

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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ship in which they reside, but the NAME of the

office where they wish to receive their pa-

pers, that we want.

The Infidel and the Dying Child.

In "Charm and Counter Charm," a book of

interest, and often of power, the following pas-

sage occurs. Euston Hastings, the father, is an

infidel—

"The child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten

days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had

passed, and in the silent night, having insisted

that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms

of illness through the day, should return to bed,

Euston Hastings sat alone watching with a

tightening heart the disturbed sleep of the little

Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled

sleep was broken. The child turned from side

to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly

around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked

Euston Hastings in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma?—Eve wants mamma to

say, 'Our Father!'"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the

beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped

hands beside her mother, to kiss her evening

prayer, or, since her illness forbade her rising

from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking

those clasped hands in hers, and listening to

Eve's softly-murmured words. Well, he knew,

therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple

phrase, "To say, 'Our Father!'"

"Mamma is asleep," he said: "When she

wakes I will call her."

"No, no, papa; Eve asleep then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling," and

he would have moved, but the little hand was

laid on his to arrest him.

"No; don't wake poor mamma; papa, say

"Our Father, for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak, then, my

darling," he added, finding that though the

hands were clasped, and the sweet eyes devotedly

cloned, Eve remained silent.

"No; Eve too sick, papa; Eve can't talk so

much; papa, kneel down and say, 'Our Father,'

like mamma did last night; won't you papa?"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading

voice; and kneeling, he laid his hand over the

clasped ones of his child, and for the first time

since he had murmured it with childish earnest-

ness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance

to those hallowed words of prayer. At such an

hour, under such circumstances, it could not be

uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings under-

stood its solemn import—its recognition of God's

sovereignty—its surrender of all things to him.

He understood it, we say; but he trembled at it.

His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed

as the unconquered believe, and his heart almost

stood still with fear while "Thy will be done on

earth, even as it is in heaven," fell slowly from

his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still,

and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes.

Suddenly, in louder voice than had been heard

within that room for days, she exclaimed,

"Papa, papa, see there!—up there, papa!"

Her own eyes were fixed upward on the ceiling,

as if it were Euston Hastings, for to him

nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy

played on her lips, and her arms were stretched

upward as to some celestial visitant.

"Eve coming?" she cried again. "Take

Eve!"

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Euston Hastings,

while unconsciously he passed his arm over

her, as if dreading that she would really be borne

from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and expending

her last strength in an effort to rise from the

bed, Eve murmured, in broken tones, "Papa

come too—mamma—grandpa—little brother—

dear papa!"

The last word could have been distinguished

only by the intensely-listening ear of love. It

ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt, even

while he still clasped her cherub form, and

gazed upon her sweetly-smiling face, that his

Eve had indeed left him for ever.

And yet not for ever. He straightway sought

the Lord, and has now followed her to glory.

Which Costs Most, To support the

Gospel or do Without It.

It is a sad mistake, too often countenanced by

ministers themselves, that small congregations

are unable to support the gospel, when the fact

is, that no congregation is able to do without the

gospel; for the tax of the desolation is four

times as expensive as the tax which is requisite

to support the institutions of religion. This is no

fiction. Go to those societies which judged

themselves unable to support the gospel; go to

parents and demand the items squandered by

their prodigal children, besides breaking their

hearts with their undutiful conduct; go to the

tavern on Sundays and on week-days; attend

the arbitrations, the courts, the trainings, the

horse-racings, and the midnight revels; witness

the decayed houses, tenements, and tillage, the

falling school-houses, and tattered children of

barbarous manners,—and then return to your

own little paradise, and decide whether you will

exile the gospel as too expensive to be support-

ed. If you are too poor to support the gospel,

you are demonstrably too poor to do without it.

—If the one would severely press you, the other

will grind you to powder. A few families may

thrive in a waste place, but it will be upon the

poor of the rest; the greater portion will be

poor, ignorant, and vicious.

Do you demand how a poor people can sup-

port the gospel? Let them first appreciate the

privilege according to its importance, and then

let the father, and the mother, and the son, and

the daughter, and the servant, lay weekly a slight

tax upon their pride, and another upon appetite

needlessly gratified, and add to these savings

another item acquired by some special effort for

the purpose, and another as God shall have pro-

vided their lawful industry, and the result of

the whole would be an abundant supply. And

ten families of ordinary property could better

afford to support the gospel than do without it.

