

Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

TERMS.— ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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Waiting for the Holy Spirit.

We were not seated in the parlor, before a servant entered, and said, a lady in the hall wished to see me. I immediately stepped into the hall, and a very genteel lady, about forty years of age, addressed me, with evident agitation—

"I beg your pardon for troubling you tonight, sir, but I cannot help it. I have longed to see you ever since you preached here in August. I have often felt that I would give anything to see you, for even five minutes."

"I am very glad to see you, Madam; but I suspect you have taken all this trouble in vain."

"Why, sir, cannot you talk with me one minute? cannot you answer me one question?" said she, her eyes overflowing with tears.

"Certainly, certainly, Madam; I can talk with you as long as you please to favor me with your company, and will answer any questions you may choose to ask, as well as I can; but I suspect you need an aid which I cannot give you."

"Sir, I want only one thing of you. I want you to tell me how I shall procure the Holy Spirit. I have wanted to ask you this question for months. If you will only tell me, I will not intrude myself upon you any longer."

(Entirely overcome with her emotions, she wept like a child.) "Intrude! my dear lady. This is no intrusion. I am glad to see you. I thank you, with all my heart, for coming to me.—I beg you to do me the justice to believe it, and feel yourself perfectly at ease. Ask me anything, or tell me anything you will, with entire freedom. I will not abuse your confidence."

She stood before me, trembling and weeping, as if her heart would break. And as she aimed to repress her emotions, and removed her handkerchief from her eyes, the light of the hall lamp shone full upon her face, and I was surprised at the deep solemnity and determination, which appeared in one of the most intelligent and beautiful countenances that I ever beheld.

Her intelligence and the elegance of her language surprised me. She was in middle life, a married woman, having a husband still living, and two small children. Her husband was not a pious man; and her thoughts about her own salvation had led her to think much of his, and of the duty she owed to her children. Her first serious impressions arose from the thought, that, not being a member of the church, she could not dedicate her children to God; and this led her to think, that in her unbelief she could not fitly train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

"Oh sir," said she, (the tears streaming from her eyes, and her sensations almost choking utterance,) "I would give all the world to be a Christian! I know I am a sinner, an ungodly sinner! I have a vile and wicked heart. I have sinned all my life! I wonder God has spared me so long."

"But He has spared you, madam, when you did not deserve it. And what has he spared you for, but that you should repent of sin and flee to Christ for pardon?"

"I would repent if I could. I want to be a Christian. But my hard, wicked heart is stronger than I! For years I have read my Bible, and struggled and prayed; and it has done me no good! I am afraid I shall be cast off for ever! God has not given me His Spirit!"

"I, too, am afraid you will be cast off for ever! Probably your danger is greater than you think. But there is mercy in Christ for the chief of sinners. His blood cleanseeth from—"

"I know it, sir; I know all that, from my Bible. I have read it a thousand times.—But I cannot come to Christ without the Holy Spirit."

"Madam, the text is plain, 'if ye being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to—'"

"But I am not one of his children, sir."

"The text does not say, 'to his children,' my dear madam; it says, 'to them that ask him.' Ask, and ye shall receive."

"Oh! I have prayed—I do pray."

"Allow me to ask you, madam, how long you have been in this state of mind?"

"About three years. I was first brought to think of my salvation, soon after the birth of my first child; when my duty to my fam-

ly led me to feel the need of religion. I could not do my duty to it, for I was not a child of God."

"And have you been accustomed, for so long a time, to read your Bible carefully?"

"O! I have read it all, again and again! I read it daily. I have prayed and wept over this subject, for long years! and have waited for the Holy Spirit to renew my heart."

"And have you been waiting for the Holy Spirit for three years, in this state of mind?"

"Indeed, sir, I have."

"Then, for three years you have been waiting for what God gave you three years ago. It was the Holy Spirit, which first led you to feel you were a sinner and needed Christ. The Holy Spirit has been striving with you all along, and you did not know it. He led you to the Bible. He led you to pray.—He sent you here to night. He strives with you now, to lead you to Christ for forgiveness and peace."

