

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF FREE C. BAPTISTS OF N. BRUNSWICK, AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

McLEOD, Editor. Office, No. 6, King Street. GEO. W. DAY, Printer.

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NEW SERIES.

SAINT JOHN, NEW

BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1854.

VOL. I.—NO. 10.

Religious.

THE MAN WITH A HOPE: OR SIXPENCE A WEEK.

Mr. Charles Simer was one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the town of Closeville. Far over a hill and valley stretched his farm, on which the sun seemed to shine, and the rains and dews seemed to fall, as though Mr. Simer's acres were their especial favorites. For when other crops were poor, Mr. Simer's were not; when other crops were fair, Mr. Simer's were abundant. No land was allowed to go to waste, no fences were suffered to remain unrepaired, no leaky roofs were to be found on all Mr. Simer's premises. And if here and there was to be seen what might be called patch-work, where one would think that he might without loss have laid out a trifle more of expence, it was only another proof of Mr. Simer's economy.

Mr. Simer had worked hard all his days—that is, up to the time of which we are at present speaking, when he was turned of fifty-five. And now having accumulated a fortune, he determined, as he said, to rest for the remainder of his life. He lived on his farm, and took a general oversight of his affairs; but hard, out-door work he seldom performed now. And when people wondered that a man of his reputed love for money—love for getting as well as for keeping it—should cease to work at his time of life, it only showed that some persons did not know what others did, that Mr. Simer was too wise to sweat in the harvest field, when he could make money just as fast with less labor. The fact is that he had learned that money itself can be invested in stocks, bonds and mortgages, and many a speculating scheme, and double, yes, treble itself, very speedily.

Mr. Charles Simer professed to be a religious man. He had morning and evening prayers in his family; he went to church regularly; and for aught that is known to the contrary was not neglectful of secret prayer. I do not now recollect of his ever having done much in a charitable way, but I will not deny that he was benevolent, especially since I know it has been said in the neighborhood of Closeville, that Mr. Charles Simer sometimes gave something. But as I shall have more to say about his giving, I may as well state at once that if it were not for this one requirement of Christianity, to give to the poor—give to the support of the Gospel—give in a thousand different ways, were it not, I say, for this one requirement of our religion, Mr. Simer might have passed among men for 'one of the salt of the earth.' But here was Mr. Charles Simer's failing—he loved money. True, he loved his family—he thought he truly loved his God, his neighbor, his Bible,—but with all that, he still loved money. Perhaps he had not been properly educated. Perhaps the duty of making use of his money as well as of his example, his influence, in the service of God, had never been presented to him in a proper light. In fact, as there are so many Christians just like Mr. Charles Simer, it is not necessary to apologize for him any further.

It so happened that one Sunday the very eloquent Rev. Mr. Welsed preached a most powerful sermon from the text, 'On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' He said that he was about to introduce the practice of having an annual collection for missions—the first one to be made one year from that day. In the meantime he wished all the congregation to 'lay by them in store' a certain sum weekly, and to bring the amount of the whole to the church just one year from date. The appeal was a strong one; he showed how much Christ had done for us, how little the Christians were doing for His cause, how much must be done for the missionaries who were already in the field, and how many more missionaries ought to be provided for. The subject was presented in several points of view, which were new to Mr. Simer and many others in the congregation. The discourse closed with an earnest appeal to each and all to go home and think of the subject in their closets, and make up their minds to give liberally—how much or what proportion Mr. Welsed did not say, except that it should be 'as God had prospered them,' and that 'not grudgingly, for God loveth a cheerful giver.'

Although the preacher several times touched Mr. Simer where he felt rather sore, yet he was not offended; on the whole he felt pleased, and at once formed the resolve to think upon the subject, decide and act at once. He accordingly, after a hearty supper, entered his room, determined to weigh the whole matter, and do what, according to the best of his understanding and knowledge, was his duty. He called to mind his many, many expences. Besides the ordinary expences of a good sized family, there was one son in college, another at an expensive school, preparing for college. One daughter at another school, another son and daughter just beginning to make demands upon his purse. Then there were the ordinary losses to which every large farmer is subject; stock would die, fences would blow down, neighbors' cattle would trespass. Then there were losses in money, bad debts, mistaken calculations, and a thousand items rose up before him, until soon Mr. Charles Simer began to feel himself, after all, a poor man. And then he had done and was then doing 'something' for the cause of the Gospel. To be sure, the old church had been built in his boyhood. The pew he occupied had fallen in to his hands by means of some business transaction, without the actual outlay on his part of a penny; and the tax on the above-said pew was very, very

