

# 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. XVIII.—No. 28.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1871.

Whole No. 912.

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## The Intelligencer.

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Fredericton, May 5, 1871.

### WHAT SHALL CHILDREN DO ON SUNDAY?

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

You sent me several months ago a charming letter from a boy, who desired some light on the matter of *keeping Sunday*. It was a genuine letter. His Sunday hung heavily on his hands. He could not see why, after church was over, and he had bravely kept awake through the whole sermon, he could not get out of his drawing materials and do a little sketching. Ten thousand boys would have said, each one, on reading it, "That's my case exactly." Every single subject in the kingdom of boyhood, noble either inwardly or outwardly, at the discipline of the Lord's day. They are subdued, but not quieted. If they are susceptible to the sentiment of veneration, and have a reverence for the day, as in some mysterious way holy, still they find much occasion of question and debate, as to the things proper for holy days. Why may one do one sort of thing and yet be forbidden another very much like it? The boy of the letter, mentioned at the beginning of this article, would say, Why may I sit at the window and look upon a tree, but not sketch the tree on paper? Why, if it is not wrong to paint it on the eye, is it sinful to picture it in a drawing-book?

Boys are not the only ones that are puzzled. Parents are constantly perplexed as to the true line of ethics. And the matter is hardly improved by the various suggestions made. We should make Sunday more social, says one. Visiting and walking in the fields, says another, aside from example, lead to great laxity. One man thinks that, in towns and cities, Sunday is overburdened with religious exercises. But his neighbor declares that the only way to have his children out of mischief, is to keep them busy with meetings and Sunday-schools, and so wear out their liveliness as one would keep down the spirits of a too lively colt by hard work.

The reading question is another perplexity. What is Sunday reading? What books and what papers are proper for the Lord's day? When does Sunday begin, and when end? If farmer A may come three miles to church and go to his brother's house for the day, why may not all families visit their relatives on Sundays? These are specimens only of the questions that arise in every family where the parents conscientiously endeavor to keep the Lord's day. A detailed answer would be voluminous. There are a few suggestions:

1. There is a *Principle*, but there can be no *Rule*, of universal application in the matter of observing the Lord's day. Rules must vary with circumstances, must be of one kind in a large family, and of another where there are but two or three in a household. Rules, which in the city work well, would, in the country, be burdensome. The mode of carrying out the principle must be left to each household for himself. And each one must be allowed, or rather enjoined to have freedom of conscience in the matter. And that liberty of conscience must not be conceded in words and then challenged in its practical development. A Christian is the Lord's freeman and not the church's bondman.

2. The Jewish Sabbath was the vacation day of the week. *Rest from work* was its peculiar feature. The Christian Sunday, or, as it is perhaps better termed, the Lord's day, is a personal memorial day. It celebrates the Lord's victory over suffering and death. Every Sunday morning is to bring to us that joy and rejoicing which benefits the accomplishment of God's great mercy to the world. It is not only a day of vacation from work, but, likewise, a day of festival joyfulness. There is nothing that so excites the imagination of children as to extricate them from the prospect of school, of going home; or, if at home, the promise of a visit to the old homestead where the grandparents live, or to some aunt, or uncle, of great hearts, with houses that fairly glow with welcome to children. Now, this will come most nearly to the true conception of perfect Sunday feeling. The soul is let loose in the presence of a dear friend. It is not a day of machinery—of church-going, of schools, of you must not do this, and you must do that—but a day of liberty in Love. It is Christ's birthday—that second birth from the mothering tomb. When this sentiment is once excited it will hardly be possible to go wrong. But, to such as are slow of sentiment, the principle remains, that Sunday is to be given up to honoring the Lord Jesus Christ, by cultivating in our hearts a true spirit of religion. Not a narrow religion of ordinances, restrictions, and burdensome duties, but a religion which around a deep spiritual centre clusters all the affections and faculties of the mind. Anything is proper on the Lord's day which would, if Jesus were upon earth and among us, show him that the day was kept in his honor. Whatever intellectual exercise, social pleasure, vivacity, or enjoyment, would have won a smile from Christ upon ingenuous youth seeking his favor on any day of the week, will please him full well on the Lord's day. We may be sure that our Lord loves to see liberty of soul, fulness of life, and innocent enjoyment, and that he has no pleasure in sudden dullness, and cold propriety, enforced by fear upon unwilling souls. He keeps Sunday who opens his heart more joyfully to Christ than on ordinary days. He breaks Sunday who all day long, grim and conscientious, keeps away from him that Love which, being of the essence of liberty, diffuses freedom of conduct and elasticity of feeling. A child's laugh on Sunday may come up with more acceptance before Jesus, than the stern propriety of the teacher who makes it a day of conscientious bondage.

