

The Dominion Post.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

Vol. XXII.—No. 16.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."—Peter.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1875.

Editor and Proprietor.

Whole No. 1108.

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Now is the time for the friends of the paper to canvass for new subscribers, using the liberal offer made above.

HOW NOT TO HAVE A REVIVAL.

The pastor of an Illinois church makes these excellent suggestions:—

There are before us two excellent books on Revivals of Religion, the one by President Finney, and the other by the Rev. Dr. Kirk. They afford most excellent hints on how to promote revivals, and they will quicken the spiritual life of both ministers and people who read them. But if, as these books indicate, there are certain laws or principles which Christians must observe if they are to have a revival, there are certain ways in which Satan has at hand for preventing a revival! Late observation leads me to point out a few.

1. We may be sure there will be no revival unless the members of the church desire it. Leading members of the church have often expressed not only no desire for God to come and save souls, even members of their own families, but have said that they were averse to it! For such we must have charity, for they may not understand what it is to have a true revival; they may never have experienced one; they have false notions concerning it derived from ignorant and over-enthusiastic persons, who have put certain outward demonstrations in place of the thing itself.

2. There will be no revival unless God's people pray for it. God waits to answer prayer, and especially prayer for the Holy Spirit. The Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.—Luke xi. 13. God intends to use the prayers of his people as a means by which they shall obtain the blessing.

3. There must be union or harmony in the church. The "brethren" must be such in truth as well as in name. When a member is more ready to find fault with other Christians than to commend them, when he is "dead" in his heart, he will prevent a revival. "Dead" flies will prevent a revival, but church members must not "bring an evil report" or bear false witness against each other. Brethren must love each other or there will surely be no revival.—John xv. 22.

4. If there are "Achan's in the camp" there can be no revival. It was not till Israel put away the unclean thing, that God blessed them and gave them power over their enemies. If there are "Achan's" in the members of the Church, those who live in sin or willfully absent themselves from the public services, they must be dealt with by counsel, reproof or discipline, so that the church may be free from their sin. Very often a revival begins with the very effort to cleanse the church of unworthy members.

5. There will likely be no revival if there is distance between the church and the minister. There must be confidence between the two parties. Both must work for the same end, and on the same plan. Finding fault with the minister, especially if he is faithful, will prevent a revival.

6. If members of the church in their hearts prefer that their children should first have worldly accomplishments, and make display in society, rather than to love and serve Christ, they will likely to have their reward; but they will stand in the way of a revival.

DOING GOOD.

One says, "I should be very glad to do some good in the world while I am in it, but I am obliged to practice the strictest economy and keep myself constantly busy, in order to deal justly with all men. I will not be in debt."

Another says, "I have so much to do, and so many to do for, that I have no opportunity to help others; perhaps I am selfish in giving all my thoughts, time, and means to my family, and sometimes it troubles me that I do so little good outside."

"I was strong and well," says another, "I could go among the poor and suffering, but a nervous, diseased person like myself, would only distress them. I really wish I could do some good, but I see no way."

God gives us all the means of doing just what we want to do. To some he gives great wealth, and says, "Take care of the poor around you; endow your benevolent institutions, build your churches, send out your missionaries to other lands, spend according to your means, live according to your means, give work to the artist and artisan, and gather about you as much of luxury and beauty as you like. Make your life delightful to yourself and everybody else, remembering that it is all the gift of God, who considers you no better than the poorest man if you do not better than him by the use of his gifts."

Your accounts will be looked into hereafter and judgment will be passed upon the investments you make. You are surrounded by friends; every face smiles upon you; but really you have more enemies than the poor man, for they are subtle and unseen, blinding you if they can by a sense of your own greatness, and making you forget you're only a steward, responsible to your Master for what he lends you in trust."

To the majority are given hard labor and family cares. That is the world in which they are to work. Through the circle may seem small, it is impossible to tell how far its influence may reach. They have the means to do all the good, and just the good God requires of them, and a great and noble thing it is to educate physically, morally, intellectually and religiously, a human soul, and prepare it to do its work on the broad stage of life.

