

The Religious Intelligencer.

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

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

VOL. V.—NO. 34.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK. FRIDAY, AUGUST 20 1858.

WHOLE NO. 242

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,
An Evangelical Family Newspaper,
FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.
REV. E. MCLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.
Published every Friday Morning.
At their office, No. 26, German Street, St. John, N.B.
TERMS.
Seven Shillings and Six Pence
A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions received for one-third of a year.

Communications and Business Letters may be directed to either of the Editors.
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Religious Intelligencer.

Reported for the Religious Intelligencer.

SABBATH SCHOOL SPEECH.
The following speech was delivered at our Sabbath School excursion; I have pleasure in forwarding it to you for insertion in the "Intelligencer."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In response to your call for me to address you in behalf of the interests of the First Free-Will Baptist Sabbath School of the City of New York, I will endeavor to say a few words expressive of my interest in, and my cordial approval of, the Sabbath School enterprise, and to speak, if possible, an encouraging word in favor of that movement, which, I think, is nearly or quite equal in importance and comprehensiveness to the Christian Church itself. For the Sabbath School is the great and mighty auxiliary of the Church, and is a chief pledge of its perpetuity. If the Christian Church is that strong and well developed institution, which is the magazine of moral power; nay, which is the concrete embodiment of Christ's Divine humanity, whose uprising laws stand firm and unwavering against the mighty assaults of Satan's marshallled forces—whose method of warfare is, to disarm its deadliest foe by turning their own engines against them, and then by showing mercy to the vanquished, which repels all assaults of the enemy from whatever quarter they may come—the Sabbath-School is that institution which wins its way quietly and unobtrusively, yet thoroughly and permanently, despite all opposition into the hearts of those whom it would benefit before their souls have been all poisoned with sin, and on whose pathway the glimmering and uncertain light of that sun, whose disk is all covered over with morally leprous spots, has never fallen—which infuses into the hearts of the young the fragrant aroma of heavenly truth and enlists their sympathies before their energies are wasted and their powers exhausted by folly and dissipation—which defies God, and not self, in the human soul—which refines the taste and purifies the affection; which opens to the unfolding and eager spirit rich mines of thought, and leads to large and busy fields of activity and extensive spheres of usefulness; which chastens the desires and enlarges the soul; which develops and directs the nobler powers of the human mind; which, in short, permeates the whole being, properly unfolding the immortal germ, and giving a high and noble aim to existence. But I cannot dwell on this point.

Such, then, is the largeness and magnitude of this work in which you are engaged, that it demands all the energies of your highest enlightened mind, and all the sympathy and co-operation of a thoroughly sanctified heart. If great demands have been made upon the Church and the Christian world in years past, those demands will be largely increased in years to come, and this, on account of the Church's providential position, and its greater receptivity to the higher manifestations of the Holy Spirit, and the broader view of Christianity, and the more liberal tendencies of the age—which broader views of Christianity has produced—and the mechanical conquests that are going on over the martial world—opening to the eager spirit of the 19th century busy fields of action, increasing facilities for inter-communication between remote countries; "interlocking nation with nation," and bringing all the families of man into close proximity; carrying civilization and Christianity to the farthest limits of human existence, and causing all men to feel the great heart-throb of humanity, and to believe that they are all brothers, living on the same green earth, dwelling beneath the same azure expanse, warmed by the same bright sunlight, breathing the same free air, rejoicing in one common Saviour, inspired by the same hopes, and all striving to obtain the same glorious home, REST IN HEAVEN.

