

# 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, APRIL 28, 1871.

Whole No. 901.

## THOMAS LOGAN

Has received, and now opened, per "City of Dublin," via Halifax:

SIX BALES

## NEW CARPETINGS;

ONE BALE

## HEARTH RUGS

AND

## Door Mats;

ONE CASE

## ENGLISH OIL CLOTHS,

1, 1½, 2 and 3 yards wide;

ONE CASE

## NEW DRESS GOODS.

An inspection is solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, April 7, 1871.

## ALBION HOUSE.

—JUST RECEIVED—

ONE CASE COTTON FLANNELS,

THREE CASES COTTON BATTS.

Will be sold low.

To arrive per Steamer CALEDONIA, from Liverpool, due

at St. John, 10th inst.:

30 Cases and Bales of

## New Goods,

personally selected by J. THOMAS, in the English markets.

Balance to arrive per TROJAN, from London, and the

ALEXANDRIA, from Liverpool, comprising,

A SELECT ASSORTMENT OF

## CHOICE GOODS,

and will be sold at

Lowest Living Profits.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, April 11, 1871.

## The Intelligencer.

### TAKING UP THE CROSS.

It was the hour of sunrise in Berlin. The atmosphere, all aglow with golden light, was deliciously clear and cool, and the public squares and promenades of the city were already filled with citizens of all ranks and ages—single or in groups, alone or in families—enjoying the fresh air in the out-of-door manner so universal upon the Continent.

A youth walked slowly along the quiet Oranienberger Strasse, and lingered a moment opposite one of its substantial and handsome houses. It was the home of a beloved uncle, which had always been to him and where he had long and earnestly up at its windows, and it was with a suppressed groan that he passed on, repeating softly to himself, "Whose loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

Emerging soon from the sombre street upon the open promenade by the river side, he wandered on and on—absorbed in what seemed a painful thought—until evening had closed in upon the gay capital. Although very young—not more than sixteen years of age—some great care had already stamped itself upon his boyish features. His large, dark, soft eyes, low, broad forehead, and masses of black hair, were those of the races of southern Europe, but the aquiline nose, combined with the full mouth and strong, square jaw, betrayed unmistakably Jewish blood.

As it grew darker, he appeared more and more to abandon himself to his melancholy. Now and then his lips would move and his eyes look upward as if in prayer, and sometimes he would pause, quite forgetful of things around him, and gaze into the darkness as if endeavoring to pierce some dreaded, unknown future. Turning at length to retrace his steps, his strength seemed to give way, under the burden of some terrible sorrow, and leaning against the pillar of a large gateway and drawing himself into its deep shadow, he said in a low voice, which was almost a wail, "Oh, God, thou knowest—I am only a boy—and to leave them all! To leave them all! I am only a boy yet. I feel so helpless. How can I ever do it?" His voice was choked by sobs, and his tears fell like rain, before he could speak again.

"Sometimes I do not know what is right and what is wrong. 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' says our holy law, and Christ himself said, 'I come not to destroy, but to fulfill the law'; but he said also, 'let the dead bury their dead,' and 'whoever loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.' Great Messiah, my honored Lord, my dear Master, teach thy poor young disciple what he should do!"

His voice became inaudible, but it was evident that he prayed long and earnestly—evident, too, that a composure, which was the "peace of God," had entered his grief-torn soul—for, when he left his place of prayer, his brow was lifted, and his step had the elasticity which befit his age.

The many clocks of Berlin were just announcing mid-day, and the air was still full of their sweet harmonies, when the same youth, whose profound agitation some days previous we have just described, stood in the deep recess of a window, looking out into the busy New Friederick Strasse. He was quite alone, in a large and fine apartment. The walls on either side, covered with valuable well-kept books, the massive black oak table in the middle of the room piled with volumes and littered with papers, told of the habitual presence of a man of letters, while the varieties of luxurious easy chairs, niched here and there in comfortable corners or standing in the recesses of the large windows, told at once not only of the cultivated taste of the occupant of the apartment, but of his love of ease also.

