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That God in all

things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

NEW SERIES.

SAINT JOHN, NEW

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Religious.

MY WIFE'S GOLD RING.

It was a practice with John Gasper Lavater, an eminent clergyman, born in Zurich, 1741, to read, every morning, one or more Chapters in the Bible, and to select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning, after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of the gospel of Matthew, he exclaimed, "What a treasure of morality! how difficult to make choice of any particular portion of it!" After a few moments' consideration, he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for divine guidance. When he joined his wife at dinner, she asked him what passage of Scripture he had chosen for the day. "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away," was the reply. "And how is this to be understood?" said his wife. "These," rejoined Lavater, "are the words of Him, to whom every thing belongs that I possess. I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me, and not to refuse him who would borrow of me; or in other words, if I have two coats, I must give one to him who has none, and if I have food, I must share with him who is an hungry and in want; this I must do without being asked; how much more, then, when asked."

This, continues Lavater in his diary, appeared to me so evidently and incontrovertibly to be the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth; my wife made no further reply than that she would well consider these things. I had scarcely left the dining-room, when an aged widow desired to speak to me, and she was shown into my study. "Forgive me, dear sir," she said; "excuse the liberty I am about to take; I am truly ashamed, but my rent is due to-morrow, and I am short six dollars; I have been confined to my bed with sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving; every penny that I could save, I have laid aside to meet this demand, but six dollars are wanting, and to-morrow is term day." Here she opened a parcel which she held in her hand, and said, "This is a book with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married. It is all I can spare of the few articles I possess, and sure it is to part with it. I am aware that it is not enough, nor do I see how I could ever repay; but, dear sir, if you can, do assist me."

"I am very sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you," I said; and putting my hand into my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars; these, I said to myself, cannot extricate her from her difficulty, she requires six; besides, even if they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning to the widow, I said, "Have you no friend, no relation, who could give you this trifling sum?"

"No, there is no one. I am ashamed to go from house to house, I would rather work day and night; my excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness: if, however, you cannot assist me, you will at least forgive my intrusion; and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixtieth year!"

At this moment the door of my apartment opened, and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed; gladly would I have sent her away; for conscience whispered, "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away." She came up to me and said with much sweetness, "This is a good old woman; she has certainly been ill of late; assist her if you can."

Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. "I have but two dollars," I said in a whisper, "and she requires six; I'll give her a trifle in the hand, and let her go."

Laying her hand on my arm and smiling, my wife said aloud, what conscience had whispered before, "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away." I blushed, and replied with some little vexation, "I would give your ring for the purpose?"

"With pleasure," she answered, pulling off her ring. The good old widow was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife called to her to wait in the lobby. When we were left alone, I asked my wife, "Are you in earnest about the ring?"

"Certainly, how can you doubt it?" she said; "do you think that I would trifle with charity? Remember what you said to me but half an hour ago. Oh, my dear friend, let us not make a show of the Gospel; you are in general so kind, so sympathizing, how is that you find it so difficult to assist this poor woman? Why did you not, without hesitation, give what you had in your pocket? And did you not know that there were yet six dollars in your desk, and that the quarter will be paid to us in less than eight days? She then added with much feeling, 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.'"

I kissed my wife, while tears ran down my cheek; "Thanks, a thousand thanks for this humiliation!" I turned to the desk, took from it the six dollars, and opened the door to call in the poor widow—all darkened around me at the thought that I had been so forgetful of the omniscience of God as to say to her, "I cannot help you." Oh, thou false tongue! thou false heart! If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, Oh, Lord who shall stand? "Here is what you need," I said, addressing the widow.

At first she seemed not to understand what I meant, and thought that I was offering her a small contribution, for which she thanked me, and pressed my hand; but when she perceived that I had given her the whole sum, she could scarcely find words to express her feelings. She cried, "Dear sir, I cannot repay: all I possess is this poor book, and it is old."

"Keep your book," said I, "and the money too, and thank God, and not me, for verily, I deserve no thanks, after having so long resisted your entreaties; go in peace, and forgive an erring brother."

