

The New Brunswick Freeman.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

Vol. XXIII.—No. 27.

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

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

Editor and Proprietor.

Whole No. 1171.

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THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredricton, April 19, 1876.

The Intelligencer.

ONE BY ONE.

NOW THE CHAIN WAS LESSENED AND THE CROWN MADE PERFECT.

BY VIRGINIA P. HARRINGTON.

Many, many years ago, in the days of old, when it was believed that in all traditions and legends there was a reality, and when wizards and witches were common in all parts of the country, there was born into this world a baby boy. Great joy was felt throughout the household and neighborhood when the event was made known, and his parents began to busy themselves about the boy's nature, and see what could be done to promote his welfare and happiness.

As the child began to grow up, all the wealth and position of his parents were lavished upon him, and whatever annoyance or anxiety the rest of the family might have mattered little to him, provided he had all he wished or craved for, till at last so much was lavished upon him, that he began to feel self and unkind to those around him.

One day, while thinking and planning over some very evil deed in which he was about to take part, he suddenly found himself engaged in the folds of a great heavy chain. Imagining that some one of his companions had thrown it upon him in sport while he was engaged thus earnestly in thought, he at once began to curse in a dreadful manner; but on looking around him not a single living creature was to be seen. He had always been frigid, and tried in every way to get the chain off, but all his efforts were in vain, and with the heavy burden bearing him down he trudged slowly towards his home.

Suddenly he experienced a deep feeling of sorrow, never felt before. He had always been bounding with joy and happiness, he now seemed to have only a dull, leaden thing in his place.

When he arrived home, he thought, of course, the first question that would be asked would be, "Why, where did you get that great chain, and why is it bound so tightly around you?" But to his great surprise not a word was said concerning it, while every time he went to move the chain seemed so heavy that it was only with the greatest effort he could get around it.

Finding that no one paid any attention to the chain, he at last mustered sufficient courage to speak of the matter himself; but when he did so they all held up their hands in horror, declaring that he was either crazy or bewitched; that there was no such thing as a chain of around him, and charged him to put all such imaginations away and be cheerful. Still it was too true to try to comfort him, for the chain only seemed to cling to him the tighter. Instead of meeting sympathy from his friends who had so often before shared his troubles, they now seemed to reject him, and he began to feel that he was a burden to all around him.

One day, as he was sitting alone in his room, he was surprised to find a little old woman suddenly standing before him. "What are you weeping for, my good youth?" said she. "Surely such a fair youth as thou should be engaged in better business than this."

"What is my good dame, then you neither see?" he passionately replied, redoubting his tears. "Would that some one besides myself could see and know the heavy burden which I have to bear."

"Do you not see, my child, that great chain around me?" "Ah," said she, "I know the cause of your sorrow now. I do not see the chain as you do, but I feel and know what you say is true. Once upon a time, many years ago, when I was I was about your age."

"O, can you, will you, tell me how I may get rid of this terrible burden?" "That I will gladly do," said the little woman. "Go listen: On yonder mountain lies a great king. If you will go to him, he will tell thee of a way by which you may be set free."

"Thank you, O, thank you, good dame," said the boy. "What shall I do for you in return?" "Nothing. You are welcome to all I have told you. Neither do I wish any thanks."

And with this she vanished, leaving him with a happier heart than he had known for many years. On arriving at his home, his parents and friends, seeing him so cheerful, were much surprised, and he was soon the center of a happy contentment, and his reason had returned. He conversed once more upon other subjects, and at last, as he had not done since his misfortune, and seemed once more like his former self. Before retiring he told his parents he had found some one who would set him free from his chain, and that they must bid him good-bye that night for a short time, as he should start early on the next morning on his journey.

His parents, after trying in every way to dissuade him from going, at last, when he was so firm, yielded, and he set forth with a heavy heart, and with heavy hearts to his determination.

Early next morning Pilgrim started to climb the mountain. All day passed, and darkness began to gather around him, and he was scarcely half way to the King's palace. Still he trudged slowly and wearily on, till at last, overcome with fatigue, he fell down upon the ground exhausted, and slept until morning. In the early morning light he again started, and with slow but steady steps followed the ascent, until at last he reached the top. At a short distance ahead he saw the glittering dome of the palace, and in a brief while more had reached the end of his journey.

