

# The Evangelical Family Newspaper

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod.]

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1878.

WHOLE No. 1286.

## DRY GOODS

—AND—

## Carpeting

—AT—

## LOGAN'S.

50 PACKAGES

## Staple and Fancy

## Dry Goods

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

## CARPETINGS,

BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, WOOL, DUTCH, HEMP.

## Hearth Rugs

—AND—

## DOOR MATS.

—AND—

## Oilcloths

From 1 to 3 Yards Wide.

## Lace Curtains

—AND—

## CURTAIN NETS.

—AND—

## Gilt Cornices

—AND—

## WINDOW POLES

TOGETHER WITH A FULL LINE OF

## HOUSE FURNISHING

General Dry Goods.

THOMAS LOGAN.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

NEW GOODS, IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND FRANCE.

THE CHEAPEST EVER OFFERED IN FREDERICTON.

Further particulars in a few days.

P. MCPHIAKKE.

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## The Intelligencer.

### LIFTED UP.

The following story is founded on fact. Several years ago we buried our second child, a darling boy of seven, who a half year ago, had nothing to say of our agony in the long months that followed (all bereaved mothers know of the dreary, aching days when we walk as if in a dream and feel that no sunlight will ever cross our path again), but wish to relate an incident which occurred while my heart was crushed in sorrow.

I had been sent for to watch a loved, loving beautiful child breathe her last. I shall never forget the impressive scene—the anguished father and mother and sympathizing friends watching the sweet young life go out. The child was one of winning character, one whom I loved to love, and her beauty was known and acknowledged far and near. Her hair (and this is not brain picturing, but drawn from life) was abundant, glossy, and of the richest golden hue I ever saw. Auburn it was called, but that word hardly did justice to her bronzy golden locks. Her complexion was the most delicate, wholesome blonde, her lovely eyes as blue as early violets, and her loving little mouth always greeted with a smile. Oh, the precious little darling, how hard it was to see her fade from our loving view!

A few moments after the sweet mouth grew still in death and the long golden lashes swept the dimpled cheeks. I went out to comfort the mother, or rather to endeavor to. I found her on her knees in agony. I could not say much; I only put my arm about her and said: "Poor mother, poor mother! I wish I could help you, but I can only pity and sympathize with you." For answer she turned and wrung her hands, saying: "Oh, my child, my precious little—how gladly would I see you buried in the cold ground if your father would reform!" And then, turning to me, she cried: "Yes, I know the agony of losing a loved child, but this terrible grief of having a husband addicted to drinking is worse—oh! so much worse. If this death can be God's method of opening my husband's eyes, I can thank him for it; yes, even rejoice."

I realized then as never before the horrors of intoxication. I had been groping in darkness, and had felt that no sorrow could possibly exceed mine because God had thought best to transplant one of my loved children, while the poor mother could only be glad that her bright darling was gone if only she could beckon father to come up to us; and I trust he is on his way now, for he seems so often that the dear little wife which have climbed the "golden stair" have left heaven's gate ajar for him. It was early morning. Soft and bright rays of winter sunshine glanced into a clear window of a small, bare-lit tenement on Bond street. It was hushed and still within, although peace had taken up her abode there. A beautiful and only child was dying. The little white teeth could be seen through the partially closed lips, and the little hands clasped on the old coverlet were like bird-claws in their thinness. A few weary minutes passed, and the mother, who only a broken-hearted mother kept a careless vigil in this desolate tenement while a loved child was journeying toward the dark valley. No pen could picture this mother's sorrow as she, fully realizing that her child was passing away, listened for a faint cry.

"As oft she'd often done before,  
Waiting for a staggering man  
To stumble through the door."

"O my Father! my Father!" burst forth from her agonized soul; not a verbal cry, but an inward, soul-searching for help; and as though the Omnipotent was waiting for this appeal, a broad beam of sunshine, as if in answer, entered her abode and smiled upon her darling's features. The little one opened her eyes and smiled. The mother's eyes filled with tears.

"And there shall be no tears in heaven, mamma dear; you'll soon come there."