The boy-man, who continued listlessly to watch the passing by of the outside world, was very pale, but gave no evidence of unusual motion except when startled by some sound within the house, when a look of painful expectancy would disturb his handsome features.

He had not long to wait. A gentleman past middle age, of somewhat heavy make, and with strongly marked features, entered the room and took possession of the large arm-chair which stood at the end of the library table; and, in another moment, a lady somewhat younger, elaborately dressed; a lovely young girl of about fourteen years and a little boy of twelve, having a remarkable delicate contour of face and figure, and strangely expressive eyes, followed. Before they were seated, another elderly gentleman—holding his hat and gloves in his hand—joined them, who was warmly welcomed by all parties, including the youth, who now left his position by the window and came forward to greet his uncle, his dearly loved uncle, the only brother of his mother. The father, Herr Weinberg, of whose literary tastes we have spoken, filled a professor's chair in one of the colleges of Berlin; while his brother-in-law was one of the physicians of his Majesty the King. Both gentlemen, though of Jewish nationality, were men of high standing, respected alike for wisdom, integrity and learning.

This little family group had come together in order to unite their efforts with the young Christian, to reason and to plead with him against his decision to join himself openly to the detested sect. As soon, therefore, as the Doctor was well seated, the Professor commenced by stating the case to him, already pretty well known, and then turning affectionately to his son, said to him: "And now, my dear Hans, I have asked your uncle to be present with us to-day while I make one more appeal to your reason and to your affections, for the sake of your parents, of your sister, and of your poor little brother, who, denied the gift of speech, and loving you so entirely, begs us to plead for him also. You remember your grandfather, my honored father—can you hope to excel him in any virtue? Was not his intellect of a most superior order, and had he not deliberately decided against the claims of this so-called Christ? Can you hope

to die more at peace with God, the world, and your own soul, than he did? Your mother's father—can you imagine a more lovely example of old age than you see in him? Have you detected any failure in the uprightness, or tenderness, or fidelity of your parents throughout your whole life? Will your new religion make you wiser or better than your parents. Oh, my boy, remember, too, all our care, our love, our constant sacrifices of personal comfort for your sake. What can you do for so many years of affectionate solicitude? You can never return our benefits—we have given them without thought of return. But one thing—only one—we now ask; only one thing we beg—that you will not renounce the ancient, honored creed of your father: that you will remain with us to bless, with your filial tenderness, the coming years of our old age; we ask only that you will not bow our heads in shame, or break our hearts with a grief greater than any other which can fall upon us. Your sister and brother who are now weeping so bitterly, and who love you so deeply—can you deny to them the protection of an elder brother, and to the other, afflicted though he is, and unable to communicate his thoughts and feelings except to those with whom he has grown up since infancy, the comfort, the joy, the pride he takes in your brotherly love and care? Your mother intended to speak to you, but you see she can only weep; but her tears should be eloquent to your heart. She scarcely sleeps, she scarcely takes food enough to sustain life. She mourns the worse than death of her first born. Ah, my poor boy, I remember all her faithful love and care for you, though much of it you cannot, and much of it you will not. If you will let this matter drop until you become of age, a few years hence, pursue your studies as heretofore, enjoy our love and protection, the comforts of your home, the special pleasures of your own rooms, your beautiful chamber and fine library; in short, if you will be what you have been to us a dutiful and affectionate son and brother, when you come of age, if you still think and feel as you do now, we will make no further opposition to your profession of Christianity."

He ceased to speak. Many times while thus pleading with his oldest son, his first born, always so important a member of a Jewish family, he had been obliged to pause, overcome by strong emotion; but now he had recovered himself, and sat looking calmly into his son's face while he awaited his answer. Dr. Behren, now laying his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of his favorite nephew, added his entreaties to those of his brother-in-law—"Only wait—my dear. Surely this is not asking much. You are very young—too young to form an opinion upon so grave a subject. What will become of you if you become a castaway from our holy faith? You do not realize the consequences. You lose home and its priceless affections. Think of this. Look around upon us all and think whether you can or ought to desert us! You lose wealth, position, comforts. Where will you find even a subsistence; to whom will you go? Remembering, too, that we solemnly believe that you will imperil your soul by forsaking your faith. Is not our judgment more likely to be right than yours?"

