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E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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Redeeming the Time.

Redeeming the time! This is a very short text, but it is a very important one; and I want you to feel its force, and then to give to those around you a practical illustration of it. At the commencement of any fresh period of time it is an excellent plan to make good resolutions for the future, but it is a better still to keep them when they are made. I should like you to do both.—And the resolve which I now earnestly desire that you should cherish, and by God's help accomplish, is that you will REDEEM THE TIME.

Look at the past. How much time you have spent in idleness, frittered away in useless occupations, and consumed in sinful practices and amusements! Recall the hours, days, weeks, months, of which, if obliged to give an account, you would have to write "wasted," "unimproved," "lost!" What, at the best, is the result of all the years that lie behind you, and are crouching after you to the judgment seat? Ah, who can look back without feeling self-condemned?

But how can the time be redeemed? Can you take from the grave the hour that is gone? Can you summon the moments that are past? In all else, you may put away to-day and recover to-morrow; but time once parted with, can never again be yours.

Is there, then, no redemption for the indulgence of childhood, for the extravagance of youth, for the self-indulgence of later years? The guilt, the curse? May be redeemed, but not the months and years. The blood of Christ can—do I say can—I trust that, for many of you, dear readers, I may say, has cleansed from all sin; and, therefore, from this sin, the sin of wasted and mispent time. But that wasted and mispent time will never be returned to you, that you may use it over again and use it rightfully.

What, then, do we mean by "redeeming the time?" Our time may be measured, not by its actual minutes, but by its results. Some men live to more purpose in ten than others do in twenty years. It is not age but advancement which matures the Christian. And may not the time yet remaining be so faithfully and diligently improved by us, that your quickened growth in grace, your rapid increase in all holy and Christian virtues, shall, as it were, make the future to redeem that which has travelled by. Not, indeed, to atone—for atonement is only of Christ—but to bring back lost joys; to enrich you with blessing which were long since offered to you; to place you nearer the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. You cannot compensate for one single trifling moment that in future by redeeming it from useless and unnecessary pursuits. You can alter those habits which have led to its misappropriation.

Now do you really wish to redeem the time? Strive, in the first place, to realize its value. The present life is the saving season for that which is to come. Each moment as it goes, drops its little seed into eternity, and presently springs up; it may be a plant of bitterness and remorse, or a beautiful flower of never-ending joy.—"Whoever a man sows that shall he also reap." Oh! could you carelessly fling away a moment, if in its little mirror, you saw the image of eternity?

Then, make a careful arrangement of your time. Map out every day—not so rigidly as to be in bondage, nor so loosely as to have no boundary line. Let each hour have its regular and appropriate occupation; much time as often wasted for want of method in its use.

Nor overlook the importance of a well-disciplined state of mind. You are not idle, perhaps, but you do things carelessly, half-heartedly, and are thus twice the time you ought to be in getting through them. There is a listless feeling pervading all your engagements; your thoughts constantly wander, your attention is perpetually attracted. Oh, what a sad hinderer is want of energy!

But it may be said that this state is sometimes the result of absence of health, and undoubtedly it often is; but while we should always be ready to allow this excuse for others, we should be very suspicious of the plea for ourselves. Try and brace up the energies of your mind; be earnest, be active; whatever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might.

You must practice self-denial. It is pleasant, perhaps, to sit by the fire-side and read an interesting book, then to turn to some dry business study, or walk out in the cold to visit a sick person; but "duty first and pleasure afterwards" must be your motto. You must be willing to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; to keep under your body, and bring it into subjection; to mortify the flesh, with the lusts thereof. Think of the greater progress you would have made in the ways of God; of the higher attainments you would have reached in Christian experience during the past year, had you not yielded to so much physical self-indulgence. Count the hours allotted to sleep. Are they not more than is useful, more, even, than is healthful? Could you not, to redeem some of them? The celebrated Dr. Doddridge mentions in his "Family Exposition," that to his habit of early rising the world is indebted for nearly the whole of its works. A student, who had pushed his examination at the Divinity Hall, called upon the late Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, for the purpose of submitting his certificate,

and of obtaining the doctor's signature. The young student was directed to call for it on the morrow. "At what time?" "Any hour after six o'clock in the morning." The student resolved to take the doctor at his word.—The morning had scarcely dawned ere he beat his steps towards Melville-street, the place of his residence, and as soon as the clock had struck six he rang the bell and inquired if he could speak to Dr. Thomson. The servant directed him to enter, and, upon the door of the study being opened, the doctor was seen seated at his writing desk; and on being applied to for the certificate, took it off the table and presented it to its owner. It had been previously examined and signed. "Well," said the student to himself, "this is a sermon to me on redeeming the time."

