

Religious Intelligence.

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E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

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WHOLE NO. 141

TO PARENTS.

Consider your Children.

Parents, how do you know but those children of yours are destined to play a great part in the world, and one which may be so good or bad, as that millions may rejoice or mourn because of them? You know that many men, whose names are famous in history, have come from the families of the poor. Generals, admirals, judges, ministers, legislators, and kings too! So have great and notorious criminals. So have thousands upon thousands who have become wealthy, and, as citizens, employers, magistrates, exercised an immense influence upon the good and happiness of the nation. Some such may now be at your fireside!

Had Simon thought of what his son Judas might have been, would this not have affected his home education of the boy? What if the mother of Napoleon, and of his brother kings and sister queens, had considered what those might possibly become who were around her humble fireside in Corsica? "What a charge that would have been!" you perhaps exclaim. But you will see, by the by, that this is nothing, when compared with what your children may yet become as immortal beings. But I hope you feel that, even in so far as this world is concerned, your boys and girls, who are growing up around you to be men and women, are of immense and incalculable importance to society. Have a care, then, how you bring them up!

YOUR CHILD IS IMMORTAL!

That child must live for ever. Its existence is endless as the life of its Maker. There lies concealed in that frame, clasped to a mother's bosom, and so feeble that the evening breeze might seem sufficient to destroy it, a living spark which no created power can ever extinguish! Cities and empires shall rise and fall during coming centuries; but that infant of yours will survive them all! The world and its works shall be burnt up, and the elements melt with fervent heat; new systems in the starry heavens may be created, and pass away; but your child will live amidst the changes and revolutions of endless ages, which will no more touch or destroy it than the wild, hurricane can touch the rainbow that reposes in the sky, though it may rage around its lovely form. When was that no arithmetic can number have marked the life of your child, an eternity will still be before it, in which it shall live, move, and have its being! What think you, parents, of having such a creature as this under your roof and under your charge,—and that creature your own child? Consider.

Your child must live forever in bliss or woe. It must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. It must be for ever lost, or for ever saved. It must be with God and Christ, with the angels and saints, loving and beloved, a glorious and majestic being; or for ever wretched and unutterably miserable, with Satan and lost spirits! I am assuming, of course, that it here attains such an age as makes it fully responsible to God; for if it die in infancy, I believe it will be saved through Jesus Christ. But to know that your babe, though dead, actually lives somewhere with Jesus; or that, if living, it is yet capable of becoming one of God's high and holy family in his home above for ever,—may well deepen within you a sense of its personal value! Now, whether your child—should it be spared some years on earth—shall live for ever in joy or sorrow, depends upon what it believes and does in this world. It is how it lives here, which must determine where and how it shall live hereafter. Is that not a solemn consideration for you? And is it not more solemn still, when you remember, that you, more than any other in this world, shall, under God, fix your children's fate forever? The reason is plain; inasmuch as their character for time, and therefore for eternity, is affected chiefly by the manner in which they are trained by you in their early years. By your words and life, by your example and your instruction, you are most assuredly every day making use of what is to them, for many a day, the greatest power on earth, to give their souls, when most easily impressed, that stamp which they will retain forever. Have a care, then, how you train them up.

"Has any one," says a late pious and eloquent minister of the Church of England, "ever stood on a pier, within which some vessel floated which no storm-wave had yet tossed? But now it sails forth, its canvases spread, its crew alert, a freight secured, its destination registered. You marked its progress from the harbour to the open sea. It feels the helm, it ploughs the wave, it begins its course. The skies are chequered, the clouds gather, the winds are strong. You felt an interest in the voyage which that vessel was to make; you thought of the hazards of the sea, of the perils of the course; you thought of storm and struggle, of possible loss and shipwreck, of a sunny and joyous entrance into the distant haven beyond the present flood, where the mariners were to find an expected home; you breathed a prayer that God would be their guide, their guardian, and their friend. And what is each little child, though now inexperienced of life's changes,—what but such a vessel, bound on a long voyage, sailing across a wild sea, exposed to howling winds and rains, passing by many a reef, and in peril of rocks and breakers? How fearful the shipwreck of such a vessel! how blessed its calm arrival on the everlasting shore! Who would not pray, that of each such vessel, of each such child, God may be the guardian and the guide,—his own

eye be upon its course,—his own pilotage at its helm?"

