

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

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That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

B. J. UNDERHILL,
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Religions.

THE CIRCUIT OF JERUSALEM.

(From *Travellers' Wanderings in the Land of Israel, and through the Divisions of Syria, in 1833 and 1834.*)

Next day I made the circuit of the town. There are two ways in which this may be done: by the walls or by the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, by which it is on the south and east surrounded. The circuit round the walls is two miles and a half, and may be made in an hour. I went this day by the valleys. I began my circuit on the north, at the Gate of Damascus, or, as it was anciently called, the Gate of Ephraim, this being the gate out of the city to Samaria, Galilee, and Syria, which indeed it is at the present day. The ground on this side of the city, and along the northern wall, on both sides of the Damascus Gate, is rough, uneven, and undulating, rising gently, till it reaches the north-west corner of the wall, near the Bethlehem or Jaffa Gate, where it is crossed by the Pilgrims' Road, this being the road by which travellers from the north are required to enter Jerusalem.

Passing along the wall from the Damascus to the Bethlehem Gate, I examined it at my leisure. Through comparatively modern, having been built by Sultan Salim the Magnificent in 1534, from the magnitude and peculiarity of the stones on which it is erected, and which cannot fail to attract the notice of the most careless observer, it seems here at least to stand on the old foundation. "These," says Dr. Wilson, "are probably remains of the second wall described by Josephus, and ought to be taken into account in the discussion of the great topographical question of the site of the holy sepulchre." The lower portions of the Gate of Damascus, in the opinion of both Wilson and Robinson, are also ancient, and—in all probability—to be referred to the time of the Jews.

Arriving at the north-west corner of the wall, on the right is seen the Valley and Pool of Gihon. The ground here is wide and open; and being at all likelihood without the walls in ancient times, as it is now, may have been to Jerusalem what the Campus Martius was to Rome, or the Parks are to London. Here Solomon was crowned king; and it was impossible to look at Gihon, now silent and desolate, without thinking of the scene it had witnessed, when "all the people said, God save King Solomon!" and the cry rang, and the earth rang with their rejoicing. Passing the Bethlehem or Jaffa Gate, where were several lepers sitting in the dust, clothed in rags, and who, holding up their unclean and withered hands, cried out piteously, "Blessed, Hail! Blessed, Hail!" I came to the Lower Pool of Gihon, that pool or reservoir which was built by Hazekiah, who stopped the water-course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. It is formed by a most of great depth and strength, thrown across the valley. It had a modern look, but whether ancient or modern I could not learn. The pool itself was dry. Pursuing my way along the foot of Mount Zion, which here rises to a considerable height on the left, and having on the right the Hill of Evil Counsel, or equal or still greater height, and which is so called from the house of the high priest being built on it, in which it is said the chief priests took counsel to put our Lord to death, I entered the Valley of Hinnom. The bed of the valley was dry. It is full of rocks and stones, but in several places it was cultivated, and was sprinkled with trees. Here Manasseh and the infamous kings erected altars to Baalim, and here the lawless men their children "pass through the fire" to Moloch, whom

Worshipped in Babylonia, and her wailing place. In Arabic and in Hebrew, to the streets of "Evil Counsel."

From Gihon to where it joins the Kidron, Hinnom is about half a mile in length, and a hundred and fifty feet in breadth. Here, on the sloping side of the Hill of Evil Counsel, is Aceldama, or the Field of Blood, so called from having been purchased with the thirty pieces of silver Judas received for his treachery, and perhaps also, because it was the scene of his self-murder; for when he "fell headlong, and all his bowels gushed out," it is by no means impossible it was gushed with his blood. "It has ceased now to be what for ages it was, 'the burying-place of strangers.'" The pit into which the dead were thrown is still open, and the bones of the dead are still visible.

Around the brink of this last "rotting-place," as it has been called, "of poverty and perhaps of crime," flowers of a dark red hue were blooming. Near to this, the rich seem to have made their grave as well as the poor. These are below, and a little farther to the west, and are cut out of the rock. I counted ten of considerable size, into some of which I entered. Not a vestige of the dead, for whom at great cost and with great care they had been prepared, was left; but the fire-blackened walls showed that at no distant date they had been occupied by the living. Here, and somewhat higher up the hill, is one of the best views of Jerusalem, of Mount Zion, Moriah, and the lower ridge of the latter, sometimes considered as a separate hill, known by the name of Ophel. These mountains were anciently covered with houses from the summit nearly to the base in the valley of Hinnom. Those who have seen Robert's picture of the Siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, will remember that a high tower is placed on the southern point of Ophel, which Dr. Wilson thinks, and with great probability, to have been the tower of Sion. They are now without the wall, and are cultivated, and were partly covered with corn; thus verifying the prediction of the prophet, "Zion shall be ploughed as a field." Micah ii. 12. Des-