small, for that had been compromised for by the large price which had originally been paid for the pew itself, when the church was feeble and in debt. Besides this, whenever there were poor in the neighborhood to be relieved, Mr. Charles Simer always gave—something. The sum of the whole matter was that, considering the many calls upon his purse, his many losses, and taking in consideration the fact that he was now already giving—'something,' Mr. Charles Simer came to the conclusion that he would, on the whole, lay by him in store, on the first day of each week, the sum of sixpence.

Having formed the determination, he raised his eyes, and was not a little surprised to see sitting on the opposite side of the room, the figure of what he supposed to be his neighbor, Mr. Graspin. This Mr. Graspin was a man who, literally, neither feared God nor regarded him; worldly-minded, avaricious, profane, though in the main upright in his dealings, but only because he found it his interest to be so. Mr. Simer was the more amazed to see him at this time, because this neighbor was then supposed to be confined to his bed by a dangerous illness. Pale and haggard sat Mr. Graspin, slightly bending forward, with his hands on his knees, and his eyes intently fixed on Mr. Simer; just as though he knew all that had been passing in his mind. Before Mr. Simer had time to recover from his surprise, Mr. Graspin said:

"Neighbor Simer, I want to make a purchase."

"I do not transact business on the Lord's day, sir," said Mr. Simer.

"I want to make a purchase," continued Mr. Graspin, not heeding him. "I want to buy your hope."

"My what?"

"Your hope,—your hope in Christ."

"But—," said Mr. Simer.

"No buts, if you please, neighbor. I mean what I say. You have often urged me to leave off my ways and get a hope. I have got to leave off my ways now," said Mr. Graspin, lowering his voice and speaking in a solemn tone; "yes, all, everything now, and I want a hope. Don't interrupt me, sir! I know what you would say. But I have no time now. I can't get one in the way you would recommend, I must buy one. I want yours. Come, sell it."

"But it can't be sold; it can't be bought."

"Tut, tut, neighbor, I have no time to waste—no time. I tell you I want to buy your hope. I'll give—"

"Why, man!" said Mr. Simer, "you are out of your head; the thing is absurd, impossible! Even if it could be bought, it is precious, O! so precious—"

"So precious!" said Mr. Graspin, with a most bitter sneer, "so precious! I should value that hope now, more, far more than you do, Mr. Simer."

"Do you suppose that all the treasures of earth—"

"Yes sir!" said Graspin, starting to his feet, "the half, the quarter, an infinitesimal part would buy it. I know the value you set upon your hope."

"And what is it?" asked Mr. Simer with a look of surprise.

Mr. Graspin bent forward and gazed into his neighbor's face with a piercing look, and pointing his bony finger at him, and in a slow and solemn tone,

"SIXPENCE A WEEK!"

Mr. Simer was thunderstruck. But he had no time to be surprised, for Mr. Graspin disappeared as mysteriously as he had entered. The wall before him appeared to open like sliding doors, and he saw by the road-side the figure of a young man sitting upon a rock; his face was covered with his hands, his hair was coarse and matted; he was barefoot, ragged, and his whole appearance was that of a way-worn beggar. The miserable object was groaning and sobbing. At length he uncovered his face, looked up and exclaimed piteously,

"No friend, no home, no food, no work, I must starve!"

Mr. Simer nearly fell from his chair. For in that wretched object before him he recognized himself! Yes, what he was thirty-seven years before, when homeless and friendless he wandered in that same neighborhood where now lay his vast possessions!

While Mr. Simer was gazing in mute astonishment at the sight before him, he saw the figure of a man wearing the garb of an Apostle. It approached the young beggar, and touching his shoulder said,

"Young man, I have a commission to execute. I come from my Master. Do you see those rich fields waving in the sun? Take them!"

The young man looked up in amazement.