3. These views are fitted for grown people who know how to act from intuition of moral sentiment, or from well defined principles. In managing a school or a family, there will be an indispensable need of *Rules*, for those yet unable to grasp principles or sentiments. Although much may be done, and ought to be done, to make the day delightful to children, it can never be so managed but that bold and rampant natures will require self-government, and seek a certain liberty of self-indulgence.

And in such cases, one of the results of firm and patient Sunday discipline will be to teach youngsters self-denial,—one of the fundamental lessons of human life. Far better is it that a child should understand why he must refuse a desired course, or pursue an unwelcome one. But, if he cannot grasp the reason, he must obey his parents in the Lord, because they are put in authority over him. In other words, we must do by children's Sundays just what we do with their cloths, their food, their companionship, their pleasures, and whole economy of their lives, viz., exercise our superior judgment in the direction of theirs, as to the things which will make them happiest. After our best efforts, there must yet be a gentle authority in every Christian family in maintenance of the outward proprieties of the Lord's Day.

But if once the parents have learned how free, how generous, how sympathizing, how familiar and loving Jesus is, and if they have a heart to set apart one day in the week, as a souvenir, a genial love celebration to him, it will not be long before the day will become a delight among the children, and honorable with all.—*Advance*.

### MAKING HOME HAPPY.

I was passing a few days in a lovely village. Coming in from a walk, I said to a friend, "How many fine residences you have here!" "Yes! but many of them are haunted." "Indeed! what form do the spirits take?" "The worst of forms. Those of dissolute, reckless, ruined, or at best, 'fast' sons. There have been a set here that have acted and reacted on each other, and every step seems to have been downward."

"But my boys," said the aged father, "have turned out finely. Would you like to know the secret?"

"I should, very much." "Come, then," he said, rising, and leaning on the cane which four score years had made his necessary and inseparable companion, he toiled slowly up the stairs. The good mother, who had passed her threescore and ten years, followed after.

"I trust, madam, you are not coming up from courtesy to me?"

"No, oh, no, we love to come up here."

"And what do you expect to see?" asked the father.

"Perhaps a bundle of sticks, on the 'spare the rod and spoil the child' principle."

Both laughed outright, that chuckling, crackling laugh, which tells that "old Time" has broken the voice, but not the heart.

I followed up the stairs to the very end of the long house. Before a plain door the old gentleman turned around:

"You were so good at guessing before, suppose you try again."

"That looks like a closet door, and this must be the end of the house. Did you shut them up to meditate on the dark deeds they had committed, and the darker prospects before them if they didn't reform?"

"Again that cheery, chuckling, warm-hearted, crackling laugh!"

The door opened on a long, roof-lighted, plainly finished room, with a stove at one end, a swing hanging on the rafters, and a tangle of alms on the other. Scattered round were a rocking horse, minus a head; a rag baby, minus head and arms; a little doll with cracked face and dress as torn as if she had been rasping; a wheelbarrow all but the wheel, an elephant who had lost his trunk, a modern traveller; cotton flannel rabbits, some with one ear, some with one leg, and some with none; a doll's cradle with unmade bed; fighting cocks who had lost all the feathers they ever had, and whose frames marvellously resembled pumpkin seeds; apple seeds, yelvet mice, but who in all the years had never reached their bag of "meal"; and a pair of turtles, whose clove claws did not seem to move them the least along life's pathway; broken tea-sets; a box all unstrung. What matter? Since no arrow was left rankling in the parent's heart!

