereas, the probability is that the preacher has only described the class, while conscience has made the personal application.

Others go to the opposite extreme. They hear all that is said, but make no application to their own hearts of any truth uttered. They endeavor to fix in their minds the different individuals in the congregation to whom different truths are applicable. They assume to know the condition of the hearts of all, and just what part of the discourse each ought to take. Such have been aptly styled "charity hearers," because they give all the good points in the sermon to others, and keep none for themselves. No wonder if this class of people are never benefited by preaching. They make lightning-rods of their neighbors, and though God's law flashes around, it never strikes them because of their moral insulation.

Some have very critical ears. Not knowing the difference between aesthetics and religion, they allow themselves to be intensely disgusted and wonderfully unhappy by reason of all sins against good taste. They desire the sermon to be a finished oration; there must be no slip of the tongue, no grammatical or rhetorical blunders, no violation of any rule of elocution, or they writhe in torment on their seats. The most valuable truths may be uttered, but these critical ears cannot take them in. Such people would starve unless their food were prepared in the highest style of gastronomic art, and served on silver and porcelain. Let them starve long enough to learn better.

A good ear is connected with a discriminating and appreciative brain, which knows how to appropriate whatever is valuable, and por-

mits the rest to be forgotten. Such hearers are sure to be profited. That must indeed be a dull sermon which has nothing in it that can profit; but conceding the possibility of such a discourse, the faithful hearer has this remedy: he can at least take the text home with him and meditate on that.—Methodist.

ARE YOU IN EARNEST?

As a city minister was going down— Street, a small boy hailed him, called him by name, and saying: "Mr.—, my mother wants to see you." "For what?" he inquired; "is she sick?" "No," said the boy; "but she wants to see you about my papa."

Immediately the good missionary turned and went with the little fellow to the house. He found the mother exceeding joyful, and, inquiring into the cause of her happiness, found that his prayers and efforts for the conversion of her husband had been attended with the divine blessing. The happy woman said, "O, sir, your visits to my husband have been the means of his conversion. Other persons have visited him and talked to him by the half hour, and urged him to seek the Lord, but he would answer them in a trifling way, saying, 'I will attend to the matter when the time comes.' But, sir, when you left him, after talking with him and giving him tracts, he said to me, 'That man looks as if he meant all he said; and I must read my Bible, that's certain.' And sir he has persevered and he is a new man. He goes to church with us, and we are happy in the Lord."

Fellow laborer for souls, are you really in earnest? Do those who hear you, feel that you really mean what you say?

VARIETIES.

Some bad people would be less dangerous if they had not some goodness. Teach nothing but the truth of God, because nothing but that will save souls.

A selfish person can have no joys greater than his own interests are valuable.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. The ruin of most men dates from some idle hour. Occupation is an armor to the soul.

The best penance we can do for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it. There is no real use in riches, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

The fanatic is unyielding in his course; but they who are filled with the Spirit submit themselves one to another in the Lord.

There is not a more repulsive spectacle than an old man who will not forsake the world, which has already forsaken him.

God, who made and maintained us, has appointed us with quietness to work and mind our own business.—Henry.

Wordly pleasures are no more able to satisfy the soul than the light of a candle to give day to the world.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

It is an excellent thing when men's religion makes them generous, free-hearted, and open-handed, according to do a thing that is paltry and sneaking.—Henry.

Instead of torturing yourself on account of your sins, throw yourself into the Redeemer's arms. Trust in him, in the righteousness of his life, in the atonement of his death.

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that older people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

You may outlast the friend of truth, but truth remains; you may humble the poet, the artist, and the Christian, but you cannot debase poetry, or art, or Christianity.

An army may as rationally leave the battle to be fought by the officers alone, as the church leave the conversion of the world to the ministers of the Gospel.

There is no truth more important and few less thought of than this: the more we forsake simplicity in anything, the more we multiply the means of corruption and error.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm sea has on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in these circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep.

We should not despair of the goodness of the world, if we do not happen to see it immediately around us. The atmosphere is still blue, though so much of it as is enclosed in our apartment is colorless.

Formality is the bane of spiritual religion—religion of form without power; of possession without recognition; satisfied with the performance of a duty, without the sweet enjoyment of a privilege.

Never do a good action from the expectation of gratitude. If gratitude follow, so much the better, you are so much into pocket; but gratitude or not, always do the good action when the opportunity presents itself.

Three things principally determine the quality of a man—the leading object which he proposes to himself in life, the manner in which he sets about accomplishing it, and the effect which success or failure has upon him.

Evil and idle words may seem, as they are uttered, light and trivial things; yet if light, they are like the filaments of the thistle-down; each feathery tuft, floating on the slightest breeze, bears with it the germ of a noxious weed.

Oh man! of all fools, a fool with a grey head is the worst fool anywhere. With one foot in the grave, and another foot on a sandy foundation, how shall I depict you, but by saying to you, as God said to the rich man, "Thou fool! a few more nights and thy soul shall be required of thee; and then where art thou?"