The disposition of the more liberal-minded and progressive Christians of the age, "to prove all things," is producing a mighty upheaving in the different strata of theological opinions. Here many things are unsettled. This is a transition age. And it is proper for us, as professing Christians and members of the Sabbath-school, most prayerfully to inquire what God would have us to do as faithful Christians in our enlarged sphere of labor, increased responsibility, and providential position. For, Christianity is so closely related to the best interests of society, as to its moral, physical and intellectual conditions, in all the ramifications of human existence, that no large fields of enterprise can be successfully explored, no free institutions can be long sustained, no great movement can be permanently carried forward, no independent form of government can be long perpetuated, no great achievements can be made, no great evils overthrown, and no great reform brought about, without admitting the existence and recognizing the potent influences of Christianity, whether in moral or ecclesiastical, civil or political, legislative or executive departments.

I wish to say a few words, by way of encouragement, to the younger portion of this assembly—the children of the Sabbath-school—those who are soon to assume positions of responsibility and trust, both in Church and state, and to act their part in the great drama of human affairs. I am glad, my young friends, to meet you here to-day engaged in so noble a cause, a cause which enlists the sympathies of all good persons in every part of Christendom, and engages the special attention of our blessed Saviour himself, a cause which God delights to honor and bless, and upon which the angels, bending over the battlements of heaven, gaze with wonder and admiration. You are engaged, my young friends, in a cause the influence of which will endure forever. Governments, nations, and empires may spring into existence, and sink into decay; the stars of heaven may grow weary and pale with age in keeping their nightly vigils, but this cause in which you are this day engaged, immortal as that which gave it existence, will live on, riding sublimely over the waves of ages, surviving the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, whose duration will be coequal to the ever-rolling cycles of eternity, and with that God whose truth it reveals to you and me, who is, from everlasting to everlasting.

You should be encouraged to labor from the fact that you can do something to help forward this work. Go down to that majestic river and touch its waters with the tip of your finger, and you move the liquid element all round the globe. Cast a pebble into mid-ocean, and you shall see the bright ripples which, small at first, widen and spread until they reach every shore of earth. You have but to breathe, and you cause the air to vibrate throughout the universe of God. Sing a hymn of a beautiful Christian sentiment, such as,

"Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,"
And it will swell and rise o'er hill and mountain top, until it reaches the far off distant heavens, and then the angel-choir, taking up the chorus and accompanying it with their gold harps and their lyres, will reverberate it throughout the vast domain of God's existence. So, too, with your little deeds, my young friends. They may seem small and be easily forgotten by you, but not so with our Heavenly Father. He never slumbers. His all-seeing eye will carefully watch your little acts of kindness, and water them with the dew of heaven, and far down the stream of time among the coming generations, when you and I have slept in our graves for centuries, the seed which you are sowing this day will yield bountiful harvests, which shall gladden the eyes and rejoice the hearts of countless millions. The least little act you do will live forever. It is immortal. And I see by the fire which is kindled in your eyes, and by the gleam of joy which overspreads your faces, that your hearts beat in harmony with what I say as you, with prophetic vision, look down through the vista of ages, and behold the grand and glorious results of your labors—the successful triumph of Christianity over all opposition—marking brought back from its long wanderings to repose calmly and serenely beneath the branches of the Tree of Life—the inner glories of Christian truth sending out its bright beams on every side, lighting up every corner and crypt of nature, and the New Jerusalem's coming down from God out of heaven, as the grand completion of man's redemption.

Yes, your deeds will live and represent you long after you have ceased to exist. The influence which you are exerting will go on and on and on until it reaches the farthest shore of earth, and brings to a knowledge of the truth the vast outlying tribes of men.

Allow me to say a single word upon the fitness of the place for such an occasion. It seems to bring us into close proximity with heaven. Away from the busy cares of life, the din, the bustle, the confusion, the temptation of yonder Metropolis; enjoying the quiet of this lovely grove—formerly considered so sacred—which inspires such feelings of reverence and delight; where all anxiety is forgotten and wasting care is diminished, so significant of our eternal home, when our aching hearts shall cease their pulsations, and our burning brows shall be bathed in the river of God; where the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary are at rest—overshadowed by this cool and delightful umbrage, listening to the sweet music of the feathered songsters, inhaling large drafts of heaven's pure air, imbibing, refreshing and unadulterated potions from yonder Well, nature's best beverage, and bountifully partaking of this rich collation, overlooking beautiful groves, fields and gardens, decked in their loveliest robes, gazing upon that noble river which has rolled along so majestically for ages, before the paddle of the rotund sun dislured its waters, in the invention of modern times

