

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, AUGUST 22, 1873.

Whole No. 1022.

GRAND DISPLAY

OF
New Goods,
FOR SUMMER, 1873.

AT THE
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FREDERICTON, N. B.

MILLER & EDGEcombe,

Have now open for inspection 33 Cases and Bales of
STAPLE and FANCY

Dry Goods,

For the summer trade. Imported direct from the Home
Markets.

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IRISH POPLINS.**

300 PIECES CHOICE DRESS GOODS
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**10 Bales of Grey and White Cottons, Tickings,
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This Stock we can recommend to our Friends and the
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All Goods sold with small profits and at one price.
Inspection invited.

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THOMAS LOGAN

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goods, comprising.

White & Grey Cottons,

White & Grey Sheetings,

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TABLE DAMASKS,

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WHITE AND COLORED

Knitting Cotton!

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ANGOLA YARN.

**Patch Work, Turkey Red, Yellow and
Green Cambrics.**

THOMAS LOGAN.
Fredericton, March 23, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

THE PERILS OF YOUNG MEN IN CITIES.

Cities will always be the centre of influence. There the pulse of social and commercial life throbs more strongly than elsewhere. There both good and evil are intensified in their effects. The means and opportunities of Christian usefulness are greatly multiplied. The force and variety of temptation are vastly increased. But the resistance of allurements to evil develops in the virtuous a nobler type of Christian character than that of the untutored soul. The yielding to its seductions leads to greater degradation than is likely to occur in a simple rural community. To the prudent and diligent, city life is frequently the stepping-stone to success and fortune. To the frivolous and pleasure-loving, it is often the high road to ruin.

The city is largely indebted for its growth and prosperity to the fresh blood and vigorous young manhood of the country. But when the unsophisticated youth leaves his rural home, where every one he meets is a neighbor or a friend, he often feels the loneliness of crowds a sense of isolation that impels him to look somewhere for social enjoyment in his hours of relaxation from business. Often without an acquaintance in the city, with no Christian home open to him, he will seek companionship in places of improper resort. And such places, alas! beset him on every side and multiply their allurements to beguile his unwary footsteps into paths of sin, often to his everlasting undoing.

One of the most pernicious varieties of the class we refer to is the popular concert saloon, of which several exist in the city of Toronto. Many a youth who would not enter a saloon to drink, will be led by his taste for music, it may be naturally fine and successfully cultivated, within the sphere of its pernicious influence. And the music, instrumental and vocal, furnished at these places, is often of a superior character. But with the music are also furnished seductions to vice of a most baneful tendency. The concert, it is true, is free; but its patrons are expected to purchase something to drink, for the benefit of the house, from the attentive waiters who continually pass around with trays laden with various kinds of intoxicating beverages.

At some of these halls a professional singer is employed, who nightly regales the throng with the popular songs of the day, the company being invited to join in the chorus. Volunteer contributions to the mirth and "good-fellowship" of the occasion are always welcome and are warmly applauded. Any one, therefore, who possesses a good voice and a little vanity may, by the exercise of the one, gratify the other to his heart's content. Sometimes the professional singer is a female, who appears in male costume, as well as in the habiliments of her own sex; but it is difficult to say which garb is the more immodest.

And these saloons are nightly thronged from dusk till midnight, as a member of the city police informed us, by a crowd of young men, who amid reeking clouds of tobacco smoke and a babel of talk, jest, oaths, songs, and vociferous applause, learn the lessons of dissipation and vice which "make a wreck of both body and soul."

Two or three of these concert saloons flaunt their meretricious attractions on our most public thoroughfare. The Christian sentiment of the community should demand the abatement of this social nuisance, and insist that man-traps so opposed to public morality be put down by the strong arm of the law.

Another and scarcely less pernicious place of popular amusement is found in the billiard parlors connected with many of the saloons of the city. The quasi-respectable character of the game makes it the more seductive and more dangerous. Those who are fond of this amusement can point to the example of many of what are called "the best families," who keep their private billiard tables—the cost of which would maintain a poor family for several months—and claim the right to a similar enjoyment. We hear much of the healthful exercise and mental stimulus and discipline of the game. In default of personal experience of its benefits or the reverse, we leave to quote the following reference to a recent article on the subject by a contributor to the *Graphic* newspaper:—"He charges that the persons who habitually manifest the most interest in the game are habitual players, are persons usually of the lowest type of countenance; the best professional players are usually promoted billiard-markers, a class recruited from the most shiftless, worthless, ignorant class of the community. He points out, also, that a bar is almost an indispensable accompaniment to the billiard-room, and that its associations are corrupting. Did any one ever know a billiard room without a bar? Did any one ever know of a billiard room where players do not habitually 'play for the drinks'? The *Graphic* contributor proceeds with his indictment, charging that the game is an unhealthy one; as exercise it amounts to nothing; the heated, gaslight, confined air is noxious, and the tendencies of the game are physically as well as morally corrupting. Finally, it is nothing more than 'playing marbles with a stick.' It improves the aim—but for what good particularly? What benefit is it to a man that he knows where to punch a ball in given direction? The game is unintellectual—it develops neither the 'mathematics nor the humanities of the mind.' None of the higher mental faculties are called into play by it, and no man is made better by its exercise."

