

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.

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An Evangelical Family Newspaper,
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Ministerial Intercourse.

This is a subject of general interest to the Church, and of a special interest to the ministers of the Gospel. Ministers of Christ have duties to perform, and responsibilities to bear, unlike all other men on earth. Their life, education, personal appearance; what they eat, drink or smoke; the nature and extent of their domestic relations; the order of their talents, and the amount of their piety, together with multifarious other matters, are regarded by the multitude as topics upon which conversational talent may be illustrated and improved. "Seeing this, what manner of persons ought we to be in all conversation and godliness." In order that ministerial intercourse may be sanctified to produce the best results, it should be gentlemanly—regard it as we may, the character of an ungentlemanly minister looks like a caricature, drawn by an enemy with malice aforethought. And the graces of gentlemanly conduct never appear more proper and beautiful than when blended with the high moral principles and graces which combine to form the character of a Gospel minister.

Charity should be cultivated and maintained, that it may find its most pure and beautiful development in ministerial intercourse. The occasions for the exercise of this principle of Christian graces are frequent and important. It embraces as objects of its blessed influence those who have not had a classical education, as well as those who have been spoiled in obtaining one; as those who are situated on poor circuits, as well as those who are situated on rich stations; those who are easily popular as well as those who are profoundly dull. Though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, we are as sounding brass and as tinkling cymbals. Charity is just as necessary in ministerial intercourse as anywhere else; and it is as vain to attempt to make the brass a substitute in our own case as in the case of others; and the tinkling of cymbals (whether they rest in a log cabin or be scored at Concord) is as unlike "the joyful sound" as is the song of the drunkard unlike the music of the spheres.

Modesty, also, adds grace to the intercourse of ministers. The great Dr. Rush once remarked that he had often learned valuable truths from obscure and illiterate old women. And Dr. Mot of our own time once said to a young physician, who told him that a certain fact, occurring in his own practice had made him a little more modest: "Sir, the more you learn, and the more fully you master your profession, the more modest you will be." Have we not noticed that among ourselves the modest men are often the "Fathers, men of much knowledge, deep experience, and long-trying moral worth." These venerable and holy men can afford to be modest. We who are younger, and have so much to learn, cannot afford to be otherwise than modest.

But to complete the symmetry of ministerial character, and to do our duty to God and our brethren, we must be faithful. If a brother be ungracious in manner, unhappy in style, or imprudent with his people, there are none who can form a more correct and charitable judgment of these things than his brethren in the ministry, and they can point out faults of manner, style, or life, and suggest such corrections as the case may require. We should not be satisfied to express our opinion about a brother, thinking he will hear it soon enough. But we should be charitably prompt and kindly personal. The benefits of this kind of intercourse must be apparent to all. A gentlemanly disposition, maintained in the midst of holy influences, will result in developing the true gentleman, who will often be able to approach the people, and convert them to his principles, while another man is barely getting introduced to them. The cultivation of charity invigorates the moral affections, refines our natures, and works the anticipation of the blessedness of the brotherhood, of "the spirits of the just made perfect that are written in heaven." Its practice sheds light and beauty about us and before our people, that it may inspire them to sing, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," &c.

The mental advantages of a proper appreciation and improvement of ministerial intercourse are neither small nor few. The correction of errors of which mention has been made, is not the sun of good resulting therefrom. We learn things that are new. We catch the influence of words that burn, and thoughts that breathe. In the wide world we ever find that "the kisses of

an enemy are deceitful," but here we learn that "faithful are the wounds of a friend." Finally, it will add much to ministerial efficiency. By God's blessing, it will make us better men and better ministers; more useful in time, more happy in eternity.

Life in a Hired Saviour.

BY THE REV. DR. CANDLISH.

