

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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The Little Messenger.

As I stepped upon the platform of one of the Cleveland depots, a hand was laid upon my arm, and a voice said, "Norman! is this you?" I turned and looked at the speaker! It was my old classmate, Richard, with whom I had agreed to pass a few weeks, and whom I had not seen for years before. After we had pushed our way through the noisy crowd and were seated in our carriage, I looked at him again, and exclaimed, "Richard, how you have altered! how different now from the wild youth of old!" "Yes, Norman, there have been many changes with me since we parted, but the greatest have been here," said he, smiling, and gently touching his breast. "Humph!" was my ejaculation, which elicited no reply.

That evening, as he, his wife, and myself were walking in the conservatory, and I was admiring some jasmines, he said to me, "Norman, I have yet a little treasure to show you, and although it is small, it is great; greater than all these; almost the greatest one I have. Can you guess?"

When we went back to the drawing-room he showed her to me; his beautiful little girl; his only child; his little Bessie! It was not fond of children, at least I thought so; but strangely did that little maiden win her way to my heart; my old bachelor heart! Eight cloudless summers of her sunny life had passed, and had each one, as it gently glided by, left with her all its charms, she could not have been more beautiful.

That evening, sweet in memory to me, we became firm friends. "She loved me, because when she asked papa, he said he did," she said with me a little while, and I told her an old fairy story which most strangely came to my remembrance, and then, after she, her papa and myself had a frolic, she went to bed.

The next day we all went out for a drive, and a delightful one we had. Little Bessie was as bright and beautiful as the day, but there was sometimes a strange thoughtful expression upon her face which troubled me as being beyond her years. As I was talking to her father I said something of the kind, and he said, "I am glad to hear of it, for it shows that she is beginning to think for herself."

The next day I was alone in my room, thinking of all that had occurred, and a strange and unaccountable feeling of seriousness was creeping over me, a sort of longing to be like her, when suddenly the little maid was at my side. I started, as I saw her and met that tender gaze of love and pity which she bent upon me. Her little hand was laid upon my arm, and for a moment both were silent.

"Then you love me, my Jesus?" and she was gone. I could not ridicle that lovely spirit and yet some demon within me tempted my soul to do so. The next morning, and the next, and the next, the little maiden came in the same way, said the same words and disappeared. I never answered her, and at no other time did she allude to the subject; but she never failed to come at that morning hour. One morning I said to her, almost unconsciously, as she uttered her never-failing invitation, "Tell me how, Bessie." She looked at me a moment and the next was seated on my knee; the words that flowed from those childish words in which she told the story of Christ's love! Never, never shall I forget them. My eyes were wet from dry when she went away, and there was less of sorrow on her face than usual. And morning after morning she came and seemed never weary of telling me the sweet tale.

But one morning she did not come. I waited a long time but in vain. No little feet

came pattering along the hall. No little hand was clasped in mine. No words of instruction were whispered in my ear! Presently there came a hurried knock at my door. It was opened without waiting for permission, and her father was with me. "Norman!" said he, she has just waked from a long and heavy sleep, and is fearfully ill. Will you come? Tell me if you know what it is." I went. There lay the little one, with eyes closed, and in a sort of stupor. I knew at a glance. It was scarlet fever! How I told those two aching hearts I know not, but they were wonderfully calm in their anguish. The doctor soon confirmed my statement; but there was so painfully little to be done for the dear sufferer that those two days almost passed by in silence as we three watched over the precious form.

We knew from the first that she was no longer of earth, and it was indeed a heavy burden for us to bear to think that she would no longer be the light of our hearts. I saw, for though I was perhaps mistaken, the little one had so taken possession of my heart, that it seemed to me that she could not be dearer to those who had the first earthly claim upon her affections.

At the end of the second day her life seemed partially to return; and she opened her large beautiful eyes, and smiling a little, "Dear mamma! Dear papa!" and then looking around, "Dear uncle Norman! Won't you love me, my Jesus? Mamma loves him! Papa loves him! and I am going to him and want to tell him that you love me!"

