

# 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. 8

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25 1859

WHOLE NO. 269

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

E. McLEOD, G. A. HARTLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

Published every Friday Morning.

Office, No. 26 Germain Street, St. John, N.B.

TERMS.

Five Shillings and Six Pence

A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Advertisements 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

Post or Way Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

Some years after his recovery I fell in company with him, and we entered into close conversation on the state of his soul. I asked him what he thought would be his destiny, if he died in his present state.

"Why," said he, "as sure as God is in heaven, I should be damned."

"Well," said I, "do you mean to die in this state? Do you never think of changing your course of life?"

"My friend," said he, "I have no desire to serve God; I have no desire for anything that is good: to tell you the truth, I as much believe that my damnation is sealed, as that I am now conversing with you. I remember the very time when the Spirit of God departed from me; and what may surprise you more than all, I am no more troubled about it than if there was no God to punish sin, and no hell to punish sinners in."

I was struck speechless at his narration: it is not in my power to describe my feelings. The bold indifference which marked his features, and the hardness of heart displayed by him, were truly shocking. After I parted with him my meditations were engaged upon the awful subject.

"Lord," thought I, "with whom have I been conversing? An immortal spirit clothed with flesh and blood, who appears to be sealed over to eternal damnation. A man who once had a day of grace and the offer of mercy, but now appears to be lost, for ever lost. To him the door of heaven is shut, never more to be opened. He once had it in his power to accept salvation, and because he did not improve his time and talents, God has judiciously taken them all away and given him over to blindness of mind. He is neither moved by mercy nor terrified by judgment."

About two years after this he was laid upon the bed of death. His conscience roared like thunder against him, and his every sense appeared to be awake to torment him. His sickness was short, and his end was awful. His Christian friends visited him, and desired to administer comfort, but he was comfortless. They told him that perhaps he was mistaken—it was not so bad with him as he imagined.

"Ah," said he, "would to God I was mistaken; happy would it be for me. But can I be mistaken about my sickness? Is it imagination which confines me here? Are my pains imaginary? No, no, they are a reality, and I am as certain of my damnation as of my pains."

Some persons offered to pray with him. But he forbade it; and charged them not to attempt it. "For," said he, "that moment that you attempt to lift up your hearts to God on my behalf, I feel the flames of hell kindle in my soul; you might as well pray for Satan as for me; you would have as much success. Do you think to force God? Do you think to force the gates of heaven, which are barred by justice against me? Never. Your prayers shall return upon your own head; I want none of them."

The distress of his mind seemed to make him forget the pains of his body, and he continued in nearly the same situation till the day of his death. All that Christians or Christian ministers could say to him, made no impression. He never asked one to pray for him.

Just before his departure, after he had been rolling from side to side for some time, with horror depicted in every feature, he called to his wife to bring him a cup of cold water; "for," said he, "in one hour I shall be where I shall never get another drop." She brought him the water, he drank it with greediness, and reached back the cup with a trembling hand; and staring her in the face, his eyes flashing with terror, he cried out, "Rebecca, Rebecca, you are the cause of my eternal damnation." He turned over and with an awful groan left the world, to enter upon the untold realities of a dread eternity.

Beloved reader, meditate on this narrative. Be not conformed to this world. Yield not to the temptations of the adversary of souls. Fear much, lest a promise being left you of entering into the rest of the people of God, you come short; and, a hardened, impenitent sinner, or a self-righted backslider, finally inherit the portion of the hypocrite and unbeliever, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and where "the backslider shall be filled with his own ways."—*Am. Tract.*

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

Romanists converted in Crowds.

At a meeting lately held in Cork, on behalf of the Irish Church Mission to Roman Catholics, it was stated, that within the last few years, above 100,000 copies of the Catholic Scriptures had been put in circulation by the Roman priesthood to satisfy the demands of the people, and prevent their dissemination by means of the missionaries.

That 900 copies of the same version were publicly sold in the streets of Waterford, by the agents of the Society, under the superintendence of the Protestant Bishop. Thus Protestants and Catholics of all grades, were engaged in the dissemination of God's Word. And though this was done from very different motives, still the Word is thereby made to have a wide circulation,—and therein, with the Apostle, "we do rejoice, yes, and we will rejoice."

