

# The 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, SEPTEMBER 10, 1875.

Whole No. 1129.

READERS OF THE "INTELLIGENCER"

WILL PLEASE BEAR IN MIND THAT

WHEN they visit FREDERICTON, they should not fail to call on the

**ALBION HOUSE,**

AND SEE THE GRAND DISPLAY

OF NEW, RICH, AND BEAUTIFUL

**DRY GOODS,**

IMPORTED DIRECT BY

**MILLER & EDGEcombe**

FOR THEIR SPRING & SUMMER TRADE.

THEY HAVE NOW COMPLETED THEIR STOCK AND OPENED FOR INSPECTION,

**92 Packages**

OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

COMPRISING ALL THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON IN

BLACK SILKS, Colored Silks, DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, Mantles, SACQUES, &c.

Hats, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, SILK SCARFS, Prints, Cambrics, BRILLIANTS, Parasols, Sunshades, UMBRELLAS, &c.

OUR STOCK OF STAPLE GOODS

IN

**Grey & White Cottons,**

TICKINGS, SHEETINGS,

**Osnaburghs,**

TOWELS, TABLE LINENS, &c.

ARE ALL SPLENDID VALUE.

INSPECTION INVITED.

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Fredricton, June 11, 1875.

75 Cases & Bales

**NEW GOODS,**

FOR

**SPRING AND SUMMER.**

**THOMAS LOGAN,**

FREDERICTON,

is now showing a large and well assorted Stock of

**Dry Goods,**

consisting of

**DRESS GOODS**

In Alpaca, Sicilian, Silk Mixtures, Melanges, &c.

BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED SILKS,

**DRESS LINENS,**

with trimmings to match.

STRIPED and PLAIN BLACK GREENADINES,

**Jennapines,**

**DRESS MUSLINS,**

of every description.

**PAISLEY AND SUMMER SHAWLS.**

Latest novelties in

**Collars and Cuffs,**

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LADIES', MEN, and BOYS'

**STRAW HATS,**

PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

RIBBONS AND LACEDS,

PRINTS AND CAMBRICS,

GREY AND WHITE COTTONS,

**PARKS' COTTON WARPS,**

LACE CURTAINS AND LAMBREQUINS,

**CARPETING**

AND

**OIL CLOTHS,**

and every description of

## The Intelligencer.

A SERMON BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, BROOKLYN TABERNACLE PULPIT, THE CITY THAT OPENS HEAVEN.

"God me merciful to me a sinner."—St. Luke xviii. 13.

No mountain ever had a brighter coronet than Mount Moriah. The top of the ancient temple was there. Originally the top of the mountain was not large enough to hold so large a building, and, therefore, a wall was raised six hundred feet high and the mountain was built out into it; and it was at that great elevation that Christ was accosted of the devil, and the devil tried to persuade Him to jump down the six hundred feet. The nine gates of that temple flashed with silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which was made up of precious stones melted and mixed and crystallized. The temple itself was not so very large, but the courts and the adjuncts of architecture made it a half mile in circumference. I look off upon that splendid building. What is the matter? Fire! It looks like a mansion just kindled by lightning. Why, it is the heat of morning sacrifice, and the smoke bursting out through the doors and the crevices of the building wreathes the mountain top in folds of smoke through which glitter the precious metals gathered and burned by royal magicians. I see the steps of the smoking. They go side by side, and yet they have nothing in common, have no sympathy with each other. One is the Pharisee, erect, arrogant, pompous, looking down with utter contempt upon the poor man who happens to be going up beside him. The publican goes up with his head bowed, and he seems to have a world of trouble. Now the two have reached the main enclosure, and they are about to begin their worship. The Pharisee goes to the gate nearest the holy of holies. He feels he is fit to stand there. He says in substance: "O, God, there are two days in the week when I eat absolutely nothing, and I give a great deal of money to good objects, and I am one of the best of men. I have nothing to do with the common rabble—certainly nothing to do with that poor publican who comes up the stairs the same time I did." The publican goes clear off to the other side. He wants to get as far away from that gate into the holy of holies as possible. He does not feel fit to stand there. The Bible says he stood afar off, and then—as the people of the East to this very day do when they have any great trouble, smiting themselves, looking down, striking his breast, and crying out: "God be merciful to me a sinner." The Pharisee that went up from the high priest's center that morning was not so sweet as this publican's prayer wafted into the opening heavens, while the exultant prayer of the Pharisee rolled down from his arrogant lip and rolls down into his arrogant heart. Now I see them again on the stairs. They are going down side by side. The Pharisee crosses, sad, wreathed; the publican glad hearted, the joys of heaven glowing in his cheeks and flashing from his eyes. "For I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

When I come to analyze this prayer of the publican, I find it in, in the first place, an appreciation of his sinfulness. He had an honorable office. The publicans were tax gatherers. Cicero says they were the bright ornaments of the state. I know they were very unpopular for the reason that people did not like to pay taxes. I suppose some people, because they do not like to pay their taxes, despise the publican or tax gatherer. But notwithstanding this, the man no doubt was worthy of trust. He proved himself honorable, and there were a great many admirable things about him, and yet he utters this cry of self-abnegation. What was the matter with him? Had he lost his reason? Had some low, contemptible cowardice seized upon him? O, no. For the first time in all his life he saw his sinfulness, and he was a sinner before God, utterly helpless and undone. At what moment that discovery flashed upon him I know not; but standing there in the court of the temple, surrounded by all the demonstrations of his sinfulness, his soul was extorted from it by the agonizing cry of my text.

