

# The Freeman.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

Vol. XXIII—No. 2.

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

Editor and Proprietor.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1876.

Whole No. 1146.

## 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

At \$1.85	now selling for \$1.48
" 2.00	" 1.60
" 2.50	" 2.00
" 3.00	" 2.40
" 3.50	" 2.80
" 4.00	" 3.20
" 4.50	" 3.60
" 5.00	" 4.00
" 5.50	" 4.40
" 6.00	" 4.80

### FELT SKIRTS

At \$1.00	now selling for \$0.80
" 1.25	" 1.00
" 1.50	" 1.20
" 2.00	" 1.60
" 2.50	" 2.00
" 3.00	" 2.40
" 3.50	" 2.80

## THOMAS LOGAN.

FREDERICTON,

Fredericton, Jan. 3, 1876.

### Special Notice.

## ALBION HOUSE,

FREDERICTON N. B.

October, 1875.

## MILLER & EDGECOMBE

Respectfully draw the attention of their friends to 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.

## WOOL YARNS AND FINGERINGS.

WOOL SCARVES, CLOVES, HOSIERY, &c.

Grey & White Cottons, Tuckings, OXBURG, &c.

BROWN & WHITE COTTON DUCK.

COTTON BATTING, &c.

Silk, Ties, Lace and Muslin Trimmings, &c.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT THE LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

## The Intelligencer.

### SERMON OF MR. TALMAGE.

THE TIMES OF MUNICIPAL SIN.

"He belied the city, and wept over it."—St. Luke xiv. 16.

The citizens of Old Jerusalem are in the

tip-top of excitement. A countryman has

been doing some wonderful works and

meeting very high authority. The police

has issued papers for his arrest, for this

stranger arrived at a suburban village, and

that he is stopping the winter in a

man whom he had resuscitated after four days

of sepulture. Well, the people rush out into

the streets, some with the idea of helping in

the arrest of this stranger, when he arrives, and

others expecting that on the morrow he will

come into the town, and by some supernatural

force out the municipal and royal authorities

and take everything in his own hands.

They pour out of the city gates until the

procession reaches to the village. They come

all about about the house where the stranger is

stopping, and pour into the doors and win-

dows that they may get one glimpse of him

or hear the hum of his voice. The police dare

not make the arrest, because he has, some-

how, won the affections of all the people. O,

it is a lively night in Bethany. The hereto-

fore quiet village is filled with upsur and

entry and loud discussion about the strange

setting countryman. I do not think there was

any sleep in that house that night where

the stranger was stopping. Although he came

in weary he finds no rest, though for once in

his lifetime he had a pillow. But the morn-

ing dawns, the olive garden waxes in the

light, and all along the road, reaching over

the top of Olivet toward Jerusalem, there is

a vast swaying crowd of wondering people.

The excitement around the door of the cot-

tage is as wild as the stranger steps out, beside

an unbroken cove that had never been mount-

ed, and after his friends had strewn their gar-

ments on the beach for a saddle, the Saviour

mounts it, and the populace, excited and

shouting and feverish, push on back toward

Jerusalem. Let no one jest now or scoff at

this side of the popular wildness. It is a

under foot in an instant. There is one

long shout of two miles, and as far as eye can

reach you see waves of demonstration and

approval. There was something in the rid-

der's visage, something in his majestic brow,

something in his princely behavior, that

stirs up the enthusiasm of the people. They

run up against the beast and try to pull off

their arms and carry on their shoulders

the illustrious stranger. The populace are so

excited that they hardly know what to do

with themselves, and some rush up to the

roadside trees and wrench off branches and

throw them in his way; and others doff their

garments, what though they be new and cost-

ly, and spread them for a carpet for the

conqueror to ride over. "Hosanna!" cry the

people, and the foot of the illustrious

people up and down the mountain.

The procession has now come to the brow of

Olivet. Magnificent prospect reaching out

every direction, vineyards, olive groves,

every grove, silvery Siloam, and, above all,

rising on its throne of hills, the magnificent

city of the earth, Jerusalem. Christ there, in the midst of the procession,

looks off and sees here the fortified gates,

and yonder the circling wall, and here the

towers blazing in the sun, Phasaelus and

Mariamne. Yonder is Hippicus, the king's cas-

tle, looking down in the range of the

branch of that olive tree you see the

palaces of the merchant princes. Through this

cleft in the limestone rock you see the

palace of the richest trafficker in all the earth.

He has made his money by selling Syrian

purple, and he now sits in his palace, and

smoke from the shimmering roof, while the

building rises up beautiful, grand, majestic,

the architectural skill and glory of the earth

lifting themselves there in one triumphant

doxology, the frozen prayer of all nations.

The crowd looks around in admiration, and

transport in the face of Christ. O no!

