

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,]

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1871.

Whole No. 927.

NEW FALL GOODS.

OCTOBER, 1871.

THOMAS LOGAN

Has received per Steamship from London, Liverpool and Glasgow, the greater portion of his

FALL STOCK

OF

STALE AND FANCY Dry Goods!

DRESS GOODS,

In all the novelties for the season.

WOOL SHAWLS,

In New Stripes and Plain Tartans.

TWEEDS AND WINEYS.

VELVETEEN AND CLOTH JACKETS.

A GREAT VARIETY OF

NEW MANTLE CLOTHS.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.

COTTON AND LINEN GOODS

of every description.

Clouds, Sontags, Breakfast Shawls, &c.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

"PARKS" ST. JOHN

COTTON WARPS.

Socks, Mitts, Yarn and Homespun wanted in exchange for Goods.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, Oct. 27, 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 5, 1871.

The Intelligencer.

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

WHAT TO DO: PERSONAL SYMPATHY WITH THE SUFFERERS.

Your letter reached me just after coming to town, and did not greatly surprise, however much it was likely to give me pain. In the absorbing and distracting fascinations of travel, and among new friends, and many who find in pleasure their highest good, you have not been as happy as you hoped to be. The tone of disappointment, almost of sadness in your letter, is not strange.

Your request is (how sweet to hear it) "What will you have me to do?" Well, would it be if every one, who has, as you have, time, means, opportunity and will, would ask that question, get an answer, and, getting the answer, would obey it.

We Protestant Christians are in danger of undervaluing good works. There is just as much merit in works as in faith, and neither is good for anything alone. If either could be of any account alone, works would have the advantage; because it is better to do right and doubt, than to believe and do wrong. But the right man believes and does. His faith prompts to good works, and they prove his faith. Thus the apostles put it; and only by this union of faith and works is symmetry of character secured.

We Protestant Christians are in danger of thinking that doing good by societies and machinery—by proxy—will excuse us from personal exertion in the service of God and our fellow-men. This is a day of associated action, when we have a society to do almost everything in the church and the world. We are tempted to get our religion done out, as some get their washing. And if we belong to a society, or circle, or club, for a benevolent purpose; especially if we bear some responsible office in it, and give time, labor and money, it is easy to persuade ourselves that we are doing what the Master requires.

We Protestant Christians are very much in the way of thinking that it is our duty to give the bread of life to the perishing, while we neglect to give them the bread that perishes. Our public charities are abundant, and they are in proof that the poor are not forgotten. We found Hospitals, Homes, Asylums, and offer our money freely for their support. And it cannot be a reproach to Protestantism that it cares for the soul only and does not tend the body as well. But in our private, individual capacity, as Christian men and women, we are tempted to leave the care of the sick, the poor, the suffering, to these associated charities, while we are content to labor and to pray that the Kingdom of God may come and this will be done on earth as it is in heaven. This is the mistake we make, and making it, we lose more than half the enjoyment of Christian life on earth.

If you will open the Bible and read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's gospel, you will notice the distinctive marks which the Master makes in the characters of those whom He will place on His right and on His left, in the day when the righteous and wicked will be separated forever. The coming of that day, for which all other days are made, is just as certain as that Christmas will be here in a few months more. And when the Son—our Friend now, and our Judge—shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, and we shall be gathered before Him, we shall hear His voice, sweeter than the music of heaven, saying, "Come ye blessed!" And without waiting for us to ask him why we are thus honored, to be invited into his Kingdom and glory and eternal joy, he himself goes on to say, "For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." And last but not least, he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Observe that all these works of charity, on the one side, and the infinitely precious invitation to enter the gates of life and gladness, on the other, are done to those who are physical sufferers—the poor, the hungry, thirsty, strangers, sick, prisoners. Nor is it said that they were righteous poor: good sick people, pious strangers, reformed prisoners. O no, no! They were more pitiable because they were sinful. They were brethren of the Son of Man, because he took upon himself their nature, and was not ashamed to call them brethren. He was hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, a stranger and in prison, and being tempted in all points like as we are, he knows what it is to need human sympathies and what good there is in drawing them out into patient exercise and healthful growth. We do not know that they were thankful for the kindness done them. He was kind to the unthankful. God is good to us, the most ungrateful of his creatures. And it is no rule for us that the thankful only shall be helped by our deeds of charity. The most ungrateful are the most wicked, and the most wicked are the most needy, and the most needy have the strongest claim upon our compassion. To them we should go with the bread and the raiment and the medicine their wants require, and with our own hands administer as we would if we knew that He who was born in a stable was now a sick stranger in a prison cell on a heap of straw.