"Those flocks and herds? Take them!"

The youth did not move.

"Those barns? that costly mansion? Take them! There is a deed for them all!"

"Mine!" said the beggar, "mine!"

"Yes, yours, to have and to hold—but mark me! only as a tenant at will. Take, use, enjoy, but they are not yours. You are a tenant—"

"Of whom?" he asked.

"Of my Master."

"And your Master is—"

"Our Heavenly Father!"

The youth would have fallen at his feet, but the speaker withheld him.

"Your thanks are not due to me," said the stranger. "I know what you would say. But listen. When you enter upon this vast possession, remember what, up to this moment, you have been—a beggar—without a farthing in the world. Remember who gave you hands to labor, health to enjoy, those fields, those woods, those flocks, those

houses, that superb dwelling, remember who gave them, and if, to defray the expence of giving to poorer men the glad tidings of the Gospel, He should send His messenger to you, demanding a part, nay, all that is now committed to your hands, beware, lest you forget yourself! Beware lest you fancy that what you hold is yours! Beware lest you claim a right to withhold, or think that you are making a sacrifice to give!"

Quick as lightning the whole scene vanished. Mr. Simer saw, in a well furnished apartment, that same youth, thirty-seven years older—saw himself meditating, with a Bible before him—heard himself say, in a tone of evident self-satisfaction,

"I think I can afford to give to Church Missions—SIXPENCE A WEEK!"

Again the scene changed. Mr. Simer saw a vessel moored off a coast. On the shore was a missionary with his family about to embark in a boat to be conveyed to the ship. Around them gathered a large assemblage of heathen. Mr. Simer heard no voice, but there were sighs and stifled sobs, and affecting leave-takings. It was a melancholy spectacle; for it was evident that a missionary was about to leave his post for his home across the wide waters: At length a native, distinguished from the rest by a plume which he wore on his head, and by sundry ornaments about his person, indicating that he was a man of rank in his tribe, stepped forward and said:

"Father, you have left your brothers beyond the great water to tell us of heaven. You have put light into our dark hearts. You have fed us with the food that good spirits in heaven eat. You have taught us to break in pieces the wood and stone gods which we and our fathers used to worship. We do not kill now; we do not steal now. Our wives are happy; our mothers do not throw to the bear and the wolf their babes. But there are many who have not heard you yet. When you go we may forget what you have said—our children may never learn these good things—why do you leave us?"

"Alas!" said the missionary, "I must; my brothers at home will not sustain me."

"But are they not rich?" asked the chief.

"Yes, rich; some of them very rich."

"Do they know about these good things you tell us of?"

"Yes!"

"And they will not let us poor heathen know about them too?"

The missionary drew from his pocket a letter and read:

"Sad as the alternative is, there is no avoiding it. You must return at once. The burthen is too great for the Church to sustain. One of the richest men in the neighbourhood gives only SIXPENCE A WEEK!"

Mr. Simer heard a confused, indistinct noise apparently at a distance. By degrees it waxed louder and louder. There was thundering, there was shouting, there was shrieking, there was laughing, there was cursing, there was the sound of the tramp of innumerable feet—louder, nearer, more hideous, until it became deafening. But Mr. Simer saw nothing. All was dark as Egypt. A flash of lightning followed by a terrific clap of thunder, revealed for an instant a vast assemblage of hideous objects of every conceivable form and feature. Suddenly, he saw in a black cloud above him, in letters of vivid light, his own name—SIMER. Slowly they moved, and changing their places he read REMIS. Then again they turned anew, and a most terrific shriek rent the air as he read MISER. It was followed by an appalling silence, and the letters again slowly moved and formed themselves in the word, MISER. It would seem as though the infernal world had broken loose. A most unearthly shout arose, and the successive flashes of lightning, which seemed to be in fact but one continued blaze, revealed haggard men and woman and children, frantic with fury, and hideous things, having but a slight resemblance to anything human—things with tusks—things with claws—things with serpents' heads and elephants' bodies and dragons' wings,—and on, on they rushed, and, like a pack of hungry wolves, stood in a circle round Mr. Simer.

"These the man with a hope!" shouted a trumpet-like voice. "Give us your hope."

