

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 1, 1873.

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The Intelligencer.

TO SMALL-SALARIED MINISTERS.

A man who has preached the gospel in a true spirit for forty years and more, passing meantime through the checkered experiences which such a man is sure to find, may be pardoned for feeling that he can say some wise and needful things to his younger ministerial brethren without being suspected of dictation, egotism or garrulity. It is not hard to believe that such a man possesses real sympathy and love for the pulpit and its occupants, and may be able to say choice and welcome words. Nothing else could be expected when Rev. Dr. Todd becomes the counsellor, as he does in what follows. In the *Congregationalist* he writes thus to his brethren:

I don't offer you my commiseration, my dear brethren, for you would not be in the ministry, severely tried by poverty, were your souls not too noble to need or receive pity. But nobody, who has not been in the ministry, can realize the real suffering which we feel, when we have not a dollar in the world, when we dread debt, and when we count the weeks and days before we can expect our salary. How hard to feel independent when you know not how to live through the next week! How difficult for an empty bag to stand upright! No wonder the poor minister borrowed five dollars on Saturday night and paid it back on Monday morning—so that he might preach easier. The trials, the crimpings, which befall men of these small incomes, can never be known till the judgment. If there are any heroes in the world, they may be found among such ministers and their noble, self-sacrificing wives.

So much is expected of you, my dear brethren. You are expected to pay your debts promptly; and when a man is collecting he will be likely to send you his bill.

The minister deals only in money, and he is always ready to pay." You are expected to set a table so respectably, that strangers won't be afraid of it, and the most capricious parishioner can not ridicule it. You are expected to dress your wife and children so respectably that your people can't feel that they are shabby. You are grieved that your faithful wife can't have as much for her clothing, year by year, as Bridget in the kitchen has, and that your children have to wear clothes that have been cast off and cut over and turned and altered. I don't know how many times. Oh, the trunk of second-hand clothing once sent to a poor minister! How they rejoiced, over it, and the five daughters were made happier for it for years! You are expected to entertain more company from abroad, more from your own flock, to educate your children more completely, than anybody in your parish, and to be a model in charity for all good objects. You are expected to read and study when you can't buy books, to travel and see men and get enlargement, when the tender mercies of the hotel for a single day would cost you for a fortnight. You are expected to see your wife wear a bonnet and droop without respite or change, or relief, and you are expected to be always cheerful, hopeful, never to murmur or complain.

But you are brain-worn and need a vacation. Your people almost complain, "Why does our minister need a vacation more than we do? We don't have any vacation!" Yes you do. You have a vacation every Sabbath—fifty-two days of rest every year! The minister has to work seven days a week, and it is strange that he needs half as many days of rest as you have? You don't know how possibly to take a vacation. Your good wife sees that you need it and urges it—is willing to stay at home and uncomplainingly toil on. These vacations trouble you; and yet your people expect you will have the elasticity and buoyancy which you can't have without them.

As a little relief, let me urge you to use your own hands more. Get a few tools, and mend your own doors and windows and barn, and make the blocks for your little children—keep a few hens, not over eight—raise your own chickens. Keep a live or two of bees. Have a cow, and living, cheerful things about your town, and you know more than others, let your flowers, too, be models in selection and beauty. A few cents' worth of crude ammonia will do wonders here.

Your shoulder aches, and you think by changing the burden on it you will get relief. So you pull up and go to another place. Alas! you change the place, but keep the pain. You will find narrow minds there—things just as dear, money no plentier, nor will it go farther. No great gain there—probably the reverse.

But don't forget alleviations. No new thing has come upon you. It has always been so. A glorious—now glorified—old minister, who received only three hundred dollars salary, told me that during the war of 1812, when everything was enormously high, he was forced to tell his people that he was really suffering. So they sent a committee to confer with him, and see what could be the matter. The committee requested him to mark down on paper the real necessities of his family for a year. He did so, and among the other items he noted down *twelve pounds of sugar for a year*. "All," said the good old man with a laugh, "all I dared put down." The committee looked over the items, and found no fault, except the sugar. They couldn't see what he could do with so much sugar! Let me add that, if that man had received from that town his three hundred dollars annually for *three thousand years*, they would not have paid him as much as a son of that old minister has since done for that town.

The minister of my childhood, a great, noble, wise and good man, never received but four hundred dollars.

One of my theological class-mates, whose name is in all the churches, told me that he had thought of hiring a man in his very old age. But he found that his salary would not pay the wages of a raw Irishman. His brother supported him in part.