cending from Aceldama, I stood at Enrogel, the Fountain of the Pool, so called from the fountains cleaning clothes here, which they seem to have done by treading on them with their feet. It is called also the Well of Nehemiah, and by the Arabs, Bir Eyah, the Well of Job. Enrogel was the scene of some striking Scripture incidents. Here Jonathan and Ahimaz waited for intelligence about the progress of the rebellion under Absalom. Here Adonijah feasted the gallants of Jerusalem who conspired to place him on the throne; and here, amid the perfume, exultation, the rejoicings of the people at Gihon, with which the city rang, reaching their ears made them break up in terror. It was measured by Dr. Robinson, who found it to be 125 feet deep, fifty of which were filled with water. There are buildings beside it for the convenience of travellers and of the people, by whom, however, it is little frequented. Though not many stone-cases from the city, it is generally as lovely as a well in the desert. Farther up there are more sounds of life and stir. Here is a garden, and beyond it the Pool of Siloam, where at all hours of the day women are washing clothes and filling their potters with water. Just beneath it is the famous mulberry tree, which grows, it is said, on the spot where Isaiah was smitten. It is very old and fruitful, and is supposed by an embankment of earth and stones to prevent it from falling. Siloam is sometimes called a fountain in the Scriptures, and sometimes a pool. It is now ascertained to be a pool. The water which it flows is by a remarkable subterranean channel cut out of the rock, said to be 1100 feet in length, from a pool or cistern on the eastern side of Ophel, called the Virgin's Fountain. The communication between the two fountains, for fountains they are like, and such they are commonly called, had been long known or suspected; but till Dr. Robinson effected it, the passage had not for a long time been explored. That this upper pool is supplied from a well under the Sabbath, or Sacred Rock, in the Mosque of Omar, thus flowing

"Fast by the side of God," is now universally admitted; but whether the well in the Mosque be a living well, or fed from some other source, remains yet to be discovered.

Passing the sepulchral-looking village of Siloam on the right, and its more sepulchral-looking people, I entered the Valley of Jehoshaphat. "The solemnity with which Jerusalem is invested," says an able German writer, "is strangely heightened by the fact, that wherever the eye turns or the foot treads, it falls upon a grave. Here death has set up his dominion, and spreads his immense winged-sheet from valley to valley." The truth of this remark is no where felt so powerfully as in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. In the Potter's Field there is a burial-place for strangers. Here is a burial-place for a nation. Wherever the Jew may live, it is in Jerusalem he would die, and in the Valley of Jehoshaphat would be buried. This great burying-place is one of the simplest in the world. It is adorned neither by

"Stones are not allowed here," and except the grey stones which cover the graves, there is nothing to mark the place where sleeps the dust of the Hebrew people. Higher up the valley, called in the days of David, "the King's Dale," are the so-called tombs of Zechariah, James, and Absalom. The tombs of Absalom is the most beautiful of the three. That this was the pillar which he erected in the King's Dale to preserve his unhappy memory, there is no ground for believing. I have seen it stated "that before it is a heap of stones, which is daily increased; for every passer by, whether Jew or Christian, accustoms it his duty to cast a stone at the pillar, to mark his detestation of the rebellious son." The Jews seldom wanted a stone to cast at anything, but I saw no such heap of stones at the tomb of Absalom. I did not cast one; and I never saw or heard any one, Jew, Christian, or Muslim, who did.

Arriving at Gethsemane, I did not proceed farther up the Kidron; but taking the path that leads to St. Stephen's Gate, I pursued my way around the wall till I reached the gate of Damascus, from which I had set out, having been three hours in making, in the way I have described, the circuit of the city. Thus had I walked about Zion, and gone round about her, "and if I could not cross her palaces and mark her bulwarks, I marked the places where they had stood, and had seen the 'monuments which are round about her' walls."

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

[Experience of Sir Richard Hill.]

"All this while, one thing that greatly astonished me was to see the world about me so careless and unconcerned, especially many that were twice my age amongst the Doctors of Divinity, and fellows of the college. Surely, though I, these people must be infatuated indeed, thus to mind earthly things and to follow the lust of the flesh, when an eternity of happiness or misery is before them, when they know not how short a time they have to live, and their everlasting state depends on the present moment."