thundered over its surface—reminding us at the same time of that river of Life which shall flow evermore beneath the throne of God in heaven—and that ever instructive and authoritative voice which comes from the spheres above, and the world around and the depths within us, saying, "In nature behold nature's God."—all these conspire to render this a most fitting place for your Annual Excursion.

In conclusion let me say to the Superintendent, Teachers, and Scholars, go on in the good work in which you are so nobly engaged. The objects you contemplate are noble and grand, rising infinitely above all human calculations; the principles you profess are enduring, extending in their influence and application far beyond the mightiest stretch of mortal kin; the work you have to perform is comprehensive, fraught with the deepest interests productive of the grandest results; higher and nobler spheres of activity invite you.

Whether it shall be given to you to lead in the ingathering of God's spiritual forces, and in the mighty contest which is now going on between truth and error, right and wrong, liberty and slavery, Christianity and infidelity, I know not. "The way may be long and the toil may be hard," and foes slumber on either hand; justice may seem to linger, and victory hang in even scale, but trust in God, your cause is just, and truth will prevail. May the benedictions of heaven rest upon you. May you, at least, prepare one symmetrical stone which shall grace the up-rising walls of God's future temple, and final, in the press of His Divine empire, and in the unfolding of His moral government on earth may it be seen that this Sabbath School has contributed its quota to hasten on the millennial age, when Christ shall reign o'er all nations; when, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, income and a pure offering shall ascend to heaven; when this earth shall be restored to its former loveliness and glory; when the families of man shall learn war no more; when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together; when moral power shall succeed to brute force, harmony to discord, joy to sorrow, and God shall fill the world with righteousness, peace and love forever.
A. H. D.

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

Knowing that very many of our readers feel deeply interested in the "Great Revival," we take pleasure in furnishing them with some incidents connected with its progress, as they reach us. The following we take from the N. Y. Observer of August 6th:—

THE OMNIBUS OWNER. Let me tell you, said the speaker, of this man. He owned a line of omnibuses, he kept a rum shop or drinking saloon, made money, and wasted his spiritual good in all manner of ways, useless, irreligious. His wife went to these prayer-meetings. She became a truly converted woman. He forbade her going to the prayer-meetings, but she would go. She kept on going though he got angry and said she must not. Finally he told her she must leave him or quit going to the prayer-meetings. "Now if you will go up into the chamber and pray with me, you may pray as much as you please, but you must not go to the prayer-meetings." She said she did not know how to pray for him or for herself. So they went into the chamber and he was very much surprised to hear her pray. That day everything went wrong. Next morning they went into the chamber to pray. "I thought I would let her pray it out, and by keeping her from the prayer-meetings I should break the charm." So they knelt down together and she prayed such a prayer as took a deep hold of his heart; as they rose from their knees he kissed her, and went away. His heart was softened, subdued and he came humbly at the feet of Jesus, a converted man. We rejoice over scores such as he. He abandoned his liquor selling at once. He witnesses a good confession.

Another said, I dwell in the shadow of the Catskill mountains. We have a great work of grace among us. We have added to our church over 100, a great many conversions among our children and youths. Our ministers have left us for a little rest from labor, but we have resolved to carry our prayer-meetings through the hot weather to meet our ministers on their return.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER. A father, said one of the speakers, had three sons in distant and different parts of the country, all unconverted. He brought them to the meeting as subjects of prayer. They were prayed for as only those who believe can pray. What has been the consequence? Three letters have been received from these three sons, each giving an account of his own conversion. Another father requested for a son at sea. He was away in the distant Pacific. His case was made the subject of earnest prayer. He has just returned to port. He was converted in mid-ocean, and just about the time he was made the subject of prayer. I thought, said the father, I would put down the date of that prayer-meeting, and the date of that prayer. I have no reason to doubt that the prayer of God's people are answered. It is wonderful. Away at that distance God called up his attention to religion, and convinced him of his guilt, led him to Christ, and the very first thing he had to tell me on landing was, what the Lord had done to his soul. He knew nothing of our prayer-meetings. He did not know that he had been made the subject of