Death, in this world, is a great devourer. He swallows up all living things. He has a capacious maw; he has an insatiable stomach. No nicety of taste, no fastidious delicacy of palate has he. Indiscriminately promiscuously, one equally with another, his voracity swallows up all. Neither man nor woman, with his horrid appetite spare. The tender babe; the fair youth; the blooming maid; the strong man in his prime; the veteran, tough and scarred; the feeble cripple, tottering under the weight of years; all come alike to him. He swallows up all. Hungry and greedy, he prowls in all streets and lanes; in all highways and by-paths; in every city, village, hamlet; throughout all every day. He has servants by the hundred who are keenly entering for him; and in every place. Diseases, a multitude whom no man can number; accidents, that no man can prevent; lusts, passions, sins, crimes—what troops of ministers has he incessantly doing his pleasure! And with all he gets he is never gorged; he craves for more. Like the devil whom he serves, he goes about seeking whom he may devour. Bribes, entreaties, tears, alike fail to move him from his purpose. Beauty has no charm—love no spell—to mitigate his rage. Oh! how he riots as his cruel fang pierces the loveliest form, and chills the warmest heart! Power has no weapon to resist his onset. Worth has no protection against his rancor; nor wisdom against his wiles. None are humble enough to be overlooked and pitted. None are good enough to be revered and spared. None are high enough to have the right to bid him stand at bay. The king of terrors, formidable to all, is himself afraid of none. He seizes and swallows up the whole family of man.

Yes! Even when there stood before him One over whom he had no power; One who could say, "No man taketh my life from me"—the prince of this world has nothing to me; even when the Son of the Highest, "the Holy One of God," "the man Christ Jesus," "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," stood before him; and when that Holy One on the cross, gave himself a ransom for the world. His head and yielded up the Ghost;—Death! hadst thou no shame, no scruple, no fear, when thou hadst to deal with him? Was there no misgiving, no reticence, when to the long list of thy victims, His name was to be added,—and thy mouth was opened to swallow up Him?

Truly, O Death! that was thy choicest morsel!—the daintiest and rarest delicacy that thou hadst ever tried to swallow! But it was thy bane, thy poison, thy ruin. It was the death of thee, O Death!

THE STING OF DEATH.

Oh, who among you has not often felt as if you could welcome death as your best friend? I would not live always; it is better to die than to live. When the heart is broken with sorrow, or the mind dizzied with care; when there steals over the whole soul a bitter sense of loneliness and vanity; when losses and disappointments, the malice of enemies, the ingratitude of friends combine to make earth appear a desert, the world a desolation; when every charm of life is gone, and I see nowhere any refuge from doubt, darkness and despair—Oh! "how still and peaceful is the grave, in which I would fain lay my aching head!"

At such an hour death presents himself, not clothed in gloom, but seeming fair. And one is with him, he that hath the power of death,—transformed, however, and veiling the image of an angel of light. The dart, the sting of death has then for them no terror. Death promises to use his weapon tenderly. And his companion bears the promise. The fatal sting is hidden. I care not to ask what it is. I will take it for granted that it is all well;—ill baggage; me in his grasp,—hark! what fiendish satanic shout is that I hear beside me?—his flings me, with a worm in me that shall never die, into a fire that shall never be quenched!

Andrew Fuller.

The Watchman and Reflector relates a number of good anecdotes of Rev. Andrew Fuller, a celebrated English Baptist minister. One or two must be transferred to these columns:

"DOES IT COME FROM THE HEART?"

While Secretary of the Missionary Society, and on one of his collecting tours for the mission in the East, he called on a pious and benevolent nobleman.
[Having laid before him the claims of the mission, his lordship handed him a guinea. Fuller observed that it was given with an air of indifference, and asked:
"My lord, does this come from the heart?"
"What matters that?" inquired the nobleman; "suppose it does not come from the heart, it may answer your purpose as well. If you get the money, why should you care whether it comes from the heart or not?"
"Take it back," said the man of God.

cannot take it. My Lord and Master requires the heart."
The noble took the guinea, and stepping to his desk he drew a check on his banker for twenty pounds, (nearly one hundred dollars,) and handing it to Mr. Fuller, said, "This comes from the heart. I know the principles by which you are governed. I trust that I love the Lord Jesus Christ and his cause, and I know that no offering is acceptable to him unless it comes from the heart."

