

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,
FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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ship in which they reside, but the NAME of the

office where they wish to receive their pa-

pers, that we want.

You Don't Talk of Jesus at Home;

Or, Inconsistency Reproved.

BY REV. JAMES SMITH, CHURCHMAN, ENG.

In the neighborhood of Ross, a lady who was

in the habit of visiting the poor for benevolent

purposes, took her little daughter with her. The

child saw, heard, and was interested. But there

was something which the child could not exactly

make out. So, on the road home, she said,

"Mamma, when you are out visiting the poor,

you always talk about Jesus Christ to them, but

you don't talk of him at home."

I need not say one word about how the lady

felt, but if the remark had been made to us: how

could it have been said with truth? To reference

to too many, I fear, it may be said with too much

truth. Many parents seem to think, that if they

take their children to public worship, if they put

good books into their hands, and if they have

family prayer, they have done all that is neces-

sary. They talk of almost all subjects before

their children, and they talk with them on many

points, but they do not talk of Jesus. They act

as if they fancied that their children heard

enough of him, or knew all that was requisite for

them to know. But is it so?

Reader, are you a parent? Have you little

ones around you? Do you not notice how at-

tentively they often listen to you? Do they

hear you speak of him as your highest love? As

that Savior, who for you performed wondrous

deeds, who for you suffered tremendous agonies,

who for you achieved a most glorious conquest?

Do they hear you speak of what he was, when

in the bosom of his Father; of what he became,

when a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief;

and of what he is now, exalted above all prin-

cipalities and powers? Do they hear you speak

with admiration of his loving heart, of his al-

lons blood, and of his prevalent intercession

at the right hand of God? Do they hear you di-

late on his amazing condescension, in the visits

he paid, the miracles he wrought, and in receiv-

ing and blessing even little children? Do they

hear you speak of Jesus, as of a subject in which

you feel a deep interest, of a Savior to whom you

feel the warmest love, and a Friend in whom

you place a strong confidence? Could they

conclude, from the frequency of which you speak

of Jesus, the tender and majestic manner in which

you speak of Jesus, and the reverence and gra-

ture that you feel toward Jesus, that he is your

all?

My friends, I fear the best of us do not speak

of Jesus so much or so frequently as we ought.

We do not speak of Jesus before our children in

the manner that we ought. We so speak to them

could could you be so cruel, so hard hearted, as

to treat me in the way you have? You never

took me aside to talk to me seriously. You

never endeavored to impress upon my mind the

importance of spiritual things. You never ear-

nestly warned me to flee from the wrath to come.

You never lovingly invited me to the Lord Jesus

Christ. You never prayed with me as if you

believed I was in danger of going to hell, and

could only be saved by the grace of God. You

were very earnest about temporal things, but

as indifferent about spirituals. You knew I was

going to hell, and you did not try to prevent it.

Now I am lost, lost for ever, and you are the

cause of it. Or, at least, you are accessory to

my everlasting damnation." How could you

hear this? But would it not, in many cases, be

just?

Or, suppose the great white throne appearing,

and the Judge seated thereon, and you meet

your children there. One of them points to you

and says, "There is my father, he professed re-

ligion, but he treated me as if he disbelieved it;

he never dealt closely with me about my eternal

welfare. In our houses all was formal, and

temporal things were more thought of than

spiritual. I charge my father with neglecting

my soul, and as guilty of my blood." Another

points to you, and says, "There is my mother;

she showed great anxiety about my body, but

she never showed half the anxiety about my

soul. She never knelt by my side in prayer. I

never heard her plead with God for my soul, nor

did she ever, in downright earnest, plead with

me. I charge her, before the Judge of all, with

cruelty to my soul, and throughout all eternity

I shall curse the day I ever had such a parent.

No name will excite my animosity, or draw forth

my bitter reproaches, like the name of my

mother. I am lost, lost for ever, and my mother

never heeded my cries for help."

Parents! by all the tender ties that unite you

to your children, I beseech you, to seek, first,

principally, and most earnestly, the conversion

of your children in early life. Never let a child

of yours be able to say, with truth, "You do not

talk about Jesus Christ," or, "My mother or my

father did not make my salvation their first con-

cern."—*Am. Ref. Tract and Book Society, Cin-*

cinnati.

Violated Vows.

Men do not seem to be aware of the guilt they

contract by making promises to God, and failing

to keep them. They forget that to the guilt of

the transgression is added the guilt of a violated

vow. Some are more careful to keep their prom-

ises to men, than their promises to God. There

are some who are constantly promising that they

will repent and break off from their sins, and as

constantly failing to do what they promise. In-

deed they can quiet conscience, and gain their

own consent to remain impenitent, only by a sys-

tem of promises made but to be broken and re-

newed. Thus one who is often anxious about

his soul, may become more guilty than one who

remains careless and unconcerned.

Mr. E. was an intelligent farmer, who had re-

ceived a religious education, and was a tolerably

regular attendant at church. His wife was a

pious woman, who prayed for him, set before him

an example of Christian conscientiousness and meek-

ness, but could never overcome her constitutional

timidity so far as to speak to him plainly and

pointedly respecting his eternal interest. This

she confessed with many tears, after his decease.

