

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. XX.—No. 48.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1873.

Whole No. 1036.

NEW GOODS

Fall and Winter.

Thomas Logan,

FREDERICTON,

Has now opened a large and well assorted stock of

Dry Goods,

SUITABLE to the wants of Purchasers, which he offers at such prices as will defy competition.

DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS,

Flannels, Blankets, Tweeds,

COTTONS, PRINTS, OSNABURGS,

and every description of

COTTON AND WOOLLEN GOODS,

Carpetings

AND DAMASKS CURTAIN.

Ladies' Furs

In MINK,

ERMINE,

GREBE,

FITCH,

ALASKA ELLINK,

MUSQUASH, &c.

A FEW PAIRS OF

Men's Fur Gloves.

Good Goods and Fair Prices.

Fredericton, October 1873.

ALBION HOUSE,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

SEPTEMBER 19th, 1873.

NEW FALL GOODS

Per Steamships "LADY DARLING," "SIDON-

IAN," "AUSTRIAN," and "ISMAILIA."

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

BEG to announce that they have received by the above

Steamships a large Importation of

STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods,

For the Fall and Winter Trade. Now ready for Inspec-

tion:

DRESS GOODS,

Shawls,

Cloth Jackets,

Fur Muffs,

and Collars, &c.

PRINTS,

Tweeds,

Grey & White Cottons,

Felt Skirts,

Yarns, &c.

CAMP BLANKETING.

Grey & White Blankets,

BLACK GOODS.

ALPACAS,

QUILTS,

MERINOS,

GRAPE CLOTHS,

PERSIAN CORDS,

SATEEN CLOTH, &c.

All at our usual Low Prices.

Balance of STOCK by following Steamers.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

Fredericton, Oct 5, 1873.

The Intelligencer.

Prospectus for 1874.

THE "INTELLIGENCER" TO BE ENLARGED!

Since the first number of the INTELLIGENCER was issued, it has been enlarged four times: in July 1853, January 1854, January 1856, and Sept. 1863. Those who remember the size of the first number will agree that it has now reached a somewhat vigorous manhood. It was then "less than the least." It is now as large as its neighbors. But we are not satisfied with its present size. Long ago we resolved that just as soon as possible we would enlarge and otherwise improve it. For several months we have been negotiating to this end with our publishers, but only within a few days have we been able to see our way even partially clear in the direction of enlargement. But at length arrangements have been made, and the INTELLIGENCER's arrival at the full age of twenty-one years will be celebrated by a considerable increase in its size.

A NEW SERIES

will be commenced on the 1st of January, 1874, from which date the size of the paper will be increased, so as to give twenty-eight columns instead of twenty-four as now. The length of the paper will be increased in proportion, so that there will be at least one-fourth more reading matter than at present!

It will be seen at a glance that the proposed enlargement will involve a considerable increase in the expense of publication; hence in taking this step we take no small risk.

THE PRICE

of the paper will be the same as at present (\$2.00 a year) with this exception—that the subscribers pay the postage. We do not anticipate that any of our subscribers will object to this in view of the large additional amount of reading they will have in the new paper. For six years we have paid the postage on our whole issue, a course which has not been pursued by any other paper, though their subscription price was the same as the INTELLIGENCER's. But now that we are about giving our patrons a greatly enlarged paper, we are not able any longer to prepay the postage. The case stands thus: We will give one-fourth more value, i.e., a paper worth (at the present rate) fifty cents more than now; and in return the subscribers will have to pay one-tenth more than now, i.e., twenty cents a year postage. And we are sure that none will think it too much to pay, on the first of January, April, July and October, five cents each to the post office from which they receive the paper. Of course all will understand that the postage on all papers will be paid by us up to the first of January next.