"Just as the children left them," said the mother. "We often come up here, but never touch anything!"

"No," said the father, "I like it as they left it, sitting down in an old-fashioned arm chair inside the door."

"This was my chair where I used to come sometimes and sit and see them enjoy themselves. My wife couldn't have the children making a noise, and running over and littering up the house, so I took this back woodshed chamber, and finished it off, and gave it to the children. There were to be no playthings too nice to play with or to break; no punishment for the natural, joyous outbursts of exuberant child-life. Their little friends might come up the back stairway and play with them. For children must have companionship, and noise is necessary to their happiness, and I love to hear it. No quarrelling or cheating or falsehood was allowed here, banishment for a specified time being the punishment."

"Yes," said the mother, "and if you are a naughty child you cannot go to the play-room to-day," was often the only threat necessary. This room stood the children instead of many a whipping, and was a great happiness to them, and a great relief to me."

"And last year when the Judge—my little curly-haired Willie only such a little while ago—broke in the mother with a touch of gentle sadness in her voice.

"But now a strong, noble man!" exclaimed the father with an exultant pride in his voice.

"But no smarter than Edward and Charles and Frank. But what was I saying—Oh! last year when he was home, he came up here and said, 'I believe this room kept us out of bad company, and made us what we are. Look at A, and B, and C; they were kept so strict at home they had to run off, and then were scolded and whipped and shut up for having sought some amusement and enjoyment, until they hated home and their parents. Who is to blame if, as soon as they could, they found their pleasure and spent their time away from home and home influence. Had my parents been like their parents, I, too, should have been lost in this world—and the next.'"

"A noble tribute to his parents!"

"But I don't think our boys were naturally inclined to be vicious."

"Well, I don't know, wife, what might have been, but I do know it never did them any harm to have their home the pleasantest place in all the world to them.—*Mother at Home*.

### VICTORS OR—VANQUISHED.

How many a public man has had his whole career decided by his course on some one great question of right! The emergency has put him to the test. He is led up into some mount of temptation, where some plausible, and powerful iniquity bids him bow down to it, and promises him in return "all the world and the glory thereof." From that mount of trial he comes down, a hero, or—a fool. He is either victor, or vanquished. The die is cast. If he has been true to the right, then the advocates of right will be true to him; if not, his bones will be left bleaching on the road to a promotion he can never reach. The history of American politics, and of most of our moral reforms, furnishes abundant illustrations of this fact.

Every man's life is a battle-field. That was a hard struggle for N. Ripley Cobb, of Boston, when he decided to accumulate no more than \$50,000 during his life, and to give all the surplus to the treasury of the Lord. But after the noble resolution was once taken, covetousness was a vanquished passion in that good man's breast forever. He had come off more than conqueror. With Joseph, the decisive struggle was in Potiphar's house; he came out a victor. With David, the struggle was on his house-top; he came down vanquished.

How many a minister of Christ has been sorely beset by the smooth-tongued spirit of "worldly wisdom." Policy has suggested to him a treacherous silence on some great and exciting question of moral right. His "yes" or his "no!" has either called forth from his Master the precious benediction, Well done good and faithful! or else such an upbraiding look as that Master gave to the denying, cowardly Peter in Pilot's hall. We all have our moral Waterloos and Gottleburgs, where we win, or else lose the crown of Christian character. When these decisive conflicts come on between our conscience on the one side and the world's seductive suggestions on the other side, let us try to observe a few simple rules of moral warfare:

1. Never place "on guard" a doubtful principle. Your sentinel will be quite sure to betray you.

2. Never change your position in the face of the enemy. This policy cost the Russians their defeat at Austerlitz. It has cost many a disgraced defeat in spiritual warfare.