There are some isolated individuals and many suffering from infirmities who sometimes look out from their loneliness or pain and wish they were in a situation to do some body some good. To them, too, God has

given the means of doing precisely what it is their duty to do. The man who sits at home, suffers patiently and uncomplainingly, is a great lesson to the world. It works upon the harder parts of our nature and brings the affections through it. When we remember the sufferer, we remember the sympathy and love, his silent endurance and self-helpfulness inspired in us, and we say: "That did me good, there must be a reality in his religion. I could never bear what he does so nobly and so well." The service he performs is just what God requires of him and there he can do most good.

The class whose duty is the least defined is of all most isolated. To them seems to come the odds and ends that everybody else has left; to put together and mend, smooth off, and polish, beauty and harmonize what others in their hurry have left incomplete and unsightly. There is not one of them all sent without his work.

To none are solitary places given without a reason. Their work is there and is done as best they can. It is that for which they are fitted, and it always lies so near them that to mistake it they must do so wilfully.

We may all make our lives a joy to ourselves, and a blessing to others, by doing, so far as our imperfections allow, whatever of good lies within our reach. The home virtues we can all exercise, and they demand neither time nor money. A word or look of kindness may be an encouragement to some fainting heart, and brace it to renewed exertion and ultimate success. We can not all do great things, but we can all do good things, and each of us can fill one place in the world better than any other human being could do, and that is our place.—Baptist Weekly.

HETTY MARVIN.

When the British troops attacked New London, Conn., in 1779, and set a price on the head of Governor Griswold, the latter fled to the town of Litchfield, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him for some days in a secluded farm-house. But at length the subtle foe discovered his retreat, and one sunny afternoon in May, he was routed from his hiding-place by the tidings that a band of horsemen were approaching to capture him.

His only chance of escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek that emptied itself into the Connecticut river, just above the entrance of the latter into the long Island Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants, hidden beneath the high banks of the creek. The distance from the farm-house to the boat was two miles by the usual travelled road. But a little path through the farmers' orchards would bring him to the road, only a mile from the boat, and save a quarter's length of his fearful run for life.

Just where the narrow path from the orchard opened into the road, Hetty Marvin sat, with her dog Towner, tending the bleaching of the linen. She was a woman of forty years or more, which was diligently spun and woven during the long winter months, was whitened in May, and thus made ready for use. The business of bleaching was well economized, being usually done by the young daughter of the family, who were not old enough to spin, or strong enough for the heavier work of the kitchen or dairy.

The roll of linen was taken by the farmer or his stout "help" to a grassy plat, beside a running or a meadow brook. There it was thoroughly wetted and spread upon the green turf, to take the best heat of the sun by day and the dew by night. The little maiden who tended it would sit near.

Threats Hetty Marvin the young daughter of Governor Griswold's cousin, who had hunted friend tramp past her, into the road, to escape his pursuers. Hetty was a timid child of about twelve years; yet thoughtful and wise beyond any of her elders. She was frightened at the headlong haste with which the governor rushed across the meadow, and she quickly comprehended the scene, and instantly quitted her faithful Towner, who, though a friend of the family guest, thought it becoming to bark loudly at his hurried steps.

Her wise forethought arrested the governor's notice, and suggested a scheme to elude his pursuers. "Hetty," he said earnestly, "I am flying for my life; and unless I can reach my boat before I am overtaken, I am a lost man. You see the roads fork here, but you must tell those who follow me, that I have gone up the road to catch the mail wagon, which will soon be along you know. Then they will turn off the other way."

"Oh, cousin," said the little girl, in an agony of distress, "I cannot tell; I am afraid I cannot. Why did you tell me which way you were going?"

"Hetty, dear child, surely you would not betray me to my death! Hark! they are coming—I hear the click of their horses' feet. O! lead them the way I have gone up the road instead of down; and heaven will bless you!"