"Bessie! little Bessie!" said I, "tell him my heart and life are his for evermore, and may my soul some day be as pure and undefiled as hers who bears the message to him!" "Mamma! Papa! O my Jesus! I am so happy now! Now I have all I want! Now I come, come! Even so, come Lord Jesus!" And the little spirit, so pure, so holy, returned whence it came! God's little messenger had fulfilled her message to the earth, had turned a soul to righteousness and was called home.

Remarkable Answer to Prayer.

Two gentlemen had been friends in early life, but as years passed on, their paths diverged. One resided in an eastern city and prospered by "the hand that maketh rich." He had become wealthy; yet in the use of the means that God had given him, he ever sought to honour him.

In the far distant wilderness was found the other; on the Sabbath breaking the "bread of life" to the hardy but poor settlers around him, and through the week toiling for earthly food to sustain a young family. Years had passed since the two friends had met, nor had news of the one reached the other. Ignorant of each other's circumstances—almost of their location—it seemed as if time was bearing them further apart in their course through the world, only to meet in eternity.

One day, while the merchant was engaged in usual routine of business, at every interval of freedom for his mind would come with recurring force thoughts of his absent friend. Unable to ascertain what had suggested him, his attention became aroused at the frequency of the idea. In the evening, when he sought his fireside, the image of his early companion was still at his side. He related to his wife how his mind had been occupied through the day, and asked her to account for it. That one so long lost to sight should now come so vividly to his remembrance, he felt was singular. She suggested that perhaps Mr. W. was in need of assistance, and that, at all events, it could do no harm to write to him, inclosing a sum; for in that far distant west, where the necessities of life cannot be produced so abundantly as in the earlier settled east, and money must be toiled for, it might prove a help to the missionary.

The letter went. Weeks rolled on, and an answer was returned that brought tears from the eyes of its readers, and gave to them a new view of life and its cares, as endured by one who would willingly "spend and be spent" in the service of his master, if he "could win souls to Christ." In the log cabin of the missionary, fever and ague, the dread foe of a new-settled country, had laid his hand upon every inmate. Mother and children had each in turn succumbed to the invader, and now lay upon their beds of sickness, unable to assist each other. The father, in the intervals of his attack, was nurse and provider for his sick family. Ill and feeble, yet he must ride miles to a mill, carrying with him the Indian corn, the only bread for his little ones. And now his supply was gone; and without money or food, or the means of getting either, he betook himself to his knees, praying that the "God that feeds the ravens" would provide for his children. Trusting in a "covenant-keeping Father," he arose cheered from his prayer, and lo! a knock at the door! He opened it; a letter was handed him. He thought it must be a mistake; but his own address re-assured him.

With a heart swelling with thankfulness that his prayer had been answered so soon, he read the warm and friendly letter from the long parted friend of his boyhood. Inclosed in it he found a sufficient sum for the sustenance of himself and children for some months, and was again driven from his dwelling. And the merchant blessed God that he had been led to do anything for the relief of his suffering servants.

Reader, this is a true tale. Was it not the hand of God?

Young Husband's Conversion.

It is a hazardous experiment for a young Christian to marry one with whose religious character she has no acquaintance. Such an ill-assorted union often results in a rapid decline of piety in the heart, and sometimes in a fatal apostasy from the Christian life. But in the following instance which we find in the *Presbyterian*, a different result was reached by the great fidelity of a Christian wife:

When a young man, I was distinguished in the community where I lived for wickedness and profanity. I married, however, strange as it may seem, a young woman of most exemplary piety, and we at once moved into our humble house, full of anticipations of happiness so common with the young.