I know a very remarkable old minister, now

living, who told me that he and his wife had just been making calculations, and found that, if he should stop preaching, they had enough and only enough to last them four, possibly six weeks.

So, my dear brethren, your scant allowance is not a new thing, nor are you alone in your trials. Hundreds, if not thousands, are in like circumstances.

But you have compensations. If you seek clerks and mechanics about you, receiving far higher wages than you do, and you will see it—remember you have some great compensations. It is no small reward to feel that you are living in the respect, and kind, good will of the whole community; that Christ is a good Master, and your Father is Heavenly, and that His faithful ministers don't often, even in old age, really suffer. He is a good provider. Neither you nor your children will ever really suffer. Remember, too, that you are in the line of usefulness; and though you may mourn that you accomplish so little, yet, if anybody in the community is really useful, you are. You hear of one and another of your brethren who has a great salary.

Don't let it trouble you. They are just as near having the chin and mouth go under the water as you are. The manna is just as much in the end, whether you gather one homer or two. Don't worry because you are not splashing in the water, or flashing, or great star, in the skies. If there is any class of men whom I want to take to my heart with tears—any who are worthy of the highest honor in the churches of Christ—any whom he will honor and love and reward, it is the class of ministers who, with a more pittance of this world, toil on uncomplainingly—almost martyrs to their poverty. All honor to them and to their glorious wives—the horsemen of Israel and the chariots thereof." God bless them.

THE SOUL AT ITS BEST.

"But for the grace of God, there goes George Whitefield, said that prince of preachers, as he saw a poor sin-stained wretch dragged off to prison by the officers whom he was resisting with drunken folly and brutal desperation.

There was reason as well as grateful humility in the remark. The germs of the worst character lie in human nature, not only at its average level, but even at its highest. He who knows himself best sees most cause for self-distrust. He knows that there are passions in him that might have been and even may still be fanned to flame by evil influences, and before which his better impulses and purposes may go down like stubble before a prairie fire, or like the granite warehouses of the city before the terrible charge of the conflagration. The purest spirit will show its earthly affinities. Even more than others, he who laughs at moral danger is liable to be the next victim, and he who thinketh he standeth may well take heed lest he fall. For the motions of sin may still be seen in the members of the nature that is salutiferous at the centre. And that fact sets forth the degradation of the human spirit, the worst side of the soul; and it urges the need of prayer, and shows how vital is the work of redemption which Christ comes to accomplish.

But there is another view that is proper to be taken. It is the other and more cheering half of a great truth. It is a half also that is meant to be seen, studied, interpreted, and used. We need its ministry not a little. And he who never turns to it loses a precious lesson and misses one of the highest stimulants. That view is given us when we used to see the soul at its best and let it impress us with its grand possibilities.

There are such seasons in the experience of all true and trustful men and women. To some they are more frequent, to others more rare. But it is difficult if not impossible to find a real Christian who does not know of them. Now they burst on us suddenly like the sun through a thundercell, hiding the blackness overhead with the radiant bow, and making the drenches of earth flash as though it were sown with diamonds. Then they come as quietly as the day climbs up the eastern heaven, and as gradually and as wondrously as the summer moves on from the tropic to the polar zone, changing the brown fields to verdure, making the bare clouds flash into blossom, and filling the silent groves with melody. Faith then sees with unclouded eye. Hope spreads a broad wing and shoots upward. Love burns with a glow that is steady and a fervor that melts. Prayer is a real talk with heaven. Purpose is high and strong. Patience is calm, and the pleasures which a time ceases to please. Intuition triumphs over the logic of skepticism. When materialistic science has ended its cold-blooded demonstration, and pushes God beyond reach, and proved that the soul is only the motion of perishable matter, and that the life to come is only a dream, a superstition, a phantasm; then the heart rises up like a giant refreshed with new wine, and battles down the whole host of enemies with the simple word—"I know that my Redeemer liveth; the spirit within beholds the heaven, and sees what could be the matter. The promise of prophet and apostle, and Messiah hold the eternal truth."

