

Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

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WHOLE NO. 136

Miscellany.

Your Position.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.

Reader, you are standing on the margin of the grave. The seeds of death are sown in your constitution. In a few short days they will spring up, and then, as the ivy sometimes kills the oak, so they will bring you to the tomb. You are never safe. Allow me, therefore, affectionately, to ask: Are you prepared to exchange worlds? If death was to come, would it be a friend or a foe—would you hail it or dread it? This depends on the state of the heart. If you are a new creature—if you are united with Jesus—if you enjoy the witness of the Holy Spirit in your heart—then you will look at dissolution as a covenant blessing, and understand what the apostle meant when he said: "Death is yours."

You stand in full sight of eternity. It is not before you. You may be introduced to it at any moment. Many are entering it while they write—while you read these lines. What will eternity be to you? Will it be an unchangeable state of light, life, peace, joy, and everlasting pleasure? or will it be a state of darkness, death, sorrow, agony, and inconceivable torment? One of these it must be—which will it be? If you live in sin, you are under condemnation; and if you die under condemnation, you must be cast into hell. Let me beseech you, therefore, to examine into your real state in the sight of God. Examine yourself by God's Word. Ask, "Do I experimentally know what is meant by being born again?"—by passing from death unto life—"by being justified by faith"—by walking with God—"by praying in the spirit"—and by being made meet to be partaker of the saints in light? All true believers know something of these things; all who go to heaven experience them. If, therefore, you do not know them—if you have not experienced them—you are "yet in your sins," you are "condemned already," and "the wrath of God abideth in you."

You stand very near to the great white throne; and you will very soon have to stand exactly before it, and there be judged according to the deeds done in the body. The day is fixed; the Lord has prepared His throne, and Jesus is appointed to sit in it, and judge the world in righteousness—that Jesus, whom perhaps you have rejected, whose gospel you have slighted, and whose salvation you have neglected. You face Him and account for your conduct. How can you do it? How will you feel when compelled to go and appear before Him? How? I entreat you to flee to the throne of grace now, that you may obtain mercy. On your knees before God, confess your sins, beseech your wickedness, plead for pardon, seek right earnestly for salvation; nor cease or rest until you realize that you are fully acquitted of every charge, and are saved in the Lord, with an everlasting salvation. Seek Jesus, until you find Him formed in your heart, the hope of glory—blessed work of it. Rest not short of eternity. The grave will soon open before you; the great white throne will soon be seen by you; and then it will be too late for mercy, or seek salvation.

Believer, you are standing on the rock of ages. Having fled to Jesus for refuge from the storm—having received Jesus as God's salvation—having built on Jesus as God's foundation—imitating Jesus as God's living law—you are safe. The rock on which you stand is above the floods; the refuge in which you are hidden is out of the reach of danger. Being safe you should be happy. Happy, because you are in the temple of the Holy Ghost. Happy, because God is thy Father, and Heaven thy eternal home. Happy for all things are yours, you are Christ's and Christ is God's.

Believer, you are standing in God's righteousness in the field of labor; and thy God, who has conferred on many blessings upon you, who has done so much for you, says: "Son, go work to-day." There are weeds to pluck up, even errors, evil customs, and ungodly habits. There are plants to water, even weak, feeble and timid souls. There are spots to be plucked by those who are with you. There is something for thee to do to-day and every day. Something that will bless God, bring satisfaction to thy soul, benefit this poor miserable world, and add to the strength, beauty, and increase of God's church. While, therefore, you rejoice in your privileges, while you triumph in your safety—while you should do—see to it that you labor, and labor laboriously, to promote God's cause, and instrumentally to save souls from death.

Let the love of Jesus constrain thee—let the example of Jesus excite thee—let the misery of sinners induce thee—let the command of God compel thee to work to-day. To-day, while you have the light; to-day, while you have the power; to-day, while you have the opportunity; to-day, while God promises to crown thy efforts with success; to-day, work for God. If you work for God you will work with God; and if you work with God you will become increasingly acquainted with God; and as you become more and more acquainted with God, your happiness, your holiness, your labors will increase. O the honor of being able to say, "We are laboring together with God!" O the happiness of being instrumental in saving "a soul from death!"