The boy, or, as we shall call him, Hans, made several efforts to speak before he could command his voice sufficiently to do so. He had become deadly pale, and trembled violently, but the lines of decision about his mouth had not relaxed. "Father," he said, at last, "let me do what I think right to do. I have thought over all these dreadful results with so much pain that I am almost ill. But I cannot come to any other conclusion than that I must not act at once. You will not allow me to be a Christian, either publicly by profession or privately in my course of conduct, while under your roof. This you distinctly refuse. If I am to become a Christian, you say I must give up my home. This is a terribly hard thing for me to do; and if I go away from your protection and care, I do not know what will become of me. But I am quite sure if I do what is right, your God and my God will not let me starve. If I remain here, enjoying all earth's pleasures and daily denying the Messiah in whom I believe, and this during the period of years yet to come before I am of age, I feel that He will leave me to myself that His Holy Spirit will not continue to dwell in my heart. I may die in that time, and where, then, would I place my bet? I will try and maintain myself. If I can get to America, where there are so many of our countrymen, and where wages for all sorts of labor are so high, I shall hope, with God's blessing, to succeed in everything I undertake. Only let me go in peace! Love me still—oh! please love me still—and write to me still, and I will never cease to love you all most tenderly. I cannot say any more."

It was enough those who loved him were very angry with him, and he went out from them all, an outcast. Severe, indeed, to the tender-hearted, tender-hearted youth, were the hardships of a cabin boy on board a Bremen steamer. At first the overpowering sea-sickness, then the incessant toil, the irregular sleep, the sore hands, the sailors' jokes—all very hard to bear. But none of these things depressed him. His heart fainted only when there came to him memories of home—dear parents, sister, brother, uncle and those rooms of his own in his father's house in which he had spent so many happy hours, surrounded by his large and well selected library, and immersed in the studies that he loved. But then there would come to him these words, "The Son of Man hath no where to lay his head." "The disciple is not above his Master." And when most saddened by remembrances of those he loved, the voice of his dear Lord would thus speak comfort to his heart: "Whoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother;" and, "Whoever loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

Having procured a letter of introduction from a Protestant pastor at Berlin to another at New York, Hans soon found himself surrounded by Christian friends, and joyfully gave himself to all their good works, especially to that of ministering among his own people. His success was so marked that his wish to enter the ministry was warmly approved by pious friends, and in order that he might prepare himself properly to enter a Theological Institution, they procured him a situation in a Western college, in which he could maintain himself by daily toil while pursuing his studies. There, combining talents of a high order with a love of learning and habits of industry, he has won his way to the foremost position in his class, and there our little narrative leaves him, steadfastly and humbly following his Saviour, and strong in the faith that God will yet answer his prayers and turn the hearts of his dear ones at home to the Messiah he adores, and that in some, perhaps, not distant future, he will again be to them and they to him, as in the dear bright past.

Meanwhile, those of us who know his history, thank God as we see manifested in him that same measure of grace, which, enabling him in these latter days to put aside honors, riches, country, and even family love, strengthened also the saints and martyrs of old to meet the horrors of the stake or the bloody arena with fortitude, gratitude and joy.—N. Y. Observer.

### TRUST IN THE LORD.

Multitudes have perished, perished eternally, but not one of them trusting in the Lord. Not one soul staying itself in humble reliance on God, has ever been cast away. All manner of lessons will man learn besides, but how slow he is to receive that, the earliest and most taught in the sacred volume, reliance on Jehovah. This trust is the concord and harmony of the inhabitants of the celestial world. The want of it on earth is the chief source of disquietude, discord, and disaster to Christ's militant host. His soldiers are too often weak in their own strength; too rarely strong in implicit reliance on his promises. Their defeats are but exemplifications of truths which he has made known, and are to his glory, as showing the truth of his warnings, though exhibitions of the verity of his gracious promises would, doubtless, be more acceptable to him, as well as more happy to his people.