If you knew, dear friend, that the chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely, were suffering within your reach, with such loving hands and tender hands and sleepless care and holy patience you would minister at his side, in the dreariest chamber where poverty and misery hide away in sin and shame. To do him good would bring good, peace, joy, glory, to your soul. Not to get a smile of him, nor a seat at his feet, nor a crown; but to be able to lighten one moment the load of his sorrow: to wipe away one drop of pain sweat from his brow; to put a sponge wet with cool water to his fever lips; to put your lips close to his ear and whisper, "I love thee!" this would be reward ineffable, and back

through all your nerves and veins and fibres would flow from the divine face and form that virtue which went out of him when the woman touched him and was healed. You want to be happy; you are restless and discontent, and have an aching, dissatisfied heart. The cure is simple. There is balm for you. Not far from where you live is one—perhaps many, certainly one—who is in need of your personal ministry. To be found, that one must be sought; but you can find him. Do him good, Minister to his physical want. Put yourself into personal, individual, face to face intercourse with him. Let him know that you are his friend and will do him good. Deny yourself for his sake. Be unto him as Christ was to you—a friend in need and in deed. Love him. Christ loved us when we were unlovely. In doing for him as Christ did for you, the good shall come back into your soul and you shall be blessed.

Will you not try this recipe for happiness. It is of no great importance whether you are happy or not; but if you will do Christ's bidding, in his name and for his sake, what he would do for you, in ministering to their wants, the joy will come, and a foretaste of that which one day will burst upon your soul as the sun at noon. Try it, dear friend.—*Ireneus in N. Y. Observer.*

MAKING MONEY FOR JESUS.

I met some men in a densely settled and noisome part of the great city, and I said to them, "Why are you here?" but they answered not. So I followed them into a small shed room, where were gathered little boys and girls; some were dirty, all were ragged, and all had souls. And these men knelt down and prayed, and rose up and talked to them of the Saviour, and sang and prayed again, and then gave one a coat and another a pair of trousers, a hat, or a cap, or a shirt. And I said, "These men are surely making money for Jesus."

And I saw some women together in a room, each with a needle busy in making some garment, and I heard them talking of the poor in their own church, and of the children in China, and of the blessings of the Saviour's love. And then I saw them selling the work of their hands to contribute to the great missionary cause. And I said, "These women are making money for Jesus."

I saw some young men, nearly all clerks on moderate salaries, and they had met to talk of the wants—the spiritual wants—of the poor; and after praying over it, they went to work to devise good things. And I saw them sign an agreement to pay monthly from their earnings a stipulated sum to build a chapel where these poor men, women, and children could be gathered to be taught the way of eternal life. And I said in my soul, "These men are making money for Jesus."

And I went to their homes, and heard them talking of their plans to their young wives, and agreeing to give from their scanty means to the Foreign Missionary Society, the Education Society, the Domestic Missionary Society, the Publishing Society, etc., a certain sum each Sabbath. And I thought, "These young men and their wives are making money for Jesus."