The same remarks will apply largely to the nine-pin alleys, bowling-saloons, and shooting galleries which abound, and which are almost invariably connected with drinking usages and improper companionship.

The Christian community should endeavor to provide an antidote to the evil of which we are writing. Persons enjoying the blessings of a home should seek to extend its moral benefits to the homeless young men of their

acquaintance. If these were permitted from time to time to share the social enjoyments and refined female society of Christian households, a feeling of manly self-respect would prevent their lapsing into low society and vicious indulgence.

Other counter attractions of a moral and religious character fortunately exist for the young men of our cities. The numerous temperance organizations open wide their doors and offer national amusements to all who comply with the salutary conditions of membership. The literary societies of the various churches offer an arena and furnish a stimulus for intellectual activity. And above all, that invaluable institution, the Young Men's Christian Association, seeks to meet the religious and social necessities of our nature. It offers devotional meetings for promoting heart culture, literary entertainments and library and reading rooms for developing the intellectual powers, and furnishes in its excellent gymnasium, the facilities for athletic exercises disinterested from the debasing and immoral influence inseparable from saloons and drinking clubs. We commend such associations heartily to the sympathy of the Church, whose hand-maid and not rival they are in carrying out their beneficent work. We would urge every young man coming a stranger to any of our cities to seek affiliation with these excellent institutions. They will be a safeguard against evil and a moral and religious benefit of incalculable advantage.—*Gazette.*

MINISTERIAL UNFAITHFULNESS.

A young minister, preached very earnestly, in a certain chapel; after service had to walk four or five miles to his home, along a country road. A young man who had been deeply impressed during the sermon requested the privilege of walking with the minister, with an earnest hope that he might get an opportunity of telling his feelings to him and obtaining some word of guidance or comfort. Instead of that the young minister, all along, told the most singular tales to those who were with him, causing loud roars of laughter. He stopped at a certain house, and this young man with him, and the whole evening was spent in frivolity.

Some years after, when the minister had grown older, he was sent for to the bedside of a dying man. He hastened thither, with a heart desirous to do good. He was requested to sit down at the bedside; and the dying man, looked at him and regarding him more closely, said to him:

"Do you remember preaching in such a village, and on such an occasion?"

"I do," said the minister.

"I was one of your hearers," said the man, "and I was deeply impressed by the sermon."

"Thank God for that," said the minister.

"Stop," interrupted the man. "Do not thank God until you have heard the whole story. You will have reason to alter your tone before I have done."

The minister changed countenance, but he little guessed what would be the full extent of that man's testimony.

Said he, "Sir, do you remember after you had finished your sermon that I, with some others, walking home with you? I was sincerely desirous of being led in the right path that night; but I heard you speak in such a strain of levity and with so much coarseness, too, that I went outside the house while you were sitting down to your evening meal. I stamped my foot upon the ground. I said that you were a liar; that Christianity was a falsehood; that if you could pretend to be in earnest in the pulpit, and then come down and talk like that, the whole thing must be a sham. And I have been an infidel, said he, 'a confirmed infidel from that day to this. But I am not an infidel at this moment. I know better. I am dying, and about to be damned; and at the bar of God I will lay my damnation to your charge. My blood was upon your head.'"

And, with a dreadful shriek and a demoniacal glance at the trembling minister he died.—*Guide to Holiness.*

SOWING THE SEED.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

On board of the steamship City of Brooklyn, when on the passage to New York in November, 1870, two young girls were often seen sitting together, reading from a book which seemed to them of great interest. They were stowage passengers. Among the cabin passengers was a gentleman of short stature, who having noticed these girls, approached and inquired what book that was which interested them so much. One of them replied, "This is the book given me at the convent school, to teach me of the Blessed Virgin, and how to pray to her, also it tells me of the faith of the true church." He said, "Will you let me see the book?" "O yes," she said, and passed it to him, evidently surprised that he should thus interest himself in what they were reading. After taking a hasty glance through its pages, he returned it, saying, "Do you believe what this says, that you must pray to the mother of Jesus, and that the *prayers* can forgive your sins?" "Why, yes; should we not believe what we have been taught all our lives? and who else can we pray to, if not the Blessed Virgin?" said one. He then told them of Jesus, and tried to present him to their minds as the one above the mother, and to whom we should come by prayer, for only through him could our sins be forgiven.