Many can say, "If he will give me a sign, I will trust him," and yet sign after sign given would be met with calls for their being supplemented by more, and those more wonderful. It would seem to be easy to trust the Lord when his hand of blessings is almost visible, and when his hand of protection canopies our heads, almost as a visible shield. Faith in the Lord may seem quite natural when his dispensations are to the furtherance of our most cherished personal wishes. But when God's providences gather like dark clouds; when our hopes are blasted and our fondly cherished desires are set at naught; when our loftiest aspirations are humbled in the dust; when the cherished ideal of our own life-struggle and its consequent victories that it is to sum, Time's resistless wave, how hard it is to sum, non faith for such an hour. It then seems like a palpable contradiction of facts before the eye of the carnal soul. It seems not only to insist upon an incredible thing, but also an impossible one. Yet such faith is in accordance with truth. It is the most precious requirement and gift of Jehovah; and it is the safety and happiness and salvation of a soul lashed by the trials and persecutions of earth. Happy is he that can say of the Lord, like Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." The strength of such a one is in the Lord; hence it may be truly said to be like the strength of a unicorn. This trust in God, which is sufficient for the most soul-confounding trial, carries with it salvation and eternal glory. May it be yours, dear reader.—Ee.

### FACTS FOR CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

When it is stated that there are 300,000,000 of women still in the darkness of heathen night, and in the bondage of heathen superstition and tyranny, the statement is difficult to comprehend, because we can scarcely conceive of so vast a concourse of people. Suppose that these millions of degraded women were to rise up and pass in review before us, their Christian sisters, marching so that we could count sixty persons each minute. They pass by us at this rate all the day for twelve long hours, and we find that 43,000 have passed us. Again the second day the procession moves on, and day after day, until on the twenty-fourth day we find that one million have been counted. Thus these women move on in their fearful darkness, bearing on their bodies and in their countenances marks of their degradation and misery. Days grow to months, and months to years, and still the procession moves on. She who started as a pretty, innocent little girl, has grown to womanhood, yet with all that is lovely, noble, and pure in her nature crushed out in her growth. For twenty long years we must stand and count ere we number the last of this sorrowful procession of 300,000,000 heathen women, whom Satan hath bound in such galling chains "to, these many years."

While this procession is imaginary, the numbers and condition that it shows are awful facts that should move our hearts and hands to worthy deeds for the redemption of these lost ones. Will Christian women continue to spend so much time, talent and money to adorn their dying bodies, and leave these immortal souls uncared for, to perish for lack of knowledge? Let us view these millions in yet another aspect. Behold them as they pass away from this world, beyond the reach of our aid, into that future which has always been so dark and dreadful to them. How rapidly the procession moves now, resting not day nor night, for death knows no rest. In one hour eight hundred pass through death's door, and enter that, to them, dark future. Their heathen friends are seen burning lights on their sacred streams, or on their graves, to try to remove a little of the gloom and terror that rests down upon their souls; but how hopeless the task. While we pause to consider the condition of those who thus pass away, the procession moves on, until in a single day twenty thousand have passed away. Do not these facts teach us that what we do must be done quickly? Twenty thousand

heathen women, with all their sin, with their fear of death, and their dread of the awful future, pass into eternity, on an average, every day. It is indeed a fearful sight to see these millions hastening to destruction, but is it not almost as melancholy a sight to see Christian women quietly, carelessly sleeping the while, instead of putting forth the most strenuous efforts to save them?—Heathen Woman's Friend.

### NOTHING LEFT BEHIND.

The reader of Caesar's Commentaries will remember that one day the country of the Helvetii was clouded with smoke. The people had resolved on a permanent invasion of the country of the Gauls. That there might be nothing to tempt them back after once starting, they resolved to burn everything habitable and eatable. From the villages the grain-fields long coils of flame went writhing and twisting like snakes, eating up everything. As the invading bands filed away out of their native land, some house hitherto untouched might have been noticed. It was soon cracking in the flames. Over in the fields may have been left some tempting plot of grain; ashes soon took its place. So the emigrating nation was lighted out of its country by bonfires its own hands had kindled. They had gone for good. They had put the torch to everything. Nothing had been left behind to tempt them back. They meant to be thorough in their work. I cannot but think what a lesson is here taught. I look around me, and see many people beginning a religious life. Just now, some one in that adjoining street may be starting off for a new land of promise. This very day a Sabbath-school scholar begins the journey. Some one reading this may have already said, "It is time for me to be returning to the Father's house." You are on your way to the cross. Then be sure that you leave nothing behind to tempt you back. Put the torch to everything that might draw you back, and burn it up. Right where the tempting thing is let there be a heap of ashes immediately.