Lord, stir up thy people to rejoice in thee, and to work for thee. Lord, stir up my soul, that I may seize every opportunity to work for thee, employ every means to bring souls to thee, and consecrate every moment to thy service and praise! O to feel my standing on Christ and in Christ! O to perceive my position in the midst of a field which God wishes to have cultivated, and requires me to help to cultivate. O to hear the Lord's word sounding in my ears day by day. "Sox go work TO-DAY!" O to feel my heart going forth cheerfully and regularly to work for God in my day and generation. Brethren, the day is short, the times are perilous, souls are perishing. Satan has great power, error is industriously circulated, truth is God's instrument, and the salvation of souls should be our grand object. Let us fix the eye on it, daily aim at it, our give ourselves one moment's rest, but as we employ all our powers to secure it.—British Messenger.

No Fireside Drams.

It is no uncommon thing to hear people say: "If you lessen the number of public houses you will increase private drinking;" now this is not an argument, it is a prediction—a prophecy. As such, I do not believe it, having no faith in the prophetic character of, or in the oracular verity of those who utter it. It is a statement with a condition annexed—an assertion without proof. To fulfil the prophecy, or prove the assertion, you must first diminish the number of public-houses. Then you will see whether the prediction be true or no. Till you do so, your conditional unproved assertion must go for nothing. It is a fallacious utility.

What are your distilleries and your public-houses? Why, they are the reservoirs, the cisterns from which private houses are supplied with the "water of death." If you shut up the common wells, will there be more water consumed in families? If public vice is discouraged, will private iniquity abound in consequence? If public temptations be removed, will private transgressions be thereby multiplied? Put your prediction to the test, your assertion to the proof, that is, lessen the number of public-houses. Let them be few; the fewer the better. Let them be far between; the farther separate the more conclusive the proof. Remove temptation to the greatest distance possible. Cut off the supplies to the utmost of your power, so that your sinners, who think that they cannot live without strong drink, must needs go on a long and dreary pilgrimage before they reach their idol's temple, and there draw life from the fountain of death. The greater the distance, the longer time to go and come; the less the temptation to go at all, the fewer pilgrims to the shrine of Bacchus—and thus the lessening of the number of public-houses, so far from being the means of increasing private drinking, will be the means of preventing, or abating it altogether. So reason sails down, clenches, and rivets this base counterfeit of an argument, vended first by those who forged it for their own ends, and circulated by simpletons, whose ignorance cannot detect this vile imitation of the honest currency of common sense.

He is a heartless man who does not pity you, poor mortals, who are the victims of "vested interests"—the interests of men, whose gain it is to offer up you, your wives and families, as a living sacrifice upon the altar of sin—so ruin you, soul and body, for this world and for the next. A dreadful state of things it is, when the poor, even while alive, are "eaten up with worms," and made a prey, so everlasting prey, to length, for that worm has no death too. These are the men who are patrones, and whom ye enrich to your own destruction. They drag you, dose you with slow poison, making drunken husbands of you, drunken wives, drunken sons and daughters, and to them are ye indebted for the introduction of the "Evil Disol" into your dwellings. Yet not altogether; they are their partners in iniquity. Both share in the sin, but one gets the profits. An ugly conspiracy, which I call gain on the one side, and all loss on the other. Private drinking! Thank them for it in part, and in bitter, self-condemning may, thank your own folly for your miseries. And as traffic is that same traffic in strong drink. It first makes drunkards of you, and then, with the sentimentality of an ascetic, it expresses a tender concern for the purity and sobriety of your families. The traffickers will not lessen the number of public-houses lest they increase private drinking! Bah!

