

The Evangelical Family Newspaper

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

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

Editor and Proprietor.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1875.

Whole No. 1141.

Special Notice.

ALBION HOUSE,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

October, 1875.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE

DRAGGERS draw the situation of their friends and the public to their very large and beautiful stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

Imported direct from the EUROPEAN MARKETS for the

FALL AND WINTER TRADE,

which for EXCELLENCE, QUANTITY and LOW PRICES cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade. The whole importation is now ready for inspection, comprising in part as follows:

DRESS GOODS,

PLAIN AND FANCY.

Black Goods,

IN GREAT VARIETY.

WINTER SHAWLS AND SACQUES.

TWEEDS AND WINCEYS,

GLOVES, VELVETS,

RIBBONS, FLOWERS,

Flannels,

IN ALL COLOURS.

SCOTCH YARNS AND FINGERINGS.

WOOL SCARFS, CLOTHS,

Prints, Grey & White Cottons, Tackings,

OSNABURGS, &c., &c., &c.

BROWN & WHITE COTTON DUCK,

COTTON BATTING, &c.

Silk Ties, Lace and Muslin Frillings, &c.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

oct 23

NEW FALL GOODS.

October, 1875.

THOMAS LOGAN,

FREDERICTON,

has received:

Wool Shawls,

DRESS GOODS,

CLOTHS,

TWEEDS,

PRINTS,

Black Crapes,

BLACK LUSTRES,

Black French Merinos.

TABLE CLOTHS, TABLE COVERS,

TOWELS,

Flannels,

BLANKETS,

GLOVES,

ROSIERY,

CLOUDS,

SCARFS,

FINGERING,

BERLINS.

LADIES' FURS.

Parks Cotton Warps,

IN ALL COLOURS.

BALANCE OF STOCK DAILY EXPECTED.

THOMAS LOGAN.

oct 15

The Intelligencer.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

NEWS FROM VARIOUS QUARTERS.

The following interesting items of the progress of the Lord's work in the far off places are gleaned from the *Watchman and Reflector*:

BURMAH.

A private letter from Rev. Mr. George to the writer confirms the report of the work of grace in the Henthada district. "No doubt," he writes, "you have heard of and rejoiced in the work at Koniya, fifty miles north of the work at Henthada, which was reported last month. It was not a sudden outbreak; the spirit has been working there for two or three years. Several of those baptized profess to have been worshipping Christ for a year or more. Yesterday a very cheering letter came from Ko At, (the native evangelist for that section), reporting all the disciples as doing well and a large number of new ones desiring of baptism. I understand him to mean that these new ones are outside of those who have been baptized, and were advised to wait. This is glorious. It was always a delight to be in this work. Now, my joy is oppressive, sometimes. I feel so unworthy to be engaged in it, that I am tempted to believe that the work is not real; that some cause other than God's spirit has led these men to profess to love Christ; yet when I listen to them, behold their anxiety to learn more of Jesus and His blessed Gospel, my doubts and fears melt into praise of joy and gladness."

THE REVIVAL IN MAULMAIN.

At last accounts the revival among the English and Europeans in Maulmain was in progress. Mr. Soltan has been enabled to do a good work, while waiting for the opening of the way for him, through upper Burma into western China.

ASSAM.

Although the mission among the Garos is but of recent date, God has prospered it to such an extent, that among the members of the infant churches have been found desirable, and Mr. Keith, in a letter published in the November number of the *Missionary Magazine*, gives a brief account of its formation. The first business transacted by the missionaries from other tribes have also desired to be at least an effort to support the preacher as his own missionary to the heathen during the ensuing year.

THE KOLAS AND MAGAS.

In a letter published in full in the November *Magazine*, dated Sibangor, July 15, 1875, Mr. Clark conveys the cheering intelligence of a recent baptism of fourteen Kolas, eight men and six women, and of a number more awaiting that ordinance. "The Nagas," continues the same communication, "is again wearing a hopeful look. A few have been down here and earnestly desired Goodhula to go to their villages to teach them Christianity. Villagers from other tribes have also desired a religious teacher. Some of the Deka Haimong Christians have been down here, and their speaker, one of the chief men of the village, speak with tears in his eyes, that a missionary might go to them, to live with them and to instruct them in Christianity. Others standing about endorsed his plan. Goodhula recently made a trip to the Nagas Hills, being absent about three weeks. He reports the Nagas of that village as showing much more readiness to hear the gospel than ever before. He can speak their language very well. The old people seem disposed to die in their old religion, but it is the middle aged and the young who seem inclined to accept Christianity. Goodhula thinks there are about ten fit subjects for baptism in Deka Haimong village."