"And, mamma—bend your head low so as no one can hear—I'm going up the golden stair, and I will beg God to let you come soon, and then, mamma dear, papa will never hurt you again; and I guess the angels will go out of your eyes, and the smiles come back into your eyes and mouth, and you'll look like the beautiful picture in the blue velvet case. O mamma! I wish God would let you go now."

The mother could not answer; she only sobbed in agony.

"Kiss me, mamma; I'm so sleepy I cannot keep my eyes open. Be ready, mamma, for I know God will answer my prayer and bring you up to him."

The child closed her eyes and the little feet indeed had gone climbing up the golden stair. The mother tried to cry, but convulsive sobbing, wrung out of an aching, overburdened heart, revealing agony unutterable, was all she was equal to. But the tender and pitiful Father took pity on her, and the smiles came back into her face, and she was very near this child of his in grief. Her face was still fair and intensely interesting, although the furrows on her high forehead and the deep lines about the firm mouth told of her heart-breaking history.

Harold Ekhardt had been kicked out of his own house the evening that his only child was dying; kicked out not because he was intoxicated and disorderly, but because his last cent was gone. In his condition he could not possibly get home, so he staggered back of the saloon in an alley and fell down among some old barrels, where he fell asleep and did not wake until daylight, and then in a dreadful plight. All night a gentle, steady rain had fallen, and he was thoroughly soaked with water. He attempted to rise, but was so stiff that he gave it up, and sat in the picture of despair. Very soon some toppers, with swollen cheeks and grimy hands, came stealing up the alley to the saloon.

"Hey, Hal!" said one, "old Bost didn't treat you like a gentleman last night, did he?"

"Come, Bill," answered Harold, "help me home, and I'll treat you the first time I get."

"Well, don't forget; here goes, then," and the broad-headed, grizzled man helped him up.

Bill led him to the door with the remark, "Don't forget the treat," and Harry entered his dwelling soiled. For some reason he felt a desire to escape his wife's eyes. No fire or table awaited his coming, for well he knew that the cent he could get hold of went for drink. As he closed the door he heard a murmur from the room where his invalid child had rested for several months. He listened and recognized his wife's voice pleading in prayer for him. He could hear the words distinctly, as the door was ajar, as she besought her heavenly Father in words of earnest eloquence to save her child's father from a drunkard's fate. He crept across the room and watched her spell-bound, until at last she sank down beside the child's bed and wept in uncontrollable agony.

He longed to go to her, but did not stir, and as his wander-stricken eyes wandered from a wife to a child he wondered why his little daughter kept so still, why she did not endeavor to comfort her mother. But the little hands were folded, and did not unclasp. The little mouth smiled, but no words came forth. The

long lashes swept the cheek, and the sweet blue eyes opened not.

A nameless horror seized him, he wrung his hands convulsively, his breath heaved with a new emotion, again he pushed open the door and rushed to the bedside.

"What makes the child sleep so, Laura?" he asked, wildly seizing her little hands.

His wife looked at him with horror-stricken eyes that watered with tears, and said:

"Mamie, dear, wake up, said he, gently shaking the sinless sleeper, who had always greeted him with a smile.

"O Harold! for God's sake don't. Can't you see that Mamie has gone out of the cold and sorrow to the land, and I'm so glad—oh! so glad!"

But the heavy drinking, the night's sleep in the rain, the shock of the home scene had completely upset the weakened brain, and he continued:

"Mamie, little Mamie," putting his wet and cold face beside the little daughter's which was scarcely cold, "wake up; it is morning, and father is sober now; wake up, I say."

"O Harold, I beg of you to leave the child alone. Come, and I will lead you to your bed," pleaded the wife; "the child is dead."

"Dead—dead—dead, did you say?" as the terrible thought pierced his muddled brain.

"O my God, my God, have mercy upon me! I killed her, my child, my darling, and I, Laura, were you praying for your child's murder?"

Laura shuddered, but she answered: "For her father, Harold dear—her poor, misguided father."

"O my poor wife! did you ever pray for me before?"

"More times than I can tell, Harold."

"Your prayers shall be answered, my patient, long-suffering wife. I will never touch the intoxicating cup again, if God sustains me."