WE CAN DO A GREAT DEAL.

Mr. Fuller was bitterly opposed to Antinomianism, or the doctrine which teaches that we must sin on and sin over, and that we can do absolutely nothing good. Now comes the anecdote:

He was once spending a few days in a family where the husband and wife were not very happy together; chiefly, I believe, owing to her tyrannical views, derived from perverted views of Divine truth, making her by no means remarkable for kindness to her husband. One evening, having heard Mr. Fuller preach, according to the fashion of the school to which she belonged, she remarked:

"Ah, sir, we are poor creatures, and can do nothing."

"You are quite mistaken, madam," replied Mr. Fuller, "you can do a great deal."

"Why, what can I do?" asked the lady, somewhat excited.

"Why, madam," replied he, with a tone and manner which can only be imagined by those who know him, "you can quarrel with your husband." The lady said no more.

HOW TO BE LOVED.

A deacon, who was about to resign his office because he thought the church did not esteem him, visited Mr. Fuller to consult him on the subject. After listening to the whole details with great patience, Mr. Fuller looked at his friend with great earnestness, accompanied by a smile, and very emphatically said:
"A man, my brother, who wishes to be loved, must show himself lovely."
"This," said Mr. Stevenson, when he related the facts to me, "was enough for me. I returned home, and never since have had to complain of any lack of respect on the part of the church."

The Old Sailor's Story.

The following story is from "The Little Commodore." It was related by Captain Melville, on board the ship Constitution, to his little son, Frank, whom he was taking on a voyage to the Old World.

"Well, you see," said the old man, his corrugated face lighting up with earnestness, "I was the only son of a respectable farmer in Yorkshire, England. Our farm was small, but it was well tilled, and the snug little house (I remember it well) had been my father's home from childhood. And his father and grandfather before him had rented it, and lived on the proceeds of what it brought forth as contented and comfortable as folks need to live. My father's great idea was to see me a right good farmer, so as I would take his place when I was grown old. He thought as how cities were only places of temptation and vice, and always said how quiet life in the country was worth more than all the riches in the world. I remember well enough how he used to try to reason away my desire to see something of the world, and the sorrowful tone in which he would remind me of what grief it would cause my mother and sister, who would one day need a protector. And then he would get down-hearted, and tell me how lonely life would seem, without me to assist him in working the farm, as he got old.

"Well, I used to listen to him, and think nothing could tempt me to leave him. But when by myself, the desire to go out and see the world used to come as strong as ever. I loved my parents dearly, and would have done anything in the world for them. But I could not control my selfish wishes. How strange it seems now, that I could repay all this affection by refusing to look on my mother's face, shaded by sorrow, without throwing my arms round her neck and telling her I never would leave her. Yet so it was; my hard heart was only to be touched by bitter suffering.

"My father gave me every advantage in his power. I was sent to the best school till I was fifteen years old, and was considered quite a good scholar; but this only made me the more dissatisfied. I read every book of travels I could get, and longed to see all the places I read of.

About this time I made the acquaintance of a boy considerably older than myself, who had been three years to sea; we soon grew quite intimate, and I listened eagerly to the wonderful stories he told of foreign countries and strange people. He was a wicked boy, and I would not have associated with him but for his fascinating stories.

"He tried to persuade me to run away. At first the idea of deceiving my parents shocked me, but my dear boy, we are never safe when we let ourselves grow familiar with an evil thought. The result was, that I ran away from the affectionate parents who had so tenderly cared for me, and entered for three years as a sailor in a man-of-war about to start for India. While the vessel was lying at Portsmouth, I had time to reflect on what I had done, and bitterly did I repent my wicked act. Gladly would I have returned to those who now seemed dearer to me

than ever; but it was too late. All I could do was to write and implore their forgiveness, assuring them of my penitence, and resolution to return at the end of the cruise, never again to leave them.

