

# 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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## NEW GOODS.

## The Intelligencer.

### ANSWERED PRAYERS.

"It is not truth nor philosophy to say that prayer alters nothing—that the laws of nature are fixed—and that prayer cannot change them. The laws of nature are fixed on purpose to be used for the granting of prayer. Any man can use these laws to grant the request of a child. Cannot God, who made them, do as much with them as a man can?"

There are times when it seems a duty to most, we keep sealed in our hearts; or communicate but to our own elect. When those that know not the Lord are challenging those that put their trust in Him to show cause for their trust, it is time to speak and to testify, each one for himself, what he has known and seen.

There is a backward feeling, as if to claim that God's promise to us has been often fulfilled, being claiming for ourselves superior sanctity. But this is all a mistake. We pray because we are so needy, so faulty; He hears and answers because of His love and truth. He has the power and the will to help all poor sinners who call on Him, believing that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. This is our claim—never that we are so good that God answers us.

My own history, from childhood up, has been one of answered prayers. Left motherless at the age of thirteen, I felt, through and through me, that there was now no helper for me but Him who made me; and under the shadow of His wings I was trying to bear with me, into that safe shelter, three other souls; and I have reason to hope that they are all there. Not that they, or I, have lived the blameless lives we desire to live, but as often as we, in our human weakness and sin, have stumbled or fallen, God has raised us up, showed us tokens for good, and comforted us—sometimes often chastening heavy and sore.

I was naturally of a very hot and hasty temper, impatient and easily discouraged. In spite of all my efforts to obey and please my mother, I could never overcome these faults; and many a sad trial, I doubt not, she had with us all. But when she was gone, and her parting charge to me was yet sounding in my ears, I shut myself up alone and prayed with all my heart that God would keep me from the faults that would destroy my influence for good over my dear brothers. "Make me able to be always patient and kind and affectionate to them all, no matter how they act," I entreated. And a change was wrought in me from that very hour. Never since have I consciously felt towards one of them anything inconsistent with true love and desire for their eternal good.

While they were in deadly peril among the rebels, I tried to guard them round with a wall of prayer. Night and day was I crying to the Lord for them; and they were both safely restored. One, under terrible fire for seven hours, and not expecting to see another sunset, though he was thrown down and covered by a bursting bomb, was not even wounded. How sweet to feel that God heard and answered their sister's prayers.

Once, in the dark of our lives, I resolved on having a good dinner for us. The means were lacking; and I would neither run in debt (though my credit was good) nor make known my circumstances to wealthy friends or relatives.

I spoke to Our Father, and set my table and began to cook what I had—some small bit of meat. While I was out a few moments, a carriage drove up to the door, and a stranger left a letter for me with little girl who attended the door. On opening the envelope, directed in a strange hand, I found another one, bearing the "from the Lord;" and within it was a beautiful crisp bank bill of five dollars. Didn't we have our dinner? and pray for blessings on that "hand of the Lord?" Indeed, yes. Will any man dare tell me that God does not answer prayer?

I was called to witness in court against a bad and cruel man, husband of a kind friend of mine. I knew him to be a villain, and believed him capable of any wickedness that he was not too cowardly to perform. And there he sat to hear me testify. I was frightened almost into spasms. I literally shook till my teeth rattled; and was utterly unable to speak naturally. Then I thought of One ever present to help, and my soul called to Him, "Call me, my God, and keep me calm." Immediately (as was needed, for they began to question me) the tumult in me sank; I regained self-control; everything that I wanted to say came to me in order—sharp, clear, as frosty mornings. One whom Judge Oliver told me was one of the worst men belonging to the bar to confuse and break down witnesses, tried his worst with me, with the result of losing his own temper and self-control, so that the papers in his hands trembled as if they had the ague, and setting everybody laughing at his expense. I never felt calmer, nor keener in my life, and not once was I made to blush or speak aside from the purpose.