As the first day of our residence in our new abode drew to a close, the supper-table being removed, my wife, without saying a word, placed a little stand by my side, laid a Bible upon it, and sat down on the opposite side of the hearth, in evident expectation that I would conduct family worship! What could I do? I was in a manner spell-bound. I could not disapprove her. She knew nothing of my profanity and wickedness. And yet how could such a wretch as I kneel before Almighty God and utter words of devotion! Yet I did! I read and prayed. But, O, as I took the name of Jehovah upon my lips, asked for blessings in the name of Christ, and made confession of sin, a sense of my guilt and hypocrisy stung my soul! I rose from my knees one of the most miserable of men! I succeeded, however, in partially recovering my self possession by aid of a secret determination on no consideration to yield to a repetition of the act, and thus tried to dismiss the matter from my mind.

Another day rolled by—another sunset came. Again the tea-table was spread and removed, and before I was aware, there at my side was the same stand, and upon it the same dreaded Bible, and my wife seated before me in silent expectation of the evening devotions. According to a well-known law of practical morality, having yielded once, I found myself less capable of refusing now, and once more I read the Word of God—once more I knelt, and with prone tongue invoked the Divine blessing. A new horror now fell upon me! a dread, lest, like another Uzzah, I should perish for the crime of laying godless hands upon the sacred ark. The sins of a lifetime, and those of no common die, stared me in the face, and as they "re-visited," I died. My soul and Satan took the part of the wife of Job, and bade me "curse God and die." And I was half-minded to heed the injunction.

Morning came, but brought with it only a deeper and more oppressive sense of guilt. I opened not my lips, but could think of nothing but the gall of bitterness I had drunk—the bonds of iniquity which held me. I had heard of God with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye saw him, and I abhorred myself in dust and ashes.

At length another, the third evening, drew nigh, and I well knew that again the inevitable table, with its sacred furniture, would be placed beside me, and the fascination of my wife's presence and look of assured expectation would assail me, to yield to which again, however, I felt was an impossibility. Increasing horror took hold upon me, so that I could not look up. I could say nothing, but could endure my anguish no longer. As I sought no aid from Heaven, Satan voluntarily offered his, and I took it. My mind was made up—I resolved on suicide! A rope hung from a tree in the orchard, with which I purposed to terminate, as in mad delusion I fancied, the increasing and now intolerable horrors of my soul.

We took our third, and to my mind, last supper together. I lingered in the room until I saw that the dreaded moment was at hand, when, without a word—I could not have mastered by emotions to speak—I withdrew. I hastened to the orchard. Every step increased my anguish. I ran—my reason seemed to reel. I missed the rope, and found myself in the woods beyond. On I ran, until overpowered by my emotions my limbs gave way, and I fell prostrate upon the ground. How long I lay there I know not, but an eternity was crowded into that period! A horror of great darkness passed over me in view of my villainy and guilt before God, in view of the terrible judgment and the awful, endless hell that awaited me. But man's extremity is God's opportunity. The darkest hours is just before day. In the thickest of the darkness, and when despair seemed ready to settle down in endless night upon my soul, the light broke! There was Jesus in all the fulness of the godhead bodily! I saw and believed, and loved and lived. I sprang to my feet the happiest of men, and from that time to this I have suffered scarcely a doubt of my acceptance with God through Jesus Christ. Long have I been a ruling elder in the church. Many precious revivals have I witnessed and enjoyed, and now, if God will, once more open the windows of heaven upon us, I think I can say with old Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Whispers.

Our life's experience depends on the nature of our thoughts. These thoughts are frequent—we might say generally—brought upon the mind in the gentlest manner. They may be represented as whispers so silent that the thought is communicated without our

