

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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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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in which they reside, but the NAME of the

office where they wish to receive their pa-

pers, that we want.

Forward.

The history of Israel, is a history of wonders.

Began by the call of their father Abraham to

leave God, and to go out not knowing whither

went. The life of the illustrious patriarch

was full of the striking, the majestic, and the

marvellous. So how deeply interesting the eventful

biographies of Isaac and Jacob, and of his twelve

promised sons. How affecting, Israel in Egypt,

oppressed and crushed, spoiled, and yet flourish-

ing. How remarkable the raising up of Moses,

his preservation, his adoption into the household

of the Pharaohs, his education, and then at

length his entering on the deliverance of his

people from the flesh. How overwhelmingly

powerful and the miraculous plagues in Egypt, and

the passage through the Red Sea. How magnificent the departure of the

people of God's enslaved people, to the land

promised to their fathers.

On their way thither prodigy succeeded pro-

digy, miracle followed miracle, and the desert be-

came illumined with the presence of the true Je-

hovah. But to one incident let us just now at-

tend. On their way, almost at the commence-

ment, they were pursued by Pharaoh and his

army. Before them were the waters of the Red

Sea, behind, the chariots and horsemen of the

King of Egypt, and on either side of them, pre-

ceded by the rocks and mountains. It appeared to

be a way of sense that in this defile they must be

destroyed by the pursuing army, or perish in the

waters of the ocean. No way of escape seemed

opened to them, and in the midst of their panic

and peril, a voice addresses Moses, it is the

voice of God! "Speak unto the Children of Is-

rael, that they go forward." (Exodus xiv. 15.)

How surprising the command. How apparently

impossible to obey it. But onward they went,

and God opened a way right through the

waters, which stood in heaps till all Israel had

passed safely through. But the Egyptians pre-

suming to follow by their miraculous path were

driven in the midst of the sea. Now Israel

was to be "forward." No return, except

inglorious slavery, or death. No standing

still, except to be crushed by their pursuers.

No flight on the right hand, or on the left, in

the face of the sea in front, it was to be "forward."

But it is just as yet with God's people. They

often in apparent imminent peril, have coun-

terless, deep distresses, numberless trials and

temptations, sometimes they appear as if hem-

med in, and shut up to destruction, but God's

interfering command ever is, "go forward."

Forward, having the eye of faith fixed on him

who to the eye of sense is invisible.

Forward, clinging to his word of promise,

that cannot fail.

Forward, discharging the onerous duties of

life in every condition.

Forward, in daily labour, obeying God's or-

Forward then Christian, the better land is al-

most in view, the celestial fragrances already

perfume thy path, and the dawning streaks of

celestial day begin to lighten thy way. For-

ward, for there await thee, the unfading crown

and eternal life.

FORWARD.

Speak to Israel's hosts and tell them,

Forward, forward they must go;

God will stretch his arm and save them,

Silence every vaunting foe.

Let not dangers overawe them,

He will lead them through the sea;

He will make its waves as marble,

He will give the victory.

Through the desert then go forward,

On to Canaan's happy land;

March in holy, loving concert,

As a consecrated band.

Forward, forward be your watch-word,

Turn not from the sacred path;

Onward to the land before you,

March with holy conquering faith.

Soon you'll pass through Jordan's swellings,

Soon your wand'ring will be o'er;

Soon exchange the dreary desert,

For fair Canaan's blissful shore.

Brothers, sisters, then go forward.

See the glittering crown appears;

Courage take, go forth and wear it,

Banish all your gloomy fears.

Happily have already landed,

Wait to hail you to their shore;

Then with all the saved in glory,

You shall dwell for evermore.

The advantages resulting from a Con-

templation of the Works of God.

Beautiful, wonderful, incomprehensible, are

these works. In every region on the surface of

the globe, we behold a multiplicity of objects

widely differing from each other in shape, color

and size. We look around us, and mountains

covered with forests of every hue and shade,

hills clothed with every variety of verdure, fields

adorned with many species of grain and fruit,

naked rocks, craggy precipices, meandering

streams, roaring cataracts, deep caverns and broad

oceans, present to the eye a beautiful and ma-

jestic variety. We know, unassisted by science,

that all this variety exists; but when we, by the

aid of chemistry, attempt to investigate the com-

position of these bodies, when we endeavor to

contemplate the changes which are continually

taking place in material substances, we can but

exclaim with the Psalmist, "How manifold are

thy works, O Lord."

Then how great the variety in animated na-

ture! More than fifty thousand species of an-

imals have been detected by naturalists—all

these species differing from each other in their

external aspect and their internal structure being

also adapted to their various necessities and modes

of life. One can have but a limited idea of the

skill and wisdom displayed in the construction

of even the little insects which we term worth-

less, if we examine them by the aid of the eye

alone. Let a person view the wing of one of

these insects, through the microscope; let him

observe its hitherto invisible frame work, the

curious and proportionate texture of its transpa-

rent part, the splendid but uniform arrangement

of its colors, and see if he will then call the in-

sect worthless, whose wing alone displays a me-

chanism so wise and beautiful.