JAPAN.

In a letter dated June 14, 1875, published in the October number of the *Harold*, Mr. Taylor, a medical missionary in Kobe, gives an interesting account of a visit to Okayama, a city a hundred miles west of Kobe, with a population of about one hundred and thirty thousand, situated in a beautiful and populous valley. "A young man from this place," continues Mr. Taylor, in his interesting account, "had been to Kobe to study medicine, was there converted, and he and his wife, members of the church at Kobe, I thought him up and learned that he had been reading the Bible to some of his friends and that two of them were believers; but he said there were no others. I learned that they all had the Bible. Chinese, and in the Japanese Testament in Japanese as had been thus far translated, and also some Japanese tracts. We spent over two hours and a half in talk, taking the first chapter of Mark as a basis. How was this independent interest in the Bible awakened? I do not know, but probably it was through a young man who went from that place to the United States, was there converted, and returned home, but died shortly after."

RUSSIA.

The spirit of intolerance and persecution has obtained a new lease, under the government of the youthful king of Spain. In the proposed new Constitution, declaring the Catholic religion to be the religion of the State, but that, nevertheless, no one shall be molested on Spanish territory for his religious opinions nor for the exercise of his chosen form of worship, yet, it is added, "other ceremonies, or public manifestations than those of the religion of the State, will not be permitted."

PERSECUTION IN VIENNA.

In a private letter, Dr. S. F. Smith writes of attending a small Protestant Sabbath school of only twelve members in Vienna. At the close of the school he observed the superintendent, who is a converted Jew, distribute a few tracts among the children. For this act the superintendent was afterwards fined what would be in our money one dollar, and the school broken up.

CONCLUSION.

When elated at the accounts of success in any portion of the foreign field, straightway to a cautious mind the thought promptly reads: "It comes that little significance is to be attached to a few conversions here, the opening of a door there, the removal of obstacles in a third place, and so on. For a comprehensive view would discover that every gain is balanced by an equal or greater loss; that taking all things into account, in the work of converting the world and Christ, there is scarcely perceptible. Well might it be so, considering the inactivity and apathy which still prevail in so large a part of the Christian world; and yet, so it is not. Rev. S. H. Kellogg, of Allahabad, affirms that statistics, drawn from the records of the census of the Indian government, demonstrate that with only 517 Protestant missionaries to two hundred million people, with all the inveterate hatred of fanatical Mohammedanism and all the power and prestige of a venerable Brahminism against them, the Church of Christ is, as a matter of fact, gaining on the world to-day, at least as rapidly in India, as in the most favored sections of America, indeed, the exact figures would be to the advantage of the church in India. During the past ten years there has been an increase of nearly one per cent. of the Christian population, while the natural increase of the Hindoo population has been but five per cent."

HOW HER HUSBAND WAS SAVED.

BY FANNY RABON.

He was brought up rigorously, after a fashion, sombre enough to content the gloomiest Puritan. No playing, nor reading of story books on Sunday; no laughing aloud; even looking out of the window was forbidden to this little, miserable, scragged-up urchin.

The inflexible rule was, "church twice a day—Catechism between; and a didactic sermon read aloud in the evening by the children in turn. It might as well have been Greek, for all the comfort or benefit it administered to these small, tormented souls."

No wonder that her husband—the youngest of the group—"hated Sunday," and inwardly avowed that, when he became a man, he would "never go to church." If he "married and had children, they should never hear Catechism nor read sermons. Sunday to them should never become the bugbear and intolerable bore that it was to him."

He grew up handsome, wonderfully sweet-tempered, and notwithstanding the hatred of Catechism, a man of honorable and excellent qualities. He married a bright little woman, a professing Christian, who, when he refused to go to church with her, kissed him good-by, and prayed for him. He had children, and true to his boyish vow, he played with them, told stories to them, and took them on excursions on Sunday, so that that day became an epoch to them of hilarious delight.

His wife had also been rigorously brought up by her lovely, saintlike mother, who was what used to be called an Old school Presbyterian, and she, too, when a little child, suffered for her religious belief. Wiser than her husband, she clung to the truth, and rejected the errors of her childhood training, and determined to win her own children to God through love rather than fear.