"Do you think so?" said she with astonishment.

"I know so," said I. "God has been better to you, than you have thought. He has done what you never gave him credit for. He has called you and you have refused.—He has invited, and you have held back.—The Holy Spirit has not left you yet. I wonder that he has not; but you have accepted call to-night. And now, madam, accept his invitation; repent; take Christ as your Saviour.—Go home and give your heart to God, just as it is. You cannot make it better. The Holy Spirit is with you. Do not resist him any longer. You have strayed away from Christ, because you supposed you must. You wanted the Holy Spirit first; and thought you must not come to Christ till your heart was better. The dispensation of the Spirit is in his hands. Go to the fountain.—The Bible nowhere tells you to wait for the Holy Spirit; but, fleeing to Christ, to depend on his aid now."

"Pardon me, sir; I must ask you again, if you really think the Holy Spirit is striving with me?"

"Yes, my dear friend, I know he is. He has been for years. He offers you his aid. He calls you to Christ now. Go to Christ. Repeat to-night. Accept and rest on Christ now. The Holy Ghost saith, 'To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.'"

"And is that all you have to say to me about the Holy Spirit?"

"Yes, that is all. The Holy Spirit this moment strives with you. God is willing to save you. Nothing but your own unbelief and impenitence can ruin you."

"Has the Spirit been striving with me?—and I did not know it?" (said she, in a manner of meditation, the tears streaming from her eyes.) She left me and returned to her home.

Early the next morning, before the sun rose, as I looked from my window, I beheld her coming through the thick dew which lay upon the grass, with hasty steps ascending the hill, on which the house where I lodged was situated. She asked for me at the door, and I immediately met her in the parlor.

"I thank you, my dear friend, I thank you a thousand times for telling me that; (said she, the moment she saw me; her eyes streaming with tears, and her countenance beaming with joy.) "It was all true. I have found it true. I can rejoice in Christ now. I am happy, sir; O, I am happy. I thought I must come and thank you. I am afraid you will think me rude in calling upon you in such an hour. But I was afraid you would be gone if I delayed; and I could not let you leave town without telling you how happy I am, and how much I thank you. After I heard you preach, three months since, I thought you could tell me something about obtaining the gift of the Holy Spirit, and when I asked you about it last night, I was very much disappointed by what you said. I was amazed and confounded. You did not say what I expected. But I believed you. I spent the night over this subject. Happy night for me! And now I know you told me the truth. You read my heart rightly. I bless God for what I have found. Pardon me, sir; I must ask you to tell other sinners that Christ is waiting for them. They do not know it, I am sure, any more than I did, or they would go to him.—The Holy Spirit call us to do so. With all my glad heart I yield to him. I do not wait any longer. I bless you for telling me I need not wait."

Weeping for joy, she continued to talk to me in this manner for some minutes.

I have not seen her since. But I have learned that she has publicly professed her faith, and has lived for years as a respectable and happy believer.—Spencer's Sketches.

Revival Incidents.

The Great Revival in the United States is rich with interesting and instructive incidents, some of which we give our readers:—

A strong minded, but worldly and irreligious man, had two daughters at a distant town, attending school. A revival was prevailing at the place. The father, hearing of it, sent a person with the pious boy, or of his daughters home, to prevent them from being inured in religion; but the Holy Spirit had gone before him, and when the messen-

ger arrived, he learned that both of the young women had been converted. They wished to remain, but no, the orders were positive, and they must return. On arriving at home, they consulted as to their duty, and resolved, in the fear of God, to act out the principles they had imbibed. When night came they said, "Father, will you not have family worship to-night?" "What?" exclaimed he, "family prayer! No. I have been keeping house twenty years without prayer, and shall not begin now. I shall do no such thing." They then asked him if he would allow them to pray. He consented. They set out a small table and placed the family Bible upon it.—One of the daughters read a portion of Scripture, and the other offered prayer. At first, the father would not kneel; but as his daughter proceeded, his feelings were touched, and presently he dropped on his knees. As she went on, he was more moved, until in agony of soul he prostrated himself on the floor.—The Spirit of God had humbled his proud heart in the dust, and from that night he became a new man.