special prayer, and yet the Lord has made him the subject of special grace. One of the most affecting objects of prayer was this. A father brought into one of our meetings a sealed letter to a son in South America and laid it upon the desk, and requested the prayers of Christians that the spirit and blessing of God might go with that letter, and make it the means of the conversion of that distant and much loved son. The letter was an earnest entreaty that he might be reconciled to God.

Thousands and thousands of instances, doubtless, have transpired within the last few months, of wonderful and speedy answers to prayer. "Only believe!" "Only believe!" This is the voice of God's providence, and grace, and spirit. **FIELD PREACHING ON STATEN ISLAND.** One speaker said:—On week days our Staten Island boats run every hour, and on Sundays every half hour, crowded with hundreds and hundreds. The consequence is that we are overrun with pleasure seekers on Sundays. We have studied to know what to do, and it has been resolved that we will have field preaching. Our first attempts have been attended with very good success. We want Christians to pray for our out-door worshipping assemblies. We feel confident that they will be exceedingly useful to hundreds and thousands who never go near a house of worship. We may reach them in this way if we could in no other.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH IN OUR CITY INSTITUTIONS. Yesterday, said a speaker, I went to Randall's Island, where I met 2,000 children and youth in one body. The ten Governors have 5,000 children under their care, and in all our institutions there are from 30,000 to 40,000, without hope and without God in the world. What are we doing for these. I see some here before me, who will go out to-morrow (Sunday) among the streets. Who are the tenants of our jails and prisons, and various institutions belonging to the City? Three quarters of all our criminals are under twenty-one years of age. Are we doing all we can to save the young; that very class who will rule or ruin us. I ask you to do what you can in the lanes and alleys, and among the haunts of the miserable, and criminal, and degraded, to bring them to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. Here is a great work, and but few, comparatively, are engaged in it. How few even know of the misery and pauperism and crime which prevails in this great city. How many of us are doing what we can to carry the gospel to the perishing thousands in the midst of us, absolutely perishing at our very doors? Let us look this great matter in the face, and see what we can do to turn the tide of sin and ruin.

Another said: There is just one minute now and I want to say a few words in just this one minute. I would not have it supposed for a moment that this revival has not increased the power of benevolent effort in our city. No one who does not know could have the least adequate idea of the amount of still benevolent effort, which the public never hear anything about, is put forth every day and every Sabbath in this great city. The quiet work of unostentatious mercy and succor is constantly going on, unheeded by the public eye, but still going on under the Omniscient Eye. No tongue can tell the good that is done and the evil that is prevented. There are hundreds and thousands of hands that minister to wants which we do not see, and relieve miseries which we do not observe. And if the chapter of benevolence could be written out as it is really felt and exerted, we should all of us be surprised at the results; and it is mine to know that this revival has quickened the pulse that beats vainly in the veins and arteries of human sympathy, and increased an hundred fold the work of mitigating the amount of human woe. This revival has carried gladness and joy to thousands of suffering hearts. Yet it is too true that thousands there are who have never heard of this revival, and have had no gospel brought to them. To them we must carry it.