The triumph may not very often be as complete as it is here set forth, but the soul does know such triumphs and finds them real. Such hours are not very frequent perhaps. They do not need to be. They serve their highest ends perchance by coming only seldom. But they do come. Such an hour came to Abraham when called from his kindred, and when holding the knife over his son at Moriah. It came to Jacob when he lay on the earth and dreamed at Bethel. It came to Joseph when he waited at the Egyptian prison for Pharaoh's summons; to Moses at Sinai when the bush broke into an unconsumed flame; to Elijah when the still small voice came on the heels of the tempest and earthquake; to Daniel as he lay among the lions; to John when he heard the voice and saw the dove at the waters of baptism; to the three disciples at the transfiguration; to the whole gathered company in the tongues of flame on the day of Pentecost; to Luther climbing the Scala Santa at Rome on his knees; to Bunyan in the cell at Bedford

jail; to Gough when his friend at Worcester, found him stripped and wounded and ready to die, and bade him rise and be whole, with a voice that had a divine accent in it; to Lincoln when he carried into the Cabinet his proclamation of liberty that changed a race from chattels into men. It has come to many a man and woman, in the shop, or street, or field, or home, or closet, and lifted them as into a higher realm, where they breathed a new air, and caught a glimpse of the unutterable glory which they could never forget in all the longest and darkest nights of the after years.

These best hours may not, as we have said, come often. But they do not generally come once for all. They vary with the degree and habit of obedience. To the earnest, dutiful and aspiring soul they come less rare and more suggestive. But they do not, multiply themselves so as to lose their special power.

There is a plant which blossoms once in a hundred years. Like it, the soul blossoms now and then, to show its capacities, to assert its grandeur, to prophesy of its wondrous future. And this is the lesson to be learned from these exhibitions of the soul at its best. We see what great forces it carries even when they lie latent; when a real majesty belongs to its structure even when it is veiled; when a wealth of experience it may claim even when its life seems gray; when a song it has the ability to swell even when its lips are silent; what a height it is able to attain even when it is stumbling along the lowly valley; how it may be at home amid the splendor of heaven even when it sits bewildered in the earthly darkness. And, possessing such a soul, one may keep it from earthliness even though it requires hard and constant work, and comfort himself with a brave hope even when its weaknesses will not be hidden, and when every step leads over a path that is rough and painful. Climbing upward and living truly, its goal is the perfect life and its coronation is sure.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

There are hundreds of young men that should be married who are not married. To marry early is discreet and wise. And when men and women are of a marriageable age, I think it to be, in general, true, that it is wholesome for them to be married. It is not necessary that they should remain single because they stand in poverty; for two can live cheaper than one if they live with discretion. If they live with co-operative zeal, if they live as they ought to live. If the young man is willing to seem poor when he is poor; if the young woman, being poor, is willing to live poorly; if they are willing to plant their lives together like two seeds, and wait for their growth, and look for their abundance by-and-by, when they have fairly earned it, then it is a good thing for them to come early into this partnership. For characters adapt themselves to each other in the early periods of life far more easily than they do afterwards. They live with co-operative zeal, if they live together, and twining round and round each other; whereas, multitudes of those who marry late in life stand side by side like two iron columns, which, being separated at the beginning, never come any nearer to each other.

Many young men feel that they cannot marry until they can support a wife; and by that they mean until they can support a house; yea, until they can live in a house that befits them; until they can make a show; until they can live as their kind of people, the class to which they belong, live; for everybody belongs to a class, a set. When they can do these things they will marry, but not before. And the result is that they are corrupting life in the very fountain.

And when they marry, they make a mistake if they say, "We will not undertake to keep house; let us board. Then we can have all the comforts of life; we will have all the appearances provided for us; and we shall be relieved from a thousand cares."

There is no school which God ever opened, or permitted to be opened, which young people can so fill afford to avoid as the school of care and responsibility and labor in the household; and a young man and a young woman, marrying, no matter from what source they come together, no matter how high their fathers have stood, one of the most wholesome things that they can do, having married for love, and with discretion, is to be willing to begin at the bottom, and bear the burdens of household life so that they shall have its education. It is a pleasant, pleasant, which many young married people miss. It would not give by the first two years of my married life as I have now. I live in a big house, with a brown stone front, and very fairly furnished; but, after all, among the choicest experiences of my life were those which I passed through in Indiana, when I hired two chambers up stairs; when all my furniture was given to me, and was second-hand at that; and when the very clothes I had on my back had been worn by Judge Birney before me. We had to serve ourselves, to wash, to cook, to do the housework, to get along with our small means; and it was a study never to be forgotten. I owe many of the pleasures which have run through my life to being willing to begin where I had to begin, and to light poverty with love, and to overcome it, and to learn how to live in service and helpfulness and in all the thousand ingenuities which love sweetens and makes more and more delightful.

I cannot bear to hear a rich father, whose son has married the daughter of a rich man, but whose riches are not ample enough to set them up, say, "We will keep the young folks at home;" or, "They had better board until they are in better circumstances, so that they can keep house in a respectable way." I would say to such a young couple, "Go out where the buildings are cheap, and take a cottage; or go where you can find apartments that you can afford; and begin in one room, and begin anywhere, almost, rather than not keep house." Do not be ashamed of yourself, young man. If you have married right, you have married one who will be even braver

than you are, and will be willing to commence with you, and build from the foundation, truly and genuinely, to the very top.