One summer, not long ago, the family of whom we are now speaking, a pretty village on the line of the New Haven Railroad, the usual, the mother hired a pew in the Episcopal church, for she had adopted her husband's denomination, and had greatly gratified his family thereby.

"You would expect me ever to go to hear that old fellow?" said her husband. "Why, he hasn't a tooth in his head. He will mumble and chew his words, and I shall out and eschew them."

"For shame, you bad boy," she answered. "Stop making disrespectful puns, if you please, and you need not go, if you don't please."

So the children went to church with her in the mornings, and took long walks with her father in the sweet summer afternoons. In the evenings, after eating their bread and butter, the healthy, happy little creature would sing hymns with her. Even the baby of two years would carol out

"Jesus loves me, as I know
For the Bible tells me so."

with a deliciously solemn air, as if she had been in the habit of perusing the sacred Scriptures for years and years.

Presently there came a Sunday morning when the husband said, "Dimple" (a pet name). "I hear that the wife of the Congregational clergyman has a fine voice, and leads the choir in her husband's church; I think I will go and pass my opinion upon her singing."

"Very well, dear, that's right," was every word she said, and kissing him good-by, she and her children went their way.

For several Sundays the husband attended the Episcopal church, and as a natural consequence, a Miss Sharpling and Mr. Snoring who live in every small village, began to observe, "What can it mean? Have you noticed that he goes to one church and she to another? What an awful quarrel must be between them?"

Friends—so called—did not fail, "with great pain" to themselves, to repeat these surmises to the parties concerned; but all the satisfaction they got was a rippling laugh from the little wife, and the words, "Dear me, it is ridiculous!"

She did not "talk it over" with her husband; she did not even offer to go to church with him; she was too wise to do anything but "wait and pray."

Then another Sunday came. They were all just returned from morning service, and she was taking off her bonnet and gloves, when her husband carelessly observed, "What capital sermons that Congregational fellow preached; really, Dimple, I shouldn't be surprised if I were 'getting religion.'"

The last words were intended to be jeeringly spoken, and a light laugh succeeded them, but she darted a swift eye-glance at her husband's face, and saw just a perceptible quiver on his well-cut lips, and the least shade of trouble in the beautiful blue eyes.

Her heart beat violently, and a joyful light overcame her face. Quick as lightning came the thought, "It is God's hand." But she said never a word, only walked quietly into her children's room and gently closed the door. Then, falling on her knees, her very soul cried out, "O my Father in heaven, what is this that thou hast done? O, take not away from me this strange, unlooked-for work, which, light as thistle-down, I dare not disturb with breath of mine; but in thy own good time make this blessed sign to me, a more blessed certainty, for Jesus, my Saviour's sake."

The children went into the woods that afternoon as usual, and came back, declaring that papa, if possible, had been sweeter and kinder than ever before, and the evening hymns were joined by the little wife with outward calm, but a heaving heart and a face of unworldly paleness—a pale, yearning, loving face.

The next morning, as soon as her husband was on the train to New York, she put on her bonnet to her husband's, and to the house of the Congregational minister, requested a private interview with him. With smiling, gentle courtesy, he conducted her into his study and shut the door.

"Are you willing," she began abruptly and agitatedly, "are you willing to preach all summer long to save just one human soul?"

And she looked up in his face with great, tearful, beseeching eyes.

"My dear madam," he answered, "I would thank God for only the chance to do so."

"Then go to work," she sobbed. "It is my husband. He went to your church to hear your wife sing; he goes now to hear you preach. He is very, very good, but he

does not believe in religion. O, persuade him that a real Christian is, and ought to be, the happiest of God's creatures; and I will be grateful to you all my life."

"With God's help, I will do this thing," he solemnly answered, "and before you go we will ask His blessing on our endeavours."

They knelt down in the little study, and the soldier of the cross wrestled with God for his brother's soul, and both, up comforted with the assurance that they had done what they could, leaving the issue in His hands.

All the rest of the summer that young, earnest man preached the sermon which, when, under God, to bring life or death eternal to one unconscious hearer. Not a word did he utter of special doctrine, or religious cant; but brain and nerve, and soul were pressed into his Master's service. Plainly and earnestly he told of those absorbed, listening ears, the divine story of the Man Christ Jesus, that gently, yet majestic being, who calls himself our Friend and Brother, and who is our only salvation. From this rock of salvation the preacher heaved his creed, and, passionately, and at last, on one side, listening ears, the divine story of the Man Christ Jesus, that gently, yet majestic being, who calls himself our Friend and Brother, and who is our only salvation. 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