ever being conscious of the presence of the agency by which it is suggested. It is of incalculable importance that we know well how to deal with these silent whisperings. They are often fraught with momentous consequences. Probably, my reader, you know that in your own experience which goes far to illustrate what I thus bring before you. It may be that you are at this moment thinking that there is no hope for your precious soul. Were you asked who told you so, you could not tell. But you have been told, only it has been whispered so gently that you did not observe the agent by whom it was conveyed to your mind. It may be you are thinking that whatever the gospel may do for others, it can do nothing for you—your heart is so cold and dead that nothing can wake it. If asked who told you this, you could not say. Yet you have been told, but the enemy who has misled you, whispered so silently that you did not observe anything but the thought he whispered. It may be you are thinking that God cares nothing for you. He is regarded as caring for the good and holy, and for the peaceful and believing, but not for you. Who told you so? You cannot say. It has been so secretly whispered that you have taken it for a thought of your own mind. Again, you may be thinking that you cannot be a Christian, and consequently have no hope in God. You imagine that you must meet him as a real Christian, or meet only his frown. Who told you this? You do not know. But it also has been told you, only it has been so quietly whispered that you have failed to see or to hear the voice, and have caught only the thought. "These are all most powerful delusions, and, with many others, are constantly in use in misleading and baffling the spirit of man. What should be always done with them? What did Jesus do with such thoughts when they came upon him? He is our example. He brought them at once to the test of the Word of God. Dear friend, do you the same. Bring them to the Bible, and see if they accord with that matchless rule. If they do not, let them perish as delusions. This is the course of true wisdom. By doing this we catch and keep the 'still small voice' of our God, and we are saved from the devices of the foe.

J. K.

Correspondence.

London Correspondence.

LONDON, June 18th, 1858.

I begin with a few words on the ecclesiastical memorabilia of the last two weeks, giving the precedence to the agitation which now exists—it might be said rages in the bosom of "mother church." The Church of England is decidedly both a more evangelical and useful institution than it was in the last century, when hunting, worldly-minded, and dissipated Clergymen were too common to be much observed; but in some quarters doctrinal corruption has taken the place of the former practical piety, and Puseyism is still rampant in some high places of the establishment. The principal of these in London is St. Barnabas' Pimlico—one can imagine the disgust of the primitive saint at the suggestion connected with his venerable name—where a Tractarian incumbent and several Tractarian curates are installed. But it became reported that in addition to the ordinary ornamentation and muniments (still permitted by the decision of the Privy Council) one of the Curates had been employing some of his lay visitors to bring poor women to confession in his own house, and that they had been asked a series of questions the most offensive and indecent. So a public meeting was called in St. James's Hall on St. Barnabas' day; Lord Althorpe presided, and Hon. and Rev. F. Baring laid before the audience, consisting only of gentlemen, a statement of the case. One of the lady visitors is a Miss Joy, and when Mr. Baring said he hoped that that Joy would go with him, the cheering and laughter was immense. Previous to the meeting the Bishop of London had taken away Mr. Porte's license; and a resolution was then carried approving of this course and censuring Mr. Liddell, the incumbent. The latter gentleman next Sunday denied the accuracy of the charges, and Mr. Porte has himself written to the papers to repeat that denial and stating his willingness to wait till his appeal to the Archbishop comes on for hearing. Whoever is right, the affair is creating a great sensation, and the attempt to introduce the confessional into the English Church will heavily recoil upon those who make the infamous experiment. Defeat is overtaking the Bishop of Exeter in his old age, for in an action as to whether a division wall separating the consecrated from the unconsecrated portion of a cemetery should be twelve inches or one foot four inches high, the Bishop lost the day. Poor man! it is not in his power—I fear he has the wish—to build a wall reaching to the heavens, separating those who have died in the odour of episcopal communion from the schismat-

ics who have chosen the primitive church as their model of Christian fellowship.

Mr. Spurgeon has preached two sermons on the Grand Stand, Epsom, in aid of the Protestant Evangelical temporary church there. His first sermon was on the Christian race. Next Tuesday the General Baptist Association is held in the Boro' Rd. Chapel, Southwark, in this city. More than 80 years ago the "New Connection" was formed, owing to the doctrinal decline of the old General Baptist denomination, which was originally the more ancient and numerous section of Baptists in this country. There is but a fragment left of the parent body, and that fragment is not united in sentiment. One church in London rejects the Divinity of Christ but holds high Arian views and receives the Atonement as orthodoxly understood; perhaps there are twenty other small churches in different parts of the Kingdom, and they as a rule are on a level with the Unitarian school. The New Connection has between one and two hundred churches, about 18,000 members, supports a Mission in Orissa and an Academy, a students' College, at Nottingham (late of Leicester), and has a monthly Magazine, the circulation of which is 1500. An earnest effort is to be made to give this periodical a higher standing and a wider range of sale. The chief strength of the denomination is in the midland Counties; in London there are but four churches, and not one in either Liverpool or Manchester; but in Leicester (with 60,000 population) there are six congregations, and in Nottingham besides two other flourishing churches there is the largest Baptist church, or perhaps Dissenting church, in the whole Kingdom. The Particular Baptists (modern Calvinistic) are very much more numerous and influential as a body, though the higher Calvinistic section is not large. There is in fact such a general practical accord of Baptist teaching, that there is seldom any difficulty in the passage of Ministers of either denomination from one department of the Baptist fold to another.