Ye matrons and maidens of this poor drunken land, who have still some remains of sobriety, some regard for decency, some love of virtue, some fear of God before your eyes I pray you to bestir yourselves in behalf of domestic temperance. Banish the bottle and its contents from your households. Unite. Band yourselves together. By the blessing of God on you union, you might do much to mend matters. Prayer, backed by earnest, persevering endeavor, might work wonders. Let no friend, however friendly, tempt you to touch, taste, or handle the accursed thing. Be kind, be hospitable, according to your small means, but at no before your visitors at any time, the elements of brain fever and insanity. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." To all of you who are members of the church of Christ, who love truth, peace, purity and happiness, as members of your house, I say, "Go ye, set your houses and your faces against sin in private drinking—this indulgence in strong liquor, which is pushing the children of labor down

to poverty, misery, rags, nakedness, crime, and death. Away with the bottle and its contents, at any cost. The loss thereof will be profitable, both to soul and body. In doing so, you will cast out one devil, and that a strong one, who trails after him a legion of fiends, who when they enter a poor man's house, make it a hell upon earth, a den of devils. Out with the master fiend, and his train will follow. Out with the bottle, and out with the fiery flying serpent, and pray that "He who was lifted up," may enter in to cleanse, to sweeten, to purge, to sanctify your souls, your households, and then will they become the habitations of love and peace. Hold no parley with the enemy, I beseech you—no idle senseless conference. Trust him not, for he is a deceiver—put no confidence in him, for he is a cheat—believe him not, for he is a liar—entertain him not, for he is a murderer. Neither be ye tempted, when he wears an angel's face, and smilingly says, "Just a little drop, it will warm you, comfort you, cheer your poor heart, do you good—only half a glass, no more." Turn the foul fiend out of doors; bundle him down stairs instantly. Bar you door against him for ever and aye, and pray humbly, earnestly, fervently, solemnly, "Lord, lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

To you dark-souled and desolate women, who hazard everything for strong drink, who practise all manner of shifts, put on all sorts of shapes and guises that ye may get it, who smuggle in the "fire water" when your husband's back is turned, who make your starved and naked little ones the agents of your iniquity—who train them up to deception, to lying, perhaps to theft—who rob your houses till they are as bleak and desolate as poverty can make them—who make the pawnbroker your providence, and his shop your exchequer—who owe everybody, and pay nobody—who strip yourselves to the last rag of misery—who stagger on from bad to worse, till all your virtue is buried in the dunghill, and ye have made yourselves the loathsome tenants of every living vice—what shall I say? what shall I say to you? What can I say? All I can say is, repent and believe, or run on as ye are running, and be lost forever. "God be merciful to you, for ye are sinners."

O that the Spirit of life would wake you from your drunken dream!—O that the way were opened for reason to return!—O that conscience were alive that it might plead with trumpet voice!—O that the lash of repentance were laid on the back of your naked souls, that ye might weep and howl for the ruin ye have wrought!—O that your old hard heart were renewed, and made as tender as the heart of pity!—O that your dark souls were enlightened with light from the Sun of righteousness!—O that your wandering weary feet, were turned to the "narrow way," that leadeth to everlasting life." And let all the drunkards of Ephraim say, Amen!—British Messenger.

The Syrian Lady.

BY ELIJAH GEORGE SAUNDERS, OF MOUNT LIBANON.

Encouragement to Believing Wives.

A Syrian lady was married to a Greek Catholic, of Mount Lebanon, Palestine, and she was the only woman in the village who could read. When she left her father's house, she took her Bible with her.

As soon as she became well acquainted with her husband and his family (who all live in the same house in my country), she began to read her Bible, and explain it to them. She told them that worshipping pictures was contrary to the Word of God, and that confessing to the priest was also sinful.

When her husband heard her speak in this way, he was very angry, and he told her that he would give her twelve months to change her opinion; but he resolved in his own mind to poison her if she remained steadfast.

The Lord strengthened her to persevere. She still read and explained the Word of God, and in course of time the Holy Spirit opened her husband's heart. He listened to what she said, and began to think it might be true.

He still, however, worshipped in the Greek Church; but one Sabbath, while he was adoring a picture of St. George and the Dragon, he observed a hole in it, and when he saw it, he thought it was very foolish to worship a god with a hole in it. He wished to examine it, and remained till all the people had left the church. When he looked behind it, and saw it dirty and covered with dust, he could no longer look upon it as a god, but said, "I will not come again to this church," and went home very sorry.