Then I looked over the land, and I saw busy men and busy women, toilers and toilers in the dust of life, some with big burdens, and some with little burdens, and some with none; and all through the great howling mass I saw a beautiful golden thread twining here and there, and running all about, and I found it to be Christian sympathy. And whoever it touched it blessed, for it seemed to possess magic power. Here it encircled a band of loving hearts, whose hands were never weary in working for Jesus, and in making money for him. Then it touched the man whose word on "Change was good" for thousands, and the fountain of benevolence was opened. And his light shined through the congregation, and "money for Jesus" came pouring in as water. But sweeter than all, the glittering cord was wound round the helpless invalid whose young years were wasted, as the world said, upon a bed of pain, but whose hands were used to "work for Jesus," and made, indeed, money for him.

Oh! it is a glorious thought that all over our land there are earnest men, women, and children, who are "making money for Jesus." Were it not so, our churches would be without pastors, our missionaries would starve, our theological seminaries be closed, the poor of the land would perish in darkness and sin, and all the fair hopes of the speedy coming of our Lord and Saviour would be blasted forever.—*Presbyterian Index.*

GOLDEN WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

It is safer for me to abstain than to drink. If I should indulge in drink, I am afraid I should not stop at the line which many call temperance, but should become a slave to the habit, and with others, of stronger nerve and firmer purposes, go down to a drunkard's grave. If I indulge, I am not safe. If I abstain, my child will not be cursed with a drunken father. We talk of the purity and dignity of human nature, and of relying upon our self-respect for security; but there is no degradation so low that a man will not sink into, and no crime so heinous that he will not commit, when he is drunk. There is nothing so base, so impure, so mean, so dishonest, so corrupt, that a man will not do when under the law of sin—of appetite. Safety is to be found in not yielding ourselves to that law. But if it could be proved conclusively to my own mind that I could drink and never be injured, yet, with my views on the subject, it would be my duty to abstain. I could not be certain but others, seeing me drink, might be influenced to drink also, and being unable to stop, pass on in the path of the drunkard. My example would, in that case, be evil. But, I ask, am I my brother's keeper? Yes, I am responsible for my influence; and lest it shall be evil, I am under a high moral and religious obligation to deny myself that which may not injure me, but will injure him. If I neither taste, nor touch, nor handle, nor countenance, then my example will not lead others to become drunkards.—*Governor Buckingham.*

"THE SHELL OF MORALITY."

Some years ago a clergyman, in a neighboring city, had in his congregation a gentleman of rare moral worth and intellectual culture, with an urbanity of manner that was irresistible. Day after day he sat under the ministry of the word; always in his seat, polite, affable, interested, but immovable in the fastness of a morality that could not be impeached.

In the providence of God the pastor was called to the care of another church in the same city. What was his surprise to find his friend had taken a pew there. He had become so much attached to his pastor that he could not and would not leave him. Still was he a weight on that pastor's heart; friendly visits, religious conversation, the most pointed appeals glanced and rebounded; the man was always there, it made no difference what kind of weather, the same affable, gentlemanly manner, but unmoved and immovable as adamant.

When addressed personally, he was always ready to admit the necessity of Christian teaching, the beauty of a Christian life. He also admitted the depravity of the natural heart; but in his own individual case the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit was unthought of.

At length the pastor, wearied with unavailing effort to rouse him to a sense of his true condition, turned reluctantly away. He made no more pastoral calls, no more pointed appeals. "He is joined to his idols, let him alone." This state of things continued for seven years, and the pastor felt that his friend was given over to hardness of heart, that his shell of morality would never be broken by the gospel hammer.

One Saturday, when the pastor was in his study, Mr. ——— called at the door with a request to see him. The good man's time had been broken with unavoidable calls during the week. It was Saturday, and he was not prepared for the Sabbath. He had given orders not to be disturbed. Still, Mr. ——— was there.

"If your business is not very urgent," said the pastor, "could you as well put it off till Monday? I am very busy to-day. I shall have plenty of leisure then."

