

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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TERMS,

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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.

An Angel Visit.

On the evening of the 31st December, I had

been cherishing the humiliating and solemn re-

lections which are peculiarly suitable to the

close of the year, and endeavouring to bring my

mind to that view of the past, best calculated to

influence the future. I had attempted to recall

the prominent incidents of the twelve months

which had elapsed; and in this endeavour, I was

often frequently to regret how little of my memory

could retain even of that most important to be

remembered. I could not avoid, at such a peri-

od, looking forwards as well as backwards, and

anticipating that fearful tribunal at which no

occurrence shall be forgotten, whilst my imagina-

tion penetrated into the distant destinies which

shall be dependent on its decisions. At my

usual hour I retired to rest, but the train of im-

aginations I had pursued was so important and

appropriate, that imagination continued it after

sleep had slumbered. "In thoughts from the

visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon

man," I was mentally concerned in the following

scene of interest:

I imagined myself still adding link after link

to the chain of reflection, the progress of which

the time for repose had interrupted; and whilst

thus engaged, I was aware that there remained

but a few moments to complete the day. I heard

the clock as it tolled the knell of another year;

and as it tolled slowly the appointed number,

each note was followed by a sting of conscience,

stuttering reproaches for my neglect of precious

time. The last stroke was ringing in my

ears—painful as the groan announcing the

departure of a valuable friend, when, notwithstanding

the meditative posture in which I was sit-

ting, I perceived that the dimness of the apart-

ment became brighter; and on lifting my eyes to

discover the cause, I was terrified at perceiving

that another being was with me in my seclusion.

I saw one before me whose form indeed was hu-

man; but the bright, burning glance of his eye,

and the splendour which beamed forth from every

part of his beautifully proportioned form, con-

vincing me, at a glance, that it was no mortal

being that I saw. The elevation of his brow

gave dignity of the highest order to his counte-

nance; but the most acute observation was indi-

cated by his piercing eye, and inexorable justice

was imprinted on his majestic features. A glit-

tering phylactery encircled his head, upon which

was written, as in letters of fire, "The Faithful

One." Under one arm he bore two volumes; in

his hand he held a pen. I instantly knew the

angel—the secretary of the terrible

tribunal of heaven. With a trembling which

convulsed my frame, I heard his unearthly ac-

proved time—encouraged temptations;—there

they stood with no excuse, no extenuation.

There was one very long class I remember well—

"idle words;" and then the passage flashed

across my mind—"For every idle word that

men speak, they shall give account in the day of

judgment." My supernatural visitant here ad-

ressed me—"dost thou observe how small a

proportion thy sins of commission bear to those

of omission?" As he spoke, he pointed me to

instances in the page like the following:—"I

was thirsty, and thou gavest me no drink;"—"I

was sick, and thou didst not visit me;" "I was

conscience stricken. In another part of the re-

cord, I read the title, "Duties Performed."—

Alas! how small was their number! Humble

as I had been accustomed to think the estimate

of my good works, I was greatly disappointed to

perceive that many performances on which I

had looked back with pride were omitted, "be-

cause," my visitor informed me, "the motive

was impure." It was, however, with feelings of

the most affecting gratification, I read beneath

this record, small as it was, the following passage:

"Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only,

in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise

lose his reward."

Whilst I gazed on many other similar records,

such was the intense feeling which seemed to be

awakened within me, that my brain grew dizzy,

and my eyes became dim. I was awakened from

this state, by the touch of my supernatural in-

structor, who pointed me to the volume in which

I had my own terrible history, now closed, and

bearing a seal, on which with sickening heart, I

read the inscription, "Reserved until the day of

judgment." "And now," said the angel "my

commission is completed. Thou has been per-

mitted what was never granted to man before.

What thinkest thou of the record? Dost thou

not justly tremble? How many a line is here,

which, dying, you could wish to blot! I see

you already shuddering at the thought of the

disclosure of this volume at the day of judgment,

when an assembled world shall listen to its con-

tents. But if such be the record of one year,

what must be the guilt of your whole life? Seek,

then, an interest in the blood of Christ, justified

by which, you shall indeed hear the repetition,

but not to condemnation. Pray that, when the

other books are opened, your name may be found

in the book of life. And see the volume pre-

pared for the history of another year; yet its

page is unutilized. Time is before thee—seek

to improve it; privileges are before thee—may

they prove the gates of heaven! Judgment is be-

fore thee—prepare to meet thy God." He turned

to depart; and as I seemed to hear the rustling

which announced his flight, I awoke. Was it all a

dream?

Pleasures Peculiar to Piety.

What can the world offer thee, my young

friend, that will compare with the preciousness

of this divine peace? Is a lifetime of carnal de-

light worth an hour of such heavenly repose?

Think! can gold, ambition, gluttony, lust, gran-

deur, or amusements compensate an immortal

soul for its anxieties respecting the results of its

conduct with God, and for the absence of the

"peace of God?" It cannot be. Peace is ne-

cessary to true enjoyment. And peace is to be

found only in the service of Piety. "Her ways,"

and hers only, "are ways of pleasantness, and

all her paths are peace!" Enter her service

and she will confer this precious peace upon you.