These facts, said the speaker, should have some weight, and in proof of this they could adduce the testimony of many who had abandoned the Church of Rome.

He could take them to forty-seven congregations!! which had, within the last nine years,

renounced the absorption of the priests, the mediation of saints, looking to purgatory for sanctification, after death,—who were now looking to the Lord Jesus for the salvation of their souls, and were added to the Protestant Church, through the operations of the Society.

In many parts of the country the blessing of God had crowned their work. Through many an Irish speaking congregation they could show symptoms of a great change. The people were inquiring, and the result of their inquiries was not adherence to Rome.

In Dundalk, a gentleman worth a thousand a year, had abandoned Romanism, and was now a member of the Protestant Church. In Dublin, his missionary work, in spite of persecution, was very encouraging. In the schools, their classes had increased in an extraordinary degree. An English clergyman, who was visiting the schools, asked some questions, which proved what was going on in a remarkable manner. The society never asked the children to go to church. They never asked them to abandon their faith; but they simply put God's Word into their hands in the full confidence of what would be the result.

Among forty-two children he wished to know the real state of the matter among them, and put the question; how many had left the mass for the church? Thirty held up their hands. He then asked the other twelve, how many had quit the mass, but had not gone to church? And eight of the twelve held up their hands; and on further examination, he found one did not believe in purgatory and another did not believe in damnation, leaving only two who had not wholly or in part renounced Romanism!

A few years ago Connemara was a great moral waste. The priests had everything in their own hands. Their chapels were crowded; there were none to stand up against them. Now several congregations had been gathered from Rome and added to the church. In the parish Clifton, there were at present seventeen missionary stations, where the gospel of Christ was faithfully preached. In that parish, a few years ago, the Protestant congregation consisted only of six persons; now there were more than 300, nearly all of them converts from Romanism. In his district, some time ago, there was not a vestige of a Protestant church. There was no service, except occasionally in a gentleman's house. There was no schoolhouse. Now they had two churches and six schools.

In Tuman, when the Rev. Charles Seymour was appointed curate, Archbishop McHale and a host of friends had it all their own way. The few Protestants that remained, were diminishing rapidly. The Protestant bishop of Tuman declared it would be most indecorous to attack the Church of Rome under such fearful odds. But he replied: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" He was in the habit of preaching controversial sermons in the absence of the bishop. A Protestant gentleman defied him to attempt such a thing in his presence, for if he did, it would be his last sermon in that diocese. He made up his mind to preach an out-and-out controversial sermon before the bishop; and came down from the pulpit expecting that it would be his last there. But on leaving the church, the bishop said he had listened to it with great interest, and could have strengthened his arguments by what he had himself observed at Tuman. And from that time his lordship became his supporter. Thus encouraged, he went to work in God's name, and for three years was subjected to the greatest persecution; followed by hundreds, pelted with mud, and squirted with water. His wife—indeed, no female—could accompany him through the streets of Tuman, because of the coarse language to which he was subjected. He bore it all without returning a harsh word. At length it rose to such a pitch, that two police-men had to accompany him everywhere in his parochial labors. His life became a burden to him; still he worked on, and now he would, thank God, walk through the streets of Tuman without the protection of the police; he believed there was not a man in that diocese who would hurt him. He distributed 3 or 400 tracts and hand-bills among the people weekly, and never lost an opportunity of testifying to the gospel of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. He has sold in a short time, 1,000 copies of the Protestant Scriptures to Roman Catholics. On the last Corpus Christi day, he had taken the bold step to protest publicly, against this idolatrous practice. The chapel was crowded to witness the ceremony. He stood on the opposite side of the street; the priests were there; a message was sent to inform him there would be no procession as long as he was there. He kept his ground, and after some time the procession came out; he met it, and in the hearing of the assembled multitude, protested against the superstitious and idolatrous proceedings, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; declaring that what they carried in their hands was not the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it was idolatry to bow down to it. There was no hand, no voice raised against him. He went into the bishop's palace, stopped about an hour, and when he came out, to his surprise, a long line of Catholic gentlemen stood waiting, and expressed their feelings by bowing most respectfully as he passed. Next day he posted a number of handbills through the town, putting the question: "Was the Rev. Charles Seymour justified in protesting against the ceremony of Corpus Christi?" This

was answered by a faithful declaration of Gospel truth, in opposition to the idolatrous nature of the procession; and for the result, he could say that the Protestant population of that district had increased 160 in the course of the past year.