"A weary three years it was; in spite of my longing to see the world, I could enjoy none of the pleasures I anticipated; my mother's sad face was always before me, and the only real happy day of the three years was, when turning my back on the vessel, I started for my dear old home.

"I had heard nothing of my parents since I left; and during my journey, my thoughts were busy with the changes that must have taken place. My darling little sister would have grown almost out of my knowledge, and my dear father and mother, it grieved me to think, might look older and graver from thinking of their ungrateful boy. But I never once feared but that they would forgive me, and receive me back to their arms.

"When I reached home, strangers living there, directed me to the church yard, where three little mounds of earth marked the resting-place of father, mother, and sister. I was alone in the world.

"My parents had never heard from me from the day I left them, and they died without knowing their ungrateful son had longed to throw himself at their feet, and implore their forgiveness.

"Many long years have passed since then, and I have learned from this holy book, that God pardons the repentant sinner; but the agony of the hour when I stood by those quiet graves, is still fresh in my mind. Never, my dear boy, let any promised pleasure tempt you to disobey your father.

A little boy writing to the Saviour.

A TRUE STORY.

The following is a true story about a little boy in Germany:—This little boy, whom we will call Frank, was only six years old; he had lost his father, and was by this sad event deprived of the means of continuing his education. Now, this was a great grief to Frank, for he was not like some children, who are quite pleased to be idle, and very glad when the master is away and cannot teach them. Frank knew he was ignorant, and had much to learn before he could become a good or useful man; and his greatest desire was, that he might be admitted into a school founded by those pious Christians called Moravians, where children are taught to know the love of Jesus Christ, and many things besides, which it is necessary for them to learn in order to gain their living. His poor mother wished it as much as he did; but without money, without friends, poor and unknown, he had but little to expect in the world. Happily for our young orphan, he had heard of him 'who is rich in mercy,' to all who call upon him; and of Jesus who has said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The poor little boy trusted simply and entirely in this good Saviour; and was most anxious to make his distresses known to him. "But how can I go to Jesus?" said he, "I will write to him and tell him everything." This he immediately set about doing, and wrote nearly the following words:—My Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I have lost my father; we are very poor, but I know that thou tellest us in thy word that whatever we ask God in thy name, he will give it to us. I believe what thou sayest, Lord Jesus. I pray then unto God in the name of the Lord Jesus, that he will give my mother the means of placing me in the Moravian school. I should like so much to continue to be taught. I pray unto thee, good Jesus, to do this. I love thee already, but I will love thee still more. Give me also wisdom, and everything that is good." He then folded up the letter, directed it, and looking very sad all the time, but yet very happy (for he felt sure his Saviour would answer it), he carried it to the post-office. Now, you may perhaps think that Frank was very foolish, and may wonder that a boy who knew Jesus Christ, and was, no doubt, in the habit of saying his prayers every day, should be ignorant that the way to ask anything of God is to pray to him; and that he can hear the softest whisper, or know our thoughts and wishes, even when we do not put them into words. However, you must not be in too great haste to blame the little boy. Recollect how young he was, and this was probably the first world trouble he had ever had on his mind. No doubt he had often asked Jesus to change his heart, to give him his spirit, to make him a holy and a happy child. He may, too, have begged him to bless his father and mother; but now he wanted money to pay his schooling; and this, perhaps, seemed to him quite a different thing from praying for spiritual blessings; and therefore, in his simplicity, he thought he must set about in quite a different way. Besides this, so young a child would not know much about the post. Very likely he had heard that it was the quickest way of sending messages to our friends at a distance, and of getting answers from them; and as he had read in the Bible that Jesus Christ had gone up into heaven, and heaven appeared to him very far off, he probably thought he had found out the best way of sending to the Lord Jesus Christ to tell him his troubles. It was therefore quite an act of faith in Frank, and you will hear how God who looks at the heart, rather than at the manner in which things are

