

# 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, DECEMBER 6, 1872.

Whole No. 985.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

The Intelligencer.

ALBION HOUSE,

READ CAREFULLY!  
PREMIUMS FOR BOTH OLD AND NEW  
SUBSCRIBERS!!

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Dry Goods,

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In all colors, at factory prices.

All Goods sold with small profits and at one price.

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For the Fall and Winter Trade, comprising all the

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Fancy kinds.

Together with a General Assortment of all kinds of

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An inspection is respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, Nov. 15, 1872.

mountain, that rises almost perpendicular

over a thousand feet, and is noted for a moaning

echo that it utters in reply to whatever

sound is made of any magnitude upon the

opposite shore. It is said that a common pistol

discharged at the place where we were, will

be followed by such a distinct echo. An In-

dian blew a trumpet several times, and in

about two seconds a full echo was distinctly

heard, and followed by a succession of ring-

ing echoes, but not sufficiently clear to distin-

guish them. The old mountain had green

gray with age, the green foliage of

younger days had long since become yellow

and withered, and thinly scattered among

the rocks. The cliffs upon its brow and sides

are rent and torn with pelling storms and

crushing slides, yet its voice is as clear and

musical, and resounds a merry shout, happy

and mellow soprano as accurately as when it

hurled back in disdain the hoot of the solitary

owl, the howl of the hungry wolf, or the war-

whoop of the angry red man. The left

shoulder of this height is higher and more

projected than the other, and is called Eagle

Cliff. There the hero bird of American pride,

for ages undisturbed, built her eyry, and

reared her calow brood.

Half a mile from this lake is the Profile

House, amply fitted to accommodate four

and will safely endure a certain amount of

stretching. After gathering up the fragments,

and apologizing to the matron of the forest

for throwing fish-skins and chicken-bones

upon her carpet, we commenced the foot-march

upward. In some parts the rivulet, which is a

perfect torrent in the spring, flows enchant-

ingly over a granite cliff. In one place it

runs about forty feet down a gradual declivity,

and is nearly ten feet wide, and not more than

one or two inches deep. The cliff is so smooth

that the water utters a laughing hiss, as if

conscious that wondering eyes and happy

faces were gazing upon its bosom.

The flame is a deep, grand seam in the

sides of the mountain, varying from ten to

fifteen feet in width, forty or a hundred in

height, and between two and three hundred in

length (that is, what is passible), and stretch-

ing far in the distance, it runs broken and

ragged on all sides. At nearly the extremity of

the flume (which is passible) is a huge boulder.

This mass of rock is estimated to be one

hundred tons in weight, is fifty feet from the

bottom, thirty from the top, and is caught

between the sides of the flume. It looks as

though it had been used as one of the wedges

for splitting open the sides of the mountain,

and left there to prevent it from closing. At

first it is difficult to see what sustains it, as

the larger part seems to hang lower, and

below the points of support. In spite of heroi-

c spirit, while passing beneath it, the shoulders

will shudder and heart beat quickly, fearing it

will suddenly lose its grasp, and grind the

unfortunate to powder. We ascended a natural

winding stairway, which was no doubt con-

structed for the ascent of wandering multi-

tudes, and over the boulder looked down.

The depth was not sufficient to make one feel

sick or dizzy, but enough to make a man feel

weak and small he is. Several daring

men had gone down upon the boulder, and cut

their names upon its side, but I contented

myself by going within five or six feet of it,

and while looking down, thought that feet

would answer my purpose without the risk of

broken bones. Thence we made our way to

the Pool. This natural curiosity is situated in

the embrace of a deep ravine. The first view

we got of it was from the top, some fifty feet

or more from the water. A few minutes

clambering down a rickety old ladder, and we

were at the side of the pool. It is nearly

square, over thirty feet long, and twenty-five

feet wide, having a natural platform running

across the way about it. A queer-looking old

man was on hand to ferry us about, for

we were not disposed to give him. The stream

which flows through it, falls perpendicularly

seven or eight feet through a narrow

chamber, and throws up a beautiful cloud of

water, and the spray is very well

appreciated our surroundings; but when we

got into the boat, and came in contact with

the spray, all feelings of weariness

vanished. The sparkling shower which fell upon

us seemed charged with life, and sent anima-

tion shivering through every nerve. The water

was said to be twenty-five feet deep, but it

was so transparent that the pebbles upon the

bottom could be distinctly seen. A person

who has never seen a mountain stream can

form only a faint idea how pure and trans-

parent, how exhilarating and refreshing its

waters are. How could they be otherwise,

distilled from mountain mist and spotless

snow, unsoiled with smoke or dust. Never did I

get a better idea of the purity of that stream

which makes glad the city of our God and

flows from the summit of Mount Zion, as

the deep ravine of divine ordinances ever since

my childhood.

We all then turned our steps homeward,

feeling well paid for the time and pains we

had taken. Such scenery cannot fail to inspire

the soul with lofty aspirations, and impress

a more profound reverence for Him whose

ways are past finding out.

B. MCKAY.

Fredericton, N. B., November, 1872.

JAPAN.

For many hundred years Japan has had two

sovereigns, the Mikado or Tenno (King of

heaven) who was regarded as the special

representative of the gods, a sort of incarnation

of deity, and who never appeared in public,

and took no direct part in governing the

nation; and the Teysoo, the political emperor,

who represented the Mikado, doing homage to

him at an annual visit, and who was the real

ruler of the empire. The Mikado seems to

have formed a kind of mysterious background

for royalty, which gave dignity and authority

to the actual government. But this was not

the original constitution. The Teysoo was

really a usurper, who, about 700 years ago,

assumed the sole sovereignty of the realm.

The recent revolution in Japan was a reaction

against this usurpation, and the restoration

of the government to its original hands. The

enemies practiced by the Teysoo were in

part the immediate cause of the late rebellion,

which, by its successful termination, after a

four years' struggle, stripped him of all

power, and made the Mikado the sole monarch.

In connection with the encroachments of the

Teysoo, during several hundred years ago,

was the division of the country into feudal

provinces, governed by lords of Daimios, the

most numerous and powerful of nobility.

With the downfall of the Teysoo, he had no

power, and the nobility, so that now there

are really but two classes in Japan, the

## THE DEAD SEA.

As we drop down from the hills of Judah

into the ghor, or plain, the sun has got high

in heaven; and as we gaze into the valley be-

low, the blue and shining waters of the Ghor

Loat appear to our blinking eyes more lovely

than the tenderest of Italian lakes, when seen

from the Alpine tops. How long these tanta-

lizing waters are in sight! Sinking from dip

to dip, we come upon a wide and broken ter-

race of fine mould, mixed with chalk, which

from the heights above had seemed to be the

natural bed or level of the plain. But when

we reach this terrace, it is found to be only

the first and broadest of successive levels. We

fall to a second, then to a third, smooth

table of alluvial soil. These stairs, by which

you descend from the lost range of hills to the

ghor, the true level of the Dead Sea, have a

common character, produced, no doubt, by a

common cause. They have all been under

the water. Where they have not been worn

and renewed, their smoothness is like that

of a sandy beach. They are lapped by ancient

shore-lines, ribbed by ancient waves. Near

the lake end of the river bed, the plain is

dotted with a multitude of cones or hills,

about fifty feet high, their crowns level with

each other, and their sides smooth and round

as the ebb and flow of water, will wear a

platform of marble or clay. These cones are

regular in shape as to resemble works of art