Selling All.

A circumstance was recently related as follows in one of the New York daily prayer meetings, which illustrates the words of the Saviour. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God."

"A few days ago," the speaker said, "he received an anonymous letter written in a very beautiful hand, and in language that indicated that the writer was a man of education and refinement, wishing him to call at a certain number in a fashionable street, on business of great importance, at a given hour. The business was stated to be of such a nature that it could not be confided to paper.

He went as requested. He found a gentleman a perfect stranger, in an elegant residence, surrounded by every luxury, and living apparently at his ease, and all the business which he vouchsafed to talk upon, was the education of a daughter.

He said he left the residence with a disappointed, heavy heart—perfectly satisfied that the gentleman had not disclosed to him the true reason for which he had summoned him to his house. He was sure there was a subject of far deeper moment that lay like a leaden weight upon his heart, of which he had not spoken.

A few days passed, and on returning from a walk one evening, he was informed that a gentleman had called during his absence, who refused to give his name, or residence, and who after sitting an hour, waiting for him, had gone. He could not divine who it was, but did not once imagine it was his newly formed Fifth Avenue acquaintance. So it proved, however by the subsequent call of the same gentleman. He revealed to him the fact that he did not disclose to him the real reason why he desired to see him. It was to talk with him, on the subject of religion. He confessed to great and sometimes agonizing anxiety, about the immortal interest of his soul.

The speaker said he inquired of him, if he ever attended church.

"No," said he "I never go to church. I am dragged off to the opera—to the theatre—to places of amusement, but I never go to church. It would not do for me to go to church. I occupy such a social position, that I cannot go to church."

"Have you ever been to the Fulton street prayer meeting?" said the gentleman on whom he had called.

"Oh no, I would not go there for the world! I have wanted to go, but I dare not—cannot. I persuaded my brother to drop in there once, and just see what sort of a place it was. He told me when he came away about the exercises. He told me about the prayers. He said, that when they came to pray for the impenitent present, it seemed to him as if he must get right up, and ask the meeting to pray for him. Oh! I would not go there for the world. It would not do. I never should hear the last of it."

"Have you ever conversed with any one on the subject of religion?"

"No—never, till now, and I would not have it known that I am here conversing with you. There is my neighbor Mr. —, living in the same avenue near me. He is a pious man. I have walked, for hours, in the evening, in front of his house, up and down the sidewalk, trying to get courage to ring the bell, and go in, and tell him just how wretched I am, and ask him what I should do. But I could not."

"May I ask the Fulton street prayer meeting to pray for you?"

"No, No," he answered with great emphasis "not by any means. It would soon be known, and I would not have it known for the world."

I gave him the best answer I could, said the speaker. But I am afraid he will be lost. He is too proud to have it known that he is anxious about his soul. He is afraid that it will compromise his position. And his position is the idol which he worships, and before which he bows down as a base drudge in slavish bondage. I do not know, continued the intelligent speaker, "where that man will go, but I am really afraid he will be lost."

"And now, he said, though I am not authorized to ask your prayers for this man, yet I shall do it, on my own account. I am informed that he has fallen into the hands of an infidel, who by some means has found out his state of mind and I am fearful he will be destroyed."

The writer suggested, after the close of the meeting, in an interview with this speaker, that he exert himself to induce this awakened friend to attend the Academy of Music on every Sabbath evening, as a place peculiarly adapted to meet his case. Perhaps it will be found that he has been there,—and there received his religious impressions.

The case of this man was specially remembered in prayer, and we earnestly hope that the Lord, who can clear the darkest skies, will shine into that poor rich man's heart, and give him joy and peace in believing in Jesus.

The leader rose and said that he doubted not the Spirit of God was at work, all over this city upon the hearts and consciences of men. Pray for all who preach the gospel in all parts of the

city, that God will bless. How many houses of worship will be open to-morrow (Sabbath), said he. How many impenitent sinners will hear the Gospel preached? Pray that it may be made effectual to the salvation of every impenitent soul that hears it.