Mr. E. was taken ill, but so seriously as

to alarm his friends. He however was alarmed

that he would not recover. A godly woman who

knew of the vows he had made at former visita-

tions, suggested that God had twice spared him

and given him time to perform his promise, and

that now the severing of the thread of life would

no longer be delayed, though his prayers and

promises were renewed. The event accorded

with the expectation above noticed. His mental

distress was great until his death. The pastor

who had twice witnessed his uprising from the

borders of the tomb, was now labouring in an-

other part of the country.

Vows made in the day of trouble are often

forgotten when the trouble is removed. Reader,

use your own experience corresponded in any

measure to his whose history has been given

above? Are there not against you in God's

book of remembrance violated vows as well as

other sins of omission and wilful transgressions?

Is there no reason to fear that their continued

violation will bring the day of grace to a speedy

termination?

How Conscience May Destroy.

One of our greatest modern poets has given us

an allegory, in which a ship freighted with res-

cued slaves is supposed to be turned back upon a

port where its passengers are again thrown into

captivity by the deceit of the captain, who placed

a loadstone near the compass, so that while the

needle was apparently turning towards the free

sea, it was in reality, by this artifice, pointed

back to the coast from whence it had come. The

compass remained perfect and entire, but its

action was perverted by an extraneous influence,

which used its very virtues to effect the ruin of

those who placed on it their reliance. The moral

compass is one which is not unworthy of our

own consideration. Conscience is the compass

which has been placed in our breast to guide us

in our escape from the thralldom of sin to that

free country where the soul will be emancipated

from its human shackles. If we follow its lead-

ings, and if, at the same time, it is kept free from

false influences from without, we will be able to

strike upon the right and true way of life. But

conscience no longer is perfect and just. A

depraved will so far acts upon it as to produce

in an infection which is all the more mischiev-

ous from the fact that it communicates some sort

of honesty to our error. Take, for instance, the

course of the Jesuits. That they were influenced

by a desire for the extension of what they be-

lieved to be Christ's kingdom, always a danger-

ous motive when unaccompanied with a deter-

mination to imitate Christ's life, there can be

little doubt. But exaggerating the importance

of discipline and obedience, they first substituted

a human providence for a divine, and then made

the direction of this human superior their sole

rule of life, and the prosperity of this human as-

sociation their sole object of exertion. From

hence sprung their adoption of the doctrine of

reserve, their cruelty in persecution, their

merging of the spiritual in the mechanical in

their system of proselytism. That in this they

followed conscience, perverted, it is true, and

yet in one sense sincere, is attested by their

heresies both in the moment of martyrdom and in

the longer and patient struggle with adversity,

by which their ministry was so often distinguish-

ed. The error was not in following the compass,

but in permitting themselves to be put by its side

a false element that destroyed its fidelity. This

false element was the principle that obedience to

Christ could ever be separated from imitation of

Christ—that Christian zeal could be detached

from Christian life. Now, in these days of dis-

Christians early rise to pay their vows unto God?

'Very early in the morning,' the holy woman

came to the sepulchre to enshrine the Saviour;

and shall not his disciples seek their risen Lord

early in the day? Christian! when are you

most apt to neglect prayer, or perform it hastily

and unprofitably? Is it not when you omit early

rising? When are you most prone to neglect

reading the Bible, or peruse its sacred pages

negligently? Is it not when you act the sluggard,

and waste precious hours in indolent repose? At

what season do you peruse God's Word with

delight, and call upon his name with fervor?

Is it not when you early rise to pay your morning

sacrifice? Nature, then, as well as Scripture,

indicates the value of the morning for religious

meditation, reading, and prayer. Neglect not,

then, their united intimations. Experience

shows you the benefits of early rising. Profit by

its voice. Let the drawn summons you from the

bed of repose. Let the orb of day witness you

at your devotions, supplicating that the Sun of

righteousness may arise upon you with healing

in his beams. Thus your body will be invigor-

ated, and your soul will be in health and pros-

per. Whoso is wise, and will observe these

things, even they shall understand the loving-

kindness of the Lord."

JOHN NEWTON'S DREAM.

Our ship was anchored in the bay.

But on the waters where she lay

The moon was shining bright.

It was my watch, and to and fro

I silently did pace;

Till suddenly a stranger came,

With mild and pleasant face.

He handed me a ring, and said,

"The yours for well or woe:

Guard it with care, and while you live

'Twill happiness bestow;

But yours the sorrow and the pain,

If of it you're bereft;

You'll suffer misery untold."

And then the stranger left.

Another sought me as I mused

On what had taken place

I told him; he with scorn abused

My folly to my face.

"A paltry gift," he said, "you have:

What virtue's in a ring?

If it were mine, honesta that wave

The bauble I would fling."

With reasonings false and many words

He sorely tempted me;

Till from my hand I plucked the ring,

And threw it in the sea!