Our Wesleyan brethren have at last lost their great leader Rev. Dr. Bunting; he was more than fifty years in the ministry, and so unvaried was his ascendancy that he was called for many years "the Wesleyan Pope." For a good time past he has resigned all official work, but was always consulted by the leading men in important and difficult cases.

The public without has been excited by two things in particular—the burning brilliancy of the weather, and the idea of a French invasion. The heat for some days was enervating, but yesterday a change interposed and to day a cloudy sky and breezy air came gratefully to our relief. The alarm as to Napoleon's armed visit is not at fever point yet, probably will not become so. It is singular to find the most conflicting and positive deductions on the question whether the French government is making extraordinary war-like preparations or not. That the Emperor should ever resolve on an invasion seems utterly incredible, and much as the French would like to give a return blow for Waterloo, the bulk of the French nation would be ready to issue against their chief a commission *de inquier do lunatics* if they believed him intent on such a subject. They know full well that their humiliation would be proportioned to the folly and treachery of the enterprise.

Our good Queen has been visiting her friends at Birmingham—that is, the Municipality and people thereof. Great expense was incurred with a loyal grace, and accepted with a royal grace fully as distinguished. Forty thousand children sang her a hymn which, I dare say, made her gentle motherly heart to beat and her eyes to glisten. Prince Albert accompanied her and was well received.

The Oxford commemoration, (when the long vacation begins) on the 16th was a great day for the under graduates. Sir H. Inglis, the hero of Lucknow, was received with cheers which did not know how to stop. The Latin and Greek addresses were delivered with the usual amount of success. I see that one of the subjects of the Theological prize for next year is to be on the proposition "That the baptism of young children is in any way to be maintained as most consistent with the constitution of Christ's church." The supreme authority of Scripture is thus ignored: all the candidates have to do is to describe their ideal of a church and to prove that infant baptism is consonant with it. How easily in a similar way could Popery prove two thirds of its Tridentine tenets!

Government has been gaining great credit by a very unexpected settlement of the *Cagliari* dispute. King Ferdinand has not only given £3000 compensation to our Engineers, but has delivered to us the ship and the crew. This of course was to avoid a submission to Sardinia, but the Ministry have the honor of the concession.

Lord Derby in the Upper House spoke in favour of the Bill for abolishing a money qualification for members of the Commons, and his son, Lord Stanley, in the Lower House, ably met and defeated two of Lord John Russell's amendments on the India resolutions. The Council attached to the Secretary for India is to consist of not more than fifteen members, and not less than twelve—the House decided by 243 to 176; and one part is to be elected, not the whole number nominated by the Crown as Lord John proposed—so the decision ran by vote of 250 to 185. Last night a Bill for the Amended Government of India was brought in and read

