

The Evening Mail

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, JANUARY 21, 1876.

Editor and Proprietor.

Whole No. 1147.

Special Notice.

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FREDERICTON, N. B.

October, 1875.

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BROWN & WHITE COTTON DUCK.

GOTTON COTTON, &c.

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FELT SKIRTS.

AND—

REDUCED PRICES.

For the remainder of the SEASON, I will sell the

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Less than regular prices for CASH.

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At \$1.25 now selling for \$1.45

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" 3.00 " " 3.20

" 4.00 " " 4.20

" 5.00 " " 5.20

" 6.00 " " 6.20

" 7.00 " " 7.20

FELT SKIRTS

At \$1.00 now selling for \$0.80

" 1.25 " " 1.00

" 1.50 " " 1.25

" 2.00 " " 1.75

" 2.50 " " 2.25

" 3.00 " " 2.75

" 3.50 " " 3.25

THOMAS LOGAN.

FREDERICTON,

Fredericton, Jan. 8, 1876.

The Intelligencer.

SERMON BY MR. TALMAGE.

POISON IN THE CALDRON.

"O thou man of God, there is death in the pot."

2 Kings iv. 42.

Elisha had gone down to lecture to the theo-

logical students in the seminary at Gilgal. He

found the students very hungry. Students are

apt to be. In order that he might proceed

with his lecture successfully, he sends out

some servants to gather food for these hungry

students. The servants are somewhat reck-

less in their work, and while they gather up

some healthful herbs, they at the same time

gather colicoiditis, a bitter, poisonous, deadly

weed, and they bring all the herbs to the

house and put them in a caldron and stir them

up, and then bring the food to the table

where are seated the students and their pro-

fessor. One of the students takes some of the

mixture and puts it to his lips, and immedi-

ately tastes the colicoiditis, and he cries out

to the professor, "O thou man of God, there

is death in the pot." What consternation it

throws upon the professor! He says, "O thou

man of God, there is death in the pot." But

there is no death in that compared with the

fact that the image of God in the soul has been

covered up and almost obliterated, so that a

human hand can restore that which has been

lost. In a caldron of death, there is no death

to be roughly handled. You have no right to

garland it with fine phrase of lustrous

revelation. You cannot catch a buffalo with a

silken flass. Men have no objection to hav-

ing their life looked at in a pleasant light.

They will be very glad to sit for their por-

trraits if you make a handsome picture. But

every Christian philanthropist must some-

times go forth and come in violent collision

with transgression. I saw a vessel that had

been on a whaling cruise come into the harbor,

and it had patched sail and spliced rigging and

spattered deck, showing hard times and

rough work. And so I have seen Christian

philanthropists come back from some cruise

against public iniquities. They have been

compelled to acknowledge that it has not been

yet riding a tempest and harpooning great

monsters.

A company of emigrants settle in a wild

region. The very first day a bear from the

mountains comes down and carries off one of

the children, and the next day another child

comes and carries off another child. Forthwith

all the neighbors band together, and with

torch in one hand and gun in the other they

go down into the caverns where those wild

beasts are secreted, and they find that the

beasts are secreted there, and they find that

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that the beasts are secreted there, and

ledge and tumbling avalanche? Blessed

the family altar where the children kneel.