A lady called on a friend, who was utterly opposed to religion, and begged him to attend some of the meetings. He refused.—But she still urged him, and at length said, "Do go to just one meeting, to please me." He hesitated, and then replied, "Well, I will go once, seeing you ask it as a personal favor."

He went, but was determined not to be moved. He said to himself, "I promised to come, but I didn't promise to listen." So he sat with his hands up to his ears! By and by, he thought he felt something light on his nose, and took one hand to brush it away.—Just at that moment, the preacher was reading these words: "He that ears to hear let him hear." This arrested his attention, and he did not dare to cover his ears any longer; but listened earnestly through the whole service, and was brought under deep conviction which resulted in his conversion.

A Christian in a certain place feeling extremely anxious about a notorious infidel, went to him and besought him to attend to the interest of his soul. He found the man haughty, decided and unyielding, but he determined to persevere. He continued to visit this person several times and conversed with him, answered his objections, prayed for him in secret places, until, during the next visit, the infidel—such no longer—exclaimed, "I can stand it no longer; you have knocked away all my under-pinning, I believe—Lord help my unbelief." This converted infidel immediately went to his old comrades, urged them to attend upon the means of grace, and had soon the unspeakable satisfaction to see several of them yielding to the Gospel call, and submitting to Christ.

A very little boy, who had been visiting in a pious family, said to his father, when he came home, as they were sitting down to dinner, "Father, why don't you pray? Jenny's father prays before dinner." "Hush," said the father, "but father, won't you pray as Jenny's father does?" "No, child, he still," said he, "you may pray, if you want to."—The little one folded his hands, bent his head, and said,

"Now I lay me down to sleep, &c."

It was the only prayer the child knew;—it went to the father's heart, and was the means, under the Divine blessing, of his conversion.

"HALLELUJAH!" IN THE STREETS.—A revival of great power has been in progress for some time past in Portsmouth Va. Numbers are professing conversion daily, while hundreds are asking an interest in the prayers of Christian people. We learn that it is no strange thing to hear the shouts of "hallelujahs," especially amongst the colored population in the streets.

"FOUND A FORTUNE."—A lad, some fourteen years of age, having lost his parents in England, came to America, two years ago, alone, a stranger in a strange land. He went to Bloomington Ill. On the first Sabbath evening of this month he was baptized into the fellowship of a Baptist church in that place. After his baptism he stood before the great congregation with a face radiant with joy and made the following statement: "My friends, two years ago to-day, I left my native country and surviving relatives, to seek my fortune, and, thank God, I have now found it."

PRAYER-MEETING IN A GAMBLING-SALOON.—At Ripley, Ohio, the proprietor of gambling-saloon was recently converted, at whose request a daily prayer-meeting was organized in his rooms, and is still carried on with great animation.

THE REVIVAL KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.—In one of the Boston papers it is stated that a Universalist preacher objected to the revival on the ground that it was simply a revival of religious exercises, and not of moral practice; that there was much prayer, but no practical repentance. At one of the prayer-meetings, subsequent to this, allusion was made to this objection by some of the speakers, when a middle-aged man residing in South Boston rose, and with emotion said he could not sit still and hear that charge made. The revival, as experienced by him, had led him to close a house which for two years had been constantly open for the sale of liquors. That

house was now shut, and his family were engaged in other business. He knew that the revival had produced results.

THE REVIVAL AND THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—The revival is awakening an interest on the subject of Temperance, and bringing men back to sobriety and the Gospel, when all other means have failed. Nearly one thousand persons in Hartford have signed the pledge since the meetings were opened a few months since. It was stated in the noon prayer-meeting at the First Baptist church in that city, by one of the persons who took part in it, that he met a man on the sidewalk who had recently left off drinking and signed the pledge, and asked him "how he got along?" "Very well," was the reply, "for I have found the Saviour." Would that man have "found the Saviour," had it not been for the pledge?