Then look, dear reader, at the time you spend in dress, in meals, in empty amusements, in light conversation; might not some of these precious moments be easily redeemed and turned to better account? "A penny saved," says the old proverb, "is a penny gained;" and so every minute saved from self gratification is a minute gained for God's glory.

And do you want motives that shall stimulate you to redeem the time? Think of eternity; of its nearness. "The night cometh in which no man can work." Think of the solemn account which you will have to give, at the judgment-seat, of the precious time which has been committed to your charge. A native evangelist in China often put this question to himself—"What shall I say to Jesus when I see Him as He is, if I waste his time and neglect his work now?" But think especially of Christ's redemption. When he redeemed you with his own blood, that redemption reached to all that you are and have; all your joys, all your sorrows, all your talents, all your opportunities, all your time. Oh, let his love constrain you to live, not unto yourselves, but unto Him who died for you, and rose again! Let the time which He has redeemed for you be henceforth redeemed by you for his service.

Satire on Choir Singing.—The Black-Birds and the Frogs.

A MUSICAL PARABLE.

In a meadow which lay near an extensive marsh, dwelt a colony of black-birds, who, when evening came, were wont to meet together amongst the thick foliage of an old elm tree which stood at the verge of the morass. They were a happy colony, and after they had finished their daily toil, long and loud were the songs they sent forth from the old tree, gladdening the very air with the harmony of their voices, and rendering the solitude of the meadow joyous with their sweet songs. They all sang, each one swelling his little throat, and pouring forth his rich tones as if in ecstasy, and thus for season after season they had lived and sung in perfect harmony and happiness. One day, however, a member of this colony, (Primy he was called by his companions, because he grided himself in his personal appearance, and thought that of all black-birds his plumage was the blackest and most glossy,) chanced to visit a little pool of water at the edge of the swamp, for the purpose of quenching his thirst, and washing and arranging his feathers, when he was addressed by a gentle-looking individual whom he recognized after a moment's gaze, as John Frog, a worthy inhabitant of the marsh, and a very good singer. Johnny Frog was a polite and self-conceited little fellow, and was proud of his accomplishments, (he was an excellent dancer as well as a singer,) that he never could cease talking about them.

"Good evening, Mr. Primy," said Johnny as he advanced with a graceful hop towards the black-bird.

I have sought an opportunity of seeing you or one of your colony. How is your family? Primy replied to this salutation with a respectful bow, for he regarded the varied accomplishments of John Frog with the highest veneration, and having assured him that Mrs. Primy was as well as could be expected, and that three little Primys had already piped their shells, inquired with some earnestness, why Johnny had been so anxious to see him. "Why you see," said Johnny, "I have three friends, all good singers, as you know, as well as myself, who, being out of employment, are desirous of knowing whether engagements might be made with your colony, in which our talents might be called into service. To speak plainly, we have observed that you black-birds have as much as you can do to provide for your families; (thank goodness all my little polywogs can take care of themselves,) and we have thought we might be useful to you in the capacity of singers. After your day's toil you must indeed be weary and out of breath, and as it seems necessary that you should have music, why not procure the service of such as have nothing else to attend to? My three friends and myself form a quartette, who can produce music far superior to anything you have ever heard. We have practised until we have become perfect in our knowledge of each other's voices and style of singing, and able to execute the most intricate passages of harmony, without a single error. Thus, we can give you the best music without any exertion on your part, and having nothing else to do, we can study and improve ourselves until we shall be perfect in our own art. This, interrupted by your various engagements,

you can never be able to attain. What do you think of my plan?"

