

The Religious Intelligencer.

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Rev. E. McLeod,

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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Religious Selections.

Are You Insured?

The fire-bells were sounding an alarm. It was nearly midnight. Looking out of my window, I observed that the sky was brightly illuminated, and judged there must be an extensive conflagration not far off. Soon the ever alert firemen were out with their machines, and the streets were alive with men and boys hastening in the direction of the fire.

While hastily dressing myself for the purpose of going out, I heard a violent knocking on the door of my next neighbor, Mr. J., and a voice exclaiming, "Mr. J., your store is all on fire!" I put my head out of the window to make an inquiry, but Mr. J., having heard the alarm, had raised his window, and apparently in great excitement, was inquiring of the messenger if he was sure that it was his store that was on fire? "Yes," replied the messenger, "I am sure! I know your store; it's the second one in the block, and it's all in a blaze now, and nothing can be saved! Insured 'n't you, Mr. J.?"

Mr. J. was too much confused, for a moment, to answer the interrogatory, and I was about to repeat the question myself, being anxious to know the fact; although I supposed, of course, that so careful and prudent a man as Mr. J. had been reputed to be, would not fail to keep his property fully insured. At length he exclaimed, in a despairing tone, "I'm a ruined man! Oh, what a fool! I neglected to get insured, thinking every day that I would do it to-morrow, and now I have lost all! Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do! What will become of my poor family?" and he sank back from the window, the picture of despair.

Most deeply did I sympathize with my neighbor in his distress, and began to consider how I might help him. I abandoned my idea of going into the street, and was soon lost in deep meditation. And thus I thought:—

"Well poor J., his property is gone! Why did he not get insured? It is really a hard case. I have seen a card hanging up in some workshops and counting-rooms, on which was printed, in large letters, 'ARE YOU INSURED?' It's a good thing to remind folks who forget. I wonder why J. didn't have one of these cards hung up in his counting-room? I should think he would be almost tempted to hang one round his neck after this. No insurance, and all his property in that building!—It was downright, inexcusable neglect."

Dear reader, the incident we have narrated relates to the loss of property; and although you blame Mr. J., as I did, for his negligence in a matter so important, you can not help feeling sympathy, as a man, for his misfortune. But, my friend, how is it with yourself? You have an interest at stake, of infinitely greater moment. What have you done about it?

Is your immortal soul insured? It is of more valuable than all the property of the world. It is a wealth of affections, of capacities, of powers, richer than all the gold and jewels of the mine. It will exist when the earth itself shall have passed away. What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? What shall it profit him to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? That's it, my friend, your own soul is in more danger, and needs more to be insured than your property, and I ask you, in sincere friendship, have you attended to it?

You are, as a sinner, in danger of everlasting fire! Such is the declaration of God himself. "He shall say unto them on the left hand, Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." (Matt. 25: 41.) If you say this only means a guilty conscience, or some temporary punishment, I reply, You don't know that. God says it shall be fire; and if he says that, he means something more fearful than you have ever conceived of. It is a fire that will burn upon the soul; not searing the poor frail body alone, but insinuating itself into the keenest sensibilities of the spirit. It will burn for ever, because the material that feeds it is immortal. "The worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

This fire will come upon the sinner suddenly. Like my poor neighbor, he may have promised himself that he would attend to the subject soon, but alas! he has put it off from day to day, till in a moment the flames break forth, and it is too late! Multitudes of persons have lost their all by such delay, and vastly greater multitudes have lost their souls in the same way. "When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape."

There is but one possible way of deliverance from this danger. It is by applying to the Lord Jesus Christ. His blood alone can extinguish the fire that threatens the wicked. His promise of pardon is the only reliable assurance against it. That word was never broken, never falsified. It has saved millions, even at the last moment, and it is able to save to the uttermost. But application must be made to him forthwith. It availed my friend J. nothing that the insurance companies were sound—their vaults full of gold; the fatal mistake was, that he had taken out no policy. So the blood of Jesus will not save the sinner unless he applies to him. Otherwise there remaineth only "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

Such, my friend, are the plain facts of every

sinner's case. I ask you then, again, Are you insured? Have you any guaranty against that most fearful of all losses, the loss of the soul? Have you been to Christ for it, with true penitence for sin, and a solemn consecration to his service? Can it be that you are neglecting this matter while interests so momentous are depending upon it?