QUESTIONS FOR PARENTS.

Do you ever break your word to your children?—If so, is this being like God to them? Does he ever fail to keep his word to you? Do you give way to angry, unreasoning passion with your children? If so, is this God's method with you? Do you wish your children to be clever, wealthy, or prosperous, rather than to be good and do you train them up accordingly? It is for such ends God is first educating you! Are you hard, unfeeling, unsympathising, unforgiving, to your children?—Is God so to you?

Are you so indifferent as not to chastise your children when they require it?—Will God thus deal with you? Do you chastise from hate, and not for good? Does he so deal with you?

CONVERSION OF CHILDREN TO BE SOUGHT.

Home education has, in a very remarkable instance, been so successful in its results, that the child, when he became a young man, grew rich, and had great possessions, and withal was so sincere and earnest, that he went to Christ, and, kneeling before him, asked the way to eternal life; by more, that young man was so pure and excellent in his outward conduct, that he walked in the commandments of the law blameless, and was in all respects so good, that Jesus, looking on him, loved him! Now, how few parents aim at producing such results as these! How many would think it only "ideal" to expect them in their children! How few would ever think it necessary to pray and strive for more, and rest satisfied with nothing short of their beloved child advancing farther still, and never halting until he resigned himself wholly to Christ, forsook all that hindered him from taking up his cross and following his Lord in mind and spirit for ever! Yet, mark it well! such a young man as I have described above was he of whom we read in the Gospel, who, with this very character and these hopes, came to Jesus; yet went away sorrowful from him! And would any parent take comfort to himself if he beheld his own child thus depart from his Saviour? Would any amount of real or supposed excellence console him for that sad and solemn turning away. What- ever else had been accomplished, would he not experience an unutterable sense of future danger as he watched his beloved one going away with a sorrowful countenance from his Lord, although he returned to a splendid home which he had never dishonoured, and in the acknowledged possession of a character which was unimpeachable for its moral worth, viewed merely in relation to the claims of men? Oh, surely the narrative which has been recorded by the Judge of all the earth for our warning and instruction in righteousness, teach us this at least, that whatever else a man may turn to, yet in God's sight "he turns out ill" when he turns away from the Saviour! Parents, therefore, should not take comfort to themselves until they have good hope that their children practically resolve to carry their cross, and thus follow Christ, in mind and spirit, wherever he goeth.

Hints to a Young Minister.

1. Be well acquainted with your own heart. In proportion to the difficulty of self-examination should be your efforts to be thorough and faithful in that neglected branch of duty.

2. Prayer—prayer—prayer—the first, second, and third elements of the Christian life, should open, prolong, and conclude each day. The first act of the soul in early morning should be a draught at the heavenly fountain. It will sweeten the taste for the day. If you can have but ten minutes with God at that fresh, tranquil and tender season, make sure of those minutes. They are of more value than much fine gold. But if you carry long so sweetly at the throne, you will come out of the closet as the high priest of Israel came from the awful ministry at the altar of incense, suffused all over with the heavenly fragrance of that communion.

3. Live with the Bible at your right hand. Consult often, ponder deeply, hide safely in your memory's heart its precious truths. They will be your strength and joy.

5. If the word of Christ dwell richly in you, that wealth will be recognized and respected by your people, and they will be enriched by it. Let them but see the gems of Scripture set gracefully in your discourses, and they will love it the more.

5. Read the Scriptures twice on the Sabbath in public, and each chapter or section three times in private, baptizing it with prayer. Study emphasis too, spirit. Let the first be correct, the second natural, the last congenial. These qualities will be as good as a commentary. If a passage is obscure, explain it, but let the explanation be concise, clear, and satisfactory. If some striking lesson can be deduced in very few words, give the audience the benefit of it, for it comes fresh from the living oracles. My soul has been pained at the careless, unapprehensive, and slovenly manner with which the Bible is sometimes read from the pulpit. Yet what part of the service is more important?