Such a scene as burst upon his sight! And such a palace! His eyes had never beheld such splendours before. But when he looked at the great chain, and contemplated his shabby clothes, he felt almost ashamed to present himself before the King, and was about to turn back when he saw a man, an aged man, standing before him, and he was reared upon those words, inscribed in flaming letters over the portal: "WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME." A new joy seemed to suddenly break upon him, and he was about to enter the gate. Such a scene as broke upon his ravished sight! Pilgrim thought it almost too beautiful to be reality, and for the first time he forgot his chain.

"At once to see the King," asked one of the attendants. "Yes," said Pilgrim, trembling, "but I am afraid I am not fit to be received. See how stained and soiled my clothes are, while my heart is so filled with sorrow, that I can scarcely speak. Do you think that he would receive notice of such a one as me?"

"My dear friend, did you read the words over the gate as you came in?" "I did," said Pilgrim.

"Well, they are the words of the King. It is just such as you are that he is waiting to receive. Come, then, with me."

So saying, the attendant led Pilgrim

straight before the King. As he stood in his gracious presence, he found his fears passing away, and gently and lovingly the King addressed him, after listening attentively to his sad story.

"There is but one way to obtain freedom from thy chain. It is to repent of all thy evil ways, to cease from being selfish, and instead of living only for thyself, as thou hast done in the past, to live so as to be a blessing and blessing to others. If thou art willing to do this, thy chain shall be taken from thee."

Pilgrim freely confessed his many sins and shortcomings, and promised amendment in the future.

Then said the King, handing him a crown, "Take this, and as thy crown is filled with stars, so shall thy chain proportionately decrease. Also take this," and as he spoke he handed him a little book, "and let it be thy constant companion and counsellor."

Pilgrim knelt before the King and thanked him with broken words and tearful eyes. "O, that I might ever live here with thee," he cried.

Then he had finished his crown and lost thy chain, and thou mayest come and live forever with me, and I will own thee for my son," said the King, tenderly. "Meanwhile, in all thy journeying, I will ever watch over thee and shield thee from all harm."

It was now with a lightened, happy heart that Pilgrim left the palace. When he arrived at the foot of the mountain he started direct for home, and was greeted with joy by his parents. He told them freely all that had transpired, and as time passed on they could scarcely realize the wonderful change that had been wrought in him. Instead of the cross, selfish, wilful boy, as formerly, he was now, instead, a mild and gentle-mannered youth, who seemed to think of nothing else but how he could render others happy.

As Pilgrim performed, quietly and unobtrusively, his good deeds, the links of his chain lessened one by one, and in the vacant places of his crown became many bright stars. At length but one link remained of the chain, and in the vacant place of the crown but one star was lacking to complete its brightness. Then Pilgrim, who had years before grown up to be a noted man, found it necessary to make a long voyage over the ocean. While in the midst of the great waters, despite all efforts, they must perish.

Then Pilgrim remembered the promise of the King, and told the captain and passengers that if they would on his behalf he would watch over them and shield them from harm. He said he would ask the good King to protect them, and requested all the ship to join with him in the petition. Some in faith and some in fear, he went down, while he implored the Almighty One to serve them from the threatened danger.

When they arose, he read to them these words from his book: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Thus the good ship now seemed to ride boldly through the storm, and in a few days landed safely at the other shore. Here in a strange and foreign land Pilgrim spent many years laboring for the good King.

At length the time came for him to recross the ocean and return to his native home. When almost at the termination of his journey a terrible accident occurred to the ship. With a fearful crash she struck upon a hidden reef, and soon lay upon the waters a dismantled wreck. Pilgrim thought not of himself, but, quickly detaching a life-boat, he gathered together the little children and helpless, fainting women, and putting them tenderly in, steered for the friendly shore, which was soon reached in safety. Once landed upon the land, and his friends and loved ones discovered, to his great joy, that every vestige of his chain was gone. So Pilgrim, remembering the words that had been spoken to him many years before, knew that the time was about come when he should go to live forever in the Kingdom of the King, and returning home, began to put his house in order.

"Take this," one day he said to his parents, "and for my sake and for the sake of the King whom I love and have tried to serve, let me be buried in the earth. Let me be laid to rest in the land of the living, and then shall I meet in the Kingdom of the King, and he shall place in their hands the keys of the Kingdom."