Primy was struck with the brilliancy of the idea, and he felt flattered and proud at the thought that Master Frog had selected him as his confidante in this matter; he did not think for a moment that accident alone had brought about the meeting.

"Master Frog," said he, with great dignity, "I am rejoiced that you have chosen me as your councillor. I have, I say it without vanity, great influence amongst my comrades and I am so favourably impressed with your plan that I shall lose no time in communicating with my fellows. You may expect a favourable answer to-morrow evening."

The frog placing his hand on his heart, bowed low, and turning, plunged into the pool to inform his friends of his success.

Primy hastened to the tree. The whole colony were singing loudly, but mounting an elevated branch, Primy screamed Silence! at the top of his lungs, and at length succeeded in gaining a hearing. He set forth in eloquent words the advantages of John Frog's plan, and finally won the support of the younger members of the community, who were led away by the novelty of the proposal, and clamorously demanded that it should be adopted, and the Messrs. Frogs immediately engaged. The older birds shook their heads at first; they loved singing for singing's sake; they saw that if the Frogs were employed it was expected that they should do all the singing, while the birds should remain silent. They consented finally, however, to the arrangement, and Primy was authorized to engage the foreigners.

The next evening Johnny Frog and his three friends were promptly at their appointed place. Primy soon made his appearance, the arrangements were satisfactorily adjusted, and Primy with the quartette returned to the tree. The Frogs were assisted to their places, and immediately commenced operations. This was the burden of their song:

"Chunk, chunk, tah, plum, plum,
Chunk, too, tar, ree,
Plunk, plunk, sub, clam, clam,
Chunk, too, tah, tee."

The black-birds listened in silence. The young ones applauded vigorously at the close of each stanza; but the old ones looked wise, and contrasted

"Chunk, chunk, tah, plum, plum," with the musical sound of their own familiar voices. Every evening the Frogs were at their station, singing their songs for the black-birds, who, as on the first occasion, listened with silence. But there was something wanting in their usual evening gatherings, which even the younger members of the community discovered. There was not that joyous animation and cheerfulness which had characterized their social hours before the introduction of the foreign quartette. All felt keenly the desire to sing, and it must be confessed that during the day when absent on their usual avocations, many of the young as well as the old indulged in their old songs, and could not help regretting that they were unable to unite their voices with their comrades as of old; but they dare not sing in the presence of the frog quartette. They were not familiar with the music, and not wishing to make discord, they told their peace and listened to strains they did not understand.

This feeling spread throughout the colony, until at length there was not a cheerful-looking black-bird to be found. Even Primy seemed down-hearted, and frequently allowed his feathers to be ruffled. From a happy assemblage their evening meetings became dreary, silent and mournful, and rendered even less endurable by the "Plunk, plunk, sub, clam, clam," of the frogs, who, thinking only of the dignity of their own position, were entirely regardless of the feelings of others. At length the old birds resolved on a change. They had seen the folly of the matter before, and they hoped that now the young birds had also become weary of the monotony of their present life. They spoke to the young ones on this subject, and were rejoiced to learn that shame only had prevented them from requesting the quartette to be removed. Master Johnny and his friends, after this, were no longer in the ascendant. They were requested politely to change their tunes to the old familiar ones of the black-birds, so that all might join in the singing. They indignantly refused, and the result was that they were dismissed by the black-birds, and returned to their own pool and polywogs, to sing and live as they saw fit, while our friends, the birds, once more united in "congregational singing," and once more were cheerful, happy, and free. They never again engaged a "quartette" to do their singing; but henceforth, as sensible black-birds, sang their own songs, and enjoyed their own music.—Musical Review.

Thoughts for the close of the Year.

Opportunity is the flower of time. The ancients painted it as an old man, bald-headed, but with a lock of hair in front—implying that the present moment should be seized as it passes, and diligently improved. Standing lately in the hall of the London Post Office, near the hour of the despatch box closing, we watched with interest the loads of letters and papers which poured in. A crowd gathered around; faster and faster came the stream; every eye was fixed on the dial-plate, and as the last note of the clock striking rung across the lobby, the receiving box was closed with a loud crash that

echoed through the hall: a young man with a large bag full of letters, stepped out. He was a minute too late; the opportunity had gone, and his chagrined looks told the disappointment which he felt.