From that time throughout the passage, this gentleman took every opportunity to converse with these girls; and when the weather was cold, would throw around them a large rug to keep them comfortable, whilst he would present to them Christ and his salvation, all which was to these young Romanists obscured in a mist which their minds could not fully penetrate. The gentleman seeing that they could not readily apprehend the mystery of salvation through Christ alone, said, "Well, I shall pray for you, that your mind may be enlightened to see these things as they are, and that you may accept Christ as your Saviour, and may God bless you."

With these parting words they separated; the girls to make a home where everything to them was new and strange, the gentleman to his home and business, perhaps never more to think of the little girls into whose heart he had dropped the seed of eternal life. Two years have passed away, and one of the little Romanists of that company is a recently converted and decided follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Those words, "I shall pray for you," have never been forgotten, and we can thus see that the seed sown on the broad, stormy Atlantic, has taken root and brought forth fruit which promises much for the Master's cause, and in the final result may add many "stars" to the crown of him who noticed the little strangers, and with Christian love for the lost pointed them to the Lamb that was slain.

PRAYERLESS CHRISTIANS.

"My leanness, my leanness," was the constant cry of Sister N., and when she spoke on religious topics she told a doleful tale of her wretchedness, backwardness, and lack of enjoyment and blessing.

She had finished one of these "testimonies" in the evening-class meeting, and when she sat down, Bro. S., the leader, said,—

"I don't know."

"Do you pray three times a day?"

"No," said Sister N.

"Do you pray twice a day?"

"No."

"Do you pray once a day?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well, Sister," said the zealous leader, "if the Saviour should come and call you to account, do you think he would say to you, 'Well done, good and faithful servant?'"

There are many persons who talk of despondency, trials, temptations, and unbelief, when their trouble is simply a prayerless, godless, sinful life, and they can no more find peace and comfort in such a course, than they could feast upon gravel stones, or fatten upon the east wind.

God has marked out the way of blessing, peaceableness, and peace; and the man who pretends to serve God while living in prayerlessness, and disobedience, and disregard of all his precepts, may have the sorrow that worketh death, and the chastening that attends the disobedient; but can never know the peace of God which passeth knowledge, which is the heritage of the obedient soul.

NOT MEASURED BY ABILITY.

There are many who faint when they look on almost any duty or good work, because they are so consciously unequal to it. Why, if they were not unequal, or felt themselves to be equal, they had better for that reason decline it; for there is nothing so utterly weak and impotent as this conceit of strength.

Brethren, the day is wearing away; this is a desert place; there are hungry, perishing multitudes around us, and Christ is saying to us all, Give them to eat. Say not, We cannot, we have nothing to give. Go to your duty, every man, and trust yourselves to him; for he will give you all supply, just as fast as you need it. You will have just as much power as you believe you will have.

Suppose, for example, you are called to be a Sabbath-school teacher, and you say within yourself, I have no experience, no capacity, I must decline. That is the way to keep your incapacity forever. A true to those cowardly suggestions. Be a Christian, throw yourself upon God's work, and get the ability you want in it.

So if you are put in charge of any effort or institution; so if you are called to any work or office in the Church, or to any exercise for the edification of others—say not that you are unable to do; undertake to edify others, and then you will edify yourself and become able.

No Christian will ever be good for anything without Christian courage, or what is the same, Christian faith. Take upon you readily, have it as a law, to be always doing great works—that is, works that are great to you; and this is the faith that God so clearly justifies, that your abilities will be as your works. Make large adventures. Trust God for great things. With your loaves and two fishes he will show you a way to feed thousands.—*Bushnell's Sermons.*

HOW TO DESTROY GOOD ALREADY DONE.

Some suggestive hints are given in the *Sunday School World* on "How to spoil the work of a school." We suppose if the method is reversed it will produce opposite results:—

1. Put a bad motive to every action of the superintendent or earnest teacher. It works precisely as when a pastor's best labors are criticised instead of seconded.

2. Doubt the soundness of the conversions. Let it get around to a young soul, just in its first battle, that he is considered by some Christians as dishonest, or at least as not thoroughly converted, and you will be the best ally the devil has found.

