

The Religious Intelligencer

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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That God in all things may be

glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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the office where they wish to receive

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Religious Intelligencer.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

Passing Away the Time.

"Passing away the time" is an expression in

common use, and various means are employ-

ed by many to accomplish what they call

passing away the time.

Some indulge in the degrading and sinful

practice of using tobacco; some haunt the

rum shop and card table; some frequent the

ball-room, opera, and theatre; some spend

year after year reading novels and other cor-

rupt productions of the pen; while others

engage in walking and driving for pleasure

on the Sabbath, God's holy day—all this is

done to pass away the time.

Ask one of those time-spenders to go with

you to the weekly prayer meeting, and what

a variety of pressing engagements he can

number: his time is so occupied that he can-

not devote one hour out of one hundred and

forty-four to the worship of God; and yet

how many hours he squanders away in a

manner not only useless but destructive to

body and soul; and he is exercising a banef-

ful influence over thousands of the rising ge-

neration. The evil habits of parents make

their appearance in the children—like the

plague spot—before they have attained an

age to know good from evil.

Parents and teachers, many of the errors

of the young have been imbibed from your

example. You indulge in vice to pass away

the time, and so will your children and those

under your care. You may think it a light

matter, but listen! when death comes to re-

lieve you of this wearisome burden, time—

will you be glad to receive him? Will you

greet him as a messenger long wished for?

Ah, no! your sentiments will be quickly

changed; and instead of striving to pass away

the time—with an agony of soul you will cry,

"Oh for one hour, one little hour of time!"

But true to his trust the king of terror per-

forms with an unflinching, unrelenting hand

the work he is sent to do, no entreaties can

move him; and you must sink into his cold

embrace murmuring, "Oh for a moment of

time!"

Time should be as much valued by those

in perfect health as it is by the unprepared

soul on the brink of ruin. Every moment

that flies into eternity takes one from our term

five. Our time, our talents, our all belongs

to God and if we desire his approval we must

employ all we have and are in his service.

Again, if those who have experienced the

pardon of their sins, would look around on

those who are running madly the road to

eternal death, and feel the interest in their

salvation they should feel, they would have

no time to spend in the service of Satan—no

time to pass idly away. As time is not our

own, but granted to us moment by moment

from on high, is it not truly ungrateful in

us to spend it in sin.

If a rich man should bestow a certain por-

tion of his goods to a dependant, day by day,

with the request that he would employ it to

the benefit of himself and others; and that

dependant should cast it away where it would

be of no use at all, he would be considered

guilty of the basest ingratitude; and yet thou-

sands are treating God in this very manner

year after year. O that men would consider

their ways and be wise! that by this they

might learn to occur, and not pass away the

time.

LIZZIE.

The Revival in Ireland.

BY AN AMERICAN EYE-WITNESS.

At a recent meeting held in Philadelphia, Mr.

Thomas Stinson, an elder in the United Presby-

terian Church, who has just returned from Ire-

land, gave the following as his impression of the

revival. The conversation that followed, and

which occurred in a minister's elders meeting

held monthly, is interesting.

I am just as well convinced that it is a work

of God, as that I am standing in your presence.

At the first meeting I attended, thirteen persons

were stricken down as it is there called. You

may ask, How do they seem to be affected? I

would answer that, according to their representa-

tions, a dreadful weight comes over them—

they tremble—they see, as it were, hell opening

before them, just ready to receive them. In this

awful state they sometimes remain for hours,

sometimes they cannot utter a word. O my

friends did you but hear the cries and groans

they utter! They will occasionally express

themselves in such words as these: "O Jesus

come in the infinitude of thy mercy, and snatch

poor soul just going down to hell!" They

then, perhaps, are enabled to exercise some de-

gree of faith in the Lord Jesus. They obtain an

assurance that He is able to save them. You

will then, perhaps, see a smile upon their faces.

O if you saw that smile! You will, perhaps,

hear them expressing themselves in such a way

as this: "O Jesus! what a loving Saviour! He

has come to pluck me as a brand from the burn-

ing!"

These things, be assured, are not confined to

some weak-minded females. Persons of all

classes and all conditions are thus affected, male

and female, high and low, the educated and un-

educated, the little boy and the strong man.—

Ministers of the gospel, too, feel the power that

is at work. There are not a few ministers of the

gospel, who have been preaching for years, who

have passed through all these scenes. I have

heard three ministers of the gospel state that they

were ashamed of themselves, after listening to

boys ten or twelve years of age. Now how could

you account for this? Some of these boys could

not read one single word. Think of a boy of

ten or twelve years of age, making addresses for

thirty minutes! and such addresses as I have

never heard. There, too, you will see old per-

sons, who cannot read, rising and leading the

meeting in prayer; and if you only heard them

such a small number as we sometimes have here

—I care not how large the building might be, it

would be filled, and not only filled, but you would

see them standing at the door, and around the

windows. The congregation with which I attend-

ed divine service, had adjourned to the green. Such

scenes I never witnessed. You would see all

eyes intently fixed on the speaker, and all around

you might hear, in a low voice, such words as

these: "O Jesus, send thy Spirit!"