"Heaven never blesses those who speak falsely about! But I will not tell them what you say, even if they kill me; so run as quickly as you can."

"It's of no use, unless I can deceive them, I am a dead man."

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web of cloth; they'd never think of looking here for you. Come get down as swift as you can, and I'll cover you, and stand speaking my linen."

"It's my only chance, child; I'll get down as you say." And suiting the action to the word, the governor was soon hidden under the folds of the cloth, and the girl, who was angry that their expected prey had escaped from the house where they hoped to secure him, the six mounted troopers, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit. At sight of the girl in the meadow the party paused, and the British officer said sternly, "Have you seen a man running hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty, trembling and flushing.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must, or take the consequences."

"I said I wouldn't tell, if you killed me, sobbed the frightened girl."

"I'll have it out of her," exclaimed the furious officer, with an oath.

"Let me speak to her," said his "Tory" guide; "I know the child, I believe, isn't your name Hetty Marvin?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir."

"And this man that ran by you a few minutes ago, was your mother's cousin, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he was."

"Well, we are friends of his; what did he say to you when he came along?"

"He told me—that he was flying for his life."

"Just so, Hetty; that was very true. I hope he won't have to fly far. Where was he going to hide, you see I could help him if I knew his plan."

Now, Hetty was not a whit deceived by this smooth speech. But she was willing to tell as much of the truth as would be consistent with his safety, and she wisely judged that her frankness would serve her kinsman better than her silence. So she answered his question candidly. "My cousin said he was going down this way to the river where he had a boat; and he wanted me to tell the men that were chasing him that he had gone the other way to catch the mail wagon."

"Why didn't you do as he bid you, then, when I asked you where he had gone?" then, demanded the officer fiercely.

"I could not tell a lie, sir, was the tearful answer."

"Hetty," again began the smooth-tongued Tory, "you are a nice child. Everybody knows you are a girl of truth. What did your cousin say when you told him you could not tell a falsehood?"

"He said he shouldn't think I'd betray him to his death."

"And then you promised him you wouldn't tell which way he went, if you were killed for it?"

"That was a brave speech; and so I suppose he thanked you for it, and ran down the road as quickly as possible."

"I promised not to tell where he went, sir."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, tell us his last words, and we won't trouble you any more."

"His last words were, 'It's my only chance, child, and I'll get down as you say.' And overcome by fright, and a sense of her kinsman's danger, should they rigidly interpret the last speech, which she reported, she sobbed aloud, and hid her face from sight."

Her tormentors did not stay longer to soothe or question her. They had got, as they supposed, the information which they wanted, and pushed rapidly on down the river. Now they found a boat, which was a signal to the boatmen that a white cloth by day, or a light by night, displayed from the attic window of his hiding place, which was just visible at the mouth of the river, should inform them if he was in trouble, and put them on the alert to help him. The horsemen reached the boat, and the pursing party dashed madly down the road to the river, and recognized the British uniform of the leader, they pulled swiftly to the shore, and the boat was rowed only in season to see the boat with the two men in it nearly out of sight; and supposing their desired prey had escaped, relinquished the pursuit. Meanwhile the hunted victim lay safe and quiet, where the simple shrewdness of the little cousin had hidden him, until the time came for her to return for supper.

There he bade her go as usual to her home, telling her to ask her mother to place the signal lamp, as soon as it grew dark, in the window, for the boatmen, and to send him some word, such as, "The signal is up," in the hurry of departure, he had left behind.

The signal recalled the boat, which in twilight had ventured in sight of the shore and the farm-house, and the governor quietly made his way to the river in safety. When he reached his family in a secure home, he named his infant daughter, which had been born in his absence, "Hetty Marvin," that he might be daily reminded of the little cousin whose truth and shrewdness saved his life.

HOW MUCH WAS HE WORTH?

There is a terrible significance in the question we sometimes ask upon the death of a wealthy man, if we only understood the real significance of the question, "How much was he worth?" we ask. And the answer might be, "Worth?" He wasn't worth anything. His money was worth something; his body was worth something as a source of fertility to the soil; but he wasn't worth anything to the world.

