

# 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. 112.

## RELIGIOUS SELECTIONS.

### To-Day! To-Day!

(A TRUE STORY.)

"Well, you speak the truth; and at a future time, I do intend to be religious; but I must have some more *spree* yet. I must enjoy life awhile longer still." So said the youthful, gay, and healthy R—, in reply to some serious expostulations which I was addressing to him.

I had spoken to him of the claims of the Creator upon the creature of his hand—of the claims of the Redeemer's blood—of the peace with God which faith in him secures—of freedom from anxiety, anxious cares, and tormenting, terrifying fears—and of the genuine pleasantness of wisdom's ways. He owned that what had been urged was true; yet still he smiled, and asked, and bid the peaceful message go its way. One concluding word of his, however, fell solemnly on my ear, and deeply affected my spirit. He exclaimed, whilst turning on his heel to leave me,—"But I shall perhaps be of this." My hurried answer, so far as I remember, was, "Perhaps you will!"

That day passed over—a second day followed—a third succeeded—and then, suddenly, the startling question was proposed to me, "Have you heard how poor R—is to-day?" All that had recently passed between us now rushed into my mind; and I said, with much emotion, "No, indeed! what's the matter with him? I have not heard that anything has befallen him."

"Have you not?" replied the inquirer; "Ah! he is dead, then, or all but dead of the small-pox." I sent to know the worst. "Alas! it was even so! That very day—but three or four days after he had declared, and re-declared, that at some future time he did intend to seek the Lord, but that he must enjoy life for some longer season, and have some more *spree* yet!"—on that very third, or fourth day, that previously healthy, gay, and thoughtless youth drew his last breath, and suddenly expired!

On the previous Friday, he joked, and put off serious thought, and purposed future years of jollity and mirth. On the following morning, during the conversation already mentioned, he had informed me of his having experienced, during the previous night, some symptoms of indisposition. He had even told me that he had had passing supposition of being threatened with an attack of the small-pox. He was better, however, he said, having used some active remedy; so that not the slightest apprehension had passed through his mind, at the time, of his being in any real danger from that dangerous disease. I treated him as one in an undoubted and vigorous state of health; and I pressed upon him rather the importance of a well-spent life, than that of being prepared for an early death.

But four or five more setting suns had sunk into the west, ere the small-pox had accomplished its fatal work; and, ere yet another week had fled, the disfigured, lifeless corpse of poor R— had been committed "earth to earth, and dust to dust."

The funeral that pealed forth over the remains of poor R— still speaks, "To-Day! To-Day! To-Morrow is not ours!" Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth! To-day! To-day! To-day if ye will hear his voice, garden not your hearts."

Reader! I would speak to you also, of the claims of your Creator—of the claims of the Redeemer—of peace with God through Him—of a happy, peaceful, holy life—and of a glorious consummation of the whole in the presence of the blessed Saviour, at his appearing.

All else is vanity. The pleasures and pursuits of time and sense are vain, and transient, and delusive. No one knows what true life is, until he lives to God. They who suppose that they only enjoy life, who live in the lusts and enjoyments of the world, are grievously mistaken. Those who fancy that the commencement of a life of faith, is the conclusion of one's days of happiness, are thoroughly deceived. The exact opposite is the truth. There is no true joy—no real pleasure—no substantial happiness—apart from Jesus Christ—away from God. But to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, as my own Saviour, and to know the pardon of sin through His blood, is indeed peace; it is indeed delight. To know God—to know Him as my Father, my Friend, my Guide, my Helper, MY GOD—this is indeed to live! Life begins only when faith first works by love. When first the heart of a poor, wretched sinner, be he young or old, rich or poor, well or ill, lays hold by faith on the holy, crucified, and risen Saviour—then for the first time does he begin to "live," and to "enjoy life." There is no rest of conscience, no ease of heart, no peace to the wicked!