And that very afternoon the Angel of Hope sprang up from that little one's death-bed, and the bereaved father signed the pledge. Tremblingly he wrote, "Harold Ekhardt," and the deeply injured wife took up the pen and wrote underneath, "Laura Ekhardt."

"Why, you signed it long ago," said her husband.

"Yes, I know, but it will be like a new lease of life to sign it under yours, Harold."

The good man signed the paper, and then, taking the hands of husband and wife and joined them, saying, "Welcome back to a better and more peaceful life."

"And my friend," he continued, "you have come to thank God your wife is still spared to help you in your work of reform. I once said a lovely wife, sweet and pure, faithful and true. She clung to me as years have, God bless her, when I sank down lower and lower; but oh! my sorrow and remorse are greater than yours, for I not only killed my little one with unkindness and neglect, but I saw my wife's eyes grow dim with the terrible sorrow which washed out every particle of brightness. I still continued my carousing, wringing every fibre of her loving heart, until one night I reeled home to find her cold and still. Her sad, pleading, living face and streaming eyes had often made me feel that she was smiling, but she was dead, and her beautiful, smiling face, though torturing me with indescribable agony, brought me to my senses."

The tender melancholy of his tones charmed his listeners. Strange, the power of the human voice when breathing forth sorrow! The golden beams of the setting sun came pouring in the little window. It seemed to the now hopeful mother that it was the golden pathway up which her darling had gone. It seemed as if she could almost see the little one smiling back at her.

The little one found a resting place under the cold snow, and over her low bed the kind old man who had brought the pledge, a plain, small stone, on which these words were carved: "Mamie, gone to the Shepherd's bosom—father and mother follow me."

The good wife smiles now, although the thin cheeks will never grow full again, upon the husband who is treating the wife slowly toward a reputation of respectability and purity. She smiles and mourns for her darling, but never wishes her back, for was it not the entrance of her white-robed form which left heaven's gate ajar for poor father? Often during a sorrowful, wakeful night, Harold thinks his angel child is hovering about him, in secret, to feel her little hand touching his hollow cheeks, and the hot tears course down his face, thinking if he had not touched the stinging cup his child might have been with him still. "It might have been."

Harold Ekhardt is cooly situated now; gradual comforts have come, for no hard-earned cash goes into the saloon-keeper's till now—no, but brings happiness and light into his wife's eyes. No one can tell her joy save one who has seen her cold and still. Her soul is now a living bliss, she has the indescribable happiness of seeing her prayers answered, her dear one smothered as a brand from the burning. The fearful, living spectre was driven from her soul, home with the father learning to lean upon God.

It is some years since the demon Drink was striding away from Harold Ekhardt's cottage, and he would never recognize it now or its occupants. Harold's sad face is noble now; his clothes are whole and neat, and as he enters the door now to his warm evening meal, his sweet face greets him with a kiss and a smile, for

"The step came firm and steady, and his eye was clear and true, and on his rugged cheek he wore a little bow of bliss."

—National Temperance Advocate.

## THE FUTURE OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

BY THE REV. GEO. WASHINGTON, D. D., PRESIDENT OF ROBERT COLLEGE.

The Turkish Empire, which has existed for more than 400 years, has come to an end. The Sultan still sits upon the throne of Constantinople; but his empire has been divided, and what remains is so far under the control of England that Lord Salisbury, at one of the last sessions of the Congress, remarked that "the frontiers of Turkey were in some sense the frontiers of England."

Thus far the result of the fall of Turkey is simply chaos. The condition of the people of the Ottoman Empire is a sad one. The country is in ruins—the towns are in ruins—the inhabitants massacred or scattered. Everywhere the population has been reduced to poverty, and all business has long been at a standstill. In many provinces nationalities are at variance, and civil government has long since disappeared. The central government at Constantinople is in such a state of confusion. The Sultan trembles for his life, the treasury is empty and bankrupt, the old system of government has come to an end, and those in power do not see what is to take its place. Its relations with other governments are still unsettled and must all be rearranged. The Congress has decreed the establishment of a number of more or less independent provinces; but it must be months and per-

haps years before these new administrations can be fully organized and fully adapted to the wants of the people. England has undertaken to protect Asiatic Turkey, and to reform the government of Constantinople; but except in Cyprus, it will be long before any new order of things can be expected.

