

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, SEPTEMBER 13, 1872

Whole No. 973

SUMMER GOODS!

The Intelligencer.

FEMALE MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN.

BY ELIZABETH KILHAM.

THOMAS LOGAN

Has now opened his entire Stock of New and Fashionable

STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods,

for the present season, comprising all the novelties in

DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS,

PARASOLS,

RIBBONS,

LACES,

GLOVES and

HOSIERY,

&c. &c. &c.

DRESS SILKS

AND

IRISH POPLINS,

STRAW HATS,

Carpetings and Oil Cloths,

and every description of

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

PARKS' ST. JOHN

COTTON WARPS.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Frederickton, June 21, 1872.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

ALBION HOUSE.

Miller & Edgecombe

Have great pleasure in intimating that a large portion of

NEW SPRING STOCK

Has been received per Steamships "Alexandria," "Caspian," and "Lady Darling."

A beautiful Stock of

DRESS GOODS,

in all the leading styles.

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A rich stock in Fine Alpaca, Lustrous Coburg, Bartheles, Crapo Cloth, Persian Cloth, Metz Cloth, Figured Alpaca, &c.

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A large stock of

BLACK DRESS SILKS,

to which they direct special attention.

Waterproof Mantles. Velveteen Sacques.

A large assortment of

LADIES' UNDER SKIRTS,

new styles.

Grey and White Cotton Tickings, Osnaburghs, Towellings, Table Linens, Printed Cottons, Cashmeres, &c. &c.

A large assortment of WHITE QUILTS, which will be sold at a bargain.

MILLINERY.

An immense stock of Ladies', Misses', Boys' and Infants' Straw and Fancy Silk Hats. Flowers and Feathers in great variety.

A full line in

English, Scotch & Canadian Tweeds, for Boys' and Gents' wear.

Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, Laces, Ribbons, Neck Ties, &c. &c.

LACE CURTAINS. WINDOW MUSLINS.

Parks' Cotton Warps.

The balance of stock to arrive per Steamships "Cambria" and "Glynnia." Inspection solicited.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

Frederickton, May 8, 1872.

Their work is now greatly circumscribed, and their usefulness limited, for want of sufficient accommodations. The house they occupy is inconvenient in its arrangements, and by no means large enough for their purpose. Many very desirable applicants for admission have been refused for want of room. Land is very costly, so that it is impossible for them to purchase sufficient for their needs, and erect a building also. Is it to be wondered at that the faith and patience of these earnest workers is sorely tried, when they see the fields around them "white to the harvest," yet are unable to stretch out their hands and gather in the sheaves?

All through the winter they have had a large day-school—in the morning of young men (these were not legitimate subjects, but were so eager to come that it was impossible to refuse them) and in the afternoon of girls and women, besides the children in the house. At present young men are not received, except a class of twelve for one hour, for the study of the Bible; and the whole time is devoted to females. The daily attendance in the school is about thirty. There are fifteen children in the family, nine of whom are Eurasian, the rest Japanese,—and one Japanese lady and her daughter.

Never was there a field presented for missionary labor so inviting and promising,—never a people more susceptible of both mental and religious culture; and it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that the brightening dawn will ere long broaden into perfect day, in the light of which regenerated Japan shall take her place, youngest of the civilizations of the earth, last but not least-honored in the sisterhood of nations.

THE CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

The Christian Church needs money to carry on her enterprises. She has none too many churches. Her institutions of learning are not adequately endowed. Her great missionary enterprises at home and abroad are languishing for lack of proper material support. The fields of opportunity are white all around; she only lacks the means to enter into them and reap the world's harvest; but she lacks one thing more than money. She lacks devout piety, exhibiting itself in constant self-denial, services for Christ. It is easier to give money than time, and as professed Christians usually bestow their substance, it requires much less sacrifice.