THE GENERAL TONE

of the paper will be the same in the future as in the past. What it has been is the guarantee of what it will continue to be. It will continue to be the uncompromising enemy of evil of every kind, and will unmask and condemn it wherever found to exist. Of every good work—every benevolent enterprise, it will be the first friend and advocate. On all matters touching the public weal it will, as heretofore, be outspoken and fearless. On the

TEMPERANCE QUESTION

its attitude is well known. It believes in no compromise with an enemy that will utterly ruin our country, if allowed to go on unchecked. In every form and on all occasions the INTELLIGENCER will oppose the rum traffic with all its power, and to the death. It regards the trade in intoxicants as opposed to God's law, and as the monster curse of the age and country. All the strength of this paper shall be given to weaken and eventually to overthrow its power. We believe in the entire prohibition of the importation and sale of the thing which is the parent of so much wretchedness and woe and death. We are in sympathy with every organization and movement which aims at this much to be desired end, and shall assist them in all our power to accomplish their purpose. Those who know the INTELLIGENCER know the ground it has always taken in this matter; and they may be assured that its opposition to the evil, and advocacy of measures that will annihilate it, will not be less earnest or persistent.

Under some appropriate heading we shall give from time to time extracts from religious contemporaries, touching current religious topics, and concerning matters of Christian work. In this way we will give our readers a good idea of public opinion on all matters of interest.

OF RELIGIOUS NEWS

from all parts of the world it will every week furnish a summary that will be found fresh, readable and interesting. The news from and of the churches which we are immediately connected with receive due prominence; while facts concerning the work of the Lord as carried on by other branches of the Christian Church will be carefully collated for the information and encouragement of our readers. The work of God in Foreign lands will be duly and regularly chronicled; and the claims of that work on home Christians intelligently urged. Readers of the INTELLIGENCER may confidently count on knowing each week just what is being done for the spread of saving truth throughout the world.

THE GENERAL READING

always acknowledged good—will not only be inferior to that heretofore furnished, but will be improved in quantity certainly, and in quality if possible. There will be an occasional sermon by some eminent preacher; Church History; Devotional Reading; Scriptural lessons; articles descriptive of Bible scenes and persons; Sketches of foreign travel; Articles on Church work; Sketches of Christian experience; Random paragraphs, &c., &c. The wants of the younger members of the family will not be forgotten, and there will be each week a certain amount of space devoted to reading adapted to them. There will also be an Agricultural Department, in which we will furnish facts interesting to farmers, who are the majority of the supporters of any paper.

The Market Reports, which are prepared weekly expressly for this paper, are important to farmers, as furnishing reliable information up to the date of each report. They will be continued. Space will also be given to Scientific facts and discoveries; matters which all feel anxious to have information concerning. Sabbath school interests will receive careful attention, and everything done that can aid in so important a work.

THE SECULAR DEPARTMENT

will be full and reliable. A weekly summary of all local and Dominion news will be furnished; and the Foreign news column will be full and accurate. During the session of the Local Legislature a correct report of proceedings will be published; and the doings of the Dominion Parliament will also be chronicled. In a word, a clear and comprehensive synopsis of all events transpiring both at home and abroad—the cream of all that is contained in papers exclusively secular—will from week to week be carefully prepared for the readers of the INTELLIGENCER.

When occasion has demanded we have candidly expressed our views of questions agitating the political and commercial world. We will continue to do, believing it to be our duty to do what we can to conserve the public welfare in every respect. And as in the past, so in the future, our opinions shall be from a non-partisan and honest stand-point.

We shall also, when it seems necessary, give extracts from speeches of leading politicians, and from articles of leading political and commercial journals bearing on questions of general interest.

Thus we have indicated something of what we purpose doing in the INTELLIGENCER of 1874. The arrangement of the matter will be so that each class will be found under a proper heading; and the general make up of the paper will be improved. In short we purpose doing our best to make it second to none in these Provinces as a religious and family newspaper.

(For other announcements see third page.)

A HOMILY TO THE PEWS.