I returned to my wife with downcast looks, but she smiled and said, "Do not take it so much to heart, my friend; you yielded at my first suggestion; but promise me, that so long as I wear a gold ring on my finger, and you know that I possess several besides, you will never allow yourself to say to any person, 'I cannot help you.'" She kissed me, and left the apartment.

When I found myself alone, I sat down and wrote this account in my diary, in order to humble my deceitful heart. To preach the whole moral law, and to fulfill only the easy part of it, is hypocrisy. Merciful Father, how long must I wait, and struggle, ere I shall be able to rely, on the perfect sincerity of my profession?

I read over once more the chapter which I had read in the morning with so little benefit, and felt more and more ashamed, and convinced there is no peace, except where principle and practice are in perfect accordance. How peacefully and happily I might have ended this day, had I acted up conscientiously to the blessed doctrines I profess! Dear Saviour, send the Holy Spirit into this benighted heart; cleanse it from secret sin; and teach me to employ that which thou hast committed to my charge, to thy glory, a brother's welfare, and my own salvation.—*American Tract.*

ONE SIN TOO MANY.

A FACT FOR HALF-AWAKENED SINNERS.

There is an old Grecian legend which teaches that there was once a diver who boasted of his skill to bring up treasures from the sea. To test his powers, the people threw many a silver cup, and many a golden coin into water nine fathoms deep. And the bold diver brought them to the surface with triumph. But one day a disguised fiend threw a tinsel crown in a whirlpool, and challenged the confident diver to bring it up; promising him, if he succeeded, the power to wear it, and to transmit it to his children. Down he sprang after the bauble; but the Nereids of the sea, hearing the clangour of the crown when it fell upon their grottoes, closed around him, as he was grasping the prize, and held him fast until he perished.

Thus reads the legend. Its moral teaches that the most daring may dare once too often—that folly, though long successful, may plunge its victim into ruin at last,—a lesson worthy of the careful study of partially-awakened sinners, as may be seen by the following fact:—

A young man of fine talents was present one evening at the house of God in—, during an interesting revival. Several of his companions had already given their hearts to Christ, and he had been deeply moved by their experience. He was therefore prepared to receive strong impressions—and he did. The truth went home to his conscience. He wept to himself so vile, as he now beheld himself mirrored in the Word of God. He felt a motion, almost irrepressible, to submit to Christ, and to join the band of penitents who acknowledged him at his table. But the pride of his heart revolted at so public and humiliating an avowal of his sinfulness. He dreaded the scorn of the world! He kept his seat, therefore, soothing his conscience by a resolve, firm and irrevocable as he persuaded himself, to return home at the close of the service and seek the pardon of his sins alone in the solitude of his chamber. With this purpose he left his pew at the close of the services, and passed with the thronging but grave multitude out of the church.

On the door-steps he found some gay friends awaiting him. They had planned a scheme of pleasure for an hour or two that night, and they begged him to join them.

"No," said he, faintly, "I think not to-night." They gazed in his face earnestly, and one of them, detecting an unusual seriousness in his aspect, which was discernible even in the pale moonlight of that beautiful evening, exclaimed, in a taunting tone of voice, "What! are you going to be religious too?"

That speaker was his friend in disguise. In that speech he threw the bauble of human approbation into the whirlpool, and the half-awakened youth plunged in desperately to seize it. Throwing off his gravity, he burst into a loud laugh, assured them he was not serious, accepted their invitation, and lost his convictions. Henceforth his sins held him in bondage and in chains. In a few months he died an impenitent sinner!

How fatal was his one act of resistance of the Holy Spirit! Had he yielded and taken his place at the table, the invitation of his sinful friends at the door would have been powerless to attract him. But he resisted once too often. The tinsel crown of human approval led him, like the diver, to a fatal leap, and he perished. Awakened sinners, beware! You, too, may sin once too often!—*Zion's Herald.*

When we pray for faith, or the increase of faith in God's word, we honor the God of truth, and he will honor us: for saith the Lord, Them that honor me, I will honor.

Original.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

THE LAST JUDGEMENT.

BY J. A. T.

