

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. VI.—No. 9.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 4 1859

WHOLE NO. 270

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

BY E. McLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.

G. A. HARTLEY, Editor & Proprietor.

Published every Friday Morning,

at the office, No. 26 Germain 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.

Agents and others should be particular to give

the "Post Office" Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be remitting, &c.

Please take notice, it is not the Parish or Town

ship in which they reside, but the NAME of the

office where they wish to receive their pa-

pers, that we want.

What Shall I do for Jesus?

FIRST ask, Did I ever do anything for Jesus?

There are many things done in the church, and

by professors in the world, which are not done

for Jesus. There is some other object in view.

The eye is not single. The heart is not true.

The motive is not pure. Did you ever give

yourself to the Lord? This is the first thing to

be done. Jesus will not accept anything from

you until you have given him yourself. His first

claim is, "My son, give me thy heart." With-

hold from him the heart, and you withhold from

him all. He will receive nothing from your hands

if you are his enemy. You are in rebellion against

him. You refuse to acknowledge his claims.

You withhold his just rights. You grieve his

loving heart. If you have not consecrated your-

selves to him, let me beseech you to go to his

throne, present yourself before him as a hum-

ble suppliant, offer him your heart just as it is,

and say,

"Take my poor heart just as it is,

Set up thy throne therein;

So shall I love thee above all,

And live to thee alone."

Having given him yourself, you may ask with

Saul of Tarsus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me

to do?" And be sure that he has something for

you to do, and something that no one will do so

well as you—something that no one ought to do

for you. He will say, "Son, go work to-day in

my vineyard." What can you do for this? This

you never do until you try. What are you will-

ing to do? This you may soon ascertain.

There is the Sabbath-school. Can you do

anything for Jesus there? Can you take a

class? If not, can you go round the neighbour-

hood and collect the children who are still un-

taught, that others may teach them?

There is the house of prayer. Can you do

any thing there? Is it full? If so, can you not

look out for young persons who attend, unnot-

iced by any in the congregation, and notice them,

trying to get from them whether they feel the

power of the word, and can you not follow up

the preacher's appeals by a word in private?

Great good may be done in this way, if the peo-

ple of God are alive to its importance, and will do

it for Jesus.

Is the congregation thin? Cannot you increase

it? Did you ever set about trying in good ear-

nest? Is there no one that you could influence

to attend? What, not one? If you could influ-

ence one, that one may influence another; and

in this way our churches would soon be filled.

There is the minister. Can you do nothing

for him? Do you regularly contribute for

his support, according to your means, not making

the subscription of any else your rule, but

giving as God has prospered you—doing it for

Jesus? Do you set apart a certain portion of

time every week, that you may pray for him?

Are you regular in your attendance on the min-

istry, and always early, that you may pray for him

as you see him enter his pulpit? Do you take

inquirer, to him, encouraging them to go and

open their hearts to him when concerned for the

salvation of their souls?

There are the sick. Do you ever visit them?

Jesus takes the visits paid to his sick saints as

paid to himself. He says, "I was sick, and ye

visited me." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one

of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto

me." How often do the Lord's sick lie and

long to see a fellow-worshipper or a fellow-mem-

ber come in, to read a portion of God's holy

word, to offer up the prayer of faith, or to speak

to him of Jesus. How many fears may be ban-

ished, how many temptations may be re-

moved, how many sufferers may be cheered, how

many sorrowful believers may be comforted, if

their fellow-believers, instead of indulging self,

should visit them for Jesus, and speak to them

of Jesus.

There are the poor. Will you relieve them?

The poor saints, more especially Jesus takes

note of them as given to himself, and promises

a reward. Hear his words, believe

them, try to realize the truth and importance of

them, that you may be influenced by them:

"Whoever shall give to drink unto one of these

little ones a cup of cold water only, in the

name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall

in no wise lose his reward." Mat. 10: 42.

For see, if you relieve the least saint with the

smallest gratuity, not being able to do more,

and do it for Jesus, he pledges his word that

you shall on no account lose your reward, and

the striking is the words of the Holy Spirit by

the Apostle James: "Pure religion and undef-

iled before God and the Father is this, to visit

the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and

to keep himself unspotted to the world." Jas. 1:

27. Tried by this standard, how much pure re-

ligion have you? Some church-members have

very little. When did you dry the widow's

tears, and satisfy the orphan's wants—going to

them, and not waiting for them to come to you?

Will you do this for Jesus?

There are the enemies of Christ, as all care-

less sinners are. You may speak to them, offer

special prayer for them, and try to win them to

his cause. "He that winneth souls is wise." But

if we would win, we must be winning. Love is

the key of the human heart. Once get it in,

and you may soon open the door. Love will use

gold, silver, kind words, and winning deeds, and

thus gain access to the heart that was locked

against truth and against God. Did you ever at-

tempt to do this for Jesus?