Out from amid the gates and the dome and

the palaces there arose a vision of that city's

sin and of that city's doom, which obliterated

the landscape from horizon to horizon, and

Those men, to get the patronage of any one,

will break all understandings with other men,

and will sell at ruinous cost, putting

their neighbors at great disadvantage.

They are making up the deficit on something

else. If an honest principle could creep into

that man's soul, it would die in sheer loneli-

ness. The man twists about, trying to

escape the penalty of the law, and despises God,

and he is just a little animal about the

sheriff. The honest man looks about him

and says, "Well this rivalry is awful. Per-

haps I am a little more scrupulous than I need

be. This little bargain I am about to enter

is a little doubtful; but then they all do it."

And so I had a friend who started out in

commercial life, and as a book merchant, with

a high resolve. He said, "In my store there

shall be no books that I would not have my

family read." Time passed on, and one day I

went into his store and found some iniquitous

books on the shelf, and I said to him, "How

is it possible that you can consent to sell such

books as these?" "O," he replied, "I have

got over these Puritanical notions. A man

cannot do business in this day unless he does

it the way other people do it." To make a

long story short, he lost his hope of heaven,

and in a little while lost his moral and

then he went into a mad-house. In other

words, when a man casts off God, God casts

him off.

One of the mightiest temptations in com-

mercial life is in our cities to-day, is in the

fact that many purveyors of Christian

are not square in their bargains. Such men

are in Baptist and Methodist and Congrega-

tional Churches, and our own denomination is

largely represented as any of them. Our

good merchants are foremost in Christian

enterprises; they are patriotic, and philan-

thropic and patriotic. God will attend to

them in the day of his coronation. I am not

speaking of them, but of those in commercial

life who are setting a ruinous example to our

young merchants. Go through all the stores

on Fulton street; go through all the stores

on Atlantic street; go through all the stores

on Broadway; through all the offices on Wall

street; through Canal street; through Maid-

en Lane; through all the streets, and tell me

in how many of those stores and offices are

the principles of the Christian religion dominant?

In three-fourths of them? No. In one-

fourth of them? No. In one-tenth of them?

Decide for yourself.

The impression is abroad, somehow, that

charity can consecrate iniquitous gains, and

that if a man goes to God a portion of an

unrighteous bargain, then the Lord will

him for the rest. The secretary of a bene-

volent society came to me, and said, "Mr. So

and so has given a large amount of money to

the missionary cause," mentioning the sum.

"I can't believe it," he said. "It is

so." Well, I went home, staggered and

found. I never knew the man to give to

anything; but after while I found out that

he had been engaged in the most infamous

kind of an oil swindle, and then he proposed

to compromise the matter with the Lord, say-

ing, "Now, here is so much for or for me."

Please to let me off!" I want to tell you

that the Church of God is not a shop for

receiving stolen goods, and that if you have

taken anything from your fellows, you had

better return it to the men to whom it belongs.

If from the nature of the case, it is impos-

sible, you had better get your stuff

red-hot, and when the flames are at their

fiercest toss in the blasted shop. God does

not want it. The commercial world to-day is

rotten through and through, and many of

you know better than I do that you that

require great strength of moral character to

withstand the temptations to business dis-

honesty. Thank God, a great many of you

have withstood the temptations, and are as

pure and upright and honest as the day when

you entered business. But you are the ex-

ceptions in the case. God will sustain a

man, however, and all the excitements of busi-

ness, if he will only put his trust in Him. In a

drug-store, in Philadelphia, a young man was

found to be blackening on the Lord's

day. He said to the head man of the firm,

an appalling state of political life the simple

fact that in this day John Morrissey can be

a senator! Ever and anon we get up a class

of reformers, and we send them into political

life, and before we know it, some of them are

on the race of dishonesty, until we are in a

state of bewilderment, and do not know who are

the worst—the men in the "ring," or those who

are out of the "ring." New York Post-office

costing more than the Parliament Houses of

England, and the "Capitol" at Washington.

But where went the money? Ask the Connollys and the Sweeneys

and the Tweeds of modern politics.

Our young men say that political life is a

quick road to fortune. They say, "I know

men who five years ago were poor nothing,

who now have everything. Of the one hun-

dred who go into political life, I bid an eter-

nal farewell to ninety-nine of them. Their

moral life is debauched. Their families

will be disgraced. Their souls will be damned.

For a little while they will lounge around the

Court House in the winter, in the sum-

mer dash in and out at the Saratoga races,

and then there will be a big funeral, with a

long line of carriages full of bloats. That

will be the earthly end of the politician.

Starting up a grog-shop caucus; ending at

Greenwood. That is the end of the

Board of Health that the Honorable Mr. So

and so died of congestion—a soft way of

putting delirium tremens.

Then look around and see the allurements

of the life. Bad books, unknown to

father and mother, vile as the lies of Egypt,

creeping into some of the best families of the

community; and boys read them while the

teacher is looking the other way, or at recess,

or on the