3. Never abandon the high ground of right for the low lands of policy, or mere "expediency." Before you are aware, you will be caught in the thickets, or else mired in the morasses of ruin.

4. Put on the whole armor of God. An exposed spot may admit the fatal weapons of the foe. A certain king of Israel was wounded through the joints of his harness. A Christian's back is a very vulnerable part; but he can only be hit there when he begins to retreat.

With Christ on your side, never surrender! It is said that but few of the old Imperial Guard survived the wreck of Waterloo. Towards the sunset of that long, bloody day, when the scarred veterans of fifty fights were summoned to lay down their arms, they cried out, "The old guards can die; but they cannot surrender." Jesus, the Captain of our salvation, could die for us, and did die for us. But He could not desert us. "He saved others; Himself He could not save." Blessed is that Christian soldier who endures to the end! He shall be saved; and to him belongeth the crown of glory in the paradise of God.

The decisive encounter of the campaign of life is between Christ's claims and commands—and the thousand temptations of sin presented to every soul. On the issue of this battle hangs our eternity. Faith, prayer, obedience bring victory. Unbelief, impotence, or even procrastination bring ruin. Heaven is the home of the victorious. Hell is the doom of the vanquished.—*T. L. Cuyler*.

### HINDUISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

Under the term Hinduism, we have all shades of religious belief. It embraces Monotheism just as distinctly as Polytheism, with all the endless divisions under each. No other word covers such varied and contradictory systems. Polytheism holds the masses of India with its multiplied rites and ceremonies, and in it we have a specimen of what the human mind is capable of reaching, unassisted by revelation. There is a representation of the god of wisdom in a temple reared in the most noted Brahminical city of India, and of the worship that is paid to Ganes, the god of wisdom, who is ever pictured with an elephant's head. In India it is seen how man has changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and to four-footed beasts and creeping things. A pantheon better replenished exists in no other nation and among no other people. They worship everything but the true God.

Benares is regarded by the Hindus as the most sacred city in the world. It stands in the centre of the earth, and all around it is holy ground—so holy that the greatest sinner dying within ten miles of it is sure of bliss. Predication, or forestage of pilgrims from all parts of the land; the water taken from the Ganges by its ghats, is carried throughout the whole country; its temples are counted by the hundreds; it swarms with Brahmins, and its idols are more numerous than the men who live in it.

Hinduism is interwoven with the whole social, civil, political, and religious life of the people. It is buttressed in every possible way, and from its very nature it holds out everything to its votaries but the truth. Suited to the unenlightened heart, that heart loves and clings to it, and hates Christianity for its purity, strictness, and demands. In

the former, self is enthroned, pampered, and gratified; in the latter, it is abused and mortified. In the one, custom is mighty, yea, mightier than law; in the other, changes are demanded in all the modes of thought, social usages, and religious rites of the people, and these are abhorred to all their ideas of right and justice. Hinduism can adapt itself to all the desires of the human heart and to all shades of belief, and can even place Jesus in its pantheon; but the religion of the cross is unchangeable in its requirements, and the people must suit themselves to it and not it to the people. The antiquity of the Bible is as yesterday when compared with the vast cycles embraced in their Shasters, and the miracles of Jesus are nothing when contrasted to the facts of their gods.

This stupendous, far-reaching, and all-embracing system of error is greatly strengthened by caste, which permeates every form of society and holds all in its chilling yet iron grasp. It is hedged around with divinity and its very evils give it a fearful power in holding the people under Brahminic sway. With this gigantic system, Christianity has come into conflict, and the battle has to be waged over every part of India. The Hindu mind is now alive to this fact, and many are in no doubt as to its issue. They believe that Christianity is doomed to triumph, yea, they fortify their position with some prophetic utterance, that all the people will be of one caste and one religion. This feeling is shown in the following incident: A Christian village, under the care of the Church Missionary Society, was founded in 1844 at Benares. It attracted the attention of the heathen around, as they saw that Christianity was becoming rooted in the ground. A landlord, in his reproof of the owner who had given the land, said: "See the mischief you have done; these mission-aries at first had only two bungalows for themselves; then they erected an institution; after this a village; again they build a church; now they take in the field adjoining the church, next they will make a road across a tank, and will take in all the ground between the two roads. Thus they spread from east to west, and from north to south, until, finally, all India will belong to them and their people."