From this time he showed more kindness to his wife, and now he liked her to read the Bible to him. His brother, too, joined with him, and left the false religion. The house became divided—three against three—the father, mother, and sister on one side, the two brothers and the wife of one of them on the other.

Now Satan began to try their faith. The father said to the youngest son, "If you join me, and go to my church, I will leave you all that I possess." The answer was, "Father, leave your property to whom you please; I must look to the world to come."

When the father was again disappointed, he thought he would sell his property, give his money to strangers, and leave his family to work for their bread.

One Sabbath the man came to me in great distress, and told me all that had happened. "It is hard," he said, "that we must give up all we have if we follow Christ; to follow our father's way we know to be very wrong." I answered, "Friend be not concerned; God takes care of his birds, He feeds them; will He not feed you? and whoever will not leave father, mother, houses, and lands for Christ's sake, is not worthy of Him." If we pray for your father, and have patience, he will become a better man.

After I had been four months from home, I heard that prayer had been answered, that the Lord had touched the father's heart, that he saw the truth, read the word of God, and opened his house every Sabbath to a preacher of the gospel.

The Syrian lady's troubles were now over; she saw the reward of her faith and patient courage, and could praise God for His mercy in making the whole family—father, mother, sister, and brothers—to join with her in loving and serving the Lord Jesus according to the truth; and through their influence and example, many others are now seeking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward.

Let wives who have unbelieving husbands take courage, from this interesting narrative, to persevere in prayer and effort for their conversion. Confess the Lord Jesus with all humility in your households. Be bold for Him and His Word, and in its own time He will not fail to own your faithful testimony. In this family the "little leaven" soon leavened "the whole lump," and she "rejoiced believing in God with all her house." Is my reader the only converted member of a family—the only believer in Jesus in his home? Be not discouraged, but pray and labour in faith and love for the conversion of the entire family, and the Lord will "grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel."

The Sunday School Society for Ireland.

This Society commenced when education was much less general among the poor than now, when, in fact, if not educated in the schools, children were not educated at all; and when multitudes of Roman Catholics, in spite of the priests, sent their children, and tolerated the religion for the sake of the education; not a few, notwithstanding, from year to year, of the children, had the religious instruction blessed to themselves first, and were made blessings to their parents afterwards. Now the Roman Catholics have their own "Christian Brothers" schools, and "Ragged Schools;" and the Sunday Schools are at liberty, instead of teaching spelling and reading—which formerly they must do in order to Scriptural instruction—to devote the sacred hours to instruction from the Word of God. And it is gratifying to know, that of the 318,000 children in the schools of the Society, a considerable number are Roman Catholics. As Sunday Schools are much the same everywhere, I shall not go into details as to the machinery or statistics, or the benefits; but glean a few facts or thoughts adduced at the meeting—held on the 9th inst., in the Rotundo, the Earl of Roden presiding—himself a Sunday school teacher, at the age of seventy-two.

Mr. D'Arcy, of Clifton, Galway, mentioned that in July last he had the privilege of attending the dying bed of an old man, nearly seventy, who professed his confidence in the Lord Jesus as his support and consolation in his last hours, so that his Roman Catholic neighbors wondered. "Why (said he) did he do this?" The Lord Jesus shed his blood for me. He invited me to wash and be clean. I look him at his word; I washed and am cleansed from all sin. He bid me come and live. I went. He quickened me. Now he bids me trust him. I do. Will he deceive me?" They wondered still more; and went away musing. This man was sixty years of age before he knew a letter. He learned to read, and received the knowledge of Christ at the same time, in the Sunday school. And from that time he was to be seen, from day to day, sitting at his own house door, reading a New Testament with large print, literally devouring its promises, as if exemplifying what is said, "Thy word was found; and I did eat it. And it was the joy and rejoicing of my heart." And there was such a meekness in his demeanor, and a resignation in his countenance, that he was truly "a wonder unto many."