I look with very great alarm upon the corruption, or perversion, of young people's tastes in this matter. They marry, too often, for love of praise, and sacrifice the happiness of married life to that which is esteemed praiseworthy and fashionable by other people. My advice to every young man or young woman is, Marry for love; love for life; take life at just the point where God's providence has put you; stand there with fidelity and truth; work your way up; and do not go a step farther than you are warranted in going by that which you have earned. Be proud of every step; and when God having spared your life and prospered you, you become rich and strong, do not be ashamed to go back to the spot from which you started. Do not be ashamed to say, "I began life with no property, and I have worked for all that I have." Be proud to look into the pit from which you have dug your way.—*Plymouth Pulpit.*

HAVE YOU DONE ANYTHING FOR CHRIST?

A lady was teaching a class of ten bright boys in the Sabbath-school. They were attentive and thoughtful, but none were Christians. The lesson was, "Showing our love for Christ." At its close the teacher asked these scholars, one by one, if they had done one single thing for Christ during the week. As she questioned each, some answered, sadly, "No," and others shook their heads in silence.

"Not one deed for Christ!" said the teacher, and she looked sadly at the solemn, earnest faces.

A thoughtful boy of thirteen at her side, sat awhile in silence. Perhaps he was thinking, "I wonder whether any one really loves Christ, if any one tries to please him?" Suddenly he turned his expressive eyes upon his teacher, and said, respectfully but earnestly, "Miss M., have you done anything for Christ?" The question was unexpected. Emotion crimsoned her cheek, and brought tears to her eyes. At length she controlled herself, and said, in broken accents,—

"I hope so, John, but I know I have not done what I ought, or might have done for him."

"That question followed the teacher home. In her closet, upon her bed, she saw that inquiring gaze, and heard that earnest question, "Have you done anything for Jesus?" It seemed as if Christ himself had asked her, "What have you done for me?"

Each day a voice repeated the question, and each Sabbath, as she came before her class, an echo came. "What have you done this week for Christ?"

Earnestly, prayerfully, did she strive to heed the warning. More closely did she cling to the Saviour, and more faithfully labor to show those dear ones the way. Her prayerful labors were blessed; and now teacher and pupils rejoice together in a Saviour's love.

Teacher, what have you done for Christ, to day?"

PILLOW PRAYERS.

We do not mean those which are sleepily offered after one has got into bed, because too lazy to kneel before. We refer to the communion with God permitted those who cannot sleep; who, from illness, or care, or some constitutional infirmity, are compelled to drag through the weary hours of wakefulness. To such as these prayer is an unspeakable comfort.

God is then especially near. The deep silence of the night, the all-enveloping darkness, which, as a curtain, he has drawn over the sleeping world, the helplessness and dependence in which all are laid, give the most impressive realization of his being and presence. It is good at such times, if you can, to recite to yourself passages from the Scriptures. With what force and sweetness do they come to you, and what fulness of comfort have they for the tired and sorrowing! So with familiar hymns, which, indeed, are utterances in other forms of the precious truths of this Word. Many of these are doubtless dear from the associations they bring with them, the fragrance of remembered hours of communion with friends, or special experiences of your own soul, or the histories of others who made these the pledges of their devotion.

But beyond all these is the sweetness of prayer itself. You can then talk with your father with the utmost freedom, and even familiarity. There is great relief, often, in simply telling him of our trials. It brings us the sense of his sympathy, it takes away the loneliness which one feels in sorrows which could be told in no earthly way.

So the restless pillow may be soothed by prayer. The tedium of the weary hours will be beguiled, and the night, which else would drag its slow pace along, will quickly pass. And he who seeth in secret will answer your prayers. We remember a young man, in giving the history of his conversion, who about to make a profession of religion, stating that his first series of impressions were caused by hearing his father and mother, who slept in an adjoining room, praying for their children during the night.—*Congregationalist.*

HINTS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

1. Consecrate yourself to Christ completely. Time, talents, opportunities, powers of body and mind, are all given to Him.
2. The grand daily question of life is to be, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" The smallest as well as the greatest matters are to be settled by it.
3. Never pick and choose among the commandments of God.
4. To learn duty, read the precepts of the Bible in the light of an earnest piety.
5. Never let mere want of feeling hinder from following out a plain path of duty. If duty calls, follow and let feeling alone.
6. Never be afraid or ashamed to say "No," if duty require.
7. Hold up your light bravely, though it be small.
8. Let nothing hinder daily reading of the Bible with prayer.