When societies calculate what they can afford

to give for the support of the gospel, they go

upon the supposition that what they do give is so

much subtracted annually from the whole

amount of their income; a supposition which is

utterly erroneous, for, in fact, as it respects the

diminution of property, they give nothing. The

gospel is not a debtor to those who support it

but they are debtors to the gospel. It does

not subtract from the property of a society, but

adds more to it than it takes away. It is God

himself who has said, "Honour the Lord with

thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all

thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with

plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new

wine." The duty of supporting the word of God

has not ceased with the Jewish dispensation, nor

has this promise been repealed; and the whole

providence of God to this day has been a

practical confirmation of his faithfulness in its

fulfilment. The Jews often distrusted this as-

urance, and robbed God to save their property,

but they always reduced it by the experiment.

"They sowed much seed and brought in little, and

when it was gathered God did blow upon it. The

dew of heaven was stayed, and the earth did

not yield her increase. "Ye are cursed with a

curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole

nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the store-

house, that there may be meat in mine house,

and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of

hosts, if I will not open you the windows of hea-

ven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall

not be room enough to receive it. And I will

rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall

not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither

shall your vine cast her fruit before the time

in the field, saith the Lord of hosts. And all

nations shall call you blessed; for ye shall be a

delightful land, saith the Lord of hosts."

The same rule of administration is regarded

still; the curse of heaven still fastens upon com-

munities that despise the gospel and neglect its

support. Their decline in outward prosperity is

notorious; and their restoration is no less man-

ifest when, convinced of their folly, they make a

competent provision for the public worship of

God. Nor is the fact mysterious or miraculous,

since the life of man, his health, his wisdom to

plan and strength to execute, the life and vigour

of his flocks and herds, every stock of grain and

blade of grass, are in the hand of God. In ten

thousand ways he can add or subtract your in-

come. A fit of sickness, a broken bone, a profligate

child, a vexatious lawsuit, a drought or a

flood, a murrain among your cattle, or a blast on

your field, may cut off at once all your sacrili-

gious sayings, while his blessing can, in many

ways, make you rich and add no sorrow with it.

You may give, therefore, as exigencies demand,

for the support of the gospel, and it shall be given

unto you again, good measure, pressed down and

shaken together, and running over. Your course

of oil shall not fail, and your barrel of meal shall

not waste.—Dr. Beecher.

Brother Hang-Back.

We know a brother in the church, who, by some

blunder of his excellent parents, was

Christened Samuel —, but whose true

name stands at the head of this article. Bro-

ther Hang-Back is quite a curiosity in his way.

His theory of church policy is original. In every

church, he holds that as in a ship, there are

needed steam, rudder, and ballast. His "mis-

sion" is to be ballast. So while his brethren are

laboring and praying and giving, with might

and man, he lies comfortably ensconced at

home, like a pig of lead in the lower hold; and

right heroically he sticks to his "sphere."

Brother Hang-Back has rendered the church

to which he belongs various invaluable services,

of late. They need, for example, a new sanctu-

ary. The young people demand it. The old

people consent. Every body has discovered the

necessity of it but brother Hang-Back.—But he

—being a large proprietor in the old house, and

finding it very good property—can't see for the

life of him why everybody should be making such

a stir in the parish. And he has conclusive ar-

guments, likewise, to offer. The fact that the

peas are all taken in the old house, and twenty

or thirty more are immediately wanted, does not

disturb him in the least, for he saw with his own

eyes where as many as forty people might have

been crowded into the congregation last Sab-

bat. So he is holding on to the "good old path."

Some of his church imagine that they need

new hymn-books also. The people are pretty

thoroughly weary of the Church Psalmody," but

brother Hang-Back has learned that the new

ones which would doubtless be selected, cannot

be bought for less than eighty cents apiece by

the hundred; and that is sufficient reason of

course, for him to put the brakes on to such wild

extravagance.

There is, in his church, also, a general desire

for congregational singing; and as this would

save something of an outlay now expended on

the choir, brother Hang-Back's approval—with-

out which nothing could be done—was rather

confidently anticipated. But it curiously hap-

pens that his daughter sings *alto* for a stipend,

so he stoutly puts down his foot, and Z. on is

saved from that fantastical experiment.

Again, brother Hang-Back's pastor undertook

lately a course of sermons to children. But bro-

ther Hang-Back "cannot conscientiously ap-

prove" of the innovation. It seems to him un-

dignified—this familiar talk with boys and girls

in the Lord's house. He thinks the sermons had

better be delivered in the lecture room, which is

partly secularized, having served as a town-hall

for some years.

In short, the church of Christ in —, would

all go to destruction, but for brother Hang-Back.

He wonders and grieves that people cannot

appreciate his invaluable service. He thinks he

shall be remembered with very profound emo-

tions after he is gone—and so do we.—Congrega-

tionalist.

The Evils of Strong Drink.