A delicate child once lost her mother at an

early age. She was very affectionate, and the

image of her sainted mother lived in her heart.

Clinging to the neck of her lady attendant, she

"O love, thou bottomless abyss!

My sins are swallowed up in thee;

Covered is my unrighteousness,

Nor spot of guilt remains on me;

While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,

Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

"By faith I plunge me in this sea;

Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;

Hither, when hell assails, I flee;

I look into my Saviour's breast;

Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!

Mercy is all that's written there."

Let me give you a few testimonies, from the

lips of the children of God; to the bliss of divine

love.—Hear Augustine. "He says: 'Come,

O thou joy spirit! Let me behold thee, O life

of my soul! Appear unto me, O my great de-

light, my sweet comfort! O my God, my life,

and the whole glory of my soul! Let me em-

brace thee, O heavenly bridegroom! Let me

possess thee!"

See yonder cottage standing alone on the edge

of a bleak, barren moor. The day is cold and

stormy, yet a faithful pastor has just dismount-

ed from his horse at that cottage door. He is

going to visit the resident of that cottage. Let

us enter with him.—What a lone and cheerless

room! The snow has been drifting through the

roof, and under the door, on the uncarpeted floor.

There is scarcely an ember burning on the hearth.

Mark that old, trembling man, seated in a broken

arm-chair, with an open Bible upon his knees.

How serene his aspect! See the rapture in

his eyes, the sweet smile upon his lips. Hark!

the pastor speaks, and says:

"What are you about to-day, John?"

"Ah, sir," the happy old man replies, "I

am sitting under His shadow, with great de-

light!"

Sitting under His shadow with great delight!

What an overflowing fountain of bliss must the

love of Christ have been within that child of

poverty to make him so sublimely superior to

outward circumstances! No wonder that an-

other holy man—the persecuted Rutherford, could

say: "There is more to be had of Christ than I

conceived. Christ is so good that I would have

no other tutor, if I could have choice of ten thou-

sand besides. The saints at their best are but

strangers to the weight and worth of the incom-

parable sweetness of Christ. He is so new, so

fresh in excellency every day to those that search

more and more in Him. O, we love an unknown

lover when we love Christ!"

Such is the love which is the life of pious

souls. It absorbs all their emotional nature, and

satisfies its highest demands, for its object is the

Infinite One.—Pleasant Pathways, by Daniel

Wies, D. D.

A Cure for Discouragement.

It was one of those cold, lowering, forbidding

days of autumn, when nature is wont to wear

her gloomiest aspect, that a worn and wearied

mother sat down discouraged and exhausted.

Five little ones, the eldest but ten years old,

were about her, but they too had caught some-

what of the mother's spirit, and they were tired

and fretful. It had been washing-day—a long,

hard day. Everything had gone wrong. The

clothes line would break, and the linen so care-

fully washed was dragged and soiled. The

mother's only help was an inexperienced girl of

14, and with the labours of preparation for win-

ter, and increased cares just before her, her

children still unprovided with clothing adapted

to the inclement season, and her own almost

unaided hands to accomplish it all, it is strange

that she yielded for once to despondency, and tears

flowed freely?

man here I wish to see a moment. You had

better come in. It will be cold sitting in the

chaise." They entered the house. It consisted

of but two rooms. In the only habitable room

lay the sick man, who had been entirely helpless

for weeks. His poor imbecile wife, wan and

pale, sat with a puny infant of two weeks in her

lap. Four others (making the lady's own num-

ber) were playing about the floor, but in the

faces of two of them the light of intellect had

never shone. Idiotic and helpless, they formed

a strange contrast to the group she had just left

with a murmuring and repining heart.

She glanced at her husband who was speaking

words of kindness and sympathy to the sick man,

and she wept again; but they were not such tears

as had greeted his return. Oh, how different her

own lot appeared to her now. With a penitent sub-

dued heart, she approached the mother, and in-

quired after the health and wants of her children.

Alas, the bare and cheerless room, the thin and

tattered garments, and the few empty and un-

washed dishes upon the uncovered table, told

too plainly their wants. The ever-considerate

husband saw that his work was done, and

fearing the effects of too great sympathy on the

part of his wife, proposed to leave, but first he

took from his pocket a small Testament, and

after reading a short but comforting passage, he

prayed that "healing mercy might be bestowed;

that whatever of earthly good was denied them

they might put their trust in Israel's God, and at

last attain to that inheritance which fadeth not

away."

They took their leave. I will not describe their

ride home, nor the greeting the children receiv-

ed. All was changed. It required no effort to

prepare an inviting supper.

After a grateful meal, "Dear husband," re-

marked the wife, "I rode before thee to please

you; now will you ride again to please me?"

"Certainly, with pleasure." A basket was filled

from the table, and several articles of warm clo-

thing were found, that her own children had

outgrown, and once more they sought the sick

man's home.

Do you wonder that the mother, as she heard

the prayers of her little ones, and placed them