MORE THAN A PLEDGE NEEDED.—Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, better known as Tom Marshall, a politician of remarkable eloquence and marked peculiarities of character, while a member of Congress contracted drinking habits, which threatened his ruin. As a remedy, he took the temperance pledge, and became distinguished as a public advocate of the cause. After several years abstinence he fell into his former habits. Recently, at Cincinnati, in a lecture on Temperance, he made the following allusion to his early resolutions and his attempts to carry them out:—

"Every word of that was written in the deepest sincerity. It was felt most heartily. I was confident in myself. When I look back upon that speech I see in it a boasting, vaunting tone that makes me feel ashamed. In that speech I defied a demon—I defied the devil—and the devil attacked me and I fell, like Lucifer, through pride. I needed the lesson to teach me not to rely wholly on myself. But I have come to myself, in the beautiful words of that beautiful book which we call the Bible. I go out now in an humble mood, and modestly seek a support outside of myself. I lean upon a stronger arm than mine. It was to strengthen myself in this last effort that I delivered this address to-night, for I feel that if I fall now, I shall fall never to rise."

THE BETHEL SHIP, NEW YORK.—The work of God continues among the Scandinavians and other seamen attending the Floating Bethel in this city. It is not confined to seamen, though some twelve or more of these have come to Jesus Christ. A number of lands-men also have been led to see the sinfulness of sin and to lay hold on the hope set before them in the Gospel.

THE RECEIVING-SHIP "OHIO."—It was stated at the Old South Chapel, Boston, on Saturday, that seventeen hopeful conversions had occurred within a short time on the receiving-ship Ohio, at the Charlestown Navy Yard. A gentleman also stated at the same meeting that, in his business correspondence, considerable religious intelligence had been communicated. The parties would first write about their business, and then speak of their own conversion or of the revival. Such letters were received, he said, almost every day.

Beautiful Extract.

The following beautiful extract is from an Address delivered by the Bishop of Oxford on the subject of Church Missions, with special reference to India:—

I think the whole of nature around us, when we come to read it in the light of Christianity, is a sort of parable expounding its truth to us. There is nothing good, there is nothing great, there is nothing living that the God of nature has given us in this world which does not, by the very law of its own being, impart itself, even in its own existence, a condition and law of existence to all things that are round about it. Look at the sun; what does it do? Fancy the sun in the firmament not imparting light, colour, and life, and all the means of vegetable life to everything in this world. Fancy such a thing. And what have you fancied? You have fancied the extinction of the sun; because, while it is the sun, God has sent it to rule in the natural heavens, it must, by the very law of its being, impart itself, and its colour, and its light, and its living influence to all things that it can reach in his universe. Look at the stars which spangle the sky.—Look at the moon waiting the interval of the sun's rays to cast its glory on this planet and those, who dwell therein. Look at the fountain of water which breaks out from the sides of the hill—look at that water as it sparkles and descends down the hill side, breaking from rock to rock—look at that water murmuring and dancing along its pebbly bed, and ask yourselves why it is that it is unlike the water that is dammed up in some deep sepulchral pool, covered with weed and scum and avoided by living creatures, because of pestilential vapours that are bred from its unclean breast. Why is the difference?—Because the one is imparting to every animal, every bird, and every vegetable thing which is nourished round about its track, and the other is hedged up in its own obdurate selfishness, and imparts itself to nothing.—And so it is if you examine it through nature. What is the growth of the corn but the same law—life imparting its influence to all which can be profited and fed by its increase?—And so I say the law of nature bears exactly

the same stamp with this law of grace, both of them coming from the same God and the same Lord. To have is to impart.

Mazzini's Opinion of Italy.