"You've been used to testifying in court," said one of the lawyers to me, after I was released. "Never," said I, "and I hope never again to be in such a place."

"Well, I never heard anybody do better," said he. Who can reasonably deny that God did then, and instantly, answer prayer?

A friend of mine had a brother who had become very intemperate. Her heart was almost utterly broken by his excesses; she had said and done all in her power to reform him, but every effort seemed in vain, and he was worse. He actually appeared to delight in doing wrong for the purpose of disturbing her. Meantime she was praying night and day for the poor, miserable wreck. But her nervous system was so worn upon that she was afraid her reason would be overthrown if she could not obtain relief. Therefore, having fasted, cried, wept before the Lord, confessing and bemoaning bitterly all her own sins, which she feared prevented Him from

giving her an answer of peace; and trying sincerely to forsake every evil work and way, she said: "and now, O Lord, I can endure this no longer. The burden is too great for any one but Thee to bear; and on Thee I cast it. Thou that didst make him, and die for him, must love him better than his poor sister can. Thou canst save him; I cannot. If to do so is not Thy will, let me not see the death of the lad. Hide me, hide me, from this woe. Let me forget him—all Thy time to save him comes." In the meanwhile she had sent to Bristol, England, entreating Mr. George Muller's prayers for the prodigal. Mr. Muller had sent her an answer of hope and cheer.

During the same week in which she made her resolve to cast the case wholly on the Lord, and never utter another word to her brother; and while yet a letter lay unopened in her room, saying to a friend, "I want the really important blessings that I need," her brother came, in a pouring rain, to tell her that he had broken from the service of the devil, and was fully resolved from that day to seek and serve the Lord. And then, to the rebuke of her lack of faith, he related how, while she had been mourning over the dying out of the moral sense and all good sense in him, so that sometimes she felt there would soon be nothing of him to save, he had been fighting a bitter battle with God's faithful Spirit, that would give him no peace by night nor by day. For the sake of quenching this he had drunk more and more deeply; but the moment intoxication deprived him of self-control he would start for the minister's house, or for the prayer-meeting, and expose himself and his real feelings before all. At last, in utter despair of escaping from the presence of the Lord, he had fallen at His feet and sought for mercy. This he obtained; and is now, we trust, walking with his face heavenward.

And it is the God whose faithfulness has done this that "advanced thinkers" would have us believe does not "alter things" in answer to prayer. Verily they "kick against the pricks." Out of the dozens and hundreds of cases in my own experience that I could relate, I will ask space but for one more. All the parties to whom it relates yet live, and are well known in New York society. A lady lay at death's door. Nurses and doctors said that she must die—while a fate worse than death also threatened her, should she possibly survive. A friend to whom she was very precious, and to whom the prospect of losing her seemed intolerable, especially as she was almost overwhelmed with other distresses—"troubled on every side," and cast down, almost to the point of losing faith in God's love, in the very being of any pitiful and gracious Saviour—sinking on the floor, prayed silently that a sign might be given if "He was," and if He felt the misery of His sinful children. "Give the sign now," she cried desperately; "give it, or I can never pray again. Stop her raving; let her sleep." She had not slept for more than thirty-six hours, and was then shrieking and struggling as if possessed of demons, with three men and a nurse almost as strong as any of them. Suddenly this prayer arisen over the answer came. Only the smallest part of the story is here told. The wonder of wonders, which yet should be considered a wonder by any who believe His word—but we will not now relate; but the lady suddenly became calm. One by one her attendants left her—hardly daring to believe their own senses. But she lay still and fell asleep. She slept four hours; and was alive and well to-day! And He who, at the call of one of His almost despairing handmaids, came quickly and healed her, is the one that "advanced thinkers" say He does not, and alters nothing when His people pray. "Advanced," indeed, they call them—but on what road?