Dear reader! God now puts in a claim to you through Jesus Christ. He claims that

you, with hearty self-renunciation, and with admission of your lost estate, do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. He claims that you do come to, submit to, yes, flee to and lay hold of, his only-begotten and well-beloved Son, as your Saviour and your Lord, your righteousness and your life, your all-in-all, your "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." With Him—with this salvation—all is yours: "without Him, nothing is yours but sin, and death, and hell!"

Receive Him, and your sin is pardoned—your transgression is forgiven—your dread iniquity is covered. Receive Him, to the full confidence of your heart—embrace Him, to the peace of your conscience—and God Himself becomes your God, your Father, and you yourself become an heir of glory, an inheritor of honour, immortality, and everlasting joys.

This is life indeed! All else that is great, and good, and truly to be longed for, will surely result therefrom. All that is wise, and rational, and of good report, things are "pure, and lovely, and of good cheer," will assuredly be found here, and only here! Knowing the love of God to you, you will love Him in return. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." Thus will you live in the very element of true delight. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment." Here, then, is true joy, true happiness. Reader, is it not so? O yes; you own it! Alas! so did poor R—. He owned that I had spoken the words of truth and soberness. But then, O reader! you perhaps are even now saying in your heart, as he said with the lip, that at some future time—some undefined, and utterly uncertain day, you too will turn to God—will flee to Christ.

Dear reader, do not tempt God! To-day! To-day! Judge me not severely. What if to-night you too should be attacked by some fierce and fatal malady? Do not flatter yourself that there is no danger. How know you that? What fatal malady may not the next breath you draw convey into the most easily affected organs of your system?—Thousands, as strong as you in the morning, have been laid low—are daily laid before the eventide. What, indeed, is man's life? A frail and feeble thing! A vapour, a shadow, a bubble, a dream, the flower of grass!

Reader what say you? Stay! I want you, in my Master's name—with the solemn recollection of poor R—'s sudden and appalling summons resting on my spirit—I want you too. Do you still repeat his words: "I will have some more *spree* yet; but, perhaps I shall rue it?" Alas, dear reader, perhaps you will!

I add one further word. All that I could learn of his behaviour or conversation during his brief illness was this; that on one occasion, very shortly before his death, he had requested to be allowed to leave his bed, in order to kneel down to pray. All else is sealed unto the dreadful day that shall clear up all such uncertainties.

### The Minister's Dream.

Fresh from College, where he had graduated with honor, a young minister took charge of a small church, in one of the prominent cities of the West. His heart was filled with an ardent desire to promote the glory of God, and do good to men, while at the same time he felt a disposition to maintain the dignity of his profession, and bring dignity to his calling. Having but little experience in the ministry, and unacquainted with the difficulties with which he would be called to contend, he felt sanguine of success in his calling. And, indeed, he seemed to possess every qualification calculated to secure success, a warm and zealous heart, a cultivated mind, pleasing person, and agreeable address. Moreover, he had as he thought, another important element of success, in a file of neatly written discourses, finished according to the standard rules of rhetoric, wherein the sublime doctrines and beautiful morals of Christianity, were ably and ornately discussed. But, a few months in his new field of labor, sufficed to chill his warm hopes, and throw over his spirit the gloom of discouragement. He preached the doctrines of the cross in his most attractive style, but his preaching seemed to produce little effect. He studied harder, prepared his sermons with more care, and tried to awaken an interest in the subject of religion in the minds of the people, but the empty seats in the church, and uninterested appearance of the congregation, told but too plainly his failure, while busy crowds around pursued pleasure and gain with avidity. He was disheartened, and well nigh determined to seek a field of labor where he might meet with better success. One Sabbath, after the labours of the day, he knelt long and fervently at the Throne of Grace, and prayed for the multitudes that thronged the broad way, prayed for the church, prayed almost hopelessly for a blessing on his labors, and then retired to rest, and soon fell into a troubled slumber and dreamed. He stood upon an extended plain, covered with trees as far as the eye could reach, yet there was no sign of verdure, all were standing with faded leaf, and some with withered fruit, cold blasts blew across the plain, the ground was brown and bare, and altogether it was a scene of de-