9. Do not examine too closely your own heart and motives. It is like a child, pulling a plant by the roots, in order to see whether it is growing. Rather place your soul where the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and the dew of the Holy Spirit, may fall upon it daily, and you will grow in grace inevitably.

10. Speak to the impenitent of Christ and his salvation. Remember the care, the prayers, and the effort bestowed upon you. But remember, too, that the life is more powerful than mere words.

RANDOM READINGS.

CONSIDER the wonderful love of God; He not only provides a Saviour, but draws men, who, though perishing, are unwilling to be saved, to that Saviour.

LET US REMEMBER that we have souls to be nourished as well as bodies. While honestly laboring for the daily supply of your bodily wants, seek still more earnestly for spiritual food.

MEN sometimes ask for that which, when granted they refuse. The Jews had said, "Lord, evermore give us this bread" and yet when Jesus was presented to them as that bread, they murmured at Him.

LET none that feel the need of a Saviour hesitate in coming to Jesus, for by this sense of need the Father draws him, and whosoever, thus drawn, comes to Christ, whatever his state or condition, him He will most lovingly receive and keep in life and in death.

MANY people regard the Bible as an old ruin. They think there may be some numbers in which it might be made habitable, if it were worth the while; but they take it as a young heir takes his estate, who says, "I shall build me a modern house to live in, but I'll keep the old castle as a ruin;" and so they have some scientific or literary house to live in, and look upon the Bible as only a romantic relic of the past.—*Beecher.*

It is often said that we should be Christians, desert Jesus, we should but cling to him the more closely. But even when we feel our attachment and devotion to Him to be the strongest, let us not be self-confident, but look to Him for grace, to be faithful unto death. To desert Christ, is to separate from Him forever.

We often fear to go to God with every-day troubles. But religion is not a purple robe for great occasions, it is a working-dress for daily wear. We need daily grace, exactly as we need daily bread. Jesus bade us ask him for both, and if we ask him for bread, he will not put us off with a stone. "He that spared not his own Son, but gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

DR. BEECHER says of his first revival in East Hampton—that revival which did so much to mould his own career as a minister—that while listening, at a meeting of Synod in Newark, to Dr. Griffin's account of grace in his own church, "The fire caught in our bosoms and we determined to go back to our dark parishes and labor for a revival." At first he says it was like Elijah praying without a cloud in the sky, and people as they listened to his earnest words, wondered what signs of a revival he saw. But at length a bed-ridden member sent for him and told him he had been praying for a revival, and praying for each member, beginning at one house and then going to the next until he had canvassed the whole town by his prayer. Twenty-four hours did not elapse from this interview before in his own estimation a little cloud was seen in the sky, and soon, as the Doctor afterward expressed it, "the flood was rolling all around."—*Beecher.*

A REDEEMED SINNER.—I had rather, as a forgiven child, with all the prospects of the future opened up into me, wear the crown purchased by the redeeming love of Christ, than that which is worn by the unfallen angels, because the blessings of a Divine incarnation, through a Divine incarnation secured to the soul in harmony with the conditions of the gospel, reveals the character of God in a way impossible to be made known to those who had complied with all that the law demands; and this places the sinner, penitent and forgiven, upon a platform of experience and personal relationship to God, of a nature so peculiar and so extraordinary as to throw all other stars, glittering never so brightly in the heavenly firmament, into comparative obscurity, contrasted with the exceptional brilliancy of that state which involves the strange anomaly of justice and mercy together, the law sustained and the sinner saved.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.—A young professor of religion, in accepting an invitation for an evening's entertainment found herself unexpectedly in a company where all were engaged in card-playing. She could not leave the circle, or express her disapprobation of the unchristian mode of amusement. She could only sit quietly by herself and lift a prayer for the dear friends around her. This she did, and departed for her home at the close of the evening.

Years passed. The circumstance had nearly left her memory. One day a friend inquired, "Do you remember being present at an evening party, when all but yourself were engaged in card-playing? You sat silently by, saying nothing on the subject, but refusing to participate in the game;—was among the guests. Your silent disapprobation smote her heart, and was the means of conversion. She died in the hope of a joyful resurrection.

We are either scattered abroad or gathered in the great harvest-fields of souls. A word, a look, an apparently unimportant act, may affect the interests of a young inquirer who is looking to us for example. It is easily known whether we are reluctantly present, or hankering after follies and amusements, or our position in the Church prevents our enjoying.—*American Churchman.*

He that fears that he has committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, may be certain he has not committed it.