"It was now the season of Lent, the first or second Sunday in which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is always administered in Magdalen College Chapel. I therefore brought the Lord with strong cryings, that he would vouchsafe me some token for good, some sense of his love towards me, and willingness to be reconciled to me, that I might wait upon him at his table without distraction, and partake of those blessings which that ordinance is instituted to convey to the souls of true believers."

"And, O, forever and forever blessed be his

holy name, he did not reject the prayer of the poor sinner; he heard me what time the storm was upon me, and I made no doubt had heard, and in this purpose at least, answered me, from the first day he inclined my heart to understand, and to seek after him. But he knew better than I did myself, when it was meet to speak peace to my soul, and therefore waited that he might be gracious unto me; first, in order to convince me the more deeply of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the desert thereof; secondly, to show me more experimentally my own weakness and the insufficiency of any righteousness of my own to recommend me to his favor; thirdly, to make me prize more highly, and hunger and thirst more earnestly, for Jesus Christ, and the salvation that is in him. These ends being in some measure answered, on Saturday, February 18th, to the best of my remembrance, the night before the sacrament, it pleased the Lord, after having given me for a few days before some taste of his love, first to bring me into a composed frame of spirit, and then to convey such a thorough sense of his pardoning grace and mercy to my poor soul, that I, who was just before trembling upon the brink of despair, did now rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory! The love of God was shed abroad in my heart through the Holy Ghost that was given unto me, even that perfect love which casteth out fear; and the Spirit itself bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God."

"For some time after these sensible manifestations of God's love were withdrawn, my mind was composed and my hope lively; but I had still, at seasons, secret misgivings and many doubts as to the reality of my conversion, which put me seriously to examine my state, whether the Scripture marks of a work of grace were really to be found in me or not; and in these examinations I had great help from those excellent books, *George's Trial of a Sinner's Interest in Christ* and *Paine's Gospel New Covenant*. Added to this, that being now in London, I had the opportunity of hearing that faithful minister of Christ, the Rev. Mr. Rowan in whose discourses were so exactly descriptive of, and adopted to, my own experience, that they afforded me a good confirmation that I was indeed passed from death unto life, and from the power of Satan unto God."

"During my stay in London, I pleased God to make me acquainted with many of his people, to whom my heart was immediately knit with the closest affection; yes, so great was my love to all those in whom I discovered the Divine image of the Lord Jesus that the yearnings of Joseph's heart towards his brethren will but very faintly express it. Be they who or what they would, high or low, rich or poor, ignorant or learned, it mattered not, if I had reason to believe they were born of God, and made partakers of a divine nature, they were equally dear to me; my heart was open to receive them without reserve, and I enjoyed their fellowship, and communion with them, whilst all other company was insipid and tasteless."

"For about two years after this I was in a good measure relieved from those pangs, terrors, and that deep distress with which I was before overwhelmed. This, you will say, was living upon frames and experiences more than upon the exceeding great and precious promises made to returning sinners in Christ Jesus. It is true it was so, and of this God soon convinced me; for I no longer began to doubt whether these great comforts I had so high a value upon, might be all delusion, or proceed from the workings of my own spirit; and if so, my case was just as bad as ever. My day of grace might still be passed and nothing yet remain for me but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation."

"This was in April 1750, soon after my return from London into Shropshire, when I had not been long before I wrote to Mr. Fletcher giving him an account of my state. After this it pleased the Lord to remove my barriers, and to exchange these sharp terrors of the spirit of bondage, for the sweet reviving comforts of the spirit of adoption, showing me the rich treasures of Gospel promises, and that they, and not my own frames were to be the ground of my hope and my stay in every time of need. Since this time I may say with Bishop Cooper, that my soul has never experienced the extremity of terror; and though I have many ups and downs, many grievous temptations, and sharp conflicts, much anxiety of soul, deadness, and strong propensities to fight against, yet have I always found the Lord to be a very present help in trouble; his grace has been sufficient for me in every hour of need, and I doubt not but all his dealings with me, however thwarting to my own ideas of what was fit and meet for me, have some way or other been subservient to my spiritual interest, since his most sure promise is engaged to 'make all things work together for good to those who love him and are called after his purpose.'"

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVERT.