3. Balk work just when work is mostly needed. It brings you into prominence. Probably the superintendent will have to come and beg of you to hold on to your class. You can then do so, and plague him in a number of little ways.

4. Sneer at the young Christians whenever they do wrong. Taunt them with their profession, and infer that they disgrace Christ. This works thoroughly in the family or in the school. A mother can ruin her children as quickly in this way as by any known method.

5. In case of too much prominence being

given to practical good, suggest what is not being accomplished. Show how the prayer-meeting is thinly attended; how the teachers' meetings are dull; how poor teachers are employed; insist that none but church-members be allowed to teach; criticize the selection of hymns; the prayers; annoy the school organizer; suggest a change of chorists.

6. Be terribly alarmed if a disagreement or ill-feeling arises between two teachers; tell of it everywhere; try to settle it by scolding about it in public places.

"FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN."

The following are the concluding remarks of the Rev. Geo. M. Grant in his new book. They are characterized by sound philosophy, eloquence, strength and manliness:—

Looking back over the vast breadth of the Dominion, when our journeyings were ended, it rolled out before us like a panorama, varied and magnificent enough to stir the dulllest spirit into patriotic emotion. For nearly 1,000 miles by railway between different points east of Lake Huron; 3,185 miles by horses, including coaches, waggon, pack and saddle-horses, 1,687 miles in steamers, in the basin of the St. Lawrence and on Pacific waters, and 485 miles in canoes or row-boats; we had travelled in all 5,300 miles between Halifax and Victoria, over a country with features and resources more varied than even our modes of locomotion. From the sea-pastures and coal-fields of Nova Scotia and the forests of New Brunswick, almost from the historic Louisbourg up the St. Lawrence to historic Quebec; through the great Province of Ontario, and on lakes that are really seas; by copper and silver mines so rich as to recall stories of the Arabian nights, though only the rim of the land has been explored; on the chain of lakes, where the Ojibway is at home in his canoe, to the great plains where the Cree is equally at home on his horse; through the prairie Province of Manitoba, and rolling meadows and park-like country, equally fertile, out of which a dozen Manitobas shall be carved in the next quarter of a century; along the banks of

A full-fed river winding slow,
By herds upon an endless plain,

full-fed from the exhaustless glaciers of the Rocky Mountain, and watering "the great lone land;" over limitless coal measures and deep woods; on to the mountains which open their gates more widely than to our wealthier neighbors, or lead us to the Pacific down deep gorges filled with mighty timber, and rivers whose ancient deposits are gold-beds, sands like those of Pictou and channels choked with fish; on to the many harbors of mainland and island, that look right across to the old Eastern Thule, "with its rocky pearls and golden-roofed palaces," and open their arms to receive the swarming millions of Cathay; over all this we have travelled, and it was all our own.

What's the coward that would not dare,
To fight for such a land?"

Thank God we have a country. It is not our property of land, or sea, or wood or mine, that shall ever urge us to be traitors. But the destiny of a country depends on the character of its people. Here, too, is full ground for confidence. We, in everything, "are sprung of earth's first blood, have titles manifold." We come of a race that never counted the number of its foes, nor the number of its friends, when freedom, loyalty, or God was concerned. Two courses are possible, though it is almost an insult to say there are two, for the one requires us to be false to our traditions and history, to our future, and to ourselves. A third course has been hinted at; but only dreamers or emasculated intellects would seriously propose "Independence" to four millions of people, face to face with thirty-eight millions. Some one may have even a fourth to propose. The Abbe Sieyes had a cabinet filled with pigeon-holes, in each of which was a cut-and-dried Constitution of France. *Doctrinaires* fancy that at any time they can say, "go to, let us make a Constitution," and that they can fit it on a nation as readily as new coats on their backs. There never was a profounder mistake. A nation grows, and its Constitution must grow with it. The nation cannot be pulled up by the roots,—cannot be dislocated from the past, without danger to its highest interests. Loyalty is essential to its fulfilment of a distinctive mission—essential to its true glory. Only one course, therefore, is possible for us, consistent with the self-respect that alone gains the respect of others; to seek, in the consolidation of the Empire, a common Imperial citizenship, with common responsibilities, and a common inheritance. With childish impatience and intolerance of thought on the subject, we are sometimes told that a Republican form of Government and Republican institutions, are the same as our own. But they are not ours. Besides, they are different in their effects on character. And, as we are the children even more than we are the framers of our national institutions, our first duty is to hold fast these political forms, the influences of which on national character have been proved by the tests of time and comparison, to be the most ennobling. Republicanism is one-sided. Despotism is one-sided. The true form should combine and harmonize both sides. The favorite principle of Robertson, of Brighton, that the whole truth in the realm of the moral and spiritual consists in the union of two truths that are contrary but not contradictory, applies also to the social and political. What two contrary truths then lie at the basis of a complete National Constitution? First, that the will of the people is the will of God. Secondly, that the will of God must be the will of the people. That the people are the ultimate fountain of all power is one truth. That Government is of God, and should be strong, stable, and above the people is another. In other words, the elements of liberty and authority should both be represented. A republic is professedly based only on the first. In consequence, all popular appeals are made to that which is lowest in our nature, for such appeals are made to the greatest number and are more likely to be immediately successful. The character of public men and the national