olation. He looked again, devouring flames were winding around the vast forest, cracking and roaring in their work of destruction, and soon nothing was seen but a field of smoking, blackening ruins. The scene changed. He stood upon the brink of a fearful precipice, and far down its depths saw a yawning chasm, from which issued smoke and flames of fire, while above it rested a mass of gloomy clouds, in which the vivid lightning played, and ever and anon, he heard a wail as of human woe. Crowds of men and women were advancing to the precipice. They came, smiling and chatting gaily, seemingly unconscious of danger, till they fell over the precipice into the fiery chasm beneath. In his dream, he thought he began to pelt them with paper bullets, to frighten them away from the precipice; but presently he saw others run in among the crowd, lay hold of them, entreat them, and pointing them to the fiery chasm beneath, warn them of their danger, using gentle words to turn them aside; and many retraced their steps and were saved. Some came to him, clad in robes of light, with a countenance of blended love, pity and sternness, and in a voice of gentle command, said, "Go after them." He awoke, it was a dream, but it left a deep impression. The next morning he seated himself in his study as usual, but books and sermons failed to interest him, for he heard constantly ringing in his ears, that voice of command, "Go after them." After revolving the matter in his mind, he determined to visit the people, and try what could be done by private personal efforts, and went forth. The first place he visited was the house of a poor family, not far from the church, down in a deep and unwholesome hollow.

Descending a steep bank, he entered the humble residence, and made himself known. In one corner of the room, on a cot, lay an aged woman, apparently near her end. She said, "Sir, I am glad to see you. I have often wished to see some pious person, but for fear of being troublesome did not send for you." He learned from a daughter, that the dying woman was a member of his church, but had not been able to attend because of affliction, and for years had been lost sight of. He pointed her to Christ for sustaining grace, in this trying hour, then knelt by her side, and commended her to God. The aged servant of God gathered spiritual strength, and in a few days departed in heavenly peace to her home on high, giving undeniable evidence that all was well. Next he visited the operatives of a factory in the vicinity—gave a tract to each, and occasionally a word of exhortation. Wherever he had access to a family, he visited them, and left none without a word of religious counsel, and a prayer for their spiritual welfare. Soon the affairs of his church began to wear a new face. The empty seats were filled; not having so much to spend in his study, his sermons were not so polished, but there was a new spirit in them—they came burning from the heart, and met with an interested audience. Meeting him around their fire-sides, and beholding his humble, loving spirit, the people became attached to him, and loved to hear him preach, and felt a greater disposition to profit by his teachings. Soon the power of the truth began to manifest itself. A deep, intense, and abiding interest in the subject of salvation, was awakened in the minds of many. From one and another, the question so interesting to a pastor's heart was heard—"What must I do to be saved?" And many, by the labors of the faithful pastor, were gathered into the fold, and exhibited a steadfast, consistent piety. From no subject afterward, did he love to discourse more than from the parable of the king's supper, where the messengers were commanded, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in that my house may be filled."—St. Louis Chr. Advocate.

The Nineveh Sculptures. Colonel Rawlinson delivered on Wednesday, at the London Institution, the last of three lectures on the Nineveh sculptures and the cuneiform inscriptions. On the two former evenings, the lecturer had described the nature of the writing and language of these inscriptions, the monuments—such as monoliths, vases, and cylinders—on which they were found, and the places and manner in which the monuments were discovered, as well as the process by which the correct interpretation of the hitherto totally unknown language was arrived at.