Too late! too late! Oh! if it be thus with the things of time, what must it be with the things of eternity? Look up, dear reader; see how fast run down the grains of time from the sand-glass of life. Few, perhaps, may remain. Flee, then, now to the Saviour; repent, and believe the gospel. Ah, what must it be to awake in another world, to find the gates of heaven closed, time over, the sand-glass run down, and the soul not saved?

"What would lost souls," says a writer of the seventeenth century, "give for a little of that time they had on earth? If the Lord, by divine and extraordinary dispensation, would but grant them but one month's time to come hither again, and to make a new trial, do you not think they would not prize the grant? Would they not esteem that little golden season of grace at a high and mighty rate? Would they not embrace every opportunity to flee to the Saviour, lay hold of heaven, and escape the unquenchable fire? Oh, yes! If you would tempt them, saying, Come spend this hour in sinful pleasure, would they not answer, Alas! I have but one month's time to live here in this world, and then we must either return to the regions of despair, or, if we improve our time well, ascend to heaven. Shall we trifle away this time of trial and season of grace in offending God? Shall we cast away our souls again to gratify you? Oh, God forbid! Avoid Satan; avoid all temptations!"

Welcome now all those messengers of Heaven that will bring us the glad tidings of the offers of Christ and his salvation. Let not one hour in the sandglass run down till we have fled for refuge to the Saviour, and cast ourselves in faith upon his righteousness and atoning sacrifice. Let each hour, then, be spent in doing good—in heartfelt prayer—meditation—in hearing God's word; but let not one be spent in sin. Thus would they prize and improve the time, because they know its worth by woeful experience. Oh! it is so precious, that all the earth, it turned into gold, could not buy one minute of it."

"Life is the season God has given,
To flee from hell and rise to heaven;
The day of grace fits fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay."

Praying for the Holy Ghost.

A few months ago I commenced preaching once in three weeks at a mining camp near Sonora. Among the congregation I noticed a young German who appeared to listen with deep attention. He was afterwards always present at my appointments, but after the dismissal of the congregation he went his way with the rest, and I had no opportunity to make his acquaintance.

A few days since he came to see me, and after making some inquiries about the doctrines and usages of the Methodist church, with a view of uniting with us, he related to me his religious experience, which I gave in his own words. It presents an interesting example of the awakening of a formalist, and the infallible leadings of the Holy Spirit, and the happy results of a docile obedience to his sacred and gracious movings. May every unconverted reader be visited by "the same spirit" yield a like obedience, and be similarly blest!

"I am," said he, "a German, a native of Prussia. I was brought up in the Lutheran faith. I was diligently instructed in the catechism and ceremonies of the church, and at fourteen according to the usage in Germany, I was confirmed, or, as we term it, received the blessing of the church. With this I was satisfied, considering that I had learned my religion, that I had joined the church, and that there was no occasion for further thought or anxiety on the subject. Thus I grew up to manhood in my native land. Six years ago, I emigrated to the United States, and two years ago, came to California. During all this time, I was quite satisfied with my spiritual condition, I believed the whole subject had been attended to by me in advance. The first time I heard you preach was the second religious service I had attended since my arrival in California. Soon after I commenced going to church I became dissatisfied with myself. I felt I needed something more, and I believed there was something more for me. But I did not know what it was. After a while it came into my mind, from reading the Bible and from the preaching I heard, that I needed the Holy Spirit. Then I prayed for the Holy Ghost. I prayed that God would send the Holy Spirit to instruct me and to show me what more I needed. I felt all the time that I needed something more. I felt this all the time, and keeping feeling it more and more, until the Spirit showed me that I needed Christ. Then I began to feel better. I loved to pray and there was such a sweetness in my soul. I was very happy. I felt satisfied now. I wanted nothing more. I thank God for the Holy Spirit which taught me the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. Oh! that every body would pray for the Holy Ghost and seek to be taught by it and be led by it to the Saviour!"