Influence of the revival on crime.—I have been told, said a speaker, by an officer who is in a position to know, that crime has greatly diminished in the 4th ward. I think we are sometimes much too chary in our words—too fearful of speaking of things as they are. I refer to the influence of the revival on licentiousness. I have my information from a man in a position to know—a man who must know. I asked how this could be, when he told me not one half as much crime prevailed now as formerly. He said that many who patronised and practised the crime of licentiousness had abandoned the evil—had become converted—and this evil was greatly diminished all over the city. Nothing told more strongly for the power and prevalence of this revival than this great fact. It was a proof of its power, when one half of these haunts of sin and shame are shut up, and hundreds of poor creatures have been rescued, who resorted formerly to these places, and sin no more. Let us take encouragement to labor, and let us be thankful that our labour is not in vain.

The Revival and our Religious Papers.—What is the reason, said a speaker from the country, that we cannot hear from your meetings. I have been perfectly delighted with this meeting. I shall go away comforted and rejoiced. When we get our religious paper we expect to be told, all about the revival in the city. It is the first information we look for. And when we look the paper all through and find nothing said about your meeting or the state of religious interest, we feel sadly disappointed. I had no idea of

finding such a prayer meeting as this when I came to New York. Why don't the religious papers tell us about them? We want to hear every week. It is worth coming all the way to New York to get into such a meeting as this. Why are we not told how the Lord pours down his Spirit here—how the spirit of prayer advances here—how sinners are converted here? We want to hear of these things.

The speaker seemed very much in earnest, but was evidently not a reader of the New York Observer, which has from the beginning kept these meetings prominently before the public.

A Home in Heaven.

[By request.]
A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils on his weary lot! His heart oppressed, and with anguish driven, From his home below, to his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! as a sufferer lies On his bed of pain, and up-lifts his eyes To that bright home; what a joy is given, With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid; And strength decays, and our health is riven, We are happy still with our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead We wait in hope on the promise given, To meet them all in our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke, And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke; When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even, We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

Our home in heaven! O, the glorious home! And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says "Come." Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven, And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

THE MIND OF CHRIST.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." "In you"—Who? Every disciple of Christ. Every human being to whom the inspired direction comes. You, whose eye lights on the direction—"Let this mind be in you." And what was "this mind." A humble mind. "Being in the form of God he made himself of no reputation." He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. A lowly mind. "Let each esteem other better than themselves." A quiet mind. "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory." A loving mind. "Be like minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." A benevolent mind. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

All this is the immediate context, (Phil. 2) and there is more than this. His was an obedient mind. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." A self-denying mind.—The Son of man hath not where to lay his head. "When he bethold the city he wept over it." A condescending mind. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." A forgiving mind. "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." A mind earnestly seeking the world's salvation. "Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God." "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day."

Is this mind in you? Is there a better mind; a more lovely character, a holier example? And what if indeed it were in all even, who profess to be the disciples of Christ? What with reference to the work of missions would be the result if all would act under the influence of this mind? What with reference to the supply of those wants which now so press upon the treasury of the American Board? What as to relieving the necessities and heeding the appeals of our missionary brethren abroad—Christ's brethren—respecting whom he will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me?" what with reference to entering the many door-ways before the church for the preaching of the Gospel in "all the world," and bringing the world to trust in Christ? Alas! where is the mind which was in Christ Jesus? Christ! when he did for you; when he called you by his grace, renewed you by his spirit, forgave you your sins, and made you an heir of life, was it that you might be saved alone? or was it with some reference to the accomplishment of his great work on earth? Was it that you, turned from sin to holiness, might glorify God and do good to men? Was it with this word whispered in your heart: "Son, Go work to-day in my vineyard?"

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN IN YOUR FAMILY?

The world looks upon you as a Christian.—In your dealings with it you are upright and honorable. Perhaps there is not a man living who can question your integrity. Your conscience is not hardened with wrongs done to the widow or the orphan. Your nights are not rendered sleepless by thoughts of fraud. The Church claims you as one of its members; an honored member, perhaps. The Sabbath finds you in your place, an attentive listener to the preaching of the Word. You are not absent from the prayer meeting, and your voice is sometimes heard there in prayer or exhortation. You are not backward

in giving. According to your ability, you aid in the support of the ministry, of missions, of the many noble charities, in which the people of God are engaged.