There is much outward vigor at the present moment among religious people. Great moral enterprises are undertaken with manifest readiness and confidence. Associations are formed and conventions held to secure valuable benevolence, humane, and religious results. Fine buildings for Christian institutions are reared, and elegant churches are forming the most marked architectural features of our cities and towns. But with all this, there is everywhere apparent a want of personal religious earnestness, and a growing reluctance to enter upon the individual offices of the Christian life. Public and social meetings may be neglected. There is little difficulty in securing the presence of those who will freely talk and sing and pray at these. But when we seek for those who will carefully prepare themselves to gather and instruct children, to visit the sick and the prisoner, to aid in carrying the Gospel into a new vicinity, and to personally converse with those they meet upon the vital well-being of the soul, how many there are ready to say, "I pray thee have me excused." It too often occurs that those pious members who mourn over the prevailing worldliness of the times, and the gradual lapsing of the Church to a conformity with the tendency of the hour, draw somewhat apart by themselves to encourage each other in devout services, and to enjoy a state of spiritual elevation in special religious services. The revivals at the present time, as a natural reaction from intense worldliness, take upon themselves somewhat the aspect of asceticism, and their force is expended, in too large a measure, in religious meditations and exalted frames of feeling. This latter condition is infinitely to be preferred to spiritual death, or lukewarmness, or to the extravagant worldliness and vanity too manifest in the Christian life of our times.

But the true need of the hour is consecrated service. There is work to be done that money cannot purchase. A happy fact it is, that it cannot be bought. Our religious development requires this work at our hand. We need the discipline of it, as verily as the world needs redemption by it. There is too much work attempted by substitution. All the out-door services of Christianity cannot be, and ought not to be, done by ministers and missionaries. Consecration is not passive simply; it is active. When Christ says, give me thy heart, He means that our affection shall express itself in corresponding sacrifice. He stands ready in the form of thousands needing our endeavors, to receive our proffered gift. "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me." When we are called to leave all to deny ourselves, and to follow Him, He literally means what he says. The old order of life is to be at once inverted; Christ is to become first, and the world second; His business first, and ours next. In the United States, in England, even among the nobility, and in the United States, are now showing how much consecrated laymen in the city streets, in places of business, in Church and Sunday-school work, and in personal conversation, may accomplish in the field of human evangelization. There is great need of this service everywhere. Schools of learning cannot provide laborers rapidly enough to meet the calls for this form of Christian work; too rapidly, perhaps, to perform only the agreeable and well-rewarded portions of Church labor. Single-hearted and holy men, and women, are needed to do the work of Christ, as a personal experience and a needed Saviour, into their daily circles, and to reach a beautiful and practical piety wherever they go. Godly women are called for to visit from house to house, to look up the fallen, to gather the neglected children, to preach Christ, as only a woman can, where only a woman's voice can charm to silence and attention the sounds of pleasure and the idle song.

There is so much work to be done in every vicinity! We are apt to shut ourselves up in our pleasant sanctuaries, to enjoy our inspiring services, and to forget that the world lies still in the arms of the wicked one!

It would be a sad fact, if it should prove to be one, that all the revival fervor of the many camp-meetings, now or lately in session, should be expended in their own groves, amid the melodious songs of the thousands of worshippers, or even in the livelier social exercises at home, after the return of the happy partakers of the feast of tabernacles. These meetings have awakened many to a new sense of their relations to Christ, and a new apprehension of His power to bless them. He sends them now, as the test of their love and faith, into His vineyard. His cross is to be borne "without the camp." Much depends upon an early and positive effort to commence an active religious life. Plans for doing the Master's work, and for saving souls, should be as deliberately and earnestly laid as men counsel with themselves for the increase of their earthly estate. A great wave of reviving spiritual life ought to be felt rolling back upon the Church, and out upon the world. We hopefully pray that this may prove to be the result of the many extraordinary meetings of the present season.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE TERRIBLE CHAIN.

It has been related by a French writer that the captain of a vessel was one day walking carelessly along by the side of a river not far from its mouth, at low water. As he looked about him, not minding his steps, he did not perceive extended before him a great chain one end of which was fastened to a ring fixed to a stone on the bank, the other to an anchor sunk in the river. Not seeing it, he stumbled against it, and his foot passed through one of the links of the chain, he could not draw it back again. He struggled violently to extricate himself; he turned his foot first on one side, then on the other, but all in vain. He then called out for help, and some men who were passing heard him and hastened to his assistance.