In a historical point of view, some thousand years, extending from 2234 B. C. to 1273 B. C., have been removed from darkness into historic light, by the discovery and interpretation of the cuneiform writing; and the events of another period of nine hundred years, from 1273 B. C. to 338 B. C., have been found chronicled in this language by a people inimical to the Jews, but corroborating and elucidating, in every instance yet met with, the account of those same events in the Scriptures—a newly speaking antique profane tongue and a pagan people thus attesting the historic truth of the sacred writings. Clearly, and as minutely as the time allowed, the lecturer traced the manner in which first one known name and date among the kings of the Assyrian dynasty led to the names and dates of another of the preceding Chaldean dynasty, and this again in its turn to others, until at last nearly half of the kings of the Chaldean period (the 1,000 years above referred to) had their names and dates securely fixed, those of the remainder

being more or less accurately conjectured. During this period the language seems to have been in a transition state, from the Hamitic family of languages to the Semitic.

In the next period of 900 years, the Assyrian, the language seems to have assumed its permanent Semitic character, and to have remained the same through the third, or Babylonian period, from 625 B. C. to 338 B. C. We cannot, in so short a notice, attempt to refer specially to Colonel Rawlinson's account of the doings of most of the kings, particularly as few of them have been hitherto known to us. The familiar names of Sennacherib, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Sardanapalus, should not, however, be passed over in silence. The history of the last of these is written upon the fragments of a stone, which must have been sixty feet long by twenty five feet wide.

With regard to Sennacherib, Col. Rawlinson read a translation he had made of an inscription on a stone brought to this country five years since by Mr. Layard, which is a detailed account of Sennacherib's first campaign against Judah, and the submission of Hezekiah, and which, though much longer, agrees with the account given in the eighteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, in every respect, except the amount of silver given up by Hezekiah. No account, however, has been yet found of the second and unsuccessful campaign of Sennacherib, when 185,000 of his hosts were smitten with death in one night, which is described at length in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of Second Kings; nor is it likely that such an account will be found, the Assyrians not being wont to chronicle their own defeats. Colonel Rawlinson also read a translation of an inscription on a marble now in the India House, giving an account of the great public works undertaken by Nebuchadnezzar, in which a passage occurs supposed to refer to this king's madness. It is very difficult and obscure, but it runs somewhat in this way: "At this time it pleased the gods to harden their hearts against the king Nebuchadnezzar, so that he became dark, and his works were stopped; but when the gods repented he again continued his labours."

Another incident, related in the cuneiform character, is of great historic value, as it does not merely show that profane and sacred history, on a particular point, are reconcilable, but actually corroborates the latter by the former. From them we learn that Nineveh really did fall in the reign of Nabonidus, but that he had retired upon Borsippa, leaving his son Belshazzar as viceroy or acting king at Nineveh.—London Daily News.

### Too big to Pray.

I tarried for a night with an old friend, who had always seemed indifferent on the subject of religion. His wife was pious, and endeavored to impress the minds of her children with proper views of God and eternity. Her little boy, of two or three years, when about to retire to rest, knelt down by his mother, and reverently repeated a child's prayer. When he arose from his knees, he turned to his father, with a seeming consciousness that he had performed a duty, and addressed him, "Father, I have said my prayers; have you said yours? or are you too big to pray?" I thought it was a question that would reach father's heart, and it may yet be said of him, "Behold he prayeth."

I have since noticed many, very many, who were too big to pray. I knew a young man, a college student, of brilliant talents and fascinating manners. Yet he would sneer at piety and pious men. He was considered a model by a certain class around him. Once the Spirit of God reached his heart. He saw his danger and resolved to reform. Then he thought of his companions who had witnessed his past life. They would say he was weak minded and fickle. He would lose their respect. He could not come down from his high position. He could not take up the cross through good and evil report, and his serious impressions passed away, perhaps forever. He was too big to pray.

I knew a man who had passed the middle age of life. His children had grown up around him, while he had been careless and unconcerned about their eternal welfare. A change came over him, and he felt that duty called on him to pray in his family. But how could he assume such a task before his household, which would be astonished at such a strange effort. He shrank from the effort, and finally relaxed into his former coldness and indifference. He was too big to pray.