done, kindly condescending to answer him. The post-master seeing the direction, thought that the letter was from some foolish or mad person, and therefore threw it aside for a time, but when he had sent off all the other letters he took it up again, looking at the writing, and saw it was that of a child. He opened it and was much affected by reading this infant prayer. He showed it to a friend of his who was a Moravian, and who took the letter and read it at a meeting of the Moravian society. There was a rich and kind lady present, the Baroness de la Lippe, and when she heard it read, it seemed to her like a message from her Saviour, to tell her to take care of one of his 'little ones.' Accordingly, she took the young orphan under her protection, and placed him at the school where he desired so much to be. Thus you see, though the letter never reached heaven, yet the prayer contained in it did; and so will all prayers, which, like this little child's, are offered up in faith, and in the name of Jesus. For his he not said, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.' John xiv. 13.—*Glasgow Christian News.*

The love of Jesus.

"I have seen Jesus," said a poor imbecile, who for many years had been the terror of his neighbourhood, but who under divine influence, had become a mild and gentle creature; "I have seen Jesus," was his own reply, to those who inquired what had induced a change so wonderful; and as the year passed on, and the love of Jesus showed itself in its every act, this simple testimony to the power of the cross won many a stouter heart to yield to the blessed Redeemer.
"Does Jesus love foolish boys?" asked an idiotic lad of the Superintendent of the Idiotic Asylum of Essex Hall, England. On being told that he did, the poor child could not contain himself for joy.
"Jesus love, Jesus love me," he cried—"no body love foolish boys before," and as time passed on, the consciousness of the love of Jesus made even the lack-lustre eye and grinning face of the boy assume a look of intelligence, and his struggles to subdue the evil propensities of his wayward nature, showed that grace had indeed found a lodgement in his heart."

A Revivalist.

Not many would take a revivalist for an educated man; you never lose him in geological labyrinth nor in the brighter mazes of the Milky Way; he lives and labours near the Cross. He has held of a sinner by the conscience, and he holds them with a now-or-never grasp, until you hear the cry, "What must I do to be saved?" It is the cry of the penitent. But he is not altogether a stranger to studies polite. He is logical, but does not appear to know it; while his rhetoric is the rhetoric in the theme rather than in the man; and, though he cannot be unconscious of the power he has over the minds of his hearers, he has a look of unhappiness withal,—but that look has something to do with his success; it is the look of the fire-brigade man who discovers a family fast asleep and the house on fire; it is the look which tells you something grand is about to be enacted, and a look which none but a man who believes in the greatness of his mission can assume. But one of the principal causes of his success is his faith in the Bible. He has no doubts in revelation, and he will not allow his hearers time to doubt. "Thus saith the Lord," is enough for him.

Artificials and Piety.

Rev. Wm. Reddy, in a communication to an eastern paper about his first year in itinerancy, gives this paragraph about a young lady who was converted in the house of his host, father Hamilton, N. Y.: "She was artificialled off, and bowed off at a fine rate. I suggested to a good sister to remind her of the praying work to be done.—'Let her alone a little,' said the good sister, 'and see if she does not think of it herself.' The young lady staid all night. The next morning when she came from her room she was as plain as the Scriptures required. Not a word had been said to her on the subject. 'And all these we know his Spirit writes on truly awakened hearts.' Discipline."

Frames.

"They seek a sign."—LUKE xi. 29.
So long as we regulate our confidence of faith in Jesus by the tokens for good which we receive from him,—so long we are Jews, who, instead of simply believing in God's record, "seek a sign." It makes no difference whether we see a sign in the world without or in the world within—the nature of the offence is precisely the same: hence the preaching of the cross becomes a stumbling-block, or, in other words, a something which, without a sign accompanying, does not fully satisfy and content our souls.