Ages have rolled away, carrying with them Titles and Dignities. The Philanthropist, whose spirit promptings have braved triumphantly the anathemas of men, "has passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns,"—while the records of the present are glided with "past acts of benevolence, and while his memory still lives, honoured and revered, yet he is gone. The warrior, whose exploits are engraven with the finger of fame,—whose deeds of chivalry have won for him an undying name,—who has made glory the battle field, made desolate the family hearth, and robbed society, and the world of gems that might have shown regally in the galaxy of worth,—who has caused the tears of fraternal affection to flow, the sighs of sisterly devotion to heave many a bosom, and friendships sympathy to arise:—who has raised cities, and established nations—now sleeps the silent sleep of death, leaving behind him all his glory. The statesman whose voice many a time and oft within the Halls of Legislation, when lifted up on behalf of his suffering country and countryman, has received proud titles of immortal gratitude, but while he pillows his head in death he knows not one of these. These titles and dignities are but for time, beyond the grave they are unknown. Man enjoys them here, he knows them not there. Unlike the fading fleeting glories of man, are the eternal and undying attributes of Jehovah.

Nature and Revelation teach us of the Divine perfections and attributes.

That these attributes are unseparable from God is a matter clearly deducible. Scepticism may rave and avow to the contrary. Infidelity may lift its voice in the futile attempt to sweep God from creation, in order that his attributes may appear but as idle fancies,—but all is vain. God does exist, and his attributes exist in Him. The cause of infidel scoffings and scepticisms is found in this very fact, viz. that in Jehovah exist all his attributes—in which are centred all that infidelity dreads.

Incommunicable and Communicable, are the kinds into which the Divine attributes are divided. The former derives its sort from a want of resemblance to them in creation. Infidelity, eternity and unchangeableness come under this head. The latter which looks so lovely, and upon which the beams of an invigorating morning sun so cheerfully sheds its lustre; may be the dawn of eve, or the going down of that sun, be swept from its tender stalk,—a memorial of nature's instability. The majestic oak which for centuries has stood the test of wind and weather, must one day or other fall beneath the decay of time, or the axe of the woodman. The world in which we live, so complete in its machinery, so beautiful in its contemplative reality, will, in course of time surrender every law, and fall back into nonentity. Man the proud masterpiece of his creator must one day or other surrender all right of existence, and bidding time farewell, clasp death in his arms, a sojourner to eternity. Thus we find that nature in no wise can lay claim to the perfections of infinity, eternity or unchangeableness.

Although the communicable attributes of God, consisting of being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth, are to be found in man to a degree;—yet that they can be ascribed to him as they are in God, is impolitic and impossible, and to do so is blasphemy. God, we are told, is infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, &c., &c. Man is in possession of all these attributes, but that they are incommunicably attached is an absurd idea.

A resemblance to Jehovah in those attributes is the extent only of creature's perfections.

1st. On a consideration it is evident that the attributes of God being infinite, are directed to certain channels in His existence. His justice and goodness demand a judgement they require, "that every man be rewarded according to his works;" and this reward not being proffered in time, implies, yet establishes the doctrine of a judgement to come.

Divine justice is known by a division, two fold in itself, and commonly designated, LEGISLATIVE and DISTRIBUTIVE.

The former of this division implies a rule or government. Certain laws, holy, just and good enacted in Heaven, have been given to creation, pointing out to it a course of existence. These laws being given to man as a subject, and he not complying therewith necessarily incurred the penalty consequent upon a violation. That man once was endowed with power to give obedience to these laws, but through the fall, lost it, is a truth evidenced by Divine inspiration, "all have come short of the glory of God. Man, then having become an aggressor God displays his Distributive justice.

The midnight assassin who has drewned his hands in the blood of a fellow mortal. The highwayman who seizes upon the opportunity of darting from his recess and stripping the unsuspecting traveller of his all. The incendiary who, in the still hour of midnight, while slumber shrouds the form of his victim, quietly and secretly lights the match which kindles the torch, which consumes the property; it may be the life of the victim of his revenge; each make themselves amenable to the laws of the country, wherein such crimes are perpetrated; and while these very laws display the goodness of the nation and Legislators who framed and instituted them, yet in justice to their existence, and in justice to those who live under them,

they must be preserved inviolate by the infliction of punishment on the offender or offenders. Now, the legislative justice of God in giving laws must be maintained and acknowledged by the action of his Distributive Justice, which operates through the laws of works and of faith,—the former the covenant of works, the latter the covenant of grace.—By the one death and curse is the sinners due; by the other acquittance and acceptance. Besides the justice of God requiring judgement, we have the testimony of an accusing conscience, which compels us to regard the law under which we act as just and good, the tenets of which we have violated, hence dread its fearful penalty.