I knew a physician who held a high rank in his profession. The urbanity of his deportment, joined with an intelligent mind, made him a pleasant companion. But he was sceptical. He witnessed the happy death of one who triumphed in the last trying hour, and his infidel opinions were shaken. "Alas! most he was persuaded to become a Christian." But the pride of his heart was not subdued. He would not humble himself at the foot of the cross. He was too big to pray. I knew a man of great learning and great worldly wisdom. He became a professed disciple of Christ, but he mistook the nature of prayer. Instead of praying in the "simplest form of speech," he often used "great swelling words," and lofty rounded periods. His prayers were not edifying. He was too big to pray.

How many thousands there are around us, who have been elevated to high places in our

land, who would not dare to be seen upon their knees, supplicating the majesty of heaven! They are too big to pray.

### Idolatry in Dress.

The time was when ministers and editors spoke in thunder tones against this idolatry. Once they believed God to be in earnest in saying, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed." "To like manner, also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair or gold or pearls or costly array."

Is this doctrine believed now? Once, on this point, the Methodist rules of discipline were observed, conscientiously, scrupulously. What are these rules?

Quest.—Should we insist on the rules concerning dress?

Ans.—By all means. This is no time to give any encouragement to superfluity of apparel. Therefore receive none into the church till they have left off superfluous ornaments. In order to this, 1. Let every one who has the charge of a circuit read the thoughts upon dress once a year in every large society. 2. In visiting the classes be very mild, but very strict. 3. Allow no except case; better one suffer than many. 4. Give no tickets to any that wear high heads, enormous bonnets, ruffles, and rings.

Are these rules observed now? Are they?—Exchange Paper.

### The Fisherman.

I was, some time since, walking upon the wharf where a fishing-boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said,

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business—What kind of fishes are these?"

He replied, "They are cod-fish."

"With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams?"

"Oh, no; they will not bite at clams."

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait?"

"Yes," said he, "I was out last year, and one day, when I was fixing my line, my hook fell in the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook!"

He was silent. His countenance was solemly; and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say, "I guess that's a minister."

### A Singular Preacher.

He came from another country and nation, and visited the place where we were. He was an entire stranger, but professing to be a minister, and having showed his credentials, he was invited to preach. He preached a number of times in the course of a few days. There were some things rather singular in his preaching. One was, he was short in his religious performances. His sermons were half an hour in length. He said nothing about himself. It was ascertained that he was poor, yet, as there was an eminent Teacher before him that "had not where to lay his head," he submitted to his lot without saying a word in public to induce people to bestow upon him money. He did not tell how far he had come,—of the friends he had left behind, and of the sufferings he had endured, in order to excite sympathy.—He did not tell of the great things he had done where he had preached, and the reason probably was, he did not feel that he had done anything. If anything had been accomplished where he had labored, God had done it. In a word, he made no apologies, said nothing about himself, did not preach himself, "but Jesus Christ and him crucified," and when he had done, he left off without wearying the people.

This would not be regarded as singular in all places, but it would to those who hear ministers tell much about little self in public; about their poverty, their sufferings, their feelings, together with the great things accomplished through their instrumentality.—Christ is infinitely better to present than ourselves.—Morning Star.

TO GIVE IS TO BE LIKE CHRIST.—His example was a constant illustration of benevolence. "He pleased not himself;" "though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor." "He made himself of no reputation." He even endured the cross that we might not perish. Would you be like Christ, reflecting his light and illustrating his spirit, without which you are none of his? Renounce every selfish consideration, and consecrate all that you have and are, to his service and glory. And is there not the highest blessedness in remembering our great exemplar, in breathing his spirit, in following his footsteps, as he "went about doing good?"

## CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

### New York Correspondence.

ALBANY, Feb. 4, 1856.