Says The Lynchburg Republican: "Prayers were offered in the churches of Petersburg, Va., for rain. The same night, for the first time in many weeks, a heavy rain descended and wet the ground thoroughly, refreshing the parched vegetation." Droughts would often be broken, and all nature refreshed, if the fashion of public prayer had not fallen into disuse. This very day, at evening, there has been sent to me a most unexpected answer (earlier than I expected) to some very earnest, but sadly faithless prayers. So He does not always make strong faith a condition of success.—Herald.

A CITY WHOLLY GIVEN TO IDOLATRY. Our young brother, Mr. G. de St. Dalmas, has recently paid a visit to the city of Brindaban, famed for its worship of Krishna. He has kindly favoured us with the following account of the impression it made upon him. Soon he hopes to be able actively to engage in the work of preaching to the heathen who worship in these temples, the glory of the only true and living God. At present he is diligently engaged in acquiring the Hindu tongue, through the medium of which the minds and hearts of the people can be reached.

"On the 16th of May I went with Mr. Williams to Brindaban, a small town about six miles from Muttra, and a sacred spot in Hindu mythology in connection with the history of Krishna. Any one who pays a visit to Brindaban will be able to understand what it is to see a city wholly given to idolatry, for the town is full of heathen temples. It is not at all an uncommon thing to see old temples almost in ruins; and one might easily think, as well as wish, that these old temples would last till Hinduism is extinct and do well enough for its declining days, if one were to see only some of the large cities which have been long under European influence and centres of missionary effort, where the idea is that the mass of people, though they still practise their religion, do so with but little heart and faith. Indeed, this was very much my own impression till I came into this district, which is still the very stronghold of Hinduism; but I had, no idea of the real strength of the system, and its hold upon the people, until I went to Brindaban, a town of

over 20,000 inhabitants, and literally full of temples, modern as well as ancient. Some of the temples have become venerable with age, and are now stupendous heaps of ruins. These have no sooner become unit sanctuaries for their gods than other temples have been built to carry on the worship, and several large and handsome temples are at this very time in course of erection. Some of these new ones, founded by rich merchants or rajahs of native states, are most magnificent. The cost of the largest was nearly half-a-million sterling (45 lakhs of rupees); another cost 25 lakhs, and the annual outlay in religious services and almsgiving at these two temples is 57,000 and 22,000 rupees respectively, and others are not far behind. Large sums are given as votive offerings by the pilgrims, who come from all parts.

Besides all these gorgeous temples nearly every house has its own oratory or shrine, in which the idol is kept, so that there are in effect more than a thousand heathen temples in that comparatively small town, and it would be hard to find a person who is not religious. The people appear to believe in their lifeless gods, for they spare no cost to pay them that adoration which they deem their due.

### THE IDOLS.

"The idols are concealed in the temples in a sort of Holy of Holies, and the stranger who attempts to enter or even approach the temple is politely stopped, lest he should desecrate the holy place. It is literally 'So far and no farther.' I got a distant sight of the idol in one temple, where a company of musicians, seated on the floor in front of the deity, were regaling it with music and song, whilst overhead a punkah was fanning the image lest it should suffer any inconvenience from the heat; and I was told that the punkah kept swinging night and day during the hot weather, to cool—a lifeless block of stone. Krishna (Juggernath) is the Thakur (God) of this city; to his worship nearly every house is consecrated, whilst there is not a single temple for the service of the only living and true God, to whom unknown; and it is seldom that any voice is lifted up to tell the people of the more excellent way. Mr. Williams soon attracted a large congregation of attentive listeners in one of the principal streets. Even the women stood to hear the strange news, as well as one of the chief sages of the city.

### THE TEMPLES.

I spent two full hours in looking over the temples. The old ones are massive buildings of red sandstone, and scarcely yet three centuries have passed over them. Some are elegantly designed and very richly decorated. The Gopinath Deva is said to be the most impressive religious edifice that Hindu art has ever produced, at least in Upper India. "The modern temples are remarkable for their great size and lavish style, immense sums of money having been spent on them. One is built of white marble, and surmounted with marble statues, the portico being supported by lofty spiral pillars each of one block of white marble. On the head of one of these sacred statues I noticed an old monkey calmly take his seat. These monkeys seem to have a good time in shining; for they are not only allowed to do just as they please.