6. Let your psalms or hymns be previously selected, carefully read in private, and their very spirit incorporated with the music of your soul while communing with God.

7. Let all notices be read before sermon, and when you have your own to give, neither forget them, mumble them, confuse them, nor draw them out to a tedious length. A hand-

some announcement of notice is no mean accomplishment of the pulpit.

8. Let the eyes be closed in time of prayer; otherwise even the children will be troubled. Seem not to be looking about on the audience.

9. There are many little things that will occur in a large assembly, against which both eyes and ears might as well be closed, especially when there is no design of disturbance. Be not always scolding about little things that occur in time of service. If manifest misconduct call for rebuke, let it be steeped in tenderness. How would Christ speak to that youth? Irritability in the pulpit is like the bearded thistle to the beautiful flowers.

10. So far as strength and public duties to the cause of Christ, in general, at home and abroad, will permit, visit your people—many a day. Suppose you have two hundred families: twelve visits a week (three out of each four successive days, in the afternoon, when you should be out of your study,) would complete all the families in about four months. Only systematize, and you can do any thing. Do not, not a man of splendid parts, a plain plodder of the best kind, prepared capital sermons, and taking the right time, was necessarily in the houses and hearts of his people. He knew all about them. In country places, villages, and small towns, much may be done in this way, and the more the better—the better both for your own bodily and spiritual health, and the souls of the people. In the overgrown churches of great cities you will meet with difficulties all but insuperable, both on your own part and that of the flock, in the work of individual visitation. It will then become your duty, as far as practicable, to divide the church into districts, and meet them in companies.

Good books make known to thine acquaintance, that they may taste the streams which thou hast drunk. Beneficence may oft convey her kindly gifts effectually in books. For who can tell the influence a goodly volume may exert on many a reader?

What will you do?

BY REV. HUGH WHITE.

The season of sorrow will come! What will you do then? To whom will you turn for consolation? To your gay companions? They will desert you. To the remembrance of past pleasures? It will torture you. To the world you have idolized? It has no balm for the wounded heart. To the God whose love you have slighted—whose very existence you have practically denied? Will you not tear a look to him in affliction, whom in prosperity you insulted and despised? Would not one hour of a Christian's consolation—one smile of a Saviour's love, be then felt to be worth all the gratifications this world ever gave?

The hour of death will come! What will you do then? When the world is giving way under your feet—eternity opening on your view—your body tortured with pain or sinking in decay—your soul hovering on the brink of a dark and fearful abyss, unillumined by one ray of light from heaven, down which it dare not look, yet must plunge into its blackness of darkness forever—when all that meets your view is an angry God, a dissolving frame, a departing world, a yawning hell—what! oh, what will you do then?

The day of judgment will come! And what will you do then? Yes! He that cometh with clouds, for behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him. How soon, who can tell? For we know not the day nor the hour when he may come! But we do know that ere long "the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised." The Lord Jesus Christ, the crucified One of Calvary, will be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, with ten thousand times ten thousand angels! From before his face the heavens and the earth shall flee away. "Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory—the judgment shall be set, and the books opened, and you shall stand before the judgment seat. You, if you persevere and perish in your present state, you, in that day shall find that "it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for you!"

But even this is not the worst, for even this day of terror will pass away. Even this is only the beginning of sorrows that will never end; for

The ages of eternity will come! And what a thought! To you they will be ages of eternal woe. Oh, to be everlastingly tormented in that flame that never can be quenched. To feel the everlasting gnawings of that worm that can never die. To be plunged deeper and deeper, throughout eternity, into the dark bottomless abyss of inconceivable despair. To endure, without a moment's mitigation, throughout endless ages, anguish more bitter, "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth"—a full appreciation of what has been rejected, and an agonizing consciousness of what is incurred—the total absence of hope—"the blackness of darkness" to be known and felt for ever and ever.