In this speech lies a great truth—nothing less than the whole of India for Christ. This the church must feel, and in all her movements and prayers labor to accomplish. It is a noble country, and no one has claims on it equal to Jesus. It is embraced in the commission and is wrapped up in the command in Ps. ii. 8. This the church in her different branches is beginning to perceive, and in her aggressive efforts is slowly striving to accomplish. Much has been done for India's evangelization; but, considering the greatness of the undertaking and what is yet to be achieved, it is only the beginning of the work of her regeneration.—*Missionary*.

### HOPE.

Hope is not a phenomenon of the will,—not a voluntary state of the mind. It is not what we see, or have in possession, as to its objects; for the apostle says, "For what man seeth why doth he yet hope for? but if we hope for what we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." Hope is a phenomenon, both of the intellect and sensibility. It is complex. In common parlance, it is compounded of desire and expectation. A mere desire is not hope; neither is expectation hope. A rational hope, then, must include both desire and expectation.

Hope, to be rational, must be founded in reason. The desire must be reasonable, as there can be no rational desire that is not in accordance with reason, neither can there be rational expectation if it is not founded in reason. Hope must rest on evidence. It must be indulged on the bare ground of possibility, for there are many things possible that we have no assurance will ever occur. A hope indulged without evidence, or against testimony, is vain; and such hope must, sooner or later, perish. There may be some grounds for hope, when hope does not exist. The mind may be so occupied with other subjects that everything of a religious nature may be crowded out; whereas if the attention were called to the subject of salvation, and held there, hope might be indulged. There may be sufficient grounds for hope, but where there is neither desire nor expectation there is no hope entertained.

The divine Benevolence has made ample arrangements for the salvation of men; yet the hearts of sinners may be so taken up with opposing influences as to fail to apprehend the evidence, and consequently fail to desire or expect anything in the line of spiritual good. There may be foundations laid, and yet no superstructure reared thereon. There is ground in the love of God as exhibited in the atonement; but persons paying no attention to it fail to enjoy hope.

Hope may vary indefinitely in degree. Hope is strengthened by experience. "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope." All that enters into Christian life and experience has a tendency to increase the degree of hope. We are also enabled to "abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Spirit." By the Holy Spirit we may be led to more exalted views of spiritual realities. The "Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us."

Hope is also increased by believing. The stronger the faith the more intense is the desire and the more earnest the expectation. An intelligent and conscious willingness to use all the means necessary for the consummating of hope will increase our anticipation of future good. Predication, or forecast of future blessing, will strengthen hope. Abiding joy, a deep peace during our earthly sojourn will increase our hope and greatly assist us to abide therein. The Christian's hope is "steadfast, and enters into that within the veil."

A false hope may be induced by imbibing false views. A person may indulge the belief or notion that God will eventually save all men. Now here is a hope that has no foundation in evidence. Another way to induce a false hope is by denying the evidences of acceptance with God. False philosophy inspires fallacious hope.

It affirms that no man can know whether he is in favor with God in this life. All this is in direct opposition to the repeated and positive declarations of the word of God. Many persons, because they have no evidence of a justified relation with God, endeavour to make out that no one has such assurances. The highest aspirations, such persons have is that they hope they are Christians. This is a monstrous absurdity! The Bible contemplates that the assurance or earnest of our inheritance is to be realized here; the heavenly state hereafter. Persons may inspire a false hope in themselves by pretending to be Christians when they are not. These are what the word of God denominates hypocrites; and the same authority declares that "the hope of the hypocrite shall perish."