"It would be easy to fill pages with a description of these things; but my only object and apology for writing, as one new to India is that our friends at home may learn, as I myself and others have to learn when we come face to face with these things, that Hinduism is not quite such a weak and effete system as we are so ready and willing to believe, and that while it may be true that in some parts of this great harvest-field the first fruits are being garnered in shining; yet, her men mail of land to be possessed, which the ploughshare has not yet furrowed, and where the soil needs long preparation for the good seed of the Gospel; but, alas! where are the sowers and the reapers?"—London Missionary Herald.

### HAVE YOU THE PILOT?

The frozen ship which, last winter, came struggling toward New York harbor, is a figure of man's soul before grace enters it.

Look at our condition! Her ropes and rigging incurred in shining; for they are not only allowed to do just as they please, their feet and legs clad in the frozen mail, the gauntlets on their hands heavy and stiff with the same cold armor, and their hearts freezing in them from long struggling and despair. The pumps must be worked instantly, to keep the ice-loaded ship afloat, but the strokes fall slower and slower, for the life is congealing in the arms of the hopeless mariners. Hark! a hail! See a pilot-boat is near. Another moment he is on board.

"Give me the helm," he says to the worn-out man at the wheel. "I know just where you are, and will get you safe into port in a few hours."

The men find themselves suddenly endowed with new powers of emotion. They rush about the decks, obeying the pilot's orders. They pull at the ropes, they rattle the icy shrouds, they make the crusty fly from the tacking. Up the slippery ratlines they climb; they dash from the frozen rigging masses which before they could not move. The cordage cracks and groans, and its shivered mail rattles down upon the deck. Sails are reefed and unreefed, they hoist this sheet, and take in that, all with the same stiff and frozen hands and limbs which, an hour before, were yielding to the torpor of death.

Cheerfulness is on all faces, hope in every heart. They have got a pilot. He will guide them into port. Their lives are saved. The soul is that ice-bound vessel; its unrenewed powers are those ice-clad, helpless men. Grace is the pilot, whose coming renews the life and hope of all.

And grace alone can encourage one who has seen himself to be in the wretched condition which has been described. Grace can strengthen and cheer; it can guide the soul into the safe haven. Without it there is no true life—only frost and ice, and hopeless and heavy gloom, ending in eternal death.

## THE PEOPLE WHO MEAN TO RESIGN.

In nearly every church and Sabbath-school, in fact in nearly every benevolent organization, there may be found one or two people immensely valuable, often of rare executive ability, useful and willing, who yet manage to neutralize all their good gifts, and render them of small account, by continually threatening to resign. If a by-law is passed, a resolution offered, a change made without their being deferentially consulted, they hand in their resignation. If their services are in any way overlooked, or taken without thanks or special notice, they are slighted, and refuse any longer to work. In twenty ways they render themselves unhappy, and keep their friends in a ferment.

Take them at their word, and receive their action as a matter of course, and they are deeply wounded, for though they do not acknowledge it even to their own hearts, they rather enjoy, in anticipation, the fuss that will be made over their withdrawal, the solicitation to return, and the conciliating things that will be said. Fly to them with open arms and tears in your eyes, and beg them to reconsider and remain, and you may be certain that tears and entreaties will be your part, and sweet forgiveness theirs, for periodical times in the years to come. I have often thought that I would like to say a few plain words to those people who mean to resign, when things do not suit them. In the first place, for whom are you working? For the Master. Then why give up labor for your fellow workers offend you? Shall Christ's cause be hindered while his people stand still to dispute?