Every Saturday the services of the succeeding Sabbath are made the subject of earnest prayer.

I Won't Work on Sabbath.

I need to rest. I work hard from Monday morning till Saturday night, and Sabbath is almost the only rest I get. A man must rest sometimes, or he will kill himself. Even a steam-engine, made of brass and iron, must have time to cool and clean, and tighten screws. An omnibus horse that will last five years, if not allowed his Sabbath rest, will die in three years' constant work. Every year of Sabbath work shortens a man's life seven. Why should I sell my life for any man's money? I won't work on the Sabbath.

2. I have a soul to save. I must die some day. And after death, I must give an account to the God who gave me life, for the use I made of it. It stands to reason that I ought to try to learn what he wants me to do, and that I ought to try to do it. But, how can a poor fellow that is off to work at six, and hard at it all day, learn any thing about religion unless he learns on Sabbath? And if a man keeps himself ignorant of his duty, his ignorance won't save his soul. It won't do to say when the train arrives "I didn't know the time, and am not ready." It is my business to know. God gives me the Sabbath that I may have time to learn. If I lose my Sabbath I lose my soul. I won't work on the Sabbath.

3. I have a mind to cultivate. Almighty God did not make me only to eat and drink, and work, and die. A horse can do all that. Nor is making money the chief end of man. Of what use it? It is not the money, but the mind, that makes the man; and it is the Sabbath that gives the time to improve it. French Emperors, Austrian despots, and Carolina slave-owners, know this; and to prevent men from thinking, they bribe or cheat their slaves out of the Sabbath. But, I am neither a Carolina negro, nor a French peasant, I am an American citizen. If I do work hard for a living, I am just as good a man, and as well entitled to all the rights God gave me, as any rich merchant or railroad director in the land. I calculate you have not got money enough in all your railroad companies between this and Bunker's Hill to buy me for your slave; and I won't work on Sabbath.

4. The working-men of America had better look after their rights, or they will soon lose them. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. The law of God gives the working-men the right to rest on Sabbath. His law is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. But the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, or thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, or the stranger that is within thy gates." The law ratifies this right to the work-men of this state. But, bold, barefaced attempts are made to trample on these laws, and rob the working-men of his right to rest, and even to have the State law which secures this right repealed, that rich men might make money out of the lives, and liberties, and souls of the working-men. Money is powerful. But thank God, we have the ballot box, and are not yet fools enough to vote away our own liberties. I won't vote for any man who will repeal the law which secures our right to rest on Sabbath.

Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, Connecticut, estimates the whole number of Sabbath school teachers in Great Britain and in the United States one million, and the number of scholars at seven millions. Of the seven millions scholars, four millions are in Great Britain, three millions in the United States.

Another popular preacher has arisen in Belfast. His name is the Rev. T. J. Carlisle. He has just attained the age of twenty, and has been about eighteen months a probationer in the Wesleyan ministry. "We," says the *Chester Observer*, "have not heard his equal since we heard the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon." The reverend gentleman is a native of the Maze, near Lisburn, Ireland.

A Spiritualist no Longer.—Dr. Randolph, a celebrated spiritualist, has openly recanted. In a lecture on Sunday last, he stated it as his candid opinion, founded upon an experience of nine years as a medium, that spiritualism was one-third imposture, one-third insanity, and one-third diabolism. Mr. Randolph declares that insanity is the usual fate of trance mediums. He has received and accepted a call to the Christian ministry.—*Salem Register.*

EDUCATION, NOT RELIGION.—Horace Mann, Pres. of Antioch college, in a lecture before the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association of this city, last week, said, "No amount of talent and genius could palliate sin and iniquity. They only give them greater power. There was no such enemy to mankind as a wicked, profligate man equipped with learning. He guided to paths leading down to death."

## LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editors of the Religious Intelligencer.)

LONDON, Jan. 28th, 1859.