character deteriorate. Neither dignity, elevation of sentiment, nor refinement of manners is cultivated. Still more fatal consequences, the very ark of the nation is carried periodically into heady fights: for the time being, the citizen has no country; he has only his party, and the unity of the country is constantly imperilled. On the other hand, a despotism is based entirely on the element of authority. To unite those elements in due proportions, is and has been the aim of every true statesman. Let the history of liberty and progress, of the development of human character to all its rightful issues, testify where they have been more wisely blended than in the British Constitution.

We have a fixed centre of authority and government, a fountain of honor above us that all reverence, from which a thousand gracious influences come down to every rank; and, along with that fixity, representative institutions, so elastic that they respond within their own sphere to every breath of public sentiment, instead of a cast-iron yoke for four years. In harmony with this central part of our constitution, we have an independent judiciary instead of judges—too often the creatures of wealth, adventurers on the mere echoes of public sentiment. And, more valuable than even the direct advantages, are the subtle, indirect influences that flow from our living in unbroken connection with the old land, and the dynamical, if imperceptible forces, that determine the tone and mould the character of a people.

"In our halls is hung the armoury of the invincible knights of old." Ours are the old history, the misty past, the graves of our fathers. Ours the names "to which a thousand memories call." Ours is the flag; ours the Queen whose virtues transmute the sacred principle of loyalty into a personal affection.

RANDOM READINGS.

CHRISTIAN TOILET.—"Wash—" Fountain filled with blood."

Garment—Praise—"What you win by prayer, wear by praise."

Sandals—Peace—"And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

Mantle—Love—"For charity shall cover a multitude of sins."

Brooch—"Pearl of great price."

Ring—Faith—"The trial of your faith being more precious than of gold that perisheth."

Bracelets—Bonds of Love—"And I put bracelets upon thy hand, and a chain on thy neck."

Perfume—Beneficence—"An odor or sweet smell—a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God."

THE BEST MAN.—A story is told of a great captain who, after a battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, some of another. "No," said he, "you are all mistaken. The best man on the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat checked himself, and dropped his arm without striking a blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing he has done to-day." And nothing pleases God so much as absolute and unhesitating obedience.

WHAT HE COULD HELP.—A master cooper called upon a black man in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. The black asked for what purpose he wanted the timber, and received for answer, "I have a contract for a thousand whiskey barrels."

"Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale and want money, but no man shall buy a stave from me for that purpose."

The cooper was indignant to meet with such stern reproach from a black, and called him a "nigger."

"That is very true," mildly replied the other. "It is my misfortune to be a negro; I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whiskey-barrels, and I mean to do it."

SCANDAL.—The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go in various directions and scatter the seeds; one by one. Wondering at the parable, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he told her to go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he told her that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she had calculated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest men cannot gather them again.

LET YOUR WIFE KNOW.—It is a custom too common with the men of the world to keep their families in utter ignorance of the situation of their business, the wife knows nothing—has not even an idea of the amount of her husband's fortune, whether it is to be counted by hundreds or by thousands. What can a woman kept in such ignorance learn? She spends, as a matter of course, all he gives her to spend, with the full confidence that when that is gone, and she asks for it, he will give her more.

If an unmarried woman works, she may go with a bold unblushing face, and demand her wages; but a wife can demand nothing, her claim is only for bare necessity; and generous men, on that account, are too often indulgent, too fearful of letting a wife know the exact state of their finances. 'Tis all wrong.

Husband and wife have a mutual interest; every woman should know the exact state of her husband's finances, understand his plans, aid him, if possible, with her counsel, and then these terrible catastrophes would not so often happen. Many a wife who is plunging herself deeper into debt from ignorance, would, if she knew his embarrassments, be the first to save, and with true womanly sympathy and generosity, help him to reinstate his fallen fortunes.