"Do you think it is wrong to go to the theatre?" said a young friend to me in prayer-meeting. She had been interested in the subject of religion. As I hear her asking the question, as I recall the look of inquiry on her face, I am sad. She has left something behind to draw her soul back. There is a little fire she has got to kindle—an old desire to burn up. I recall the case of another who could not let go the pleasures of this world. "Filthy rags," I know—all these sinful pleasures of the world; they will quickly disappear in the flames of the "last day." And yet some people do so love to make them out of the dirt! A celestial crown is not bright enough to win these lovers of the world to the "far country." They will not leave rags for righteousness, set fire to the former, and move off in a new life. Fire is the price though. It must be. Nothing can be left behind.

There sometimes occur cases of what I call evil disguised, where something is left behind, and perhaps a person does not know it. "I'll try," is that disguise sometimes. To say "I'll try to serve God" may not sound objectionable; and yet that "I'll try" may cover a great evil. If we only knew what an enemy lay hid under that cover to tempt and call us back, we would burn him out and destroy him immediately. What God asks for and insists on is the full commitment of the soul to him; no reservation to be made, nothing to be left behind. God wants the "I will," "I'll try to do my duty," may come from a half-surrendering spirit. You must burn that "I'll try," and start with "I will." "I'll try and see what my feelings are," said a young woman to me. Nothing came of her interest that I am aware of.

I think there is a good deal of experimenting in spiritual things. Persons are afraid to commit themselves to God fully; afraid to start off into a new country, everything destroyed behind them. There is nothing behind to which they can go back. Can they just trust God to meet them and bless them in the future? Venture out. Make a thorough commitment of yourself to God. If you are halting, halt no longer. Be sure, though, that you leave nothing behind to call you back—no sinful pleasure, no reserved object of your ambition or affection. Don't experiment. Let no distrust of God linger behind to call you back. With a swift hand put the torch to every wrong thing. Leave nothing, nothing behind.—Christian Banner.

### BROTHERLY LOVE.

"By this," said the beloved disciple, "we know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

This language is a proof text—a test of regeneration. So we are accustomed to regard and use it. Such use none will regard as unauthorized. Its pertinency, its significance, its forcefulness, no one will call in question. Indeed the inspired apostle insists upon brotherly love as an indispensable trait of Christian character. If one "loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" But surely these words of holy writ are meant for the closest possible personal application. They are given to the entire membership of the body of Christ; and nobody who deliberately ignores, or positively and persistently turns away from, their requirements, has any right to call or consider himself a disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Now, if this be true, both the pulpit and the pew should not only teach, but illustrate and enforce it, by something more than words, more than hand-shakings, more than fair speeches. Brotherly love will seek another's good, another's welfare, the increase of another's influence for the Master's sake, as well as one's own; and will rejoice in all the good labors, in all the good results of toils, in all the answers to prayer, in which others may be interested. Brotherly love will not be jealous or envi-

ous of others; will not indulge in hard, carping criticisms; will not show itself in whisperings and backbitings, and the utterance of suspicions and fears; but will cherish good will and loving desires; will move to earnest prayer; will do whatsoever it can for a brother's prosperity and usefulness.—Journal and Messenger.

### HE MISTOOK THE LIGHT.

And what was the consequence? Why, one of the largest steamships in the world, with a rich cargo, and a company of 300 souls on board, was wrecked, in a dark and stormy night, on the most dangerous part of the coast of Ireland. The noble ship, which cost upwards of £200,000, left her port that very afternoon in fine trim, and with every prospect of a safe and speedy voyage, and at nine o'clock she was thumping upon the rocks—the sea breaking over her with terrific violence, and threatening to send people, ship, and cargo to instant destruction.