This day's leading news is the announcement of the yesterday's great event—the birth of a Prince, heir to the Prussian throne, and claiming the Queen of England as its Grandmother. Everywhere in these realms the tidings will be received with great satisfaction, for, with our attachment to royalty as an institution, and to Victoria as a Sovereign, whatever is interesting to her family is interesting to us. Many a prayer will go up to the Disposer of Fates that the mother and her babe may dwell under His sheltering wing. The telegraph tells of all going on favorably, and thus the fate of the Princess Charlotte does not seem likely to be repeated. An old tradition in Prussia points to the present reign as the last of the dynasty, but with three heirs to the crown, that prophecy, if fulfilled at all, will receive, we may hope a far-fetched accomplishment. If the infant now so dependent should become the foster-father of liberal institutions and evangelical religion in Prussia,—grow up the Alfred of Germany—that country will have reason to bless the union which knits it to the English race.

Since my last, the War Panic has diminished, and would entirely disappear, if the arsenals of France were not the scene of an activity inexplicable except in the prospect of war. On the other hand it is argued, that if war were really the Emperor's intention he would not permit the knowledge of this martial-sounding industry to get abroad. Those who reason thus account for what is going on, upon the supposition, that Louis Napoleon does not wish to give way to the peace pressure too suddenly, or to disabuse, at all, once, the Italian revolutionists of all hope of his interference. Poor Italy has borne many marks of debasement, but none more dark and deep than this—that her expectations of freedom are void on the man who has used his imperial power to crush Liberty on a more favoured soil. Can the oppressor at home be the liberator of the oppressed beyond? is a question which the Italians if they are wise will gravely put before they rely upon or supplicate French bayonets as their hope. The car of freedom always rocks on such support, and inclines to topple over. A report that the King of Naples was dead, became current last Friday, and was readily believed—faith, in many quarters following fond desire—but his illness, whatever it may have been, seems on the decrease. His son's marriage has more charms for him than aught beside, and even his fit of clemency, extorted perhaps from his fears of death, has turned out to be a sentence of banishment on men most of whom are fitter, a thousand fold, to wear a crown than he.

The King of Sweden is dangerously and incurably ill. Prince Napoleon's visit to Sardinia has gone smoothly on, and he seems about attaining his object in taking the King's eldest daughter, the princess Clotilda, to the altar. The political significance of the act may be small in spite of all that is said; for without the aid of Russia, France and Sardinia united, would never dare to make war on Austria, unless the *casus belli* was extremely good and cogent.

Mr. Gladstone is to serve as Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands till another is appointed, and in that capacity is to open (this day I believe) the Ionian Parliament, and propose several reforms.

Nothing disheartens the true friends of constitutional government more than to watch the apparent incompetency of the people of the south of Europe for their duties and their apparent incapacity of appreciating its advantages. At home the approach of Parliament, which reassembles on Tuesday, has been signalled, as land at sea is by evidences plain to all men. Mr. Bright has delivered other speeches, especially one at Bradford, developing his Reform Bill, which would induce a household or rating franchise for boroughs, and £10 house occupancy for counties; the ballot; a redistribution of some 130 seats, of which he would award 99 to boroughs and 24 to counties, with 7 unawarded. A writer in the *Times* proposes another scheme more favourable to the counties. It was the Chancery clause in the Reform Bill of 1832, which gave the great landowners, mostly Tories, their present power in the counties by averaging the freeholders with £50 tenants-at-will; and if the county franchise is reduced to £10 house-occupancy, it would matter little I think how the re-distribution was made. Lord Derby's bill, with any other in progress of manufacture, is still *sub-umbra*. Lord Palmerston has invited forty of his political friends to dine with him on the 3rd prox., after the opening of Parliament by the Queen in person—a sign that the veteran ex-Premier is not tired of the political arena. As a Reform Premier, the people have little or no confidence in the versatile and vigorous statesman.

In temperance matters you will be glad to hear that the work is not growing less or less productive. Lord Naas, the Irish Secretary has lately promised that he will neither introduce nor support any measure arising out of an extension of the hours of sale in drinking shops in Ireland; and almost the last public act of Judge Crampton before his resignation, was to express his hope of the speedy arrival of the day when the Permissive Bill of the United Kingdom Alliance would be the law of the land, and in actual operation, by the will of the people, in various parts of the