Blessed the cradle where the Christian mother

rocks the Christian child. Blessed the song

the little one sings at nightfall when sleep

is closing the eyes and loosening the hand

from the pillow. Blessed the mother's

heart who sends a prayer to God for the

salvation of her children. The world

grows old, and soon the stars will cease to

illuminate it, and the herbage to clothe it,

and the mountains to guard it, and the

waters to refresh it, and the heavens to over-

span it, and the long story of its sin and

shame and glory and triumph will turn into

ashes; but parental influences, starting in the

early home, will roll on and up into the great

eternity, throwing in the joy, waving in the

light, the rainbow, existing in all the song of

heaven, or groaning in all the pain, and

shrinking back into all the shame, and frown-

ing in all the darkness of the great prison

house. O, father! O, mother! in which di-

rection is your influence tending? I verily

believe that three-fourths of the wickedness

of the great city runs out rank and

putrid from undisciplined homes. Sometimes

I know there is an exception. From a bright,

happy home, a child comes out, and he or she

will go off to die. How long you have had

that boy in your prayer. He does not

know the tears you have shed. He knows

nothing about the sleepless nights you have

passed over him. He does not know the down-

ward road, and will not stop, call you never

so tenderly. O, it is tough, it is very tough,

after having expended so much kindness and

care to get such pay of ingratitude. There is

many a young man proud of his mother

who would strike into the dust, and dashed

who would dare to his first step in sin, is shar-

pening a dagger to plunge through that

mother's heart. I saw it. The telegram sum-

moned him. I saw him come in, searred and

bleated, to look upon the lifeless form of his

mother. Those grey locks pushed back over

the wrinkled brow had been whitened by his

waywardness. Those eyes had rained floods

of tears over his iniquity. That divine creature

had had written many a loving letter of

counsel or invitation. He had broken that

old heart. When he came in he threw him-

self on the coffin and sobbed out and cried,

"Mother, mother, where are your lips and

your eyes? Where are your lips and your

eyes? Where are your lips and your eyes?

Where are your lips and your eyes? Where

are your lips and your eyes? Where are

your lips and your eyes? Where are your

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Where are your lips and your eyes? Where

"You don't appreciate the fact that the largest

revenues paid to the Government are by

our business. Then I remember what Glad-

stone, the Prime Minister of England, said to

a committee of men engaged in the traffic

when they came to him to deplore that they

were not treated with more consideration:

"Gentlemen, don't be uneasy about the re-

venue. Give me thirty million other people,

and I will pay all the revenue, and have a

large surplus." But, my friends, the ruin to

property is a very small part of the evil. It

becomes everything that is sacred in the family,

everything that is holy in religion, everything

that is infinite in the soul, and tramples it in-

to the mire.

The marriage day has come. The happy

pair are at the altar. The music sounds. The

lighted flash. The feet bound up and

down the drawing-room. Started on a bright

voyage of life. Sails all up. The wind is

abaft. You prophesy everything beautiful.

But the scene changes. A dingy garret. No

Bible on a broken chair sits a sorrowing

woman. Her last hope gone. Poor, disgrac-

ed, trodden underfoot—she knows the despair

of being a drunkard's wife. The gay bark

that danced off on the marriage morning has

been wrecked. "O," she says, "he was as good

as a man as ever lived. He was so kind, he

was so generous—no one better did God ever

create than he; but the drink, the drink did it."

A young man starts from his home for the

city. Through the agency of metro-

politan friends he has obtained a place in a

store or a bank. That morning in the farm

house, the lights are kindled very early, and

the boy's trunk is on the wagon. "I put a

Bible in your trunk," says the mother, as she

wipes the tears away with her apron. "My

dear, I want you to read it when you get to

town." "O," he says, "mother, don't you be

worried about me. I know what I am about.

I am old enough to take care of myself. Don't

worry me about me." The father says, "Be a

good boy and write home often. Your

mother will want to hear from you." Crack!

goes the whip, and away over the hills goes

the wagon. The scene changes. The boy is

in the city. He is in the front of the old

lane in front of the farm house. Killed in a

porter house fight, that son has come home

to disgrace the sepulchre of his fathers. When

the old people lift the coffin lid, and see the

body, they say, "The life blood oozed out, they

were their withered hands and look up to

heaven and cry, "Cursed be he that is born

of such a man!" Medici was sick, and his friends

thought that if they could dissolve some pearls

in his cup, and then get him to swallow them

he would be cured. And so these valuable

pearls were dissolved in his cup, and he drank

them. What a lesson to us! We are young

men coming to our