Again, viewing the relationship existing between God and man, the one as creator, the other as a creature, we recognize the right on the part of God to give a law, and to exact perfect obedience; for the non-fulfilment of which, it is his prerogative to make man accountable, "As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God, so then every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

The resurrection of Christ affords us proof beyond the shadow of a doubt; by it we are convinced regarding the future state and a judgement to come. Far more and equally important evidences might be adduced in order to establish stronger if possible, this doctrine; but considering it a scriptural doctrine upon which all agree, we shall pass on to a consideration of the 2nd. point, viz:

The Judge. The question has been raised as to who, of the God-head will act as Judge on that day when all shall be assembled before the "Great white Throne." Regarding the many evils on this point we would remark, that to the christian it is of little moment; one thing is certain, a Judgement is inevitable, based upon a holy and just foundation. Still, though we entertain this opinion, our minds are fully made up upon the great primary question, to analyze which, we deem it expedient.

In the 56th Psalm we read, "God is Judge himself;" and in the 5th of John we read as follows, "the Father hath committed all Judgement unto the Son." The skeptic who loves to revel amid the themes of uncertainty, who desires to float pleasantly down the stream of infidelity, who would fain blot the great I AM from existence, and make heaven and the world wild imaginations, has grasped such passages as these in order to establish the validity of his darling doctrine; by showing (to use his own phraseology) the contradictions of scripture, he attempts to reason God from the heart, and from the world. France, England and America, have produced their Bollingbrook's, DeHoback's, Volney's, Voltaire's and Hume's; men whose intellectual genius, but for the course in which it ran, might have fired the ages in which they moved and shed a brilliancy over the spirit of mental worth, but now they live only upon the discarded pages of their own ungodly effusions, and their souls, in death, have gone to meet the God who in life they disowned.

The passages of scripture noted, and others which might be adduced, contain contradictions, which are only apparent.

We have to believe that Christ himself will occupy the Judgement seat. Acts 17: 31 "Because he hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." Without entering into an argument to establish the doctrine of a Trinity, we will assume its correctness and validity, thence discovering the Tri-une God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, as judge invested with the judicial robes by right of authority, power and right of judgment. We have but to view the economy settled in heaven between these three divine persons, so that we can fairly appreciate the truth of the proposition set forth, viz: that Jesus Christ the Son of God, is judge appointed, before whom all must appear.

The economy to which we refer, guaranteed to the second person of the adorable God-head—as mediator,—as the saviour of mankind, the high and heavenly dignity of universal judge. When the "fullness of time" had come—that period in the history of the world; considering its political, moral and religious states, most advantageous for his advent, Christ appeared to fulfill the obligations of that covenant made and entered into with GOD the FATHER, for the restoration TO man of divine favour; and in so doing it must need be that the glory he possessed as God, he laid aside for a time, and the uncouth garments of voluntary humiliation be taken instead, and because of such,—because of his humble birth,—of his weary life, of his despised death, He must be exalted, and one of the tenets of that exaltation was the committing into his hands the Judgement of the world, Phil. 2: 8, 9, 10, "and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name. That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth."

Two of the opinions somewhere prevalent in regard to this point are,—That angels and saints shall perform the functions of this most important office. This we state to be incorrect, and we consider our preceding remarks, though brief, will warrant a denial. The Greek and Hebrew signification of the word "angel" is messenger. Although a difference is made in the word in various parts of the scripture, yet in the Greek and Hebrew literal signification we must regard its meaning, and we assert, being borne out by divine testi-

mony, that the only interest or concern which angels will be privileged to have, will be to act as messengers or attendants,—constables appointed to conduct the prisoners to the Bar of Heaven; Matt. 13: 39, "The enemy that sowed the seed is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels." Again, angels are created beings,—themselves executing the commands of God, consequently, incapable of performing the functions of the office which some would ascribe to them.