Some time ago, it was the lot of a Christian minister to preach in a beautiful little chapel not far distant from one of the largest cities in the world. There were so few persons present that every thing particular would of course attract the minister's eye. As he looked round upon the empty pews, thinking of the painful circumstances of the small flock, he saw an elderly man enter, on whose face deep thoughtfulness seemed impressed. The old man knelt down solemnly. Into every part of the service he entered with evident fervor. He heard the sermon as if it had been a message from God to him. It was evident that he could say, "I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thy bonous dwelleth." All present were attentive, but there was a particu-

larity about him which could not escape notice. The service over, the minister asked of his host who the old man was, and if he could tell him anything of his history. In reply, the following narrative was given to him.

Only a few years previously, that old man bitterly hated and despised Christianity. He was an avowed Deist; and his time, money, and worldly influence were employed in the cause he had espoused. Being a man of considerable powers, he was a sort of champion, a leader among his companions, and had thus attained an unenviable dignity. He rarely read the Bible, and never but with a view to cavil. It was a settled point with him that the Scriptures were not divine; and therefore he treated them with contempt. His favorite authors were those who opposed revelation; with the arguments of others he did not trouble himself. Of course, he never attended any place of worship.

He was married, and had one child, a girl, whom he desired to train in his own principles, and carefully kept from all religious influence. He was very fond of this child, and allowed her to have considerable influence over him. Her wishes were generally consulted; he could not easily deny her. She got an idea that she should like to go with some of her companions to the Sunday-school, and mentioned it to her father. He objected; but she was firm, and succeeded in gaining a reluctant consent. To the Sabbath-school she went, not as any one more regular in attendance than she. Weeks rolled on, and months, and things remained as usual, the child learning religion in a Wesleyan Sunday-school—the father an infidel. Providence now interfered: the wife, the mother, sickened and died. He wept, his heart died, (for, though a Deist, he had loved his wife most tenderly,) and he knew of no balm to heal his spirit.

On the following Sabbath after the funeral of her mother, the child was at the school, and her teacher kindly strove to impart to her such instructions and consolations as the mournful circumstances demanded. She bent her steps homewards, thinking of her mother, and greatly concerned about her eternal condition. Her little heart beat with intense anxiety as she thought passed through her mind, "I wonder if my mother is in heaven?"

In the evening of that day, as she sat by her father, down whose cheeks the big tears often rolled, she looked up in his face, putting her soft lips to his, and said, "Father, do you think my mother is in heaven?"

He awoke as from a reverie, startled by the voice of his child, and by a sudden look seemed to say, "How cruel to disturb my silent grief! Let me alone; it is better for me to die than to live." But he did not utter a word. "Father!" again said the child, "father do you think my mother is in heaven?"

"O, what words were these, what piercing words! He eyed the flowing locks, the rosy countenance, the tearful eye of her who spoke; it was his child, his only child, whom he loved as his own soul; but reply he made none. Again she demanded, "Father, do you think my mother is in heaven?"

He now replied evasively, and strove to divert attention from that to another subject. They retired in thoughtful mood: the child slept, but not so the father. For as he laid him down, strange feelings came over him, and new thoughts filled his bosom. Pain would he have buried his griefs and reflections in slumber, but that was denied.

Of one thing chiefly did he think that night, the query of his child. It was constantly sounding in his ears. He strove to forget it, but in vain. It had reached his soul: he was deeply wounded. He began to yield to conviction. "The Bible may be true," he said, "there may be a heaven, for which I am unprepared; and a hell, to which I am hastening." He rose to pray; his infidel heart was broken, and he offered it to God.

In the morning he was an altered man; he took up the long neglected Bible, and began in earnest to seek for mercy. He gave up all evil company, destroyed his vile books, and being truly penitent, soon obtained a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. Now he came every Sabbath to the house of God with his dear little girl, whom he regarded as the instrument of leading him to the Saviour; and having given himself to God, gave himself also to the church by the will of God. From the period when his membership commenced, to this day, he had been a most exemplary Christian.

What became of this interesting old man, and his not less interesting child, the minister never heard; and whether either is living he knows not; but the incident beautifully illustrates the blessed truth, "that God will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."

THE DEAD WIFE.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other earthly bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so beloved, so unwearied in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering over-head. Pain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may unwillingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that hid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have administered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The bosom who beat over with smiles, bend now shore her

with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

Many a thousand may read this in the silence of a broken home. There is no white arm over your shoulder, no speaking face to look up into the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur, "O, it is so sad."

The little one whose most death has rilled, gazes in wonder at your solemn face, puts up his tiny hand to stay the tears, and then nestles back to its father's breast, half-conscious that the wing that sheltered it most fondly is broken.