Well might another of the speakers, Mr. Brooker, of Kingston, say, that if an angel were to visit our planet, not the eloquent discussions of Parliament, or the elaborate arguments in courts of law—not the wondrous ingenuity of our manufactures, nor the still more wondrous experiments of scientific institutions, would interest and attract him so much as the Sunday schools with their repetitions of the words of Christ, and their hymns to his honor and praise.

In this point of view, it is interesting to think of the number of Sunday school teachers, collected on any given Sabbath. In England, according to the last census, 2,713, 365 of the former; 237,262 of the latter. Add to these the before-recorded number from Ireland; then Scotland; America; the Colonies; and all places where evangelical

Protestantism has a footing, and where all Protestant missions exist. What a glorious number of Bible students and Bible instructors! And if the heart sickens at the thought of the countless multitudes—born in sin, living in sin, dying in sin—dying ignorant of the Bible, and the salvation from sin which it reveals—another thought arises, that these are the heaven, destined ultimately to leave the whole.—[Cor. to N. Y. Observer.

Travels in the Land of Imagery—Miser Town.

Once in my travels through the land of imagery, I came upon a place called Miser Town. It was founded many years ago, by one Get-what-you-can, and his wife, Keep-all-you-get. Their first born son was Never-give, and they named their eldest daughter, Charity-begins-at-home. In process of time the inhabitants of the place grew numerous, but consisted entirely of the descendants and kindred of the first founder, or those of like spirit. At first there was some little trade in the town, but as all the inhabitants acted on the same plan of hoarding up all the money they could get, the wheels of business soon came to a perfect stand still, for no one would send his money forth to lubricate them. The merchants would not employ the carpenter, because he loved his money more than a new house. The farmer would not buy the merchant's goods, for then he must unlock his chest, which he never did, except to count his money, and lock it up again. The baker kept his money and his bread.

A physician once proposed to open a shop in this town, but the principal inhabitants immediately called a meeting, and passed unanimously the following resolution: Resolved, "That we had rather trust ourselves in the hands of death, than a doctor, because it is cheaper."

A minister also proposed to settle among them, and labour for their spiritual good; but was somewhat discouraged by a letter of inquiry addressed to him, by a committee appointed for that purpose. The following is a true copy of the letter:

"Rev. and Dear Sir.—(As the word dear always had a species of significance with the inhabitants of this place, it is doubtless to be understood in this connection)—Being unacquainted with the habits of ministers, as none have ever lived among us, we ask an answer to the following inquiries: 1. Do ministers eat? Have you money enough to pay for all you want? An affirmative answer to the last will supersede any reply to the first. If you can satisfy us on this last particular we shall patronize you; and if you can tell us how to make money, we will promise you a large congregation, at least once!"

"P.S.—Nothing to be said about covetousness, or 'the root of all evil,' as we are conscientiously opposed to having such things discussed in the pulpit."

One individual ventured to speak of a school, and another of subscribing for a cheap newspaper, but this excited so much opposition, that neither of the advocates of these respective measures ventured to show themselves in public for a number of days. The only publication which came to the post office, was a single copy of a counterfeit detector, for which a club of twenty of the principal business men was made up; but this was finally discontinued by the publisher, because he never got his pay.

As no one would pay out his money for anything, however necessary, the consequence was that trade entirely ceased, and property went to decay.

Hibernian Bible Society.

The Earl of Roden presided at the meeting of this Society, now in operation half a century. It has circulated two millions and a half of copies since its formation. Both funds and circulation increased last year; and it supplies the missionary and educational societies, as well as the military, and libitum. Besides the advantages of such a Society, in supplying the population with the Scriptures, and furnishing all other institutions with the means of carrying on their operations—in a country like Ireland it is valuable as exhibiting to the Roman Catholic population the essential utility of orthodox Protestants. A sum amounting to £2,000, has been contributed by persons who wished to testify in this way their thankfulness to God for having carried the Society to its jubilee year, increasing in prosperity and usefulness. This sum is expended in increasing the free circulation of the Scriptures. And Ireland requires it. Multitudes of the people know not and care not for the Bible. Therefore is our land still disgraced by deeds of barbarism that would disgrace savage nations.