In the next place, don't you think that you may be setting too high a value on your own services? It is wonderful, after all, how well the world and the work can get along, even without those who seem to be of the greatest use and consequence. A man or woman is active in society, in the church, in the Sabbath school or in the Christian association. "What could we do without?" say friends and fellow-laborers. But God has other work for his servants, or he calls him up higher. A pause, a little space for tears, a vacant place soon filled, that is, ocean of human activity. Like the old French proverb, "The king is dead—long live the king," the succession of God's workers goes on, other hands take up the weapons, other feet stand where those stood that are still forever. And while from the earthly standpoint this is humiliating, I think from the heaven-side it is very comforting. For, after all, what are we? If Christ's kingdom but come, what difference does it make by what hands its banners are borne? In the long roll of glory, no name will be left out of all who have served in his ranks. Friends, think, there is nothing unworthy, undignified, in being so ready to be hurt and wounded? Rather think less of self, and more of Him who is the one perfect type of entire unselfishness.—S. S. Times.

## ATHENS.

Athens is a delightful place for a short visit. It is very accessible by the French or Austrian steamers, either from Naples or Brindisi. The hotels are very good. There is an air of thrift and activity about the whole city which is pleasing to an American. The people are a busy, talkative race, congregating largely in the streets and cafes, where the politics of their little kingdom are discussed by everybody. They are fond of dress, enthusiastic, high tempered, and somewhat revengeful. It will not do to lay your hands on a Greek, as you are often obliged to do on the Arabs, in Egypt and Palestine. They are a chivalrous people, and brave to a fault, as their struggles in the war of independence have fully proved. Their young king, the second son of the king of Denmark, and his wife, the niece of the Emperor of Russia, are personally very popular.

The government is a constitutional monarchy, with an elective National Assembly. But this is not the government of the people. They are intensely democratic, and were it not for England they would drive away the king appointed over them by foreigners and declare a republic. But for this they are not yet prepared. Such a government would at once degenerate into a Commune, and among these hot-blooded people all the worse scenes of a Paris mob would be re-enacted.

Their National Assembly, or their House of Commons, is composed of a set of most selfish, scheming, coffee-house politicians. They are divided up into numerous cliques who have no distinctive political opinions, but whose only object is to defeat the administration and cause a change of Ministry, that they or their friends may obtain the offices. This scheming, combining, and bargaining among cliques for power and office seems to be the whole object of the Athenian Parliament, while the great questions of public improvement are entirely neglected. Among the politicians patriotism and loyalty seem to be things unknown at present in Greece. The Ministry has been defeated and changed many times within a year upon the most frivolous questions, and when a change is made all employees under government, even to school teachers, are removed, and friends of the new administration fill their places. If you ask any intelligent man what is the cause of this low, selfish spirit among the politicians, he will give you the strange answer—"Our schools are the cause of all this trouble." He will explain as follows: "Our schools are free. It is the pride of the peasant to educate at college one of his boys, and he will deprive himself of comforts for this object. The boy, after being liberally educated, is too proud to do any manual labor, and he must become a lawyer or physician. As lawyers they have little or nothing to do, and they soon descend to pot-house politicians, or seek some government office. Among such an educated, social and talkative people, these educated young men, frequenting coffee-houses and forming clubs, control elections, electors, and Parliament itself, and have become an unmitigated evil, each and all trying to feed at the public crib and thrust others away."

Still Athens, with all these drawbacks, is making advancement. In 1833, just after Greece had gained her independence, Athens was a heap of blood-stained ruins, with only eight thousand poverty-stricken inhabitants. One of the most singular features of Athens is her educational institutions and her splendid buildings erected for their use. Indigent young men from all parts of Greece, and even from the Turkish Empire, are found in these schools, many of whom sustain themselves by menial service in the city. There is a great ambition among all classes for education. The effect of this is fast telling upon the general intelligence of the people.