But how could they mistake the light? Were the captain and his officers on the lookout? Yes. Was the chart closely examined? Yes. And were the common precautions taken to keep the ship on her proper course? Yes; all this was done.

How then could she have met with such a sad disaster? Why, because a light appeared which was not noted on the chart, and the captain was deceived by it! He mistook it for another light that was on the coast, and so, when he supposed he was running out to sea, he was really running in upon the breakers! How great a mistake, and how terrible the consequences!

Every reader of these lines is sailing on a more hazardous voyage than the Great Britain attempted, and has the command of a nobler vessel, and a richer freight than hers; yes, richer than all the treasures of the world! Thousands of plans are laid to mislead and divert him from his course. False lights are purposely held out to betray him, and tides and currents of almost resistless power, set against him from every point of the compass. Will he steer clear of them all? Shall we see him push out into the broad sea, with a bright sky, a fair wind, and sails all set for the desired haven? Will he accomplish the voyage, and his fears and perils all be exchanged for the tranquility and joy of a happy home?

It will depend on two things—1. Whether he has the true chart, and takes good heed to it. It is known as the Holy Scriptures, and it lays down the position of every light on the voyage; and he may be sure that any light that is not found upon the chart is to be shunned. 2. Whether he commits himself and the whole direction of the voyage, to him whose footsteps are on the sea, and who rides upon the wings of the wind.—Ee.

### AN EFFECTIVE PLEA.

The Boston Transcript tells of a colored preacher, of good ability, and of excellent character and influence who had been for many years permitted undisturbed to hold religious meetings with the colored people, even without the presence of two white persons, as the law required. At last, on one occasion, with seven of his followers, he was arrested by some mischievous young men, who proposed to whip "Uncle Jack" and his fellows. One of the young men said to him:

"Well, old fellow, you are the ring-leader of all the meetings, and we have been anxious to catch you—now, what have you got to say for yourself?" "Nothing at all, master," was the reply. "What! nothing to say against being whipped! how is that?" "I have been wondering for a long time," said he, "how it was that so good a man as the Apostle Paul should have been whipped three times for preaching the Gospel, while such an unworthy man as I am should have been permitted to preach, for twenty years without ever getting a lick."

The young men, after hearing, not his defence, but his reason for not making a defence, without further threatening or annoyance released him and his trembling associates.

A CHINESE METHODIST.—The Rev. L. N. Wheeler, of Peking, gives the following account of one who belongs to the Methodist New Connexion Mission: "He is a literary man, possessing the fifth degree in official rank or standing. He is seventy-two years of age, although he calls himself only ten years old, considering the sixty-two years spent without a knowledge of the true God as worse than lost. Notwithstanding his age and growing infirmities, this remarkable man is fired with zeal for the cause of our Master, and delights to preach the Gospel to his heathen countrymen. He carries a small-print New Testament upon his breast in a bag fastened about his neck, and frequently points to it, or holds it up as he speaks of the precious truths it contains. During the intense suspense and anxiety which followed the Tien-tsin massacre, he would spend whole nights in prayer, and was once found by the missionary prostrate upon the ground engaged in earnest supplication that God might interpose and overrule passing events and cause the wrath of man to praise him.

CUTTING THE HAIR.—There is a common, but false, notion that frequent cutting of the hair is favorable to its growth. Mothers thus often despoil their infants of their first silken locks, with the idea that the second hair will be much more rich and abundant. This is an error. The most beautiful and abounding heads of hair we ever saw were those which the scissors had never touched. Mothers, not satisfied with trimming the hair of their children, often have it shaved or cut off close to the scalp when they find it is losing some of its brilliancy or falling out. Except in rare cases of disease, the total sacrifice of the hair is unnecessary, and the second growth is never equal to the first. Getting the hair trimmed from time to time, may be allowed as a matter of convenience, but it does not produce the benefit generally attributed to it.

"A man," said one of the Jewish fathers, "should be prepared for death the day before; but as he does not know when that day is, he should always be prepared."