If we turn our eyes upward, we may there be-

hold a magnificent spectacle. Sometimes the

sky is covered with clouds, or obscured by mist.

Sometimes it is dinged with various hues, bor-

rowed from the rays of the rising or setting

sun; at other times we see the forked lightning

darting from the clouds, and hear the thunder

they should convey to us an idea of the infinite

glories of his nature, for through this medium

they are best conveyed to us. He is a Being

purely immaterial, and our conceptions of him

would be vague and confused, had he not placed us

in the midst of his own glorious creations.

"He spoke, and it was done." World upon

world sprang into existence. System upon sys-

tem was created, and all these were made to

conform to certain laws. Their magnitude,

distances, revolutions and proportions, and their

internal organization also, were all so ordered

that the most perfect harmony prevails through-

out. Our idea of the immense quantity of mat-

ter existing, of the vast space around us, of the

adaptation of one creature to the whole, and

of the whole to each, is a great blessing to us.

From this we can form some idea of the unlim-

ited power, wisdom and benevolence of the Cre-

ator.

A contemplation of the works of God has, or

should have, an important moral effect upon us.

It should produce humility. How insignificant

do we appear when we compare ourselves with

the magnificence of the creation! How strange

that man should be proud!—What is there in

his situation of which he can be proud? It

is true that he is a little more privileged than the

beast—yes, much more privileged—but how

infinitely inferior to the order of beings which

we have reason to believe exist. He is fallen

from his state of purity. His errors are innum-

erable, and it is only through the mercy of

God, that he is redeemed. Then he should be

thankful for what he is, and not proud.

"Gird resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to

the humble." Let us then learn humility from

a contemplation of his works.

The study of the volume of nature is calculat-

ed to inspire us with veneration for the Creator.

If we would contemplate his works as we ought,

the veneration we should have for him, would

cause us to speak and think of him with the

greatest awe and reverence of which we are ca-

pable. We should address him at all times

with becoming humility. We should never

murmur at his providences, or read his solemn

declarations with a listless ear.

A view of the grandeur of the Deity, as dis-

played in his works, convinces us that a glorious

future is before us, if we but will it so. It

convinces us that new displays of the Creator's

grandeur will be continually bursting upon us,

that our eternal felicity will be greater than we

can possibly conceive of now.

And then, how does a view of these works

stimulate us to make our peace with a Being

omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, who

loves even us. Yes, we will confide in his pro-

misses, and press onward and upward.—M. Star.

Learning to play Cards.

Where is the source of all the evils of gam-

bling? What is the fountain from which these

bitter waters flow? Are we wrong in answer-

ing that they all come from learning to use the

tools of the gambler? We know there are many

who will at once take issue with us, and will say

that there is no harm in learning to play cards,

and no harm in playing cards socially, and

merely for amusement. Some parents hold this

opinion, and practice upon it in the training of

their children, defending themselves by saying

that as long as they do not play for money there

is no harm done. But gambling does not de-

pend entirely on the love of gain, as their de-

fensive assumes. There are three main supports

of gaming—the love of excitement—the love of

gain—and the love of triumph. Some persons

gamble mainly because they must have some

excitement of some kind. They have become

habituated to it and cannot live without it. It

Confession.

Confession of an offence is difficult. It is a

humble acknowledgment of guilt, and we wish

not to be considered guilty. Hence it is what

we are persistently averse to doing. It is hard

for children to confess their faults. It is still

harder for persons of riper years so to do. Ne-

vertheless it must be done if pardon or compe-

nsation of spirit is obtained. Pardon cannot be

constantly and safely exercised for an offence

until the offence is heartily admitted; and even

if this were possible, the offender without such

an admission could not in the very nature of

things be happy.

Particularly true is this, as respects sin to-

wards God. Very strong is the opposition in

man to a frank, ingenuous, penitent confession

of it. Yet such confession must be made, or

there is no forgiveness, and no peace. "He

that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he

that confesseth and forsaketh them shall find

mercy." "If we say we have no sin, we deceive

ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we

confess and forsake our sins, God is faithful

and just to forgive us our sins." Hence the course

of true wisdom is not to deny our guilt as sin-

ners,—for as long as we do this, we must re-

main unpardoned and ill at ease,—but rather to

go directly to God, make a clean breast of the

matter, like the Publican who contritely acknow-

ledged his criminality, and go away justified.

How is it with us? Have we hitherto stub-

bornly refused to admit our guilt, and perishing

need of mercy, or have we with feelings cor-

responding to the words, said—addressing the Al-

mighty:

"My lips with shame my sins confess,

Against Thy law, against thy grace."

H. W. Beecher on Pulpits.

Then when these questions are settled, it is

also, incidentally, a matter of consideration how

to seat the people, and whether the building can

be made available for hearing! As to the pul-