They strained every nerve to drag the foot through the chain, but it was beginning to swell, and all their efforts were vain. What was to be done? To unfasten or to take away the chain was impossible. It was a mass of iron which only could be moved with the help of a capstan, and there was no time to be lost for the tide was coming in, and the water rose every moment. "Let us call a smith," said the captain, "and let him cut each other end of the men was despatched for one to the nearest village, which was at a distance of two or three miles from the spot. The smith came and it was found that the tools he had brought with him were not powerful enough, and he was obliged to go back to the village for others. At last he returned, but in the meantime the tide had risen, the mighty waves were rolling in, and the water, which at first had barely wet his feet, had now reached the unfortunate man's waist; the men who had come to his assistance, had been forced to get into a boat, and the smith saw he could do nothing for him. What was to be done? O the agony of that moment. There is one last resource, only one, but it is a terrible one. He must sacrifice his leg to his life. Will he do it? Yes, he will sacrifice anything, everything to escape death. A surgeon is sought without a moment's delay; he comes in hot haste, bringing his case of instruments and everything necessary for the operation. The unhappy man sees him approaching. "O do not lose a moment," he cries; "cut off my leg, doctor and save my life." But when the doctor reached the spot he was obliged to get into a boat, and it was only by strong strokes of the oars that he could get near the man; the water had reached his neck; and with great trouble they kept his head above water. "It is too late," cried the doctor, and in a few moments the waves rolled over the unhappy man's head—he was lost.

Reader, this terrible story may be useful to us as a comparison. You, like this man, go forth in the morning of life light-hearted and happy. The chain which through carelessnes he does not see, is the snare which Satan spreads for you. The ring in which his foot is caught, is your sin. He believes that he will easily free himself from it, but he deceives himself. The rising tide is death, which is approaching. There is not a moment to be lost; every passing hour renders the chain of sin stronger, salvation more uncertain. What will become of you? No boat in the world can save you; no smith has power to sunder that chain; there is no surgeon skillful enough to sever that which binds you to your sin. What will become of you? There is a Saviour, one only—Jesus is His name. He can save you, deliver you, set you free. Turn unto Him, call upon Him for help, do not delay; for time is passing, and now is the day of salvation. Cast on Him but one look of faith; He is worthy of all your trust, and all your love. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," that you might live forever. Do not delay to come to Him. Whosoever believeth in Him shall not be confounded. Jesus will be with you in the hour of suffering, of danger, and of death, and He will deliver you from them all. Come to Him at once; for now is the day of salvation.

Reader, you cannot doubt His willingness to save, for it is written "He is able and willing to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him." He has also said that He would have all men to be saved, and that whosoever cometh to Him, He will in no wise cast out. You cannot then doubt His good will.

There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease.

During distress God comes; and when He comes it is no more distress.—*Gottie Proverb.*

"SIR, I SHALL PRAY FOR YOU TO-NIGHT AT TWELVE."

The cars were hurrying towards the city as if conscious that business hours had begun. Our party was seated comfortably, full of plans for doing all that we wished to do while in town. Presently a friend seeing us came over and took a seat with us, and happily diverted our cumbered brains by incidentally mentioning that he had travelled to and fro over the State of Maine time and again. We were all interested at once; for was not that our Fatherland and did we not feel as if "our foot was on its native heath."

After much chat and many tales of adventures—our visitor becoming more serious said, "I left one of those towns one fine September morning in a top buggy with a good horse. Two or three miles out I noticed that the road stretched up and over a long steep hill; as my horse crept up, I saw not far before me, a person walking, she looked very old, and scarcely appeared to move so slow was her gait—as I came up I said "Why, Mother what are you doing here?" "Why, Man," said she "I am going to the next town to visit my son." "But Marm, it is seventeen miles?" "Oh well I shall call at some farmer's for the night, and hope to-morrow evening to drink tea with my William."

"If," said I, "you think you can trust me I shall be glad to give you a seat in my carriage as my route lays through that town."