Again, by looking to our frames, which are but the creatures of God's hand, we "serve the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever."—we worship the sunlight of gladness which God has shed abroad in the temple of our hearts. Hence much creaking down and despondency.

deney; for the living and true God, who has commanded his "little children to keep themselves from idols," is a jealous God.

Further, when we take comfort from our comfortable frames, we place our hope in the work of the Spirit, and not in the work of Christ. This grieves the Spirit, who seeks to glorify not himself, but Jesus, and who teaches his children to say, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ." By thus grieving the Spirit, we grieve our own souls.

BE NOT WEARY.—Christ continued working while he continued living.

His life and labour ended together. He faints not at his last work. Oh, be like Christ in this; be not weary of well-doing. Give not over the work of God, while you can move hand or tongue to promote it.—And see that your last words be more than your first. Oh, let the motions of your soul after God be, as all natural motions are, swiftest when nearest the centre. Say not it is enough, while there is any capacity of doing more for God. In these things, Christians, be like your Saviour.—*Flavel.*

Wise Words from John Wesley.

We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and be carried to Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail us? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels. I will not quarrel with you about my opinion; only see that your heart is right towards God—that you love the Lord Jesus Christ—that you love your neighbour—walk as your Master walked, and desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them—my soul loathes their frothy food. Give me solid, substantial religion—give me a humble lover of God and man—a man full of mercy and good fruits, a man laying himself out in works of faith, the patience of hope, the labour of love. Let my soul be with such Christians whosoever they are; and whatsoever opinions they may hold. "He that doth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother"

Divinity of Christ.

Two gentlemen were once engaged in a discussion on the divinity of Christ. One of them who argued against it, said, "If it were true, it certainly would have been expressed in more clear and unequivocal terms." "Well," said the other; "admitting that you believed it, were authorized to teach it, and allowed to use your own language, how would you express the doctrine, to make it satisfactory and indubitable?" "I would say," replied the first, "that Jesus Christ is the true God." "You are happy," rejoined the other, "in the choice of your words, for you have happened to hit upon the very word of inspiration. St. John, speaking of Christ, says, 'This is the true God and eternal life'—1 John 5, 20."

To Cleanse Father Beds and Mattresses.

When feather beds become solid or heavy, they may be made clean and light by being treated in the following manner.—Rub them over with a stiff brush, dipped in hot soap suds. When clean lay them on a shed, or any other clean place, where the rain will fall on them. When thoroughly soaked, let them dry in a hot sun for six or seven successive days, shaking them up well, and turning them over each day. They should be covered over with a thick cloth during the night; if exposed to the night air, they will become damp and mildew. This way of washing the bed tick and feathers, makes them very fresh and light, and is much easier than the old-fashioned way of emptying the beds, and washing the feathers separately, while it answers quite as well. Care must be taken to dry the bed perfectly, before sleeping on it. Hair mattresses that have become hard and dirty, can be made nearly as good as new by ripping them, washing the ticking, and picking the hair free from bunches, and keeping it in a dry, airy place several days. When the ticking is dry, fill it lightly with the hair, and tack it together.

PULLING TEETH.—It is like pulling a tooth to get a farthing from some close-fisted, money loving Achan.

You must pull, and pull and pull. They groan and twist, and screw, squirm, make a thousand apologies and wry faces the moment we solicit aid for some benevolent purpose. It is like plucking out a right eye for them to put their hands into their pockets and take out a sixpence! I do not think one species of idolatry lead more souls to the pit than all others? Thousands of religious professors are starving their souls to death—are mere skeletons in spirituality, on account of this grasping, hoarding, money-loving disposition! "O, man of God, flee these things!"—*Golden Rule.*

CONDEMN NO MAN FOR NOT THINKING AS YOU THINK.

Let every one enjoy the liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgement, since every man give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—*John Wesley.*