For the love they bore their son they dared not refuse, and promising to do as he wished, he bade them farewell, and with a happy heart started for the mountain-top. When he arrived there he saw that his crown was filled with golden stars, and the dull color was changed to a brilliant silver, and the sound of his duty and glad garments he found himself clothed in a beautiful white robe.

When he came to the entrance, the gate flew wide open. Sounds of heavenly music were wafted upon his ears, and he was surrounded by a host of angels, and he was welcomed by many voices saying: "Come, and welcome; the King is waiting for thee." And the King came forth himself to meet him, saying: "Here is thy home, and thou art my dear son."

Dear children, sin was the great chain which bound Pilgrim in his youth. God is the great King. He it is of whom, if we only ask, we shall receive; who is the giver of every good thing that we enjoy; who rides us of the chain and gives us the crown. The great ocean and mountain are the trials of the Christian; and, lastly, the book is the pure Word of God, by which we find a way of release from this great chain of sin, and a sure guidance into His glory, through the Father, the Son, and His only begotten Son, our God and King, Jesus Christ, who is our Father and our Friend. Hear Him, dear children, for He is asking you to remember your Creator in the days of your youth, with the promise that they who seek Him early shall find Him.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

There are two ways of teaching—by precept and example. Teaching by precept is to tell a man what to do, and teaching by example is to show him what to do. Place your foot where I put mine, and follow me." Teaching by precept is common to saints and philosophers; teaching by example is the high prerogative of a saint. Teaching by precept begins with the understanding, and may reach the heart; teaching by example begins with the heart and can hardly fail to reach the understanding. Our Lord Jesus Christ uses both methods. Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, as men could bear it; but side by side with the precept he gave the example, and all through his life he enforced his precepts by the eloquence of his conduct, until at last he gathered all into one apostrophe when he stretched out his hands upon the cross.

Jesus Christ, with his hands outstretched, appeals to the sense of what he has done for us. Why is he there? Not for any demerit of his own, but only to even chiefly to teach us virtue. He is there because otherwise we must have been lost; he is there to reconcile us to God; he is there because he has taken our nature upon him, and in this capacity he suffers the punishment which, in virtue of the moral laws by which the universe is governed is due to sin. It is his obedience to an arbitrary will that he is there, but as the parent represents the family, so he suffers as the parent for the child; and as we claim for his representative nature so we must share in his sufferings. This is the love of Christ. He is there to reconcile us to God; he is there because he has taken our nature upon him, and in this capacity he suffers the punishment which, in virtue of the moral laws by which the universe is governed is due to sin. It is his obedience to an arbitrary will that he is there, but as the parent represents the family, so he suffers as the parent for the child; and as we claim for his representative nature so we must share in his sufferings. This is the love of Christ.

PRAYER.

PRAYER constitutes the life and soul of religion. Without it there can be no true heart-felt devotion; yet some, who make high professions of Christianity, are delinquent in this respect. But those who attach importance to a holy, spiritual life, cannot live without prayer. To such nothing is more delightful than to hold frequent and intimate converse with the Author of all good.

"Habitual prayer," says the Rev. J. G. Pike, "marks a state of mind peculiarly Christian. The Author of the gospel delights in the humble dispositions. Prayer is the possession of such graces, and it fosters their growth. A prayerful spirit breathes humility, indicates a sense of want, and acknowledges dependence on God. On the contrary, the neglect of prayer invariably increases the influence of pride, or carelessness, or self ignorance, and generally of these evils combined."

Christ most explicitly enjoins his followers to pray: "Enter into thy closet, and when thou art in secret, pray to thy Father which is in heaven; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Besides, he has taught us how we should pray, and in what manner we should ask for temporal and spiritual blessings. As we are dependent upon God's mercy, it is his obligation upon us to obey his commands; for in no other way can our spiritual wants be supplied. And how glorious the promise, "Ask, and it shall be given. How easy the terms! Who would not supplicate the throne of grace? Who would not pour out the soul's desires in fervent prayer? The weakest saint can thus make known his wants, and his prayers come up in everlasting remembrance before God."

While men of the world sink under the accumulated ills of life, the true, living Christian is supported.