That SAINTS judge the world is another vague and erroneous idea. They are not even co-judges, but to use the language of an eminent divine, "approvers of His sentence." Their occupation will be as witnesses. The Apostles are saints, and in judgement will arise to testify against the men who swayed the sceptre of persecution during the days of their mission on earth; also, against those who laughed to scorn their efforts to eradicate Judaism and infidelity, and who died hardened in their profligacy. In this manner will the saints be co-workers but not co-judges, Rev. 19: 1, "and after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven saying, Alleluia, salvation and glory and honor and power unto the Lord our God, for true and righteous are his judgments."

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Trip to Washington—Slavery and its effects—Scene in Congress—Hon. J. R. Giddings—Mount Vernon.

WASHINGTON CITY, MAY 15th 1854.

DEAR BROTHER,—Though I was born in a state separated from a slave state merely by a river, and, though I have travelled upon that river in steamboats, yet, never till to-day, have I set foot upon slave holding territory. Worn with incessant labours, and compelled for the sake of health to take a few days respite from them, I left New York this morning for this city, via Philadelphia and Baltimore, thus passing through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. The two latter, your readers know, are slave states. Though we spent an hour or two in Philadelphia, we reached this city at 9 o'clock this evening.

The position of Delaware though which we passed has only the relics of slavery, though in the southern part of the state the slaves are quite numerous. The first indications of the system you notice, are the slave quarters in the vicinity of the owner's residence. This at least was the first that struck my attention, and this a little before crossing the Susquehanna. These quarters are log or framed huts, one, two, three or more, according to the number of slave families. They are but a few yards from the owner's residence. They have but a light or two of glass in the gable end. As you approach Baltimore, you see more and more of these quarters, and the slaves labouring in the fields. In one place only did I see females at work in the fields.

MAY, 16th.—To-day have attended the discussion going on in the lower House of Congress on the Nebraska Bill, which brings up the whole subject of slavery. Soon after the Chaplain had offered prayer, two slave holders had an altercation, in which one called the other "a factionist," and in reply to which the second "branded" the first as "a liar." This was my first peep at Congress, and surely it did not serve to impress me favourably. All the knowing ones say that this quarrel will end in a duel. The Senate appears to possess more dignity than the House. During the day I have listened to several speeches of great ability in opposition to the Bill, the best being that of Hon. J. R. Giddings of Ohio. He is a veteran in the Anti Slavery cause. Some years ago he offered in Congress some resolution at which the slave holders took offence, and caused him to be publicly censured, and I believe expelled. His constituents, however, returned him again and have continued to do so every election since. His speech was very bold, and he dealt with slavery more after the manner of a preacher than a politician, freely discoursing upon its iniquities and crimes. I can well remember when, if he or any other man, had spoken in any Northern city as freely upon slavery, as Mr. Giddings has to-day, in Congress, he would have been mobbed. Bating the scene to which I alluded between two slave holders, Congress, has appeared to me, so far, as like a great debating society, whose sole subject is that of slavery. This, he assured, marks a great change in our nation, and one which is full of hope, whatever hindrances may delay the progress of the good cause.

MAY, 17th.—Visited the residence and burial place of George Washington. It is called, as you are aware, Mount Vernon. It is simply the name of his plantation and residence, not of a village or town. It is seventeen miles down the Potomac, from this place, and on the Virginia side of that river. On the way down, near half way, we pass Alexandria on the same side of the river. At that town we saw some signs of thrift and enterprise, otherwise, the shores of the noble river appear deserted, as compared with similar places in the free states. Mount Vernon itself, a place which we approach with veneration, though beautifully situated, is in a state that pains the visitor. The buildings are dilapidated, the tomb itself, where repose the ashes of the Father of this country, seems to be uncared for, and everything upon which your eye rest gives tokens either of sloth or decay. I came away with more painful impressions than ever before that slavery is a blighting curse.—Were that sacred spot in the free states, an American could visit it with very different emotions.

Yours truly, G.