There is a large discussion in the secular and religious press concerning a real or imaginary loss of pulpit power. Abundant homilies are addressed to the preachers on this subject. "Take heed how ye preach" is the common text of a common exhortation. We do not doubt that it is needed, but possibly the pews as well as the pulpits are lacking in power; the pulpits as well as the teachers are responsible that no greater progress is made in religious knowledge and religious life. We do not remember that Christ ever said, "Take heed how ye preach," or even gave his apostles any explicit instructions in homilies, but he did say to the people, "Take heed how ye hear," and he preached a sermon to them with that for his text. In that sermon, the parable of the sower, he indicated that the reason why so much seed is apparently wasted is less the carelessness of the farmer than the poverty of the soil, or, to drop the figure, less the deficiency of the preacher than the deficiency of the hearers. If we follow his classification, we shall find that spiritual husbandry it was in the first, that the heart-roots of America are very like those of Palestine, and that crops have to contend against much the same obstacles now as then.

Christ preached for three years with unexampled eloquence and earnestness; he spoke as never man spoke, all men thronged his preaching; but after his death one upper chamber held all his church. The fault in his case certainly was not in the preaching; it was in the hearing.

There is, first, in every congregation a large proportion of careless, indifferent, inattentive hearers. It is easy to give instruction to those that want it; it requires rare skill to impart it to those who do not. It is easy to furnish food for the hungry; but it is hard to furnish appetites. The minister congratulates himself on his large Sabbath morning congregation. He would modify his self-gratulation if he had the eyes to detect how many have sent only their bodies, and kept their souls at home. The mother is in the kitchen, with the cook, preparing her Sunday dinner; the maiden is with her lover, rowing on the river, or walking in the moonlight; the merchant is in his counting-room, studying his ledger. Their bodies are in church; but they are not. When Saul sent a messenger to slay David, Michael dressed up an image to represent him, while he fled. When the messengers of the Great King come, not to slay but to save, the people play the same trick on them. The image of David is present to the eye; the real David is far away.

If the minister is a teacher and has a duty of instruction, the people are hearers and have a duty of learning, and therefore of attending that they learn. "Husband!" says the wife, when he comes home to dinner, "what was the sermon about this morning?" "It was about—about—let me see," says the husband, hesitating, "about—let me see; I believe it was something about eternal life. The fact is, wife, I don't hardly know what it was about. Somehow our minister don't interest me very much. His sermons are instructive, and all that sort of thing, you know; but they don't get hold of me." Now suppose that Monday, at dinner, John, who is attending school, follows his father's example—"John, what was your history lesson about this morning?" "It was about—about—let me see; I believe it was something about those old Greeks and Romans. Fact is, father, I don't hardly know what it was about. Our teacher don't interest me very much. His lectures are instructive, and all that sort of thing; but they don't get hold of me." Doubtless it is the true teacher's business to get hold of his pupils, and the true minister's business to get hold of his people. But do the pupils owe nothing to their teacher, the people nothing to their minister? The mind that is like a highway—trodden hard by worldly thoughts and interests, and a foraging field for wandering thoughts that follow the sower, like birds of

the air, stands poor chance of getting much good from any preaching, let it be what it may.

There is a second class of hearers, attentive but merely emotional. They go to church, not to learn but to enjoy themselves. They measure the minister by his power over their pocket-handkerchiefs; a congregation in tears is the very ripened fruit of pulpit labor to their notion. They go to church as the children to a kaleidoscope; and the man who can give the most turns to the toy in the half hour is the best man. Their minds are like a lake, and the sermon is like a wind; if it ruffles them for the time, it is enough. Of all hearers these church theatre-goers are the most discouraging to preach to. The minister exerts his follies and exposes their faults. They chuckle over it, saying with glee, "The minister gave it to us all to-day, didn't he? Hit right and left." He warns with utmost solemnity of the coming judgment of God. They shake their heads, and say one to another as they go out, "Well, he can be solemn as any of them when he has a mind to." He entreats them by the mercies of God. They weep at his pathos; and their comment as they leave the church is, "We had a real good sermon to-day; touching, too. Why, there was hardly a dry eye in the house." But as to abandoning the follies, correcting the faults, preparing for judgment, surrendering themselves, body, soul and spirit, to him who has loved them, and given himself for them—does that ever enter their thought? They do not even conceive of it as the minister's aim. The pulpit is a stage, the minister is a clever actor, and they are playgoers.

