

# 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,

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ship in which they reside, but the NAME of the

office where they wish to receive their pa-

pers, that we want.

For the Intelligencer.

A Chapter on Thanks.

Beloved Editors,—What duty in the Bible more

clearly and fully impressed, more conducive to

happiness! more important in the work of sal-

vation and God's glory? What saith the Holy

one on this point? "The joy of the Lord is

your strength." One of the greatest battles ever

fought was in praising the beauty of holiness, as

the people and their king went out before the

army saying, "Praise the Lord for his mercy en-

dureth forever," see 2 Chron. 20, 21. The most

joyful, happy, and useful persons in all ages have

been the most joyful, humble, grateful, thank-

ful. They rejoice in the Lord always. Their

mouths are filled with thanksgiving; they

praise God for everything. They bless him for

that and that; yes, that and that, and so on

and that. They bless him now for that, and

next moment for that, and so on for that, as

every new moment and mercy arrives.

"Let men, with their united voice

Adore thy eternal God,

And spread his honors and his joys,

Through nations far and broad."

Is not this the thing, the very thing called for?

A people filled with thanksgiving and praise?

The primitive disciples, after the pentecostal

baptism, were bright, glowing specimens of this

holiness. Their hearts burned within them.

They partook of their food with gladness

and singleness of heart, praising God and hav-

ing favor with all the people. What the result

of this constant joyfulness in God? "They

continued steadfast in the apostles' doctrine and

fellowship, in breaking of bread, and in prayers;

and fear came upon every soul, and many won-

ders and signs were done by the apostles. And

the Lord added to the church daily such as

should be saved."

"Praise the Lord ye everlasting Choirs,

Praise the Lord in holy songs of joy

World unborn shall sing his glory.

The exalted son of God,

Praise the Lord in holy songs of joy."

Beloved reader, is your heart tuned to this

holiness, sanctified joyfulness? Are you thanking

God now, for all his manifold mercies? "Now?"

Yes, now. Thank God now, this minute—thank

him first of all that you have a heart to thank

him. A thankful heart is from God—thank him

for a thankful heart—thank him for everything

—all things, great things and little things.

the thankful and obedient, that live to thank him

for his goodness. "Who so offereth praise, glori-

fie himself." O friends, how much we lose by not

thank God for his goodness. Some perish,

starve outright, for not thanking God. God will

be thanked now and forever. If we refuse to

thank God, others will, and he can raise up the

stones in the streets to praise him, cause the hills

and the valleys to praise him, fire, hail, snow,

stormy winds, mountains, all hills, fruitful trees,

all cedars, beasts, cattle, flying fowl, all creep-

ing things, the sun, moon, the starry hosts, and

heavenly hosts, the seas and all that in them

is.

"Thy numerous works exalt the Lord,

Nor will I silent be;

O rather let me cease to breathe,

Than cease from praising thee."

To thank God is not only a privilege but a

positive duty, binding on all intelligencies. God

commands us to thank him, and to thank him

always, for he is good and his mercy endureth

forever. God is worthy of all praise and he will

have it.

David knew this, understood it perfectly. He

knew it was policy, the very best policy to thank

God, nor was he unmindful of this duty. Hear

him, "I will bless God at all times, his praise

shall be in my mouth continually." "It's a good

thing," says he, "to give thanks unto the Lord,

and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most

High." The Bible is full of these examples of

holiness, in giving God thanks. Friends, are

you thanking God continually for all his mercies,

for all his judgments? Do you make it a spe-

cial business? the first thing, the last thing, the

ever continued thing? Do you prize the priv-

ilege of thanking God above all price? What an

infinite mercy that he permits creatures so un-

worthy, so hell deserving, to praise him! Bless-

ing unspokeable! Our whole being should

burst forth with thanksgiving for this one mer-

cy! this one privilege. Reader, do you thank

God? do you live so that you can thank him?

No one can thank God as he ought, except

he walk uprightly, work righteousness and

keep the truth in his heart. The reason—why

David was enabled to thank God so heartily, so

joyfully was, he walked softly before him re-

strained from every evil way. Hear him, "I will

wash my hands in innocency, so will I compass

thine altar, O Lord, that I may publish with the

voice of thanksgiving, and tell of thy wondrous

works." This holy walking was the secret of

David's continued thanksgivings, "With the

pure thou wilt show thyself pure." Ps. 18, 26.

Why is it we hear so few thanksgivings in the

assemblies of God's people? The heart is not

tuned to his praise.

Beloved, let us so live that we can thank God

with a good grace all the time. Sound out his

praises from pole to pole, make a joyful noise

unto the Lord evermore. Serve him with glad-

ness; come before his presence with singing; en-

ter his gates with thanksgiving and into his

courts with praise—for the Lord is good—his

mercy is everlasting and his truth endureth to

all generations.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good:

for his mercy endureth forever." "O that men

would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for

his wonderful works to the children of men."

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the

From the New York Observer.