Indeed, the city may be said to be one great school. No such proportion of scholars and teachers can be shown among any people in the world. Education is free, even in the Gymnasiums, the theological, law and medical schools. But one peculiarity of their teachings, and probably one great weakness of their system, is that they teach and regard the ancient Greek language as one of their principal attainments, both in the elementary and higher schools. All pupils are required to translate the best of the ancient authors into modern Greek, and this to the exclusion of more practical branches of education. It is said that the best Greek scholars are now endeavoring to form the new Greek language on the model of the ancient Greek, and that the foreign words and corrupt dialects which have crept into the modern Greek are being slowly but surely expunged. French and German are taught in the schools, and in polite society the French language is almost entirely used to the exclusion of modern Greek. Before the war of independence there was not an elementary school in all Greece. But since that time enormous sums of money for the purposes of education have been contributed by rich Greeks residing in other countries. Fine buildings erected by them adorn the city in every direction. These same parties are ready to furnish the money for improving and developing the whole country by a grand system of railroads throughout the kingdom; but hitherto the petty party squabbles of their Parliament has prevented the passage of bills prepared by the government for accomplishing this end.

## RANDOM READINGS.

If you can heal the wound, do not tear it open.

BUDDHISM is the "mammoth religion of the world," and now numbers as its votaries more than five hundred and fifty millions of human beings, or nearly half the population of our globe.

CONSECRATION.—It is said that when Dean Stanley went to visit the grave of John Wesley, near the city road chapel, he asked the old sexton whom he met there, if the church was consecrated ground. "Yes," said the devout Wesleyan, "consecrated by the dust of a venerable servant of God."

CLEAN LIPS.—You must have clean lips. One of the highest characteristics of ministerial manhood is purity of speech. If all other men are careless in their words, he must have a watch upon his lips and put a bridle upon his tongue. Nothing will tend more to improve conversation than an unchaste story, a lewd anecdote, a filthy joke, a questionable word or gesture, a sentence that would make a poor woman blush in public or in private, in select or in mixed company, is a burning shame and scandal to any minister of the gospel. An impure story is next to an impure action; and a filthy joke is as morally wrong as a filthy deed.

A DEATH-BED REVELATION.—A rich wine-dealer, residing in London, recently, on his death-bed, being in great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the nature of the business he had followed for years. He stated that it had been his habit to purchase all the sour wines he could, and by making use of lead and other deleterious substances, to restore the wine to palatable taste. He said he did not doubt he had been the means of destroying hundreds of lives, as he had from time to time noticed the injurious effect of the mixture on those who drank them. He had seen instances of this kind, where the unconscious victims of his cupidity, after wasting and declining for years, despite the best medical advice, went to their graves poisoned by the adulterated wines he had sold them. The man died rich; but, alas! what a legacy to leave his children!

THE LAY PREACHER.—At a missionary concert in a Western town, a young man rose and addressed the meeting with such warmth and earnestness, that the heart of a lady present was greatly drawn to him. Finding he was a stranger in town she invited him to her house, and there urged upon him the duty of entire consecration to the Master's service, and dwelt particularly on the vast work he might do at the West as a lay preacher. He urged his want of education, his lack of means, etc. She met his objections, entreated him to consider the matter prayerfully, and come to her again before leaving town. In the second interview she pressed the subject upon him even more earnestly, and in parting dropped into his hand a roll of bills.

As the result of those interviews, Mr. Burnell was induced to become a lay preacher, and under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, what a glorious work he is doing all over this country. Who can estimate the results of that earnest work spoken for by her Master by that mother in Israel?

Dear mothers, who are toiling on, often in weariness and discouragement, feeling that you are doing little in the world, take heart. Speak a quiet word here and there to those who come into your family, or to those who in any way come under your influence. You have precious opportunities, and how soon they will be over! Your children will be gone from you ere you realize it. Influence them for good; train them for Christian usefulness. Eternity will show results that will indeed surprise you.

## BLACK ALPACCAS.

## Black and White Prints.

## BLACK FIGURED NETS.

## Brussels Net.

## LADIES' SILK UMBRELLAS.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, Aug 20, 1872.

## ALBION HOUSE.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

SEPTEMBER 19th, 1873.

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