Another evidence of the reality of this work

is the fact that those persons who profess to have

found Jesus, will not sit still. They experience

the feelings of the Psalmist when he said:

"Come and hear, all ye who fear God, and I will

declare what he hath done for my soul." They

are like persons whom our Saviour dispossessed

of evil spirits—they will tell how great things

the Lord has done for them and hath had com-

punction upon them. You will there meet, in dif-

ferent places, five, ten, twenty or thirty persons,

all talking about Jesus. You will hear no idle

talk among them. They talk about these things

because they feel them.

In the Rev. Mr. Hanna's Church, of Belfast,

there is a meeting every evening of about fifteen

hundred persons. I could not tell you the one

half that is going on there. There are cases in

which they think it is better to publish nothing

about them. There were eight or nine sleeping

or dumb cases. They would say, "I am going

to sleep," and they would tell precisely how

long they would sleep. They often wake with

their faces lit up with a heavenly smile. They

will tell you what they have seen when in this

sleep—that they have seen Jesus clothed in

white robes. How strange is this! How strange

that they can tell you when going to sleep pre-

cisely at what time they would wake! Minis-

ters in Belfast are astonished. They can give

no account of it. I conversed with about thirty

ministers in reference to it. Dr. Dill, who was

in this country some time ago told me that he

had made every experiment that could be made.

He stood up in the presence of a number of per-

sons and said: "My friends, I am convinced that

the Spirit of God is at work." There were

from fifty to seventy ministers from Scotland,

just to see the work for themselves. Many came

scrupulous, but few returned just as they went.

A Drunken Man's Arguments.

"Do you believe in the doctrine of prede-

termination?"

"Yes, I believe it as the Apostle Paul states

it."

"Well, then, you can go this far; you will

admit that God knows just what will happen,

and that therefore there is no uncertainty about

it?"

"Yes, I can go that far."

"Then what is the use of your talking to me

about drinking rum? since it is certain that I

shall drink every dram that God knows I will

drink?"

The speaker was a well formed and fine look-

ing man, who had on the clothes of a mechanic.

The above specimen of his metaphysics must

suffice. He was one of the best mechanics in

our country, and whilst sober had laid out prop-

erty in an evil hour he yielded to the tempta-

tions of an old habit of drinking rum. He de-

scended from one stage of degradation to an-

other with great rapidity, and his best friends

despaired of his reformation.

One day I met him in the office of a lawyer.—

Although in the forenoon he was quite tipsy. He

was such a bright man, so superior in many re-

spects, that I was pained to see him going to

ruin. My feelings were indicated in my coun-

case which you are disposed to urge. You want

to remind me that my drunkenness convert-

ed my home into a place of torment, and that

I have actually laid violent hands on my

wife."

His voice trembled and his eye moistened as

he alluded to his wife.

"And here are my children. You want to re-

mind me of the dangers and sorrows I am ex-

posing them to; but you, sir, cannot tell me any-

thing pertaining to my family. I know all about

it. I curse myself as a wretch and a fool. I

have no mercy in my self-condemnations. Yes,

sir, I know all about this by an experience which

may the Lord deliver you from! So you need

say nothing to me on this point."

"But there is one chief argument which you

meant to try on me. You wanted to draw a

motive for reformation from the future retribu-

tion which God will visit on the drunkard. It is

a terrible motive, and I believe it to be a true

one. I believe there is a hell; nay, I know

there is, for I have sometimes felt its fires, and

have seen its tormentors. I sometimes am over-

whelmed with agony at the bare anticipation of

meeting God in judgment. I admit that I am

harrying very fast in that direction, and present

appearances indicate that I shall be turned into

hell as a drunkard."

This was not said defiantly or jestingly, but

with gravity and feeling.

"And so you need say nothing to me about this

point. I know it already, but if you have any

thing new to urge, I shall be glad to hear it."

And thus he anticipated, and most forcibly

stated some of the general arguments which a

person would be likely to use in endeavoring to

reel him to a life of temperance. I could not

refrain from laughing to see how he had taken

the wind out of my sails.

But thoroughly warmed with his subject, my

neighbor stated his cause still further, "Sir, you

know nothing about the appetite for rum. My

father taught me to drink it from my childhood.

I inherited drunkenness from him, and I was a

drunkard before I was of age. For the love of

my wife I made a mighty effort to conquer my

appetite, and thought I had succeeded. Time

and temptation showed me my mistake. The