There is a third class of hearers who listen attentively, and resolve earnestly to realize in life the precepts to which they have listened. But they either forget, or they never knew, that all days are the Lord's days, that he who has given the Sabbath in which to learn has also given the week in which to practice; in particular they forget that it is only practice that makes perfect, and that to listen attentively to a sermon on patience will do nothing to develop that grace without some practical culture of it during the week, in the house and the shop. The garments of grace are not ready-made and distributed by the minister from the pulpit, to be put on and worn away, they are self-wrought. Souls are clad with virtue as trees are clad with verdure—by their own forth-putting. The seed goes to weeds if it has no culture, however good the soil; and the truth is soon over-shadowed and dies out of the heart and life, if it be not kept alive by practical obedience through the week, however well listened to on Sunday.

Listen attentively, apply personally, cultivate diligently—this is the sum of our "homily to the pews." He that does this will find some nutriment even in the driest sermon; he that does not may enjoy his Sunday feast; but he will get no strength from it for want of digestion and assimilation.—*Christian Union.*

At least every Free Baptist family in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia should have the INTELLIGENCER. Tell them so, and ask them to subscribe.

THE DEATH-BED OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Most of our readers are probably familiar with the remarkable saying of Prince Albert when upon his dying-bed:

"I have had wealth, rank, and power. But if this were all I had, how wretched I would be now."

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

It is not easy to conceive of a more brilliant and happy life than that of Prince Albert. He was a child of illustrious birth, and the heir to what would generally be considered large wealth. The home of his childhood was one of the most imposing of baronial castles, which feudal pride and opulence had reared upon the heights of Germany. In his early youth he enjoyed every privilege of education earth could give. The best teachers of Europe guided his mind in all branches of knowledge. Obsequious attendants anticipated his wants as he freely moved amid the luxurious surroundings of the castle. Familiarity with the most cultivated society gave him the highest polish of manners and made him familiar with the etiquette of courts. He was by nature endowed with a fine mind, much amiability of character, and remarkable beauty of person.

Prince Albert thus early became, in personal attractions, in mental culture, in princely bearing, one of the most accomplished gentlemen in Europe. When about eighteen years of age he visited the royal family in England, to which he was nearly related. In the gorgeous saloons of Windsor Castle and of Buckingham Palace he was an honored guest. Here he was introduced to a circle of society as brilliant and refined as has ever been known on earth. And here he won the love of his cousin, Princess Victoria, the heiress to the throne of England.

Their marriage was an event in which not only all Christendom, but every government on earth was interested. Embassadors flocked to London, in honor of the occasion, from all the principal dynasties of Africa and Asia. Westminster's grand cathedral was never before crowded with such an assemblage. All that earthly ambition could desire was now attained by Prince Albert. He was in the enjoyment of wealth unsurpassed in the visions of romance. He had rank which placed him on an equality with the most illustrious kings. He had power such as few mortals ever possessed, and yet without the pressure of toil and responsibility.

An attractive family of sons and daughters grew up around him. He had no paternal anxiety as to provision for his future. As each child was born, the British Parliament voted that child, for the support of the dignity of the royal family, an annual income of about one hundred thousand dollars.

One daughter married the heir apparent of the crown of Prussia. Thus there opened to

her perhaps the highest position which a lady can now occupy, on this globe—that of the empress of Germany. The eldest son—heir to the throne of Great Britain—married into the royal family of Denmark. Other brilliant alliances opened before others of the children.

In the midst of his prosperity, in the meridian of his days—being but forty-two years of age—sudden disease strikes Prince Albert down, and he lies upon a dying-bed. The regal couch is draped with an imperial canopy. The splendors of a palatial chamber glitter around the bed. The highest dignitaries of church and state are present with their sympathy and homage.

But death is the equalizer of prince and peasant. The queen is but a woman weeping, broken-hearted, over her dying husband. The royal children are but sons and daughters sobbing in uncontrollable grief over their dying father. Prince Albert is but a man gasping, fainting, sinking in death—passing from the shadow of an earthly crown to the tribunal of God, where, like the humblest subject in his realms, he must answer for every thought, word, and deed done in the body. In a moment of cessation from pain, he looked up to the weeping ones around him and uttered the memorable words:

"I have had wealth, rank and power. But if this were all I had, how wretched should I be now."