Mazzini, the Italian Revolutionist, has recently published a book in defence of himself and his insurrectionary movements in Italy. One sentence in it is a judgment upon the Italian religious sentiment worthy of being read by itself; and it is a judgment in which those concur who are the most familiar with the Italian popular mind. He says:—

"All faith, not in the religious principle, but in that mixture of intolerance, corruption and hypocrisy, which now represents religion, is lost; a portion of the people still conform to the Catholic symbolism, through habit or love of quiet; none are now ready to die for it."

Repeatedly when in Italy we have heard from the peasantry expressions indicating a hearty contempt for Romanism, that is for the distinctive and patent dogmas of that system. But as they know of no other religion, when they disbelieve Romanism they become infidel, and blank infidelity prevails more widely there than in any other country in Europe. This is a necessity, where there is such profound ignorance with contempt for the only system of religion of which they can have any knowledge. Mazzini ridicules the idea of giving them "books instead of arms." They cannot read. He advocates an immediate uprising and extermination of the oppressor. But Mazzini knows nothing of the power of the Bible to make men free. In every village there are some who can read, and who from the Bible will learn a faith that will fit them to fight for freedom, and to enjoy it after it is won. The London Patriot says:—

"Mazzini! Did you ever try the Bible? Make the experiment of its circulation. You and your agents are perhaps the only persons by whom it can possibly be brought home to the workshops and cottages of Italy. Become our colporteurs for a while, to the immense majority who cannot read let it be read. Earl street will furnish you with the books, so that you will need be at no expense.—Make the experiment, we say; and if it is fairly carried out, we will undertake that Italy shall be free—free permanently, free and strong; and, it may be free so soon, that even you in the short span which remains of that wasted life which you so pathetically describe, may see it and exult."

In Italy we made the acquaintance and for some days enjoyed the society of an educated and highly intelligent Italian, professedly a Catholic, but his learning had extended beyond his own church and he knew the truth. He was far from being an infidel. He said in private "I believe there is no hope for Italy but in the prevalence of Protestantism; but I dare not express this opinion even in the bosom of my own family; you will never betray me and I feel a pleasure in opening my mind to you on the subject."

Such men are to be relied on to regenerate Italy. The mad schemes of the insurrectionists and assassins have put far off the day of emancipation.—N. Y. Observer.

The late Conspirators against Louis Napoleon.

The French correspondent to the New York Observer in a long letter to that Journal on the history and crime of these men says:—

"These four criminals are Italians. Why is it that Italians, more than the citizens of other countries, are driven to such acts?—The religion in which they are educated answers the question, at least in part: they are taught only the superstitions of Romanism, the false maxims of Jesuitism, which teach that the end justifies the means; and they do not shrink from any excess. Their education, too, in Italy, is bad. 'Instruction at school,' says the Turin journal (the Opinion) 'is almost wholly limited to the study of the Latin language, and consequently to the Roman history, in which rigid and political assassination occupied a large place. Add to this the restraints imposed upon social intercourse, and it is not to be wondered at that thoughts of political assassination should be fostered.'"

Besides, liberal Italians cherish deep resentment against France and the Emperor. They accuse Louis Napoleon of sending his soldiers to bring back the Pope to Rome, and of joining hands with the Austrians to oppress their native land. They think to show devotedness to their country by striking down the man who has helped to put her again under the yoke of priests and foreigners.

How a Christian Man can Die.

Our New York Correspondent of last week gave a brief notice of the closing scene of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of Philadelphia, who was recently smitten down so mysteriously and suddenly. We find in the N. Y. Observer a sketch of his life, labours, and death, compiled from a sermon preached by his father, the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, to the congregation of the deceased on the Sabbath evening following the funeral. From it we make the subjoined extracts, the perusal of which, we think, can scarcely otherwise than effect the heart:—

He was born in Prince George's County, Md., Jan. 12th, 1825.