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I can wait." Still he hesitated, while there was that in his countenance which betrayed anxiety. At length the pastor, seeing the distressed, hesitating look, said, "If your business is very urgent, Mr. ———, come in."

"If I may be so bold," replied the gentleman, "for intruding upon your time, and throwing myself into a chair he burst into tears."

"What is the matter? What has happened?" cried the pastor. "Has misfortune overtaken you? any disaster happened to your beautiful family?"

"Nothing of that," responded the gentleman, trying to stave his tears and speaking brokenly: "I have come to see that what you have so often told me is true. I am a helpless, wretched, undone sinner. I want you should pray with me."

The pastor was nearly as much overcome as his friend, and sinking on his knees, he bore on the strong arms of faith the case of his friend up to the mercy-seat.

"Never before," said the pastor, as he related the scene, "did I witness such a perfect breaking up of all the old feelings; such agony, such prostration. The walls of his old morality swept completely away; the love of God rushing in and over him like the swelling tide of a great sea."

When he left the pastor's study he was a new man. No longer trusting in his own works, but in the precious blood of Christ; rejoicing in salvation as free gift, not as a reward of his morality, but because Christ died for us. All these years he had been trying to buy salvation. He had been careful to lead a pure and spotless life. He had not committed open sin. He was constant in his observance of the Sabbath. He was always to be seen in the sanctuary. His example was good, what more did he need? He needed just what you and I need; he needed a new heart; a heart to love Christ; a heart to labor for Christ.

The blood-shedding of Jesus is the propitiation for our sins. This is the good news; that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. You must have forgiveness or perish for ever. Why not have it now? God pardons freely and at once. All the preparation that you need is to feed the want. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." All that you have to do is to accept what God, for Christ's sake, so freely gives.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

As life advances, a more modest, a calmer, a sweeter, more tolerant spirit begins to infuse itself into a man's mind. He begins to attach less and less importance to the points which divide sects and churches from each other, to think that few of them are worth a breach of charity—at any rate, to be convinced that it is not on these that the relation of the soul to God and eternity depends. Seeing in all churches men whose sweet and saintly lives breathe the very spirit of Christ, and of whom it is impossible to doubt that to Christ they are dear; shall he refuse to recognize those whom his Lord has received, or turn away with unchristian hardness and exclusiveness from men whom he may soon have to meet in heaven? No! Whenever in the heat of party-feeling, amid the weary strife and rivalries of sects and churches, we are tempted to indulge the spirit of theological or ecclesiastical exclusiveness, or to feel for intellectual error the indignation and hostility that should be reserved for sin, there is one thought that may well bring us to a better mind. Let us recall to mind the good and holy men of different sects and churches who once were with us and are now in the presence of Christ, and ask whether the points which divide them here, and about which, it may be, they contended and wrangled so hotly, can keep them asunder there, in that deeper, diviner life into

which they have entered. Let us think, too, if it be ours to join one day their blissful society, whether we shall carry with us much of our ecclesiastical partnerships or our theological jealousies into the still, sweet rest of heaven.

Travellers as we are, amidst the mists and shades of life, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that in its dim and deceptive light we should sometimes mistake a friend for a foe, or turn away from a brother as if he were a stranger or an alien. But the night is far spent, the day is at hand, not distant is the hour when the sun of our souls shall rise full-orbed on our waiting eyes, and the mists shall disperse and the shadows flee away forever; and then—then at last, if not now, we shall recognize in every soul that has ever loved and lived for Christ, the face of a brother and a friend.—*Dr. Caird.*

SERVES HIM RIGHT!—TWAS HIS OWN FAULT!

The above expression is frequently used with a self-righteous complacency, which is, to say the least, not very commendable. It appears that the person that has ruined his own prospects by some indiscreet act is the last one who need expect the sympathy of his fellows. Society seems perfectly willing to extend the right hand of fellowship to rogues of deepest dye, provided they have been successful in acquiring wealth, and have been able to keep up a certain amount of respectability; but it at once turns its virtuous face against the poor unfortunate, who has strayed from the paths of rectitude to his own hurt.