"He would not send us the Gospel!" rose from a thousand voices.

"And we are lost!" they bellowed.

"Lost! Lost! Lost!" shrieked the multitude.

"SIXPENCE A WEEK!" was yelled in wild confusion. "SIXPENCE A WEEK!" and the tumultuous host rushed upon Mr. Simer, pulling him, beating, bruising, with merciless fury, shouting incessantly,

"SIXPENCE A WEEK!"

"Mr. Simer awake."

"Pa!" shouted little Charley Simer, Jr., "you promised to give me sixpence a week, for learning the Catechism, and I want it now! I have been pulling you, and pushing and shaking you, to wake you up, this good while!"

Mr. Simer started up, rubbed his eyes, and looking round him in utter amazement, he saw his little rosy-cheeked boy standing before him repeating his demand most vociferously.

"Not now my dear," said Mr. Simer, "go back to your mother and I will be with you in a few moments. Leave me now my boy."

The child obeyed, and Mr. Simer was once more alone. Was it all a dream? He paced the room in silence. A new light opened upon him. His income was thousands of dollars. He was about to give to God sixpence a week—the same paltry sum he paid his little child for learning the Catechism. Mr. Simer pondered his dream. Mr. Simer knelt down and prayed. Mr. Simer rose

from his knees and changed his resolution. What Mr. Simer actually did give, I do not know; but from the large amount which annually thereafter poured into the Missionary treasury from the parish to which Mr. Simer belonged, I conclude that he must have given more than SIXPENCE A WEEK.

REKREFFUS.

HOW TO HAVE A REVIVAL.

1. Christians must sincerely desire it. They must meditate on the value of the soul, on the danger of the impenitent, and on the glory which a revival brings to God, till they see that a genuine revival of religion is one of the most desirable things in the world. The more members of the Church that see this the better. Unless there are some in the Church who can honestly say,—"My heart's desire and prayer to God is for a revival of true religion," a revival need not be expected.

2. Christians must have right motives in desiring a revival. Their motive must not be, that they may have to tell, "We have had a revival." They must have a higher motive than a wish to see their Church enlarged, or their denomination strengthened, or even their children converted.—They must desire a revival that God may be glorified, that Christ may "see the travail of his soul and be satisfied," that the machinations of Satan may be frustrated, and that immortal souls may be saved. Self must have little or nothing to do with their desires for a revival.

3. Christians must fix their minds on a revival, as a most desirable thing for the time being, that could occur. It must absorb their thoughts, and deeply interest their feelings. They must think about it when they lie down and when they rise up; when they go out and when they come in; at noon and at night. They must talk of it by the way and in the field; at the fireside and at the table; at morn and at eve. It must enter into their day-dreams and their night dreams. It must be the subject of all subjects, on which to think, and talk, and act, and pray.

4. The minister must aim at immediate conversions in all his labors. His eye should be fixed on this point when he prepares his sermons.—When he is working his discourses he should mix in a large quantity of fervent prayer, that God would make them the means of saving souls.—And when he is preaching he should look around on sinners with the expectation of seeing them weep, and of hearing them cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" There should be a holy yearning over lost sinners, and a breathing forth of silent ejaculations for their conversion, during the whole delivery of his sermons. If he does not look for the conversion of sinners while he is yet speaking, he betrays a want of confidence in "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."—What if the Lord should say to him, "According to your faith be it unto you," when would any sinners be converted under his labors? O, my brother, "have faith in God." Aim at an immediate effect. Be disappointed and grieved if you see no immediate fruits of your labour.

5. The minister must follow up his public efforts by affectionate labours with individual sinners. If he can speak a word or two in the private ear of the unconverted, while they are leaving the place of worship, it may do as much good as his whole sermon. Sinners like to be noticed, and will remember what is said to them personally. But the minister should visit the impenitent at their homes, or in their shops, and, if possible, talk with them alone. There will be much more likely to listen respectfully, and be deeply anxious about their salvation, they will be likely to be either angry or silent, if conversed with personally in the presence of their associates.