"Now child this is good of you, and 'Praised be God.' With much ado she was finally seated and we jogged on. She entertained me with an account of her family, why and when she came from Scotland, said she was eighty-five years old, and with many pious expletives unwittingly taught me a lesson of gratitude. When she alighted at 'My William's' door, she heaped her blessings upon me, thanking me over and over and saying, 'I shall be on my knees at twelve o'clock praying to God for you, and remember, sir, that God has promised to hear the prayer of the widow and the fatherless.' I smiled my thanks unconcernedly and said 'Good-bye, good-bye, I must go, but she held my arm saying 'Remember, boy, I shall pray for you to-night at twelve.' Thanking her once more, I was soon seated and trotted off at a brisker rate than usual—for must I not reach the Penobscot and take the Boston boat, at Bangor—so on I went, and as I drove into town in ample season to secure my passage—I moralized that my good speed was because I honored that hoary-headed woman—and I believe also that my life and the lives of others were spared that night from death in answer to that midnight prayer. That very hour was one of the darkest of my life, for I was on board the steamer Cambridge, and the fierce gale of September 18, 1869, was upon us—our vessel lay in the trough of the sea, a helpless thing. As the clock in the saloon pointed to twelve that night a steam-pipe burst, and almost in an instant the ship was filled with suffocation with the vapor. Every moment we expected to see the flames burst out. The terror of that hour can be better imagined than described. There were seventy-five ladies and more than a dozen gentlemen. The officers found all discipline impossible; even the coal-heavers entered the ladies' state-rooms, and took life-preservers from them. As I rushed to the forward deck my heart was dull and I could only cry 'Oh, that that widow's prayers might be answered and we yet be saved.' Men knelt on that deck and prayed, that perhaps had never prayed before nor since, but it was the assurance of that widow that she should pray for me that hour, that gave me the faint hope that we might be saved. The night wore on, and still we were afloat, and neither fire or water had devoured us. The next day there loomed up in our wake a large white steamer, white as the wings of Mercy. She threw us a line and brought us safely to port. Here our friend passed—but as no one spoke, he said, now this is true; no exaggeration, and I believe that the prayers of that woman saved the ship. There was an exclamation of yes, yes, from all, and as the train drew in the dark, smoky depot, some one murmured Tennyson's favorite lines,

"Pray for my soul! More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of."

M. F. H. in Christian Era.

MENTAL VIGOR IN OLD AGE.

Of a celebrated writer, whose age is 67, it is said: "He now lives in retirement, having given up all labors, literary and otherwise." How often is this record made of men whose powers are unimpaired, and whose labors, if continued, might bless the world to the end of time. It is related of Ananias, the Jansenist, that he wished his friend Nicole to assist him in a new work. Nicole replied: "We are now old; is it not time to rest?" "Rest!" exclaimed Ananias, "have we not all eternity to rest in?" Dr. Samuel Miller says: "There is no doubt that the premature dotage of many distinguished men has arisen from their faculties, in advanced life, to exert their faculties, and in the impression that they were too old to engage in any new enterprise."

When John Adams was 90 years of age, he was asked how he kept the vigor of his faculties up to that great age. He replied, "By constantly employing them; the mind of an old man is like an old horse; if you would get any work out of it, you must work it all the time." We have many remarkable instances of earnest and successful workers, after they had passed into the period known as old age. Ecclesiastical history tells the story of Cassiodorus, who, at the age of 70, retired to a monastery, and devoted the remaining twenty years of his life to literature and religion; and of Epiphanius, who became an author at 64, and wrote several large works before his death.

Between the ages of 58 and 67, Baxter wrote forty works; after the age of 66 some of his most valuable works were written. When an old man, Baxter was brought be-

fore the notorious Judge Jeffries on a charge of sedition. During the trial, Baxter ventured to put in a word for himself.

"Richard, Richard," roared the Judge, "dost thou think we will hear thee poison the Court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart; every one as full of sedition,—I might say treason,—as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of the writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy."

"The only remarkable thing," says Hannah More, "which belonged to me as an author, was that I had written eleven books after the age of 60."