It is horrible to think of. What will it be to endure? The very idea is too dreadful—what will be the reality? The mere vision of hell is intolerable—what a home will hell itself be to dwell in for eternity! Are you resolved to make the fearful experiment? God, in his infinite mercy, forbid! It is this which stamps such madness on your choice, reader, in preferring Satan to God as a master, and hell to heaven as a home. It is this appalling consideration that you cannot give up the prospect of being eternally happy with God without incurring the penalty of being eternally miserable with Satan in hell! There is

no intermediate state—God or Satan must be your master—heaven or hell must be your home—for ever, and ever, and ever! Which will you choose?

Going in at the Eleventh Hour

"And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and said unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—Matt. xx, 6.

An old sailor, who was very ragged, and whose white head spoke the lapse of years, was leaning against a post in conversation with another sailor. A member of the Bethel Union spoke to them, and particularly invited the old man to attend the prayer meeting. His companion, after hearing the nature of the invitation, said,

"Thomas, go in. Come! come! man, go into the meeting; it won't hurt you."

"Puh! puh!" cried the old seaman, "I should not know what to do with myself. I never go to church or prayer-meetings; besides, I am too old. I am upwards of seventy; I am very wicked, and have always been so; it is too late for me to begin; it is of no use; all is over with me; I must go the devil."

After a moment's pause, the member, looking with pity upon the old veteran, answered, "You are the very man the prayer-meeting is held for."

"How so?" with much surprise.

"Because Jesus Christ came into this world to save the chief of sinners. When young, I suppose you were tempted to think it would be time enough to be religious when you came to be old?"

"Ah, that I did," replied the sailor.

"Now you are old, you say it is too late. Listen no longer to these suggestions; come with me; no time is to be lost, for Jesus is waiting to save you, poor sinner, or he would have sent you to that place where hope never comes before this; your sins deserve it."

His companion then said, "Thomas, go to the prayer meeting. You have need, at your time of life, to prepare to die."

He went, and attended regularly. Some time after, he was asked, "Well, my aged friend, do you think you are too old in years to be saved? too old in sin for the blood of Christ to cleanse you?"

"No, sir," said he, "I bless God I do feel hope,—a blessed hope, which I would not give up for worlds—a hope which encourages me to think that God will be merciful to me, old sinner as I am."

Origin of the Term Protestant.

The name of Protestant took its rise from the following circumstance: At a diet of the princes of the empire, held at Spire, in Germany, in the year 1529, it was decreed by the majority there present, "that in those places where the edict of Worms had been received, it would be lawful for no one to change his religion; that in no places where the new religion was exercised, it should be maintained till the meeting of a council, if the ancient religion could not be restored without danger of disturbing the public peace; but that the mass should not be abolished, nor the Catholics hindered from the free exercise of their religion, nor any of them allowed to embrace Lutheranism; that the Sacramentarians should be banished the empire; that the Anabaptists should be punished with death; and that no preacher should explain the gospel in any other sense than what was approved by the church." Six princes of the empire then protested against this decree, viz: John, elector of Saxony; George, margrave of Brandenburg; Ernest and Francis, dukes of Brunswick and Lüneburg; Philip, landgrave of Hesse; and Wolfgang, prince of Anhalt; to these were joined the following free cities of Germany, viz: Strasbourg, Nuremberg, Ulm, Constance, Lindau, Memmingen, Kempten, Nordlingen, Halbrun, Reutlingen, Isue, St. Gall, Wessenberg, and Windischheim; and from this protest the Lutherans first obtained the name of Protestants, which was afterwards given in common to all who separated themselves from the practices of the church of Rome.

The Unsettled Account.

The following incident illustrates the "glorious riches of divine grace," and the particular providence of God. It occurred during a season of the outpouring of the Spirit, in which a "special meeting" was held by the writer while pastor of a church in C—, New Jersey. God had displayed his mighty power and sovereign grace in the salvation of a number of precious souls, and the good work was extending.

Seven miles from the village, "up in the woods," there lived a man by the name of John L—, who had a large family about him, and who was largely engaged in business for himself and for others. He was a simple-hearted and industrious man, whose honesty was proverbial, so that his word was as sacred as his bond. He was not religious; indeed it was a rare thing to see any of his family in the house of God, and the Sabbath was generally spent in casting up accounts, or in looking over the fields.