By what process shall I persuade myself that I likewise am a sinner, and persuade you that you are a sinner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives? Shall I ask you to search the depths of your soul to see if there is any hydra-headed iniquity there? O, no; I shall not do it in that way. I shall rather point you to the forces which God has brought out for your salvation, and prove in that way you are a sinner. Suppose you are on the beach, and you saw the wreckers hastening down to the beach, putting on their rough jackets, launching their life-boats, and shooting rockets with ropes attached to them, and you saw them shouting out: "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Son of God putting aside his crown and his robe and launching out on the rough sea of human suffering and satanic hate, braving all storms, wading down to the conclusion that somewhere in God's universe there has been an awful shipwreck. When God gives himself for the work, and calls on all hearts to watch and to help, I know there is some great disaster in foot. I know some great disaster must have smitten God's universe. I know that your sin and mine is so appalling that all heaven has turned out to snatch us away from it. I know we must be desperate sinners by nature to be rescued by such a sacrifice. O, has this thought ever shot an arrow through your soul, my brother, my sister? Has any night been made blacker with such a shadow? Has conscience just twisted one through and out a stroke across your bare heart? If you have felt none of these feelings, if you do not propose to have any of them, I tell you plainly that you must go down and spend eternity with the Pharisee, for his living truth leaps from every chapter of God's word, and your every chapter of your life has a commercial agent in Charleston, or New Orleans, or Cincinnati, and you paid his salary regularly, and you found out at the end of the year that he had been taking your salary had been giving nine-tenths of his to some other commercial house? Your indignation would know no bounds. Well, God has sent us into this world to serve him, and to serve him with all our strength, and he has paid us our wages. He has fed us, and clothed us, and sheltered us, and lo! it is to be told to-night that some of us have given nine-tenths of our time to "the world, the flesh and the devil." Is it honest? What does the Bible say? "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Is there any man in the audience who thinks to escape from that? The Bible

is full of confessions. What did David say?

"Behold, I am vile." Isaiah said: "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "My transgressions have gone over my head, and my trespass grown up into the heavens." Of all the millions who have gone into glory, not one got there until he first confessed. And are there any in this house who have an idea that their soul is in a healthy condition when it is rotting away with the leprosy of sin? To-night would open your eyes that you might see just where you stand, and that pierced by a sense of your blasted and desolate condition by reason of sin smite upon your heart, with the emphasis of this publication in the text, crying out in a loud voice: "God be merciful to me a sinner." I do not say you have ever committed any outward transgression. You may pay all your debts, you may be chaste in speech and in action, you may be honest in all your dealings among men, and yet God's word bears me out in the statement I make to-night, that you are a condemned sinner, although good as a star, the moralist's plumed over you, and that unless you repent you must live an unholy life. You are not a sinner because you are not a sinner. I say of one I say of all. O, the coil of eternal sorrow is strewn with the spit haunts of those who would not heed the perils and who went with their cargo of immortal hopes into the white tangled loam of the breaker.

I pursue the analysis of my subject still further, and I find in this publican's prayer the fact that he expected nothing except mercy. He might have said: "I am honest in all my dealings. Why are you looking for mercy for me, I hand it over to the Government. If you look over all my books you will find them right. My life has been upright and respectable." He made no such plea. He comes and throws himself on God's mercy. Are there any in this house who propose for making their lives right to commend themselves to God? Do you really think you can break off your bad habits? Why that will be only taking off the scales while you leave the disease rankling within. Are there those who propose to pay their spiritual debts together? Come and see if you can do it. Add together all the good words you ever uttered, all the good deeds you ever accomplished, all the leaves you have given to the hungry, all the garments you have given to the naked, all the medicine you have given to the sick—add up the whole line, get a great aggregate of good works, and then hear Paul slash his knife, and he will come and slash up all that aggregate as he cries out: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified." O, my friends, is there nothing in the justice of God, is there nothing in our own exertions, to save us? Where then are we to be saved? Is there no balm for this mortal wound of my soul? Is there no light for this Aretic night? Is there no mercy for the lost sinner? Yes; and that is what I came to tell you about. Mercy. Free mercy. Pardoning mercy. Suffering mercy. Infinite mercy. Omnipotent mercy. Everlasting mercy. "O, my friends, is there nothing in the justice of God, is there nothing in our own exertions, to save us? 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