Says Lord Brougham, at the conclusion of his autobiography, "If many statements have been feebly and some inaccurately rendered, let it be remembered that I began this attempt after I was 83 years of age, with enfeebled intellect, failing memory, and but slight materials left me to assist it."

Plato died at the age of 81, it is said, with pen in hand; and an account is given of another who wrote a history of his times, at the age of 115.

MINISTERS' CHILDREN.

BY REV. ROBERT DAVIDSON, D. D.

It has sometimes been flippantly said that "ministers' and deacons' children are worse than any others." In some exceptional cases, the very relationship has given a prominence to misdoing, has made it more noticed and talked about. But in point of fact the statement is not true.

"In Connecticut," said Rev. H. W. Beecher, on a public occasion, "there were nine hundred and thirty children over fifteen years of age, of ministers and deacons, only twenty of whom turned out badly. In Massachusetts, out of four hundred and thirty-three families of ministers and deacons, there were fifteen hundred and ninety-eight children over fifteen years, and only twenty ever became dissipated. Here we have forty out of twenty-five hundred and thirty-five children, just 2 1/2 per cent. of the whole number."

"I will ask any business man if he would not be glad, oftentimes, if his losses were not greater than 2 1/2 per cent.?" I undertake to say that no business has ever been so safe as that of raising deacons' and ministers' children in New England."

We derive another corroboration of our position from Dr. Sprague's invaluable collection of clerical biographies. A hundred clergymen may be taken out of one of his volumes, at random, and it will be found that, of this first hundred, one hundred sons became also ministers. Of the remainder the largest proportion rose to eminence in other professions or avocations. Can the same be said of any other body of the hundred men taken at random from other walks of life? As to the daughters of clergymen, it has been remarked by a keen observer that it is a passport to the highest places, and a guarantee of respectability and worth, both in Great Britain and America, to say of any lady, "She was the daughter of a clergyman."

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

The Romish Church enjoins celibacy on its clergy, principally on the ground that family ties interfere with that degree of consecration to the duties of the clerical office which the interests of religion demand. The Apostle Paul admits his right to take to himself a wife, but evidently sacrificed his right on the altar of his devotion to the work of the ministry. Protestants claim that the history of clerical celibacy proves the system to be generally hurtful to morality, and concede that a wife may serve as a helpmeet to a minister in his sacred calling. But a view prevails at the present time that, in choosing a wife, the young clergyman is justified in limiting his ideas of her service to the care she may take of him. And it not infrequently happens that his notions are limited to her adaptation to his personal tastes and individual habits. Indeed, some ministers imagine they perpetrate a witicism by intimating their people that the churches, in calling them, did not call their wives.

But practically, it must be apparent that a minister's usefulness is greatly affected by the adaptation or non-adaptation of his wife to the peculiar nature of his calling. In her personal relations to her husband, she can either mitigate or aggravate the trials of a minister in the discharge of his official duties. She can manage to relieve him of domestic cares, or to add these to his other burdens. She can enable him to live within the limited salary which the churches are generally careful their pastors shall enjoy, or she can help plunge him into debt. She can annoy him with complaints about church matters and gossip, or she can help him to bear manfully those she cannot keep from his knowledge.

In her intercourse with the church, she can provoke criticisms that will impair his influence, or neutralize censures which his imperfections might excite. She can become a cipher in the agencies of church life, or she can become a leader or sympathetic co-operator in those measures of usefulness which so eminently belong to woman's sphere and adorn woman's character.

Instances are numerous in which a minister of fine ability for doing good has been crippled by the counteracting influences of his wife; and, on the contrary, there are many cases in which the principal secret of a minister's success has been the beneficent services of his wife.

In choosing a wife, every young minister should remember that his consecration vows require him to take into prayerful consideration her fitness to become a laborer together with him in the work of the ministry. Every woman to whom such an opportunity comes, should realize that her husband does not belong to her exclusively, but that he was wedded to the church before he was wedded to her. She may add to the brightness of his crown and share in the glory of his reward, or she may rob his crown of its lustre, and herself suffer loss.—*Christian World.*