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

He had, we believe, something more. Faith in an atoning Saviour sustained him. He had a professed faith in Jesus, and all who knew him believed him to be a sincere disciple.

Reader! you will soon be placed on this dying bed. Have you this faith to sustain you in that dread hour?—*Advance.*

You may do absent friends or members of your family much good by sending them the INTELLIGENCER. \$2.00 will give them an evidence every week for a year that you think of them.

THE BIBLE PROVES ITSELF.

Suppose I have never seen or heard of a sewing-machine. I have no idea of its parts, of its construction, or of its use. But after a time—no matter how—I come into possession of one. It is not set up, however, nor even put together. I have the wheels, and bands, and arms, and the cloth-plate, and the shuttle, and the needles, and the treadle. But not being a machinist, I do not know how to put the parts together, so I put them away. By-and-by there comes to me through the mail a pamphlet. The post-mark is dim, and I cannot make it out. It has no name on it either of author or sender. I look it curiously through, and find it full of cuts and explanatory letter-press, and as I turn over the leaves I am struck by the resemblance of some of the plates to some parts of the almost forgotten and useless machine. I look more closely, and find that it is a guide for the setting up and running of what it calls a sewing-machine. I compare the pieces and the book, and following its instructions I find it all goes accurately together. I thread the needle, and taking a piece of cloth I find it works precisely as the book said it would.

Now, I care not where the machine came from or where the book came from. I may not know who wrote the book, or even so much as that the inventor of the machine ever heard of him or his writing. But I know that the idea of him who made the machine and the idea of him who made the book are identical. In that wherein it pretends to be a guide—that is, in putting together and running the machine—it is an accurate guide-book, and being true for the an absolute authority. No conceivable thing could add to this authority. If it could be proved that the inventor of the machine wrote the book with his own hands, and that it was free from mistake, throughout, even to the grammar and punctuation, it would not add to its authority one iota. It works. It stands trial. It does what it claims to do.

Now, suppose somebody should go to picking flaws in its grammar, or spelling, or chronological calculations, or obscurities of style, or because it stray leaf from an old almanac had got bound up in it. Suppose, for such reasons, he should counsel throwing it away, and trusting to luck to get the machine together. Would you not call him a fool?

Come back now to the book and the world, and see if you have not for Christianity an argument equally simple. Here is a discarded humanity. We have only the separate and unjoined parts. They do not work together. Here also is a book. It pictures the present condition of humanity. It tells how to put the parts together and make it complete. Try it by this test. On its principle—the principle of love—you can build up a perfect man, a perfect family, a perfect society.

This one fact proves conclusively that the essential idea that is embodied in humanity and the essential idea of the book are the same. In that wherein it pretends to be a guide, that is, putting together and building up humanity, it is an accurate guide-book, and being true for the ends for which it was made, it is for such ends an absolute authority.—*Minot J. Savage.*

New subscribers who send their money now will get the paper till the end of the year (1873) free.

COMPREHENSIVE.—There is hanging on the wall of a shepherd's cottage, amid the ruins of an old castle in North Wales, a card, on which are printed, in large letters, these lines:

"For Jesus Christ's sake
Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
And as long as you can."

Very simple words, but they lay out work for a Christian's lifetime.

A PRAYERLESS CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD.

Is such a thing possible? Can a household be thoroughly religious with a family altar where the incense of devotion ascends morning and evening to the Giver of all good? If the flame burns low or goes out entirely, is there not reason to fear that down deep in the heart the warfare with sin has ceased to be waged?

Such a family I know. The names of the father, mother, and some of the children were on the Church register. I can remember them far back as the most exemplary of Christians. The father is a lawyer, and a more upright and honorable career than his has been rarely seen. Prospered in business, with many friends and political honors, he has gradually and almost imperceptibly fallen into the ways of the world, and neglected religious duties. So gradual has been the change, that he would have been aware-struck if he could have contrasted his feelings of to-day with those of twenty-three years ago.