Once more, there is the heathen world. Men

and money are wanted; you may help to pro-

vide them. The power of the Holy Spirit is ab-

solutely necessary; you may help to bring down

that. There is plenty to do, and no time to be

lost; for while we trifle or delay, Satan is work-

ing, time is flying, souls are perishing, saints

are suffering, the cause of God is languishing,

infidelity is spreading, and we are missing the

mark.

Let every Christian man, let every Christian

woman, then put the question to the heart—

WHAT CAN I DO FOR JESUS? What more can I

do than I have done? What more can I give

than I have given? Consider what he has done

for you, what he is now doing for you, what he

has already given you, what he has promised you

what he deserves from you, what he expects at

your hands, the honour he has put upon you, the

charge he has given you, the account he will

demand of you, the rule by which he will re-

ward you, and then ask, What can I do for Je-

sus? And if there be any faith in his blood, if

there be any love to his name, if there be any

reverence for his authority, if there be any con-

cern for his cause, if there be any zeal for his

glory, if there be any pity for sinners, if there be

any regard for his word, ask, and be honest in

asking, What can I do for Jesus? Reader, there

is much needs doing, there is much that you

may do, and if you stand idle now, you must re-

pent it by and by; rouse, therefore—

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,

And thou an angel's happiness shall know—

Shalt bless the world while in the world above:

The good begun by thee shall onward flow,

In many a branching stream, and wider grow;

The seed that in these few and fleeting hours

Thy hands unsparing and unweary sow,

Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,

And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immor-

tal bowers.

The Close of Life.

When we contemplate the close of life, the

termination of man's designs and hopes, the si-

lence that now reigns among those who, a little

while ago, were so busy or so gay, who can avoid

being touched with sensations at once awful and

tender? What heart but then warms with the

glow of humanity? In whose eye does not the

tear gather, on revolving the fate of passing and

short-lived men?

Behold the poor man who lays down at last

the burden of his wearisome life. No more shall

he groan under the load of poverty and

toil. No more shall he hear the insolent calls

of the master, from whom he received his scanty

wages. No more shall he be raised from

needful slumber on his bed of straw, nor be hur-

ried away from his homely meal, to undergo the

repeated labours of the day. While his humble

grave is preparing, and a few poor and decayed

neighbours are carrying him thither, it is good

for us to think that this man, too, was our

brother, that for him the aged and destitute wife

and the needy children now weep, that, neglect-

ed as he was by the world, he possessed, per-

haps, both a sound understanding and a worthy

heart, and is now carried by angels to rest in

Abraham's bosom.

At no great distance from him the grave is

opened to receive the rich and proud man. For,

as it is said with emphasis in the parable, "The

rich man also died, and was buried." He also

died. His riches prevented not his sharing the

same fate as the poor man. Perhaps, through

luxury, they accelerated his doom. Then, in-

deed, "the mourners go about the streets," and

while in all the pomp and magnificence of

his funeral is preparing, his heirs, impatient to

examine his will, are looking on one another

with jealous eyes, and already beginning to

dispute about the division of his substance.

One day we see carried along the coffin of

the smiling infant—the flower just nipped as it

begins to blossom in the parent's view. And

the next day we behold the young man, or young

woman, of blooming form and promising hopes,

laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is

attended by a numerous unconcerned company,

who are disconcerting to one another about the news

of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life, let

us rather follow to the house of mourning,

and represent to ourselves what is passing

there. There we should see a disconsolate

family, sitting in silent grief, thinking of the

deceased, that is made in their little society, and

with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber

that is now vacant, and to every memorial that

presents itself, of their departed friend. By

such attention to the woes of others, the selfish

hardness of our hearts will be gradually soft-

ened, and melted down to humanity.

Another day we follow to the grave one who,

in old age, and after a long career of life, has

in full maturity, sunk at last into rest. As we

go along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural

for us to think and to discourse of all the changes

which such a person has seen during the

course of his life. He has passed, it is likely,

through varieties of fortune. He has experi-

enced prosperity and adversity. He has seen fam-

ilies and kindreds rise and fall. He has seen

peace and war secured in their turns, the face of

his country undergoing many alterations, and

the very city in which he dwelt, rising, in a man-

ner, new around him. After all he has beheld,

his eyes now close forever. He was becoming

a stranger in the midst of a new succession of

men. A race who knew him not, had risen to

fill the earth. Thus passes the world away.—

Throughout all ranks and conditions, "one

generation passeth, and another generation com-

eth," and this great inheritance is by turns evacuated

and replenished by troops of succeeding pil-

grims.

O vain and inconstant world! O fleeting and

transient life! When will the sons of men learn

to think of thee as they ought? When will

they learn humanity from the afflictions of their

brethren, or moderation and wisdom from the

sense of their fugitive state?

A Missionary and his Conversion.

Rev. George Hubbard, formerly of Boston, has

gone as a missionary to Africa. He was a few

years since one of the fast young men of Bos-

ton, and was sent on a long voyage to sea by his

friends, to get him out of temptation. The

singular incidents connected with his conversion

are thus related: "He found himself among the

Pejeh Islands, and having occasion to go ashore

on one of them, he visited the rude dwell-