The persons convicted at the Cavan Special Commission, for the murder of Miss Hinds in Autumn last, were proved to have been regularly hired to do the deed. A Mrs. Sara Kelly has just died with a similar fate, at Monte, in Westmeath. She, like Miss Hinds,

wanted to live among tenantry,—had lowered their rents, in the bad times,—was raising them to some, who, she thought, ought to pay more; was compelled to give notice to quit to some who refused to pay anything. She was shot down like Miss Hinds, in broad daylight, in the open field, in sight of multitudes, either conniving at the deed, or afraid to testify disapproval. Good laws may help to bring about a better state of things, and a firmer administration of them; but old Ireland will not be "as she ought to be," great, glorious and free, till the Bible finds its way to the house, and its truth to the hearts of the people.—[Cor. of N. Y. Observer.

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

New York, July 21, 1856.
MR. EDITOR.—Your last number, at least your last that has reached me, I looked at with more than ordinary interest for two reasons. One was the account of your General Conference, and the other, the reception you have given my dear friend Rev. O. R. Bachelor, and the dear cause he pleads. It seems to me when I read of the number of conversions reported at your Conference, you have abundant reason for gratitude. In many denominations numbering thousands, where you do hundreds they have not been cheered with such additions. What is all this machinery of organizations worth, if the great end sought be not accomplished—if, as it often is, it is forgotten. Your Home Mission organization, and your publishing operations, seem to have a vital force and to be very efficient for good in the service of God. Most devoutly do I pray they may retain the same vital and efficient force.

It is for this reason that I have watched with such solicitude the reception of brother Bachelor and Dula, and the cause represented by them. There is no such vitalizing and uniting force among the Freewill Baptists in the States as that of Foreign Missions. Our interest in this cause has given us more discipline than any other in making beneficent bestowments. Since we commenced our Foreign Mission Society, we have organized a Home Mission, and Education Societies, and in various ways laid out money to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. But for all these purposes there has nothing so much aided us as Foreign Mission operations. I am sure you will find similar favorable results arising among you, if you enter heartily into the same cause. The cause itself is so purely benevolent, is so like God in great mercy in giving his son for us, that it reflects influence upon those who aid in it, is of the most ennobling and salutary kind. There is nothing more adapted to make Christians feel their obligations to live and labor for the glory of God than the Foreign Mission cause. Think of the millions who sit in the region and shadow of death waiting for us to send them "the light of the world." It has a good influence in preserving young Christians from wasteful and hurtful habits, the thought that something can be done for Christ even in distant lands, with every farthing of money. The reports which the hearty espousal of that cause would bring to you of the toil and self-sacrifices of your missionaries would often stir up among you the apostolic fires. It is a blessed influence to feel when we are growing worldly, the sympathy for the perishing displayed by Christ and through Him in the self-denying missionary.

You will pardon me; I know, for thus writing to you, especially as my heart's desire was to be at your conference, and was prevented only by the most pressing engagements. I hope we shall be permitted to greet some of the brethren from your Province at our General Conference, this autumn.

The thing, just now, for a day or two, most impressing the public mind is the disaster to life just experienced in a collision on a railroad near Philadelphia, and in the burning of steamboat "Northern Indiana," on the Lake Erie. Both these occurred last Thursday; in each not less than fifty lives were lost. In the case of the collision the disaster was chiefly borne by a Roman Catholic church and Sunday school. The members, to the number of six hundred, were on one of the trains which was in the frightful collision, and, to crown the horror, a number of the cars took fire and were consumed, together with a portion of the unfortunate occupants whom it was impossible to extricate.

These calamities were, to a considerable extent the subject of more or less remark in the Church and Sabbath schools.

The conductor of one of the trains left the last depot before the collision when he had every reason to believe the other train was near at hand, and when he had positive orders to wait fifteen minutes. He was not killed in the collision, but immediately after he hastened to Philadelphia and terminated his life by poison. Charity should lead us to hope he was insane.

Last Friday the mercury ran up the 104 dog, indicating an intensity of heat which has not been experienced here for many years before.