The war and the Congress have thus far brought to Turkey nothing but distress, confusion, and anarchy.

This ought not to be forgotten; but it was to be expected, and need cause no discouragement as to the future. The question is what the condition of things in Turkey is likely to be ten years hence.

In regard to Cyprus, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, the British Government has undertaken to occupy by England and Austria, and these powers will give them a stable government and an honest, impartial administration. The same thing may be said, to a certain extent, at least, of the provinces annexed to Russia, Rumania, and Servia.

The Congress has disappointed the hopes and aspirations of this people, by dividing up their country. A part has been given to Rumania, a part to Servia, a large part formed into the autonomous principality of Bulgaria. They will never submit to this division; it will begin at once to intrigue for the union of Bulgaria and East Rumania. Beaconsfield declared in Parliament that he had named the Bulgarian for the special purpose of preventing such intrigues. He secured a more substantial barrier between them by planting a line of Turkish fortresses along the Balkans. This precaution may postpone the union, may make it necessary to have a war to secure it; but it will not prevent the inevitable. It simply makes it certain that there is to be intrigue and courting of Russia, rather than quiet and independence in Bulgaria.

In the provinces annexed to Greece, the instrument used to promote this union, and this destroys all hope of its reform. It will also make all missionary work more difficult, as every effort will be made to keep the Church together and prevent any defections. It will be the only way to secure the provinces. This division of Bulgaria was the greatest blunder of the Congress, and will disturb European Turkey for years to come.

There will be other difficulties in Bulgaria, but arising from the inexperience of the people; but, after all, they will be laid off and on, and they will be more likely to be the "Piedmont of European Turkey" than either Rumania or Servia.

In the provinces of East and West Rumania, the Turkish government retains its power; and, as Austria declines to "protect" them, they will be under the general protection of Europe, which means endless intrigue and counter-plots, and the result of the different powers.

In the latter part of the Balkan Peninsula, the Bulgarians are doing in their own way, and in very much the same way; for the second great blunder of the Congress was its neglect of the claims of Greece.

The Greek Empire has been less of liberty and impartial administration than Bulgaria, and more of mutual distrust between the different nationalities; but when they are once reduced to order they will be far better off than they are under direct Turkish rule. In the end, one of two things probably go to Bulgaria and the other to Greece.

But, after all, the great problem to be solved is in Asiatic Turkey, which must be understood to include Constantinople. A careful study of the Turkish Empire, and of the conditions upon which it is based, and of the conditions upon which it is based, will convince any one that neither party had any clear idea of its meaning, beyond the fact that England was to acquire Cyprus, and was to be the Sultan against further Russian advance in Asia. No one saw that the English had come responsible for the Government of Turkey, nor how far the Sultan is bound to submit to English dictation.

It does not appear that England acquires any right to interfere by force or to use any other means of influencing the Turkish Government than she has employed before. She cannot frighten the Turks by threatening to withdraw her protectorate, for they know too well that she undertakes this for her own interest, to prevent the advance of Russia. The Turks, on the other hand, can always resist by threatening to make terms with Russia.

In all probability, England will content herself at first with the promise of the Sultan to carry out reforms; will press the execution of the reforms; and will, by inducing the Turks to appoint a certain number of Englishmen to important positions in the administration. She will then wait the course of events.

It is hardly to be expected that the Mohammedan population will at once realize the danger of things, or show an inclination to adopt their position of supremacy, or realize the necessity of educating themselves, or show any special fondness for education. The English influence will be increased, and the religious liberty, there will be improvement in certain directions; but the future will depend upon the course of England some years hence, when the time of reaction comes, when the Turks begin to resent interference, when the reform proves a partial failure and the people become discouraged. Then England must practically assume the government of the country, or retire from her protectorate and leave it to its fate.

Those who expect some great and immediate advance in the missionary work in Turkey, as a result of these changes, will probably be disappointed. There will be progress and improvement; but it will be gradual and the immediate effect may even be unfavorable.