The above is the substance of what he said, but I cannot give his beaming, happy looks, his tearful eyes, and the earnest simplicity of his manner—all giving evidence that he was newly born of the Spirit, that the kingdom of God was set up in his heart in righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and giving unmistakable testimony to the truth and the power of the Gospel, wherever its truth is honestly received, and its power fairly tested.

Unconverted reader, this Spirit is the only Guide that can lead you in the way of life. Without it, you are a wanderer in darkness, ignorant of yourself and ignorant of God.—The Heavenly Guide is ready to conduct you to the Saviour you need, and to the salvation He died to purchase for you. He is ready now. Will you not now test His goodness? Will you incur the dreadful risk of "quenching" this Spirit, of driving you from this faithful Friend, thus severing the last link that connects you with the mercy of God?

And brethren, should we not constantly pray for the Holy Ghost, the invisible wind that bloweth where it listeth, but always carries light and life and health and happiness?—Chris. Guardian.

Recipe for Spiritual Health.

Both bodily and spiritual health are desirable. Both are exposed to injury from many causes. When the injury is not too deep and extensive, both may be recovered. What is the course to be pursued in order to secure spiritual health.

1. You must take exercise. You must walk daily in the vineyard of God's Church. You must work in the vineyard of God's Church. You must bathe in the fountain of redeeming blood. In a word, you must exercise all the graces of the Spirit.

2. You must pay attention to your diet. You must be careful about your food. Bread and water are sufficient; the bread of life and the waters of salvation. These satisfy and sanctify; they make healthy, and keep healthy. You must take sufficient. A little will keep you living, but much is necessary to health. This food you must take regularly, for regularity is important. You cannot prosper and be in health unless you live upon Christ, and live upon him every day.

3. A little medicine is necessary; in some cases a good deal. This is made up of the bitter herbs of disappointments, losses, crosses, temptations, bereavements, troubles, and trials of various sorts. The medicine is very unpleasant, but very profitable. Unless taken, and taken pretty freely, you will be laid up with idleness, carelessness, anxiety, pride, or selfishness. Your heavenly Father prepares this medicine. Divine Providence presents it. You must take it, and expect benefit from it.

4. You must keep your mind free from anxious trouble. In order to this you must live in peace with God; be content with your lot, and trust the promises.

There are some very good people who will not sustain this or that benevolent enterprise of the church, because they regard it as less important than some other. They will not do anything for foreign missions, because they think our own country should first be evangelized. Such Christians would do well to imitate the skillful mariner, whose ship the fierce winds are blowing on a lee-shore. He lets go all anchors. If the keel will not hold the best bower may. If both these fail the sheet-anchor may arrest the drifting vessel. If all of these alone will suffice they all together may save his life. So it is with the benevolent enterprises of our church. They are all needed. They brace and stay each other in the great work of arresting souls drifting to ruin, and anchoring them safe by the throne of God. Each may be instrumental in saving some who would be lost if it were wanting.

Sabbath Visitations.

Off he goes, five or six miles, to make a social or friendly visit; takes a horse, buggy and wife—perhaps his whole family; spends the Lords day in feasting and common chat instead of worshipping God in the Sanctuary, reading the Bible and giving religious instruction to his household. Can such a church-member expect to prosper? Will not God visit such professors by and by with the rod of justice?

Break the Lord's day you break every thing—dash the cup of salvation to atoms—set the world on fire, even the fires of hell.—Golden Rule.

EARTH IN THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.—When night is spread around us, the light of the candle seems bright and pleasant; but when the day has lit up the heaven and the earth, it dwindles so as hardly to be seen. Thus it is even with the more innocent pleasures of this world, to those whose eyes have been opened by faith to catch a fore-glimpse of the joys of heaven; while its vicious pleasures are clean put out, as the sun-line puts out a fire.—[Archdeacon Hare.

DEBILITARY STUDY.—When I see a man enamoured by the charms of universal knowledge, and flying from the pursuit of one science to another, I think I see a child gathering shells on the sea-shore. He first loads himself indiscriminately, with as many as he can carry; when tempted by others of a gayer appearance, he throws the former away; taking and rejecting, till, fatigued and bewildered in his choice, he has thrown all away, and returns home without a single shell.