It is the indispensable duty of those who have families, to pray with and for them. The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much. Youth are susceptible of early and abiding religious impressions, and are often led to the Saviour through parental influence. Hence, prayer cannot fail of producing a blessing, not only to the supplicant, but to the young listener of prayer.

It is an advantage, if sufficiently humble, to produce the same happy effects. Then why should professors excuse themselves by saying that they have no gift to pray in public? Such an excuse is not valid in the sight of God. There is a right spirit, there will be no lack for utterance. If sufficiently humble, there will be a willing disposition. It will be a delight to "pray one for another." All will join with one accord in praising and glorifying God. The blessings of heaven will be sent down upon the supplicant, and the public assembly of the saints will be a happy occasion.

"Pray without ceasing." Let this be the motto of every professor of religion. "Watch unto prayer." Live a holy, practical life. Let us do this, earth will be a paradise, prayer will be a constant delight, and God will signify manifest himself unto you as a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Peace and happiness will be the result of a watchful, prayerful life. (First advantage will be in the divine life, and the glorious perfection of Deity will be more fully unfolded to view. In this state of mind, death can be welcomed with pleasure, because it introduces us into the immediate presence of the God we adore.)

As an objection, it is said that, to have daily stated times for prayers, it will result in formality. True, it may. But will we sleep only one night in a week, eat only one meal in a month, or serve God only once in a year, for the sake of avoiding a form? No. We know that regularity in these things is highly beneficial. Then why not in devotional exercises? To be sure, a form of prayer without the power is of no avail. But let a good form be adopted, and seek for the power, and God will give it.

FRIENDSHIP.

An illustrative history of friendship might be written which would be a valuable contribution to the files of literature. Needs to be of which, indeed, it is a kind of it is the tenderest, truest of all ties that bind people to each other. So common a bond deserves, surely, to have not only its philosophy made apparent, but its duties marked out, its limitations and responsibilities defined, but also the illustrations of its highest character, the picture of its best success among men, faithfully portrayed. The great Roman orator and philosopher, Cicero, has done the former. The gallery of history is full of noble lives waiting for the pen of him who shall attempt the latter task.

Greece is proverbially the land of remarkable and romantic friendships. Damon and Pythias, Nisus and Euryalus are here. But the Sunday-school lessons, and the picture of friendship that ever was painted in mortal life. David exceeded Jonathan in opportunities, honors, and work, but they are peers in the magnanimous trust and unswerving loyalty which are the essence of friendship. It is said David's tears "exceeded," but was not Jonathan's friendship conspicuous above David's? Because to him came the opportunity. Sacrifice is the touchstone of friendship. Jonathan was royal in the surrender he made to the rising name and power of David. His place as chief, his place in the affections of the people, his place on the throne, were willingly and joyously given up.

This is the test of friendship, to seek rather to give advantage than to take it. Friendship that seeks its own, even though that own be of the higher sort, of love, or growth, or spiritual profit, is wrongly named. It is a gift, not a bargain, either for earthly or heavenly commodity. Such was Jonathan's friendship. To stand aside, faithful to the falling fortunes of his father; to have no share in the prosperity of his friend, but to share in his adversity, and to be ready to die for him to make it, and ever to rejoice in it, this was work worthy of a friend.

With sore and bitter hearts, that his friend and forever—the first who had borne witness to him—and over whom he had himself pronounced a eulogy—was dead.—*Purser's Life of Christ.*

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Such friendship is not, as Emerson says, a "delicious torment." The soul puts forth friends, as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf. This is the sublimated selfishness.

This is philosophy far below paganism. Even Cicero could say, "True friendship is subservient to virtue." and again, "Lay it down as a primary law concerning friendship that we expect from our friends only what is honorable." Not of this character is the friendship which sucks a character dry and

then throws it away, and which for selfish gain, makes fidelity bend to the law of alteration. Far above Emerson's philosophy are illustrations with which Greece and Rome abound, and infinitely above it, that picture whose colors shine down upon us from the warlike age of the first King of Israel. Even the love of woman may have in it a hope of exchange and sordid desire for possession. Jonathan's was wonderful, passing the love of woman. He stands back of the gathering gloom, content to find his solace in the sacrifice and service of the grandest friendship in all the compass of human history.

GLADLY RECEIVING CHRIST INTO THE SHIP.