It is not intended here that every one who pretends to be a follower of Christ, and is not converted to him, is guilty of the sin above alluded to; for doubtless there are those that are deceived, and for aught we know they may remain so, and carry their false hope to the bar of God, saying, "Have we not professed in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and done many wonderful works?" But Christ will say, "I never knew you."

A false hope may be entertained by depending on an experience in the past, when there is no Christian life at present. This was the case with the church at Ephesus. They had left their first love. Christ's message to them was, "Repent and do the first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly; and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent." J. GOODIN.

### PLEASANT WORK.

Let us come down to particulars. The work of haying can be made especially pleasant:

1. *By beginning early.* There is a joy in working when your labor produces the best and highest results. There is a comfort in cutting fresh grass and curing it for your cows—in such a way as will bring for them the most satisfaction and the most good—that is never found in mowing dead-ripe stalks that they would not touch when green, and only will to prevent starvation when gathered into the barn. Besides if you are driven by your work—perplexed as to which field to cut first, when all are waiting, and wasting—all the delights of the season vanish.

2. *Plan beforehand.* Each day's work should have the distinctness of a campaign in the director's mind when the morning comes. It is generally best to settle the prominent points the night before, and which once decided upon, all vacillation or change is for the worse.

3. *Insist upon promptness.* Make each man do his work in time specified, and at the time specified. An hour's delay will sometimes disarrange a whole week. It is like a battalion in an army failing to put in an appearance when ordered.

4. *Never leave till to-morrow what can be done to-day.* If you have an hour at night, grind the scythes then, and do not wait till morning. If you have a load of hay in the wagon at six o'clock in the afternoon, pitch it off then, and not wait till the morning. If there is a cloudy day, now uneven places with a scythe, and not wait till sunshine—you will be needed elsewhere then; and thus in every department keeping yourself master of the situation—driving the work instead of the work driving you.

By so doing the pleasure that naturally comes of the season and of the business will be doubled, and instead of discomfort and distraction, there will be joy in what you are doing and in what you do.—*Heath and Howe*.

### WIDOWS' SONS.

Many of the illustrious men whose names blazon the page of history were the sons of women early left widows. Julius Caesar lost his father at the age of fifteen. This, De Quincy says, was a decided advantage to him, as it "prematurely developed the masculine features of his character, forcing him while yet a boy under the discipline of civil conflict and the yoke of practical life, without which even his energies would have been insufficient to sustain them." When Napoleon was sixteen his mother became a widow. Left with scanty means for the support and education of eight children, she devoted all her energies to the rearing of her family, with what marvellous success the whole world knows. The brightest character in the annals of our country, or of any country, was at the age of eleven left fatherless. But his mother was eminently qualified, both by nature and religion, to train her children in ways of highest virtue. She united to a strong mind and sound judgment great simplicity of manners, honesty, energy and truthfulness, and took unwearied pains to cultivate in her children the same noble qualities. In literature there are few names more brilliant than those of Sir William Jones and Sir William Mackintosh. These were the sons of widows who devoted their lives to the education of their children. An acute observer for fifty years of the rise and growth of prominent men, in one of our principal cities, was remarking in our hearing the eminent success that the widows of her acquaintance had had in rearing their sons. One reason of it no doubt springs from the nature of things. A fatherless boy, with a noble mother at once to protect and lean upon him, is stimulated by every motive that can appeal to a fine nature. He is urged to supply the place of husband and son, to represent worthily the family dignity, and realize all the aspirations of his fond parent and his own ardent soul. High position and substantial achievement he must win for himself. A conscientious and ambitious mother cannot have stronger incentives to do all that can be done in the formation of noble character than she who feels responsible for the entire education and success of her children. Of many a timid, retiring, dependent, self-deprecating woman widowhood has made a heroine. The great world may never hear of her triumphs, but they are treasured in the hearts of her family, they are all recorded in the book of