

# The Fredericton Intelligencer.

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.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1876.

Editor and Proprietor.

Whole No. 1158.

## WOOL SHAWLS

—AND—

FELT SKIRTS,

—AT—

REDUCED PRICES.

For the remainder of the season, I will sell the whole stock of the above goods, at

20 Cts. ON THE Dollar

Less than regular prices for CASH.

SHAWLS, FELT SKIRTS

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At \$1.00 now selling for \$0.90

At \$0.75 now selling for \$0.65

At \$0.50 now selling for \$0.40

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At \$0.10 now selling for \$0.08

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At \$0.02 now selling for \$0.01

At \$0.01 now selling for \$0.00

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## The Intelligencer.

THE WAY.

The gate is open, who will enter.

Much is written on this subject, and more

thought. "Gates Ajar" and "Gates Wide

Open" are nice pictures of imagination. We

read, and the gate shall not be shut at all by

night, and "there shall be no day," and

Thank God that the gate to the Celestial City

is ever open. Who will enter?

Thousands now are on the road

That leads to glory and to God;

And thousands too have lost the way.

And still are wandering far away.

And many such do often ask,

Who will lead us back again?

From this path of sin and shame?

Who will start us toward the gate,

Before it be too late, too late!

My friend, do you truly desire to find the

way? O, that I may lead you to it.

And the way is the truth, and the life.

Don't you see him on the tree,

Suffering there for you and me?

Hear him cry before he dies,

Come with me to Paradise.

"I am the door; by me if any man enter

in, shall be saved, and shall go in and out,

and find pasture: for the gate is open, and

you really think that the way is not plain.

And you say there are so many ways, who

can know the right one?"

"Broad is the road that leads to death,

And thousands walk together there;

But wisdom shows a narrow path,

With here and there a traveller."

The broad road has many branches and by-

ways, all leading to destruction. The way

of indolence, carelessness, of sinful pleasure,

and amusement, of ambition after wealth and

worldly honor.

The way of intemperance, obscenity, pro-

fanity, and moral degradation. The way of

pride and contempt of all that is good and

pure.

The way of infidelity, scepticism, and gen-

eral unbelief.

All sinful ways are dark, and lead to death.

And all who are in the broad way, or any of

its branches, may be sure that they will never

enter the Heavenly Gate, unless they turn square

about, and fix their eyes on Jesus, who is the

way.

The straight and narrow way is variously

described. But it is the one way, the right

way, the true and safe way. It is called the

way of the righteous, the perfect way, the

way of truth; the way of God's command-

ments and statutes; the way everlasting, the

way of the saints, the way of life, the high

way of holiness, the way of peace, the good

way, and many other beautiful forms of ex-

pression are used to describe this way. But

all are summed up in this, "Jesus is the way."

I seem to hear some one say, "O, how nar-

row. My religion is a narrow path, and I

## IN GOD'S CARE.

(From the French.)

One night, when Mr. Hansen, a rich Swed-

ish merchant, was visiting Pomerania, with

his son, he took lodgings at a neat-looking

inn, where many years before he had passed

three days. It had been pleasant weather

and the day I had just passed, the sea had

been lashed into fury. The hardest men

had abandoned the coast, and shivering

with cold, had returned to their homes. Ed-

mund, the son of the merchant Hansen, was

looking out of the window, and saw the

white-haired landlady.

"What fearful weather, Mother Martens!

No one in his senses would venture on the

sea to-night."

"That is true enough, young man; no

good would come of it," replied the old wo-

man.

"You could very easily weather such a

storm," said Edmund, smiling. "Such a voy-

age as you made me take to-night, I have

my father has told me about it. You are

shuffled from wind and wave."

"Hush!" said the old woman, "we are

everywhere under the eye of God. Those

who keep their eyes on him, are never in

danger. That is true, Mother Martens," observed

the merchant. "You have had proof of the

divine power and goodness. The storm is

still raging; let us close the shutters, and hear

the story from the beginning to the end. Ed-

mund will be pleased to know all about it."

"I do not like to speak of myself," said the

woman; "one should leave that to others.

However, you are right, sir; this narration

may be useful to the young gentleman, and

as there is nothing to be done about it, I

will tell you how God gave me a proof of

his watchful care."

"At these words the good old woman closed

the shutters, put the kettle on the fire, and

she began:

"You see, sir, I am an old woman. I have

lived many long years in this strange country;

but the day I left my own land is in my

memory as if it were yesterday. The

cabin of my parents was situated on the sea-

coast in the southern part of Sweden. I

have never possessed riches. Our greatest

treasures were a cow, a sheep, and a pig. We

lived in a hut, and we were very poor. It

was my business to lead her every day

to pasture. In summer it was very pleas-

ant, but not so in winter. My father was a

fisherman, and when the snow covered the

sea, and the ice was broken, he went out

to fish. Once we might have died of

hunger if it had not been for the cow. The

poor creature was the object of all our care.

"One time the winter was more severe than

usual, the snow was piled up in heaps all

around our cottage, and I, scarcely sixteen

years old, longed for the spring as a bird

## THE BATTER DRINK.

"I never can take it, mother; I'm sure I

can't," he repeated cry.

"But you have not tried to take it, darling,"

answered Mrs. Haley.

"What is the use? I never can, and I

know it," was the querulous reply.

Bessie was sick; a slight fever had made

her somewhat fretful, and this being an

unpleasant time, she was unable to smile.

Mrs. Haley had called in the physician, who

prescribed a draught that was not just as

palatable as the child would have liked it to

be, for it was bitter. To her repeated un-

willingness, who ever told her, the mother had

never answer to make, "I want you to try

to take it."

"What is the use of trying when I know I

can't swallow it?"

"Because trying to do a thing often brings

success. Who ever told you that you can't

swallow it? You are not used to it, my

daughter."

"Is it good, mother?"

"No, it is not."

"I don't know any more than that it is—so that I can

believe it."

"Certainly not! I would not be so wicked

as to tell my little girl a lie."

"Would that be a lie?" Bessie asked, in

astonishment; for she had never thought of

it in that light.

"Everything that is not strictly the truth is

a lie; and a lie is an abomination in the

right of our Heavenly Father. The medi-

cine is nauseous, but the physician thinks that

it will do you good; so you must swallow it.

"I don't like to swallow it, and I don't like to

swallow it, and I don't like to swallow it."

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## SELF-EXAMINATION.

BY DR. A. W. CAMPBELL.

"Know thyself" was truly a wise saying

for a heathen philosopher. Better far, and

more important, than to be ignorant of himself.

How can man know himself without some

standard or rule to which to bring himself?

Two things are to be considered—motives

and actions. Men are always acting; but

with what motive?

Now it is just the motive that gives the

moral complexion to every action of every

man. Let a man act at great wealth, or

high position, or high rank, and every

action should tend that way. The love of

riches, or of distinction, is to such a man, the

great motive that guides or governs him.

And he knows it. He knows it in his