Thus far, all is well. But this is not all that is necessary to establish your character as a Christian. You may honor your profession, in the world and in the Church, but do you honor it at home? You have reared a family altar.—Do those who gather around it with your recognize in you the deeply reverent spirit, the humility, the sincerity, the earnestness, which should characterize you as a priest of your own household? You profess to love and revere your Bible—is it often in your hands? Do those who mingle with you in the familiar intercourse of home know that its precepts are the guide of your life; that, according to its teachings, you are struggling to subdue the inclinations of your sinful nature; perfecting holiness in the fear of God? Does your wife find in you the kind counsellor, the tender friend; or is her spirit often saddened by your inconsideration, your want of forbearance? Do you, who should, strive to make the way easy for her feet, heedlessly plant thorns in the path? Do your children learn in you to love the name of father, to rejoice that "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him?" Are you lenient to the faults of childhood and youth, remembering that you were once a child, and not a perfect one? Are you sparing of harsh words, lavish of gentle ones? Do you meet provocations what meekness, restraining the angry reproaches that rise instinctively to your lips? Do you, in your conversation, always regard purity and truth? Is it your earnest desire that your example shall be such as to win those around you to the service of your Master.

Alas! that it should ever be otherwise.—Alas! that there are many whose Christian profession is doubted most by their nearest friends; who are most careless of that portion of the Lord's vineyard immediately around them; whose own family circle never can "take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus."

The Scoffer Caught.

A Home Missionary in the North West, writing to one of the Secretaries, relates the following incident:

Some time since, I went into a shoemaker's workshop, and sat down and talked with the workmen, four in number. A man came in and used profane language. In connection with an oath, he used the expression "God's earth." Turning to him and looking him full in the face I inquired, "God's earth?" "Yes," said he, "God's earth." "But do you believe this to be God's earth?" "Why, yes," "God's earth?" "Yes, certainly it is," said he, looking surprised that I should ask the question. Then in a solemn manner I said to him, I have to tell you that God says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." "Ah," he replied, "you get that from the Bible—I don't believe the Bible. You think old Adam to have been a wise fellow—I think he was a fool." I inquired if he believed what the Bible stated about Adam. "O yes, I believe that much." I then observed that perhaps I could prove that Adam was the greatest philosopher that ever lived. "You can't do that," I will try. You remember it is said that the Lord God brought to Adam all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air to see what he would call them. In the Hebrew language the names signified the nature of the creatures. "Why that is nothing, who could not do that?" Stopping down, I placed before him five different articles, and requested him to find a name for each. "Certainly I will." He then began, "Borgus, Pochahonias." "Stop, stop, you must find names—Adam had to invent all his names." Looking confused, he then said, "Well, stop a minute." He bowed his head—the blood rushed to his face. There was a long pause. One of the shoemaker's said, "Come D— you are a long time." "Stop a minute." Another long pause, and all the while head bowed still lower—confusion covered him. Again it was said, "Come D— you are a long time." No reply. I then said kindly, "Come Mr. D—." No reply. There was deep silence, broken only by a suppressed laugh from the workmen. At length raising up, evidently embarrassed he said, "Well, the fact is, Adam has used up all the names." This produced a burst of laughter from the shoemakers, and poor D— felt utterly confounded. I took him by the hand, talked to him affectionately, besought him to read the Bible prayerfully, and to go to Jesus as a poor sinner. He thanked me and we parted. Shortly afterwards I was preaching in the neighborhood of this man and observed him in the congregation. At the close of the meeting he came to me and said he wished to be a Christian. I talked with him and visited him at his house. He has since been received into the Methodist church. He had always been regarded as a profane man of infidel sentiments. I have discovered however, that many years since, he was a member of the Methodist Society, and as exhorter, but fell into sin and "trampled under foot the Son of God." Nothing is too hard for the Lord. His grace is all sufficient.—
Am. Mis.