Intelligence of the revival had reached the ears of L—'s family. His wife desired to attend the meetings, and as he had business to transact in the village, it was arranged that while he was transacting his business, the wife

should attend our meeting, and be ready to return with her husband at the close of the morning service.

She came to the sanctuary, and it was but a little while before the husband entered also, and took his seat in the rear of the house. God was pleased to accompany the word spoken on that occasion with power to the hearts of many, and among these were Mr. and Mrs. L—. The strong, athletic woodman was under pungent conviction for sin, "the sorrows of death encompassed him, and the pains of hell got hold upon him." His whole frame trembled with emotion, while "drops of grief" rolled down his cheeks in unchecked streams.

After the services, a meeting was held for conversation and prayer. Many remained, and among them Mr. L— and his wife. Soon he was sobbing like a child, and crying, "O what shall I do?" The whole assembly were moved to tears, while many a thanksgiving went up to God, for the display of his mighty power. We bowed in prayer, and besought God to reveal himself in mercy to the contrite, broken-hearted sinner; but the cry of anguish which came from the conscience-stricken soul, rose above the pleadings of the servant of God. It was the pleading of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" it was the midnight cry of the trembling jailer. "What must I do to be saved?"

Some hours after, he obtained relief to his soul, and rejoiced, believing in God with his companion, and then he rose in the midst of the congregation, and said, "My friend, I came down to this place to day for the purpose of settling my accounts with Mr. E—, but not finding him at home I concluded, to come to this meeting, not expecting to be interested or profited, but to pass away the time, and to meet my companion; but I bless God I was brought here. I had hardly taken my seat before I felt that God had a controversy with me, and that there was a long unsettled between me and my God, which it was more important to settle than it was to settle my accounts with my fellow-man; O how many sins rose up before me. My whole life of rebellion and sin appeared to crush me to the earth; but blessed be God, I trust he has pardoned my sins, and blotted out my transgressions. Henceforth my life shall be devoted to his service who had done such great things for me."

The next morning, Mr. L— called all his family together, confessed, with tears, his neglect of duty to them, and asked them to forgive him, solemnly declaring that, by the help of God, it was his purpose to devote himself to the service of his long neglected Lord. He was about to erect a family altar, and to offer his first prayer in their hearing. Such a scene as followed this address—which was altogether unexpected—is not often witnessed. If a voice from heaven had spoken to that household, they could not have manifested more surprise; they were awe-struck. Some of them sat with blanched cheeks, others trembled in every limb; the younger children cried through fear, while all fell on their knees, and the father, amid sobs and tears, offered to God his first prayer around the domestic altar.

The conversion of this man was a marked event. There was no doubt or uncertainty in the minds of any concerning the reality of the change. Men "took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus."

"Great is the work, his neighbors cried, And ev'ry eye is turned to him."

For many years he was a most valuable member of the church, ready to every good word and work, instant in season, out of season serving the Lord. He grew in grace, and ripened for glory. When the Master called, he was found ready and waiting, his lamp was trimmed and burning brightly. With joyful anticipation he looked forward to the day of "final reckoning," when he should be accepted in the Beloved, and crowned in everlasting glory. He has joined the church of the first-born in heaven, and his memory is blessed.

Dear reader, have you ever considered that God has a long unsettled account against you—an account made up of sins of commission and sins of omission, sins in thought, in word, and deed? Have you ever thought that there is to be a day of settlement, a day of final accounts, when the Lord, the righteous Judge, will come and reckon with all his creatures? "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ;" "God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness." In that day, and before that bar, we must give an account of our stewardship. Are you prepared to give in your account with joy, and not with grief? That day will be a fearful one to the unrepentant sinner. Now is the day of salvation, now is the accepted time to secure the settlement with our Lord, who is ready to pardon iniquity, transgression, and sin, and frankly to forgive the bankrupt sinner. Haste and come to Jesus, the sinner's Friend. Cast yourself upon his mercy, and you will find by happy experience, that

"He pardons like a God."