6. The people of God must abstain from all lightness in conversation, in appearance, and in conduct. Jest and laughter, in a professor of religion, are like an iceberg to a serious soul; they chill the warm affections, and tend to dissipate all thoughtfulness. I have been sometimes deeply pained to see ministers and christians, conversing together after a solemn meeting, and perhaps, before the congregation has dispersed with apparent lightness, and with their faces drawn up into a laughing position. Whatever was the subject of conversation, it had the appearance of evil.—Christians should always bear in mind that they are "gazing stocks" for the world to look at, and they should be very careful that there is nothing in their looks which can do evil. I once knew a young professor of religion who, in conversation with an inquiring sinner, made a jovial remark, which caused the other to laugh. That laugh had an injurious if not fatal influence on his soul. He at once said to the professor of religion, "I have grieved the Holy Spirit." From that time his impressions wore away. Though he lived a quarter of a century after that circumstance, and was a respected and useful physician, and regular attendant on divine worship, he never professed religion, and, I believe, never indulged a hope in Christ.

7. Private Christians as well as ministers must labor with individuals, to try to arouse their attention to eternal realities, and to induce them to seek the Lord with all their hearts. They should have zeal, and their zeal should be according to knowledge. Some do more harm than good, by their mistimed, or harsh, or injudicious remarks. Christians should feel that "necessity is laid upon them" to do personal service for Christ, and they should make it a subject of much study and prayer, that they may do it in a right manner. If our neighbors are meditating suicide, shall we not study how we may dissuade them from it? So, when they are labouring under a moral infatuation, shall

we not cry to them, "Do yourselves no harm?" Every Christian should be a preacher—such a preacher as the woman of Samaria—if they wish for a revival.

8. Christians must be punctual in their attendance on religious meetings. This is necessary, that they keep up with the seriousness, and that their example may induce others to be regular in coming. If they are absent from any meeting, their absence may discourage the minister and brethren, and may thus be the first death-blow to the revival. Let them be sure to be there, and be there in season, and to come praying.

9. Those Christians who are called on to take a part in the religious exercises of the meetings must do it, without any excuse, and do it according to the ability which they possess. It has a very injurious effect on a revival for any professor of religion to excuse himself, when invited to take a part. If he is well enough to come to meeting, he is well enough to offer a short prayer or to make a few remarks. And as to his ability to do these to edification, he must allow the brother who leads the meeting to judge.

10. If discipline has been greatly neglected in the church, and there are members guilty of scandalous offences, all efforts of a revival will be likely to fail of producing it, unless these stumbling-blocks be first taken out of the way. God loves order, and if the Church wants His blessing it must go to work with clean hands. As painful as it is to amputate a limb, the health of the body may demand it. One Achan may cause defeat to a whole army. If you would have the smiles of God, and the reviving influences of His Spirit, you must not suffer the accursed thing to remain in the church.

Now, Christian brethren, if you will follow the above directions for two months, and do not enjoy a revival of religion of the old stamp, you may tell me and the public that I am no prophet.—E. H., an Independent.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

The following account is given by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, as having been related by a minister in a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war, passing by, discovered the plank and child; a sailor at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea, and brought him on board. He could inform the little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of—(presenting him with a Bible, bearing the stamp of the British and foreign Bible Society.) It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion; and has been a great comfort to me. Read it and it will lead you in the way you should go. He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needed food!

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man, his father dying a penitent under his care! and, judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that the same young stranger was his son—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he had immediately perished! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing this story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the chairman, and said, "Sir, I am little Jack."

DO YOU PRAY?

David did. His circumstances indeed, were unfavorable. A crown was upon his head. The cares of a kingdom pressed him. He might have said—"I have no time." But he prayed. He prayed much. It was one of his most influential habits. What proofs and illustrations abound in those wonderful compositions, the Psalms. How touching, earnest, sublime often, were his cries unto God. How have his spiritual exercises been an incitement and pattern of devotion in every succeeding age.

Daniel did. He was indeed a statesman and courtier. He lived in the midst of idolaters. To them his religion was offensive. The king bade him not to pray unto Jehovah. If he did, it was at mortal peril. The great men of Babylon conspired to make this very thing the means of his ruin. Still he prayed. He did it, not ostentatiously, but without concealment. His religious principle was stronger than his fear of men. "Three times a day he kneeled and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as a wont."