There is so strange a hush in every room! no light footstep passing round. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and strikes and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

It strikes one—the fatal time when the death-war-rant rang out, "There is no hope!" Two! she lies placidly still—sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes grieving a little, for she is young to tread the valley of the shadow of death. Three! The babe has been brought in, its little face comes on her bosom for the last time. Four! Her breath comes fainter, but a heavenly joy irradiates her brow. Five! There is a slight change—O, that she might live! Father spare her!

"Thy will be done."

It was her soft, broken accents. Yes, heavenly Friend, who givest her to bless me—Thy will be done!

Six! There are footsteps near—weeping friends around. She bids them farewell, as she murmurs, "Meet me in heaven!" The damp-drops gather upon her pallid features at the seventh hour. She lies very still—sometimes she hears sweet music. Eight! passing away so gently. But her hand yet clings to yours, and so she lies while that old house-clock tolls forth nine—ten—eleven—twelve solemn strokes. You spring to your feet. The lips are still—cold to your lips. The hand has fallen back; its touch grown icy. She is gone. She will never speak to you again on earth. You must bear that cold gaze that love so lately kindled—and you fall weeping by her side.

And every day the clock repeats that old story—Many another tale it telleth too—of joys past, of sorrows shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—O, how often—that the grave cannot keep her. You know she is in a happier world, yet that sometimes she is by your side, an angel presence. You look at your innocent babe, and think that a seraph is guarding it. Cherish these emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections, give her spirit a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory—so may you meet her with a soul unstained—a bright and beautiful spirit-bride, where no one shall say any more *adieu*.—*Rev. J. C. Hays.*

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

There are three classes of persons that occur to us with reference to the prayer-meeting—

The first consists of those who are only occasionally there. If they happen "to feel like it," if the weather be very inviting, if they "can go just as well as not," why then they are there. But as these favorable circumstances occur only occasionally, they are seldom found in the church prayer-meeting. They feel little interest in its services; they do not know its value; and they derive little benefit from it.

The second class is composed of those who are never there. Judging from the number usually found at the prayer-meeting, the class of those who are never there must be a very large one. The pastor looks in vain for them. His heart is never cheered by their presence and their prayers. Their fellow Christians who are there are saddened by the remembrance of so many others whose faces are never seen in that praying circle.

The third class of persons is composed of those who are always at the prayer-meeting. They are always there, unless an absolute necessity compel their absence. Their pastor soon learns who they are. He knows that he can depend upon them. The very best which they occupy he knows well. He expects to see them filled with their well-known persons, just as much as he expects to be in his own seat. When these seats are vacant, he knows that something has occurred. He misses their presence as something almost essential to his own comfort there. These are the pastor's joy. These are the minister's helpers. Many a blessing does he breathe on them. With them he holds sweet communion. They bear him in their hearts, and he cherishes them as his warmest, truest friends.

Where does the pastor look in his hours of deepest anxiety for the prosperity of his work? When his own heart is oppressed and sad, and he longs to see men converted to God, where does he turn his anxious gaze for sympathy and for helpers? Always, always to the praying circle. If that disappoint him not, he is ready for any toil.

They who are always at the prayer-meeting are the persons to receive the blessing of God's Spirit and presence whenever it comes. They lose no such sweet manifestation as that which Thomas lost.

Happy is that pastor and that church where there are many who are always at the prayer meeting. May such churches be increased a thousand fold.—*Evangelist.*

WOMAN WITHOUT THE GOSPEL.

"One can faintly imagine," says Mr. Tyler, who is labouring among the Zulus, in South Africa, "the pitiable condition of females in heathendom, till he has seen it with his own eyes. The slavery both of body and soul which we daily behold, is most abject." Let us look with his eyes upon some of the scenes which he is constantly called upon to witness.

See that group of females, coarse features, clad only in the native dress, and offensive to all that is refined and pure in manners, converting earnestly with a missionary. They are three wives of the man who possesses a neighboring kraal. He has four others. They have no cows, however, to be taught the way of life. They have no inquiry to make in respect to an improvement of their condition. What they wish is, to strike a bargain for the purchase of a heavy Kaffir hoe, which they will pay for by digging in the Missionary's garden. He does not wish such help; but as it will afford some opportunity, not otherwise easily gained, for him and his wife to do them good, he yields to their proposal.

Behold that company wending their way along the hill-side, in the cold dew of the morning. All but one are women, each of whom carries a heavy basket of corn on her head, while their husbands saunter on at their ease. Their destination is at last reached, the ba-