Many a promising youth, possessed of a noble, generous nature, having fallen under the influence of some burling passion, or become the victim of some solitary vice, finds himself looked upon by all as a despicable wretch, unworthy the confidence of his former friends. Treated with disdain by all whom he meets, excluded from the company of all that would tend to elevate his mind, and forced to associate with the low and the vile, it is any wonder that, in the bitterness of his anguish, he should denounce everything good and pure as hypocritical and vain, and become a scold at religion and truth. Could we but feel even for one hour the grief and woe that filled that lone bosom, or the agony of soul endured before the nature became so hardened, we would probably take a more lenient view of his case, and be led to at least pity such a wreck of humanity. Would it not be a pure act of Christian charity to treat such an one with the kindest tenderness, and seek to restore him to his former state, instead of frowning down as presumption his efforts at reform? Is there not a deep pathos in the following well known verse:

"Speak gently to the erring; know
They must be led in vain;
Perchance amiable sinners, when
Oh! win them back again."

Is not that man the real hero who devotes his life and energies to reclaiming from their degradation the lost and ruined of his own race? We are frequently reminded, when witnessing the supreme disdain with which one part of humanity can look upon another, of the expression: O, would the spirit of mortal be proud? Should it not rather humble us, and inspire our hearts with the deepest pity for our fallen brethren, when we behold to what an extent it is possible for human nature to degrade itself? Instead of this, we are prone to refuse them our sympathy, as well as our aid, and look upon them as beings beneath our notice—as enduring a just punishment for their wrong-doings—forgetting that if judgment were meted out to us with the same measure, we should consider ourselves objects of commiseration, indeed.

Let us, then, ever remember that the noblest natures always evince the most ready sympathy for the sufferings of others.—*D. E. T. in Pure Gold.*

BAPTISTS IN ROME.

We have had another interesting proof of the hatred borne to Protestants by the priests and their followers. The Baptists have been made the objects of their spite more than once, but the last attack exceeds in boldness anything that has as yet been attempted. The owner of his apartment has need his tenant from whom the Baptists hire their rooms for letting them for "immoral purposes." Indeed, he goes so far in the indictment as to declare that in letting his rooms as he has done, the padrone has committed the same breach of trust as a student of the Latin Quarter commits when he hires an apartment for himself and puts in it a woman of ill-fame. Of course the Italian Protestant churches all made common cause in the matter, and when the case was called, Mr. Ribetti, one of the Vaudois clergymen, had been appointed by the lawyer to plead in the defence. This is the habit in the civil courts, and in this case it was necessary, as the lawyer knew nothing of Protestant worship, and could not therefore properly answer in the defendant's stead to the charge made by the prosecutor. However, when the day arrived, the judge declared that the case being a criminal one, he would not allow Mr. Ribetti to plead. Mr. Pons, Mr. Ribetti's colleague, very pertinently inquired why, if it were a criminal case, he, a civil judge, allowed it to be brought before him. In short, the criminal and his friends were quite too much for the mimic representative of law. The indictment is quashed, but the Protestants do not intend to let the matter rest. It is to come up under another form on the 15th of this month, when the Baptists will decide whether or not they shall prosecute their enemy for defamation. They really ought to do so, but one of the clergymen told me that he was unwilling to allow him to be punished, and that if the law inflicted penalty in all cases, he should not allow a suit to be carried. We think him wrong. It is quite time a stop was put upon this unwholesome system of persecution of Protestants in a city where the head of the papacy howls forth his constant complaints to the civilized world. Let us Protestants hereafter change the hackneyed expression a little, and pity the sorrow of a poor old pope's victims.—*E. B. G. in N. Y. Observer.*

RULES FOR BUSINESS MEN.

Take advantage of modern facilities, and accomplish as much in a single day as required weeks, months, or years formerly.