The Seamstress and the Actress.

THE POWER OF PRAYER RECENTLY ILLUSTRATED

IN THIS CITY.

Look into this room. It is small, and has only

one occupant. Look around upon the furniture.

All is very neat, but very plain. The hand of

poverty is here. It is the home of a child of

God, alone in her young life, as many are, in

this great city. It is the abode of a poor young

sewing woman. She has seen better days. But

alas! her prospects were soon under the deep,

dark cloud of hopeless poverty.

Yet she is a child of the covenant and a child

of grace. This is her closet for prayer as well as

her place of plying the needle in unceasing toil

to support herself by honest industry. Often

employment fails, and then she prays that her

Heavenly Father will send her work, for she can-

not afford to be one hour idle. She had been

praying one morning for work, for employment

had failed her for some days. She had prayed

with more than usual earnestness. Suddenly

there was a gentle knock at the door, and in

stepped a creature full of life and gaiety, with a

large bundle.

"Can you sew for me?" said the young, dash-

ing-looking girl. "I am in haste to have some

work done, and I can afford to pay you very li-

berally."

The young sewing woman met her question

with a smile. "This is just what I have been

praying for," said she. She took and unfolded

it. She saw a very rich and gaudy dress before

her.

"I am an actress," said the young lady, con-

templating the sewing woman with surprise, as

she noticed her embarrassed and hesitating man-

ner. "I am under an engagement to play in the

theatre in Philadelphia; and these dresses

must be altered, and these must be made at once."

"I will pay you very handsomely for the la-

bor."

"I do not know about doing this work," said

the sewing girl; "I have prayed for work, it is

true, this very morning, for I am in distressing

need of it, so that I can earn my bread. But I

do not know about doing this work," said she,

hesitatingly.

"Why?" said the actress.

"Because I feel that in doing this work, I

should be serving the devil instead of serving

the Lord Jesus," answered the sewing girl meek-

ly.

"But did you pray for work?"

"Yes."

"And has not this come in answer to your

prayer?"

"I do not know; it seems as if it had; and yet

I feel as if I ought not to do it."

"Well! what will you do about it? How will

you decide?"

"I will lock my door, and I will kneel down

here, and ask my heavenly Father to direct me

what to do. He will tell me. Will you

kneel with me?"

Said the sewing girl in relating the circum-

stances, "I scarcely expected she would comply

with my request; but she knelt at once."

The poor working woman poured out her

heart to God, and spread before him, frankly,

the perplexities of her mind. She was very im-

portunate in her supplications and entreaties to

"But what will you do with these un-

finished garments?"

"I will keep them in just their present state.

They shall remain as they are while I live and

have the control of them, as a memento of this

hour and this room, and of God's mercy in ar-

resting me just here, and just as he has."

"What will you do now?" still queried the

sewing woman, now fairly roused up with con-

cern for her visitor, who now stood before her in a

new light, and rejoicing too in the resolutions

which she had expressed.

"I will seek to be useful in every way I can.

I know not what to do; but I will do all for

Christ, whatever it may be, and I will ask coun-

sel of him."

She then expressed the warmest gratitude to

the poor, meek, faithful sewing woman for her

faithfulness to her principles and for her faith-

fulness to her. So they parted.

Often they met afterwards, however, and con-

versed on the subject of religion. Often in the

few next succeeding days they prayed together,

and talked of the obligations they owed to the

Saviour. The faith of the now converted ac-

trix grew stronger every day. She became

more and more confident that the hand of God

was in all this—that this was the method he had

adopted to snatch her as a brand from the burn-

ing. The more she thought of it, the more she

admired the amazing goodness, and mercy of

God in it. She felt that perhaps her heart would

not have been reached so well in any other way.

And this thought increased her gratitude. She

gathered strength from day to day as she went

on her way rejoicing.

She is now in one of the Eastern States, where

she has taken up her residence for the present.

She has made a public profession of religion, and

joined herself to the people of God.

She writes often to her young Christian friend

—the sewing woman—in 29th street, New York

from whose lips we had the preceding facts, and

who is often seen in some of our daily prayer

meetings—apparently utterly unconscious of the

power she exerted to save the poor actress, and

ascribed all the glory of her salvation to God.

In a letter recently received the quondam ac-

trix says: "She is a wonder to herself. She was

so attached to the stage and to stage life that

she had not supposed it possible to leave it—that

she loved it so well that she did not believe she

could leave any thing more. But she now finds

Christ infinitely more precious to her than all

things else had ever been—that she is now truly

happy, and her peace is like the flowing spring

—constantly flowing—that her gratitude knows

no bounds—and that her desire grows contin-

ually stronger to do something for God.

The dresses, she says, are in the same state in

which her friend saw them when she unrolled

the bundle and refused to do anything to them

till she had made the work a subject of prayer.

"They are a thousand times more precious to her

now—just as they are—than they could be in any

other shape, as memorials of God's wonderful

love and mercy in saving a poor sinner, such as