a first time. Either the Bill will make rapid progress, or the discussion will be adjourned, as the members have been succumbing to late hours and the relaxing weather. The state of the river is also said to be too bad to be endured. The Scotch members have tried to get an under Secretary of State for Scotland to do away with the political functions of the Lord Advocate, but they lost their motion by 147 to 47. The Ministry have resolved, as I expected they would, not to carry out the resolution of the House, passed by a small majority for giving one head to the Army and War Department. They also approved (and it was looked upon as a wonder that they should all vote together against) Mr. Locke King's Bill for giving the County Franchise to persons paying £10 a year house rent; but here they lost by 226 to 168. They rely on the Lords to do the upsetting business. On the Ballot, they and a small wing of the Liberals joined and defeated the main liberal-body, more than 200 of whom voted for that proposal. The Church Rate Abolition Bill has gone to the Lords with a good majority-backing, but it will be either reduced or enlarged before passing the aristocratic chamber. It was noticed that Lord Stanley voted for the Anti-Church Rate Bill and did not vote against the Ballot; that Mr. D'Israeli did not speak against the Ballot; and that neither Mr. D. nor Mr. Walpole, the leading Ministers in the House, spoke against the County Franchise Bill. These omissions are regarded as meant either to deceive or conciliate the radical opposition; it is certain that the more decided Conservatives are grumbling at the way in which they are led—led they say like our poor soldiers at Ararah and Rowrah, to be sacrificed to their enemies. Admiral Napier made a long speech on the National Defence, and was answered by Mr. D'Israeli who professed to believe in Napoleon's fidelity. Lord Derby has been ill, and the discussion of several important measures by the Peers has been waiting his lordship's convalescence. The Lords have the choice of one of two new Jew Bills, Lord Lyndhurst's or Lord Lucan's; whichever passes will achieve the main end of all these years of debate. A commission has been appointed for enquiring into the best method of manning the Navy; the impressment system is effete, and those least given to alarm will admit the importance of some ready means of giving to our war vessels an adequate supply of hands. A Committee has also been appointed to enquire into the case of Mr. Barber, an attorney who some years ago was convicted as an accomplice in a will forgery case and was banished to Australia; he afterwards received a free pardon, but was never compensated for the false imprisonment and worldly ruin attending it. His friends have been untiring, and this Committee is an encouragement to all friends of the oppressed to "try, try, try, again." The warlike attitude of the United States Congress is not terrifying the Government or Parliament; its worst effect is the aid it gives the *Times* and other papers in their endeavour to set our cruisers removed from the Spanish Main. If report is true, an eminent member of the Ministry, Sir Edward B. Lytton, Bart., had to run the gauntlet on his reelection for Herts—not from any masculine opponent but from his wife! Lady Bulwer has her domestic grievances and has produced and reproduced them in all her books; and she took the step of confronting in public her legal lord (from whom she is separated) at his re-election. Sir Edward is said to have turned pale and to have all but fainted a wise man he, for an out of door squabble with his beautiful and eloquent wife would have been anything but sublime. She wanted to hire the town hall of Hertford, but the Mayor refused to allow even a titled lady lecturer to perform there.

An important deputation has waited on Mr. Walpole (Home Secretary) to resist an enquiry into the Forbes Mackenzie Act, as proposed by Lord Melbourne on behalf of the publicans. A fair and full enquiry would be of service, but not one commenced in June or July under a biased chairman. Another deputation to Mr. W. has pressed upon him the stricter enforcement of the Act for preventing the employment of young children in cleaning chimneys. In London the Act is enforced, but in other places is darily violated.

Sir G. Buxton, M. P. has died and is succeeded by his son, who is just of age. The late baronet was not his father's equal, but gave largely out of the produce of a very bad business. The Lunacy Enquiry sitting on Sir H. Merritt discloses a sad family quarrel, all about the filthy lucre; it shows too how fast money may be made in the liquor traffic, and the revelations of Sir Henry's own habits show how respectable drinking may impair body and mind without causing a man to lose social caste. Mr. Townsend, M. P. for Greenwich gave rise to a curious conversation in the House of Commons; he is a bankrupt but hopes to tide over. Meantime he is voted ineligible to sit and vote, and several votes given since the fiat of bankruptcy was issued, have been ordered to be expunged. Unless the fiat is rescinded within a year, his seat will be declared vacant. All this is under Statute Law, and whatever a man's misfortunes it is certainly desirable that gazetted bankrupts should not act as members of the legislature.

The Atlantic Telegraph expedition to join the old and new world has now been gone a week and more, and his now probably commenced operations. May they be without a