Speaking of Spiritualism, from what I am able to see, there is much less of it here than

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

New York, Dec. 4, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—To-day, at the meeting of the Board of the American and Foreign Bible Society, there was a very interesting case brought before the Society in relation to the remnant of the American tribes known as the Six Nation, and the "presentation" was made by a native, the Rev. Mr. Cusick, who is pastor of a church among the Indians at Grand River, in Canada West. Mr. Cusick said that there are about 12,000 persons of these tribes yet surviving, including those both in Canada and the United States. Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptist have missions among them. The Baptists have, in Canada and the State of New York, about 500 communicants. To a large extent, these Baptist communicants have been members of other denominations, but Baptist principles found their way among them as it were spontaneously, thus without proselytism on the part of the whites. In some cases almost entire churches have left other denominations and joined Baptists, under the influence of native preachers alone, as in Catawagus, in this state was the case of the Presbyterian church. If Mr. Cusick was distinctly understood by the writer, the 500 Baptist communicants are formed into an association which is principally under the care of three pastors, Mr. Cusick and two others. There are others who preach, but, perhaps, not ordained ministers.

All these people, save two or three hundred, still speak their native language, the Mohawk, that is the Baptist portion. They read the Scriptures in that language, what they read at all, only the New Testament having as yet been translated, and that without 2nd Corinthians. That version published many years ago, I believe, in London. What seemed quite surprising is the fact that this version translates the word which designates baptism by the term "sprinkle" and yet that Baptist sentiments have such a rapid progress among them. Of course the preachers now explain this as a mis-translation. It seems that this version is about out of print, and Mr. Cusick pressed upon the Board the great importance of a new supply of Scriptures in the Mohawk, and gave it as his opinion that this version ought to be revised and printed by the Society. The Board has the matter under consideration, and will probably devise some mode of furnishing the people with the word of life.

Under the labors of the colporters of this Society, there are over one hundred conversions reported during the last month. It is to be regretted the state of the treasury will not permit appointments of any more colporters for the present year. It is to be hoped that Christian liberality will soon change this state of things.

Rev. E. L. Magoon, D. D., author of a number of good works, has a new work out from the press of Harper & Brothers, by the title of the "Westward Empire." The work which is one of ability has, for its object, to trace the progress of civilization. In this work the author maintains that the poet's saying, "Westward the star of emigration takes its way," is far from a positive fiction. "By a natural movement," says he, "in not one of the great elements has civilization gone eastward an inch since authentic history began. If we are to inquire as to the area and agency of the chief progression in this domain of human history, it will be found that Japhet has been the constant leader, Europe the intermediate track, and America the manifest goal."

According to this author the great epochs are thus distinctly marked. The age of pericyles terminated four centuries before, and that of Augustus five centuries after, the birth of Christ. The age of Leo X. began the fifth century, with the fall of the Western Empire, and ended in the sixteenth, soon after the final downfall of the East. The seventeenth century was the great era of Colonial empire, and then began the age of Washington. It is not man but God who has thrown these clear lines of demarcation over the entire mass of humanity, as innumerable dates, names, and events, alluded to in the following work will show. This perhaps will suffice to state in brief the aim and scope of the work. So far as I have read, it is executed with ability and industrious skill.

Last week Mr. Fairbanks, a fine young man, an inventor, and engaged in an agency connected with Patent Rights, committed suicide. Some two years ago when Mr. F. first came to the city I became acquainted with him and was much interested in him. During the last year, though brought up a Methodist, he has been drawn into spiritualism, which is the entire stock in trade with a great number of persons in this city. The result was a kind of monomania, which resulted as above. Early one morning he dashed himself from the fifth story of the house in which he boarded upon the side-walk, his brains flying and blood as he struck, over quite an area. It is known from letters that he left, that he came to his death intentionally. It is mournful to think to what a sad fate multitudes are led astray by the immeasurable devices Satan presents to the unwary in such a city as this.

Speaking of Spiritualism, from what I am able to see, there is much less of it here than