So we ask the question, "How much was he worth?" He wasn't worth anything. He had houses, lots, bonds, stocks, gold, notes, merchandise, farms; and he left them all—he carried nothing with him. Naked and destitute did he go to the world whence he came. He carried nothing—neither land nor money; nor yet did he carry with him the blessings of the poor. He left all; he carried nothing with him.

"But his neighbor had died—a man who was not known on 'change,' nor in the 'tax list.' And what has he left?" we may say, or, perhaps, curiously ask. "Left?" he has left nothing, but he has taken much with him. He has gone to heaven laden with the blessings of the young of the age of the widow, of the friendless; of those whom he, by his counsel, and his acts, and his prayers, had blessed; of those whose poverty he had relieved, whose ignorance he had enlightened, whose darkness he had dispelled, whose grief and souls he had fed." When Wilberforce died, Daniel O'Connell said, "He has gone up to heaven, bearing a million blessings in his hand. Happy he, whatever he may leave, may not leave on earth, who takes thus freighted into the other world."

THE QUAKER AND THE MERCHANT.

A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the matter before the court, a proceeding to which the Quaker objected, and he made a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant, hearing the inquiry and knowing the Quaker, paused for a moment, and then said, "Tell that rascal that I am not at home."

The Quaker, looking toward him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind."

The merchant was struck with the meekness of his reply and having more deliberately considered the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right, and he in the wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging the error, he said, "I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?"

"Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee: I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always speak loud, and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key; and by a careful observation of this rule, I have entirely mastered my natural temper."

MAN, TO THE FRONT.

BY LILLIAN A. FAULKNER.

It seems to have become a current opinion that a man is a limp moral agent, who must be stayed up by the supporting hands of wife, mother, sister, sweetheart, or friend, else he will certainly fall into evil ways. Is there not backbone in manhood? Is there so little will and conscience in masculine nature that woman must perform around him with her moral influences and power of resistance to keep him in the right path?

It is a man's duty to make a man of himself, not to dishonor himself by being weak. He is strengthened and stimulated into the endeavor and power to resist evil, and develop continually into a larger, higher life, through the vitality and force of something in himself, instead of being bound with flowery words, and being thus behaving himself like a rational creature.

Granted all that is said of woman's influence and responsibility, is her hand strong enough to hold back from ruin one who is so weak to stand alone, or so regardless of the right and true to stick to it himself?

Ruskin says, "The soul's armor is not well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it," but though she may clasp and buckle the jointed mail with deft and loving fingers, can she create the soul of a hero in a coward's breast? There are a few men with mother and sister and girl friends, bright and fair and good, who escape from all this restraining, elevating influence, and make beasts of themselves.

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got his old place in Syracuse, with his old employer, and bright and early last Wednesday morning he was on route for Rome and Wilhelmshaven. He reached the county house and Mr. Cheney took him into the reception room, and asked him to wait a little. Mrs. Cheney listened to find her protégé, and without giving her a hint of what was coming—except in the unaccountable gladness that shone in her eyes—proceeded with womanly care to array her in a new dress, white apron, and pink necktie, and then silently led her into the reception room. At first the poor woman looked vaguely, and then she looked more sharply at Meyers, and then—well, we cannot tell what happened then. There was the happiest German in this broad universe hugging the happiest of all women. She knew who she was then; she knew all about it. And that Dutchman, who "knew dot Wilhelmshaven in his heart," had his reward. And Cheney was just as well pleased as any one, bless his big heart, and if he stood on one leg and shouted, "Hosanna in the highest," and on earth peace, good will toward men," and if there was a tear or two in his eyes, why it is nobody's business.

"Does she look natural?" said Mrs. Cheney.

"O, she looks good," said the grateful Dutchman; and he looked as if he meant every word of it. There was a glad party in that countenance reception room; for in these days when so many married couples are trying to get apart, it is refreshing to find one honest pair who are glad to get together again.

"