The mother I knew in her girlhood. She was apparently the most devoted Christian I ever knew. Her zeal for the good of others was unbounded, and she started in the Christian life with the noble ambition of accomplishing great things in the Master's service. But contact with the world had chilled her ardor, and she had forgotten those youthful aspirations.

I had not seen her for years, when I happened to be in the town where she lived, and was invited to her house. She had a beautiful home. All that wealth could bestow was hers. But I fear that in her prosperity she had forgotten the most important of all things.

My lot in life had been far different. As the wife of a country minister on a small salary, I had few of the luxuries of life. But the self-denial and discipline of life had enabled me, in some measure, to keep bright the Christian's armor; and I felt, as I sat a guest in her beautiful home, that I would not exchange my assurance of heaven for all the wealth in the world.

O, how my heart was burdened with prayer for these dear ones! I could not sleep. Over and over again I kept saying, "Restore unto them, O Lord, the joy of thy salvation." It was not till I had been there several days that the mother ventured to speak of old-time experiences. Then she told me how she had struggled and failed to keep her heart from worldly dress. She begged me, with tears in her eyes, to pray for them all, that they might return unto the Lord.

How my heart rejoiced to hear the penitent prayer that followed! So earnest was she that it was not long before she was rejoicing in the smiles of a new-found love. Then her heart went out after her husband. Our united petitions ascended to heaven for him, and God heard the prayers of his children. The family altar was re-built, Church duties resumed, and the wandering heart awoke to the consciousness that

Thou art the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Each subscriber would confer a great favour on us, and do a good thing for his neighbour, if he would secure at least one new name and send with his renewal.

THE LAND OF ASHANTEES.

The Ashantee nation with whom England has trouble just now is a great African power. It numbers about 3,000,000 souls—of whom some 200,000 are war-loving barbarians. Every twenty-one days they hold an *adul*, or "blood custom," at which wax and palm wine having been drunk like water, skulls are carried in procession to the sound of drums made of human skin, and most horrible massacres and debaucheries go forward. At the annual "yam-festival," just now coming on, they celebrate a still bloodier carnival of death, and whenever a caboose or freeman dies, slaves are killed "to wet his grave." They eat the heart and drink the blood of a conquered enemy, and wear the teeth and finger-bones as ornaments. When the king dies, thousands of wretched slaves and attendants are slaughtered over his tomb; in a word, it is a land of murder. It was meant by nature to be a land of peace and plenty, for beyond the thick forest which lies along the coast stretches a fertile and healthy country of rich black soil, growing two or three crops yearly, and full of vegetable wonders and glories yet unnamed. The fruits and flowers of Ashantee land are said to be marvellous. Curious animals, such as the bird called "pookoo," and the huge corpse-eating "arompe" rat, are found in the woods and clearings. Reptiles are horribly plentiful, including enormous boas; a peculiar puff-adder, whose bite is certain death; scorpions as big as cray-fish, and toads so large that Bosman took the first one he ever saw for a land-tortoise. Gold is the chief article exported. In that metal Ashantee land must be fabulously rich; the chiefs wear golden breast-plates and golden or gilded war-caps. The caboose goes about with lumps of virgin gold hung upon their necks and waists, some weighing, it is said, four pounds and more; and Bowditch has described golden window-frames in the king's palace at Coomassie. After the battle of Accra, in 1826, the Ashantee king sent in as "peace-money" six thousand ounces of dust and nuggets, and the swords, muskets, and elephant-tail fans are described as being profusely rich with goldsmiths' work. The government is a despotic monarchy, the religion fetishism, modified by African Islamism. They believe in a Great Spirit, who, they say, created six white and six black people, and gave the first choice between a calabash and sealed paper. The blacks took the calabash—which contained gold, iron, maize, and all the wealth of nature—and the whites got the scroll, which contained instructions in the right use of all these products. Thus the whites are forever superior. As for Coomassie, the capital, accounts differ, one statement making it out a poor, struggling place of mean huts, and another, a really fine and imposing city for Africa.