In the winter of 1841, when he was 16 years of age, the appointed time came for the manifestation of the grace of God in the conversion of this vessel of His choice. A lovely young Christian woman, long since enjoying the Saviour's presence in glory, was, perhaps, the immediate instrument under God of calling the wandering heart to the God of his salvation. Late one night, when the family had retired to their rest, and left me to my closing hour of solitude in my study, I heard the sound of feet descending the stairs. It was this dear boy, who had risen from his bed in sleepless sorrow. As he came into my room and pressed his arms around my neck, he said, "Dear father, I cannot sleep; I am so sinful. Father! father! will you pray for me?" We knelt together in prayer, and I gave him counsel for a short season snited to his state of mind, when he retired to his bed again. He found, and he ever afterwards enjoyed the blessed gift of the Father's adopting love, as it is made manifest in an acceptance of Jesus Christ.

His whole character was changed. The sweetest gentleness and affection ruled his spirit and his manner; his life was meekness, purity and love. His heart was immediately directed by the Holy Spirit to the ministry of the word of God; and when his College course was finished he went to the Seminary of Virginia, where he attained, in three years' study, his education for the sacred work. In July, 1846, he was ordained in Alexandria by Bishop Meade. Of his ministry I need not speak. The Church around has seen it—the result of it is on high—its testimony will live forever, forever.

On his return to his home on Sunday night, previous to this sorrowful event, he said to his wife after he came to the house, "I have enjoyed my ride home so much; I have had such sweet and pleasant communion with God all the way upon the road." O, this was the key to all his feelings in the hour and the work of the trial through which he was to pass. This was the provision for his journey through the valley of the shadow of death; and it is a coincidence a little remarkable, that on that very night, he found her reading in her solitude, the life of SUMMERFIELD; and having just arrived at the period of his youthful departure, she said, "How sad to see such an early death! If you had only been a few moments later, I should have finished the whole book to-night!"—little imagining that another youth was soon to follow in the same experience.

His calmness and placidity were characteristic through the whole of this week's trial and sorrow, and yet they were most remarkable. Early on the Monday morning, after a feeble and wasteful night, he said to his mother who was bathing his body and limbs, "Dear mother, you are nursing my poor and wounded body, but angels will guard and nurse my torn and suffering soul."

When his beloved and faithful physician had returned from a short absence from the house, a little before ten o'clock, he said to him, "Doctor, my friends have given me up; they say I am dying; is that your opinion?" The doctor, after a few moments examination, answered him in the affirmative. "Then," said he, "doctors, I have loved you much as a friend, I long to love you as a brother in Christ Jesus. I cannot repay the obligations I am under to you, unless I am permitted to bring you to a Saviour's feet. Let me entreat you now to come to Jesus, that you may be to me forever a dear brother in Christ, and that you may be far more useful than I ever have been."

He was presently asked if he had any messages to send to his brethren in the ministry, or to his congregation. He answered us, "Not now, I am too much exhausted." Again he reposed for a few moments, and then opened his eyes with a very elevated expression, and said in a loud and very distinct voice, "Now, father, I am ready. Tell them, 'Let us all stand up for Jesus—let us all stand in Christ Jesus in prayer,—accepted in Christ, having no other claims than His righteousness, that Christ may be glorified in us forever.'" He again sank in repose and quiet for a season, and then again he raised his eyes and voice, and said in equal distinctness, "Now, father, I want to send a message to my church. I love that church; I love the principles on which it has been founded; I want to see those principles established in the church; I want to see men gathered into the church on those principles, such as shall be saved. I wish my people to go on vigorously and unitedly, and establish that church for the glory of Christ forever."

Much exhausted by such effort, he sank at these intervals into perfect quietness; and then again he suddenly aroused, and said to us, "Sing! Sing! Can you not sing?" He hesitated—saw it was impossible, when he himself struck the words,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me," and we followed him, and we sung together the first two verses of that hymn—but as sorrow silenced us all. In reference to his own death, he said, "I wish to say in regard to this dispensation, I am perfectly satisfied—I have not one fault to find with it. I say