Use the means within your reach; there is something for everybody to do, and a place for every one who is willing to work.

Don't depend upon your own lungs alone; use the lungs of the press.

Make it known by printer's ink that you are prepared to do business.

Confess ignorance in regard to subjects on which you are uninformed; listen and learn.

Be silent when a fool talks; he will cease the sooner; you cannot gain by his converse.

Be ashamed of nothing but your own errors. Calculate the probabilities of the future; increase and multiply the means of information.

To compete successfully with a neighbor, participate in the facilities to go ahead.

The door to wealth, respectability, influence and honor, is thrown wide open to all.

Establish yourself on the broad and sound basis of integrity; conduct your business with intelligence and judgment.

Trifle not with serious matters, and be not serious with trifles.

Wisdom and virtue makes the poor rich and the rich honorable.

There is no deep or hidden mystery to be studied or practiced to carry on business successfully; on the contrary, all that any honest, legitimate concern, demanded by the public wants, requires, is fair judgment, close industry, unwavering integrity, superior workmanship, fair prices, and to do better by the customer, if possible than others in the same business can do by theirs—and give it publicity.

Let the business of others alone, and attend to your own.

Don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to the best advantage, and study even to make leisure hours useful.

Find recreation in looking after your business, and your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation.

Buy fair, sell fair, take care of the profits, and be economical.

Should misfortune overtake you, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track, confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance; should you then fail, you will be honored, but shrink, and you will be despised.

Consider the cause of the good standing of some, and the decline and fall and want of success of others, and regulate your conduct accordingly.

The tricky, deceitful and dishonest are rarely prosperous; for when confidence is withdrawn, poverty is likely to follow.

With the preservation of an upright character, if the opportunities for acquiring knowledge and cultivating the mind, which lie in every one's way, be properly improved, respectability, influence, and perhaps wealth, may be the reward.

Resolve to perform what you ought, and perform without fail what you resolve.

Reflect on what you see and hear. Set your mind at work; reason with candor; weigh well and consider for yourself, decide and act.

Be civil and obliging to all; it costs nothing, and is worth much.

Be kind, liberal and just to all connected with you in business.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the world may make upon you; their censurers are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk as they will.

Never believe that which seems improbable. Never expose your disappointment to the world.

Never speak boastfully of your business; keep your own counsel about the management of your affairs.

Be charitable according to your means. Never complain of being ill-used.

NOVELS.

The following extract from novels, from the *New York Observer*, is worthy the attention of parents, as it clearly points out parental responsibility:

"Parents have a grand responsibility. They would not have servants who fill the minds of their children with thoughts of seductive vice, or make them familiar with the words and ways of wicked men and women. There are some things that are 'not so much as named' among the pure and lovely. In this wicked world the young learn of wickedness all too rapidly, in the spite of parental watchfulness. They help and hasten the corruption of their darling children, who put into their hands the dirty novels that are constantly bed in the market, like vermin in a carcass. Keep the vile stuff out of the house, and out of the hands of the young. Save them from moral pollution as you would from the small-pox. These bad books are greater pests in society than the most loathsome disease. For the maladies that flesh inherits there is a remedy, and if none reaches the case it is the body only that dies. But what help or hope for one who loves nasty novels, when only the pure in heart can see God? To be holy is the way to be happy, and the mind is the seat and home of all that is good. The Kingdom of God is within you. He gay, he rich, he fashionable, be stylish, be smart, be literary, and up in all the novels of the day, and with these you will not have the kingdom of God as you. That is power to put down evil. That is righteousness and peace and joy. That is union with Jesus whose humanity brought the divine into our nature, so that we become its partakers, and with Christ in us we are each one a son or God."

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR TEACHERS.—A bishop of the Church of England, who was tutor to a princess, said to her, "I find that my instructions have made you but little better." She replied, "Ah, my lord, but you do not know how much worse I should have been without them."