

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. 32.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1871.

Whole No. 916.

SEASONABLE GOODS!

The Intelligencer.

THOMAS LOGAN

IS NOW SHOWING A LARGE STOCK OF

**Fancy
DRESS GOODS,**

In all the leading styles.

DRESS MUSLINS,

PARASOLS,

SUN UMBRELLAS,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

BLACK LACE SHAWLS

AND HALF SQUARES,

PRINTED CAMBRICS,

WHITE MARSELS AND PIQUES,

WHITE SERGE,

WHITE CLOTHS,

And all new shades for

LADIES' JACKETS.

NOVELTIES IN LADIES' & CHILDREN'S

HATS,

BOYS' STRAW HATS,

SUN DOWNS.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, June 10, 1871.

ALBION HOUSE.

New Goods,

PER STEAMER "ASSYRIA."

22 CASES AND BALES

NOW OPENING,

Comprising Newest Goods in the Markets, personally selected in the

LONDON MARKETS.

NEW HATS,

BONNETS,

FLOWERS,

RIBBONS,

GLOVES, &c.,

NOW READY FOR INSPECTION,

and will be sold at

Lowest Living Profits.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, May 8, 1871.

6. During the session of the school, mind

your business. Do not be gazing around the

school. Do not try to hear what the teacher

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will not bring them up as if they were moles

under the turf. They shall have whatever

intelligence, refinement, and moral excellence

can give them. And, going to his store in

the morning, after kissing his wife, and

kissing his children, every one, though they

have some of them now come to be bearded,

he thinks, "It is not I. There are ten months as

well as my own." And every time he puts

out his hand and gets a dollar, that dollar

strikes the nerve that runs back to the mother

of his children, and to each one of his children.

And there is not a bargain that brings in an

unexpected thousand dollars, that he does not

say, "Good for them!" And all the while,

night and day, he is thinking or dreaming of

them. And when there comes one of those

sudden tornadoes—for you know that, in the

natural climate, tornadoes sweep over the

equator; and in commerce the equator runs

right through New York city, and through

the Gold-room—(I stood there on the equator

yesterday!)—when there comes one of those

sudden tornadoes, and the clouds are black,

and the winds roar, and the ships and houses

are being upset as in a moment, and all the

man's possessions are, as it were, at the mercy

of the raging elements, what are his thoughts,

as he goes back home with a heavy heart?

"Why," he says, "if I were a young man, and

alone, I would not turn my hand over to save

anything. I do not care for myself. But,

oh! I cannot bear to see my wife and children

reduced to want." And he goes to his room,

and says, "Great God! great God! help me!"

And what are the anguish and agony of his

prayer, but the love which he bears to those

that are more to him than life, or anything

else?

In this great whirligig of a world, there is

nothing stranger than the mating and mismat-

ing of men and women. There is no question

that is more insoluble, and more often asked,

than this, "What on earth ever tempted that

woman to marry that man?" You cannot an-

swer it, I cannot, and she cannot. There is

but one other question like it, and that is,

"What on earth tempted that man to marry

such a woman?" He cannot tell, and she can-

not tell, and nobody can. So it is, and so it

will be, all the time, here, and there, and

everywhere. And while there are some who,

disappointed, rebound and break away into

immoralities, or into an indifference which is

an immorality in the realm of love, there are

others, of a greater soul, who give their whole

life to fidelity in their relation. They know

that they are not alone. They know that there

is that in them which is capable of develop-

ment, but which they have never known.

There are prophecies in themselves, which they

do not want to awaken, of what their soul is

capable of. If they read a book where the

heroism of love is described, they shut the

book, and tears flow from their eyes and they

say, "Oh! what might have been." But that

is not safe, and they banish it, and go on in

the usual way. Early and late they are

faithful.

Look at his wife and mother. See how she

watches over others' interests. There is no

day neglected out love, or love, or love.

The household is well ordered. The children

are well reared. Apparently, life passes in that

family about as well as in any other. But if

you look into that woman's heart, you shall

see that she has laid up the best part of her

love. Her love had no chance to manifest it-

self on earth. And yet, she has done her duty.

She has been a noble woman, a true wife, and

a faithful mother. In her children she has

found a natural outlet for her affection.

But sometimes the children themselves

are frivolous, and thin, and poor. Even they

sometimes bitterly disappoint her. And yet

she is true.

Right over against her is another like her;

but fortune has favored her—God, who is for-

tune; and to her was given one that not only

was her equal, but rose above her. She grew

in him as a sweet and fragrant flower grows

in the side of a great hill, that is its shelter

and nourishment. And all her life was a beau-

tiful life. It ran like a rill down the hillside,

and sang all the time. It was like flowers

that know no summer and no winter.

Looked at outwardly, these two women's

lives seem alike. People seeing them in the

realm of duty in the household, would say that

and rhythmical motion. Boys and girls might

knit hands and beat the ground together in it

to their hearts' content, just as they might

romp together in field or wood. (As a point

of hygiene, and of aesthetic, even, I should

generally insist that it be the ground they

beat, and not the floor, much less a carpeted

floor.) I should have no objection to a dance

in which the participants were exclusively

males, of whatever age, or to one in which

the participants were exclusively females, of

whatever age. I should have no objection to

a dance in which the participation was con-

fined to the brothers and sisters of one house-

hold, and the parents and grandparents, for

that matter, if they liked, might join in it with

the utmost propriety. This style of "parlor

dancing" I would cheerfully permit if I were

the Solon of society. But I should be Draconian

enough to exclude neighbors' children,

intimate friends and consins of every degree,

—as long at least as human nature continues

such—as these marry, and are given in mar-

riage, with each other. These might, to be

sure, be present and witness the Tepsichorean

performances of the family; but I am afraid

that the mere spectacle of such domestic

felicity would be voted a rather tame enter-

tainment. In fact, such is human depravity,

I have my misgivings that the older brothers

and sisters of the household would almost as

lieve to go back to their Sunday-school as to en-

gage in so entirely innocent a diversion.

My accusation is that the dance, instead of

affording an opportunity for mutually en-

nobling companionship between man and wo-

man, inspired with a chaste and sweet inter-

ested remembrance of their contrasted rela-

tionship to each other,—that the dance,

instead of this, consists substantially of a

system of means contrived with more than

human ingenuity to excite the instincts of sex

to action, however subtle and disguised at the

moment, in