One can see the face of the little blue mirror of a sea, in its framework of Galilean hills, dotted all across, like a milky way, with the sails of fishing boats, loaded down with men, women, and children, eager to see, and to hear, and to be healed by the wonderful Nazarene. One vessel in the lead, and hundreds following from the cities and villages, from along the Capernaum side of the sea, miles apart in their starting places, but all converging to a point over the waters, and that point, the one toward which Jesus was leading them.

This was the day scene. Three days passed by and the multitude had become so enthused by his words and works, that they sought to take him by force, and make him king. Even the most sordid among them, joined in this, because of the miracle of feeding the multitudes as they do in anything that gives promise of the loaves and fishes.

And Jesus had escaped from them in his own way, as he did from the Nazarenes, when they would have killed him because of the miracle he had done. He has to escape from the mistake of plans and efforts of his friends to crown him as often as from the malignant movements of his enemies to kill him.

He sent his disciples privately away by night, and went himself up into a mountain. A storm arose, the winds blew, and the angry sea swelled and roared against them inhumanly, although they toiled and rowed, they made no headway.

Midnight came, and they were only about midway of the sea. In the deep darkness they saw the form of a man walking the rough waves, and were affrighted. Then, through the roar of wind and sea, they heard the same clear sweet trumpet tones of the voice, which had been the day before ringing out in the ears of the multitudes in the wilderness, now saying, "It is I, be not afraid." This instantly calmed the tempest in their own breasts, and then they willingly received him into the ship, and immediately they were at the land whither they went. More than eight hundred years passed by, and in a quiet place on land, thousands of miles distant from the place of this parable in action, God gave a beautiful interpretation of it in experience.

At the privilege of having the peace, and love, and light of God in the heart, the time, and began at once to toil and row for it as eagerly, and as fruitlessly, too, as the disciples on that storm-tossed sea for the land, and darkness covered her, too, like the mantle of midnight. She was so weary, so sad, and so hopeless. Finally she sent for one who had never seen, through whose printed words her ears had been first opened to the subject, and he told her that, in the midst of all her darkness, and tumult, and fearfulness of soul, Jesus was here, and calling to her, waiting the moment when she would welcome him into her soul, and give herself up to his hands, and let him have complete possession and control of her. And she at last accepted of him as true, and ceased her struggles. An hour or more passed by, as an hour of quiet rest, when she was again seized by the waves of unknown fear. They were in the dark, bowed down before the Lord, and put in words of confession to him what was already in her own heart, and, rising, she opened her Testament and the first words she saw were "It is I, be not afraid." Then they willingly received him into the ship, and immediately they were at the land whither they went. And she said, "I have received him into the ship, then I am at the land."

Then came the sweet inflow into her soul of the comfort between the vine and its abiding branch. The solid ground was under her feet, instead of the tossing waves. The Sun of Righteousness covered her within and without with his light instead of the previous darkness, and her soul feasted on the deep sweet love of her own precious, present, living Saviour reigning within.

Many who, like the disciples, are greatly beloved of the Lord, are at this moment toiling in rowing toward the land, but are not making headway. The winds and the waves are too much for them. They are in the dark, too, and do not see anything but the dashing waves, or hear anything but the howling winds and roaring sea around them. Jesus sees them but they do not see him. Nay, he is following them all the time. Ah, if they did but look out for him, and would but hear his voice and gladly receive him into the ship! Then would they too be immediately at the land.

DISSATISFIED.

With whom? God or ourselves? If with ourselves we do right, for we should never be satisfied with our own attainments. We ought to strive for a closer walk with God, and the words of David should be ours, "I shall be satisfied when I wake with thy likeness." Until that time we cannot be fully satisfied with ourselves. But we should be satisfied with God and his word, and with God always knows what is best for us and we ought not to find fault with his dealings with us.

There are many things that we are apt to do to ourselves. We may not be satisfied with our condition in life, we do not like our work; or we think somebody else is doing more for the Master than we can do in our place, for we sometimes persuade ourselves that it is the desire of doing more good by some other way. Such was Jonathan's friendship. To stand aside, faithful to the falling fortunes of his father; to have no share in the prosperity of his friend, but to share in his adversity, and to be ready to die for him to make it, and ever to rejoice in it, this was work worthy of a friend.

Such friendship is not, as Emerson says, a "delicious torment." The soul puts forth friends, as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extr