Mr. Editor.—This morning leaving home in the gray dask of morning for a western trip of a week or two, I reached this place just in time not to reach the so called connecting train, that is after 124 o'clock M.; and must therefore lie over as we call it to the next train at 6 o'clock this evening. The weather is very cold and there is danger in making the usual rate of speed, and, so being behind time, we had to wait for other trains, as the track part of the way is single.—But after all our delay, and all the impatience manifested on the part of some of the passengers, we reached this place a little after 2 o'clock, a distance of nearly 150 miles. I have been told by persons that a few years ago it required not unfrequently more than a week to reach this place from New York by sailing vessels. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. It seems worse than useless to complain because we have fallen behind hand, especially as it was manifestly necessary to travel with any degree of safety. The difference to me, personally, is simply this, that I must sleep in the cars instead of a hotel to-night.

When I found I must wait here for the train, I determined to look in for an hour or two upon our State's Legislature, new in session; but adjournment till to-morrow morning had taken place before I had time to reach the capital and so your readers are to be spared any infliction of a visit to that body under my guidance. It may be possible on my return they will not so happily escape.

The Delaware House is one of the first class Hotels in the United States, and conducted on principles similar to those of which you have spoken in connection with the Marlboro' House, Boston. It is strictly a temperance house. The property is owned by Mr. D. Chavan, a distinguished temperance man of our State. He built the house at an immense cost, many years ago, for the purpose of advancing the temperance cause, for he is a man of a large fortune and he continues to be its proprietor, and lets it only for the kind of Hotel above mentioned, thus he sacrifices in rent a number of thousand dollars annually. How blessed is fortune when thus associated with virtue, and what a blessing! It is kept by T. Roosevelt & Son. The house is now undergoing repairs at a cost of \$50,000. It will afford not less than 250 rooms aside from the public ones. It is situated precisely at the Depot of the Western Railroad which connects this city with Buffalo and indeed the West in general.

Your readers may wonder that this letter says nothing about "the Speaker." I suppose the news has reached you of the election of Mr. Banks the anti-slavery candidate. In the last hours of the last day of the ninth week, (last Saturday) he was elected by a vote of 103 to 100.—This too without a Southern vote, though the opposing candidate had sixteen Northern votes, besides a number of others thrown away indirectly in his aid. This is the first anti-slavery national victory within my recollection. Rest assured, I feel grateful and have been giving thanks all day; but feel disposed to accept the victory with moderation, well knowing that if this nation is to be saved, the struggle has just begun, and we must yet meet many reverses and defeats.

Your printer put "same" for "Sane" Seminary in a recent communication—a mistake that made strange bed-fellows.

G.

PALMYRA, February 5th, 1856.

Mr. Editor.—After writing you yesterday at Albany, I took the train at 6 o'clock for this place and a sad time of it we had. In all the deep and narrow cuts through which the road passed the snow was so drifted in, that it was almost impossible for us to get through. Frequently was the locomotive detached from the train to make the way alone through the drifts, preparatory to taking the train through, and then with great difficulty.

A colder, bleaker night I never travelled. We reached this place just after daylight, ten hours behind time since leaving New York. I have a friend residing but a mile and a half from this. Hiring a man to start with me with his sleigh about sun rise, he did not go more than a quarter of mile till he was obliged to desist on account of the snow drifts. So we came back to the public house, to stay how long who can tell! The stages on all the cross routes have not made their appearance since Saturday. My destination is Walworth, about ten miles on one of these cross routes. Rev. D. G. Holmes preaches to one of our churches there, and I was expected to commence a protracted meeting there this evening.

Bro. H. was to meet me here to-day; but here I am blockaded in, but no doubt it is all right. This place is on the Erie Canal and New York Central Rail Road, (for they are near to each other here,) and has a population of about 3,000 inhabitants. The county is Wayne, a rich farming, a good grazing district; its shore town is Lyons a few miles east; it is just about 200 miles from Victoria's dominions—at Suspension Bridge, Rochester; about 20 miles west of this the leading city of this part of the State. In 1847 I travelled through this region and was in this place, which has hardly changed in a single feature during the interim. And so of most of the