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

STEPHENTOWN, August 22, 1856.

MR. EDITOR,—Yesterday I made a visit to the Shaker village near Lebanon spring, in Columbia county. This singular and eccentric people have in this vicinity, a number of establishments, of which the eldest is that I have visited yesterday. Indeed, I believe it is the first in this country, if not the first in the world. They discard matrimony as being inconsistent with a life of holiness; they live in communities by themselves, practicing upon the principle of holding their property in common, all being supplied from a common treasury, and all their earnings going into the same. But it is not my design now to speak at length of their principles, but to make a note of what I saw and learned on my visit.

We arrived at their town about eleven o'clock in the morning, and called at their office which is in the same building with their store and a part of their family, in which they board workmen whom they hire from without. In their store are cushions, bonnets, baskets cushioned, and various other articles of their own manufacture. They sell these principally to visitors who wish to carry away souvenirs of their visit and who are willing to pay very high prices for them, for this people have a shrewd eye to gain in all their money transactions, though they are proverbially honest and truthful. All their buildings are of a plain substantial character, though in this community many of their buildings are of wood, such as meeting-houses, school-houses, work-shops, and barns. There are a few of brick.

This community numbers about five hundred men, women and children, and have about 2000 acres in this domain, of which not more than half is under cultivation, part being mountainous. They raise but little wheat, not enough for home consumption, their soil not being favourable for the growth of that kind of grain. Vegetables and corn, rye, &c., they raise mainly for themselves, and their horses, cattle and sheep. They keep no swine. They sell but little butter and cheese. They make their own leather shoes, cloth and clothing, both these latter being quite peculiar. Their design is to be able to produce every thing they use, but at present purchase their cotton cloth, and this is about all, save iron for their utensils and tin ware.

Garden seeds, and vegetables in loaf and root, for the Druggists, are their principal articles for market. The Spring past, for instance, they set out over a thousand bushels of onions for the purpose of raising seed. In one piece we saw over five acres of these in fine condition. Other seeds they raise in equal abundance, their sales from vegetables, seeds, and medicines amounting to over \$6000 annually. From other sources about \$4,000. The extent of their sales, as they purchase so little, but little transcends their profits. They have abundance of plain, substantial comforts for the body. Every thing has an air of neatness, though combined for the most part with rigid utility. Their worship is peculiar, consisting principally of a sort of exercise resembling a march or dance, though conducted with great solemnity. They have a school, in which grammar, arithmetic, and the first principles in the physical sciences, form the ultimate attainments of the pupils. Six months in spring and summer for the girls, and six months in the other seasons for the boys, their school is open till the pupils have made the above attainments. Every thing is conducted with rigid order, even every beast knowing his place and keeping it, but with a painful monotony.

"Five Points" Mission.

New York, Aug. 31, 1856.

MR. EDITOR,—Having just returned from one of the most instructive and, to a Christian mind, most interesting places in the city, it occurred to me that I could not perhaps spend the few remaining hours of this Sabbath more profitably than by giving your readers some account of the Five Points Mission, where I have spent a portion of this and the preceding Sabbath.

A great city always stands, in morality, like a swamp, upon a lower level than the surrounding country, and the stagnant, fetid dregs of society seem naturally to settle there from every side, and permeate the soil. Each city, also, has some particular spot below all the rest, where humanity seems to reach its lowest level, and where the accumulated vice and misery seem to repel all that is pure and ennobling, and to attract all that is vile and hideous. Such a place is the Five Points of New York—a place about which much has been written, but which never has been, nor can be fully described. Here congregate the poorest of the poor, and vilest of the vicious, and casts from every nation, and of every complexion and language, living in the smallest possible space in damp cellars and open garrets, literally wallowing in filth, and dragging out an existence of untold wretchedness. Here drunkenness and licentiousness in their grossest forms abound, and theft, robbery, and murder are not uncommon. Until the comparatively recent missionary efforts, no professing Christian had resided in this polluted precinct for many years, and the place seemed to be an earthly copy of those dire abodes where lost spirits are forever shut out from the