WILL YOU GET INSURED? Perhaps you have been guilty of delay up to the present moment. If so, do not continue it longer. Possibly it may not be too late to attend to it now. Hasten, hasten at once. Flee to Jesus. Lay hold on the hope set before you. Confess to him your sins. Cast yourself on his promised mercy, and beseech him to save you. You may do this now; to-morrow, one hour hence, and it may be for ever too late.

While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found and peace is given; But soon, ah! soon, approaching night, Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

"Son, Remember."

LUKE 16: 25.

Who can fathom the dreadful import of these emphatic words, addressed to the lost spirit of him, who but a little while previous, was clothed in gay attire, faring sumptuously every day—living entirely unconcerned for his soul—wholly absorbed in the passing pleasures of the hour, without regard to the requirements of him who holds the destinies of all in his hands?

Oh, all ye careless neglectors of God's commands, remember! Ye who are living in gaiety finding your own pleasures, and doing according to your own devices, without regard to mercy's calls, or heaven's broken laws, remember! Ye who are neglecting your soul's undying interests, to gather a few sticks and straws, while the angel of mercy is holding an incorruptible crown over your head, remember! Ye who are striving for the honors and pleasures of this world, or coveting riches, ease, or renown, as if they were the only good, remember! Ye who are rolling in splendid equipages, or adorning lordly mansions, as if there were no eternity for you to shortly enter upon, remember! Ye who have closed your eyes against the light of gospel truths—against heaven and humanity's calls, remember! Ye who are dealing out the intoxicating draught and under a double, curse remembering! Ye who oppress the poor, and neglect the needy, remember! Ye who on the Sabbath buy or sell and desecrate its hallowed hours, or take God's name in vain, remember! Ye who are at ease in Zion or like the foolish virgins, whose lamps are gone out, remember! Ye who are living only for yourselves, without God and without hope in the world, crying, "Peace and safety," while sudden destruction cometh, remember!

Oh, remember that the present passing moment, only lasts, and if you will now resolve to turn from your evil ways, and seek the Lord with all your heart, then he will be found of you, to your rejoicing; but if you forsake him, and turn aside from his holy commands, you will soon, as every soul, be with the eternally lost and find in anguish you will remember, that "you knew your duty, but did it not." You will then remember that your duty was not a hard, unpleasant task. "It was only to obey God; by turning from sin to holiness, to Christ, to heaven, to read and pray, and run the Christian race."

You will then remember how you preferred to be absorbed in worldly affairs, and how little you esteemed God's service, and Christ's atoning sacrifice. You will then remember how you slighted the means of grace, and all the invitations of his love, and for a few fleeting vanities, gave up heaven. You will then remember your long rejecting the whisperings of that blessed Spirit, urging you to prepare for eternal scenes. You will then remember how little concern you let your precious moments of probation pass unheeded, until they had all passed away for ever. You will then remember that those precious moments of time will return no more. You will then remember those years, months, weeks, days and hours, with regret for their loss that no pen or language can describe. You will remember that during their continuance was the time for you to do the will of God,—and then heaven's eternal joys would have been secured. You will remember that then was your opportunity and privilege to accept the offers of life eternal,—yes, that even at the very time while reading this personal admonition you might have secured the salvation of your soul, by receiving thus: I will (in the strength of the Lord) now turn from sin and Satan's delusive lure, and from henceforth I will be a faithful servant of the ever-living God.

God calling yet!—and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live? I wait, but he does not forsake! He calls me still! My heart, awake!

God calling yet!—I cannot stay; My heart I yield without delay; Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

"RICH IN FAITH."

For many days I had been passing through "deep waters." A great cloud had settled down upon me, and I felt assured it would never lift or rift—nor yet, in my own unbelieving blindness, could I see a "bright light in the cloud." So, desponding, I sat one morning in my darkened room, and wondered if any human being could be more miserable than myself.

The door bell rang, and a neighbor entered. He was a poor man, but a consistent, devoted, happy Christian. Often had I met him, and as often had I been reproved for my own lack of faith in a covenant-keeping God. His faith never wavered, his love never grew cold. Outward circumstances, however untoward, seemed not to affect his inward peace.

That morning, as I looked on his face almost shining with the happiness in his soul, I asked him, impulsively, how he contrived to be always so happy. It was a thoughtless question, even a cruel one, and so I felt as soon as it escaped my lips.

A shadow for a moment passed over his face, and a tear dimmed his eye; then I could but remember his history—how a daughter, the pride and joy of his heart, whom he tried faithfully to lead in the path of virtue, had gone astray, and brought shame to the poor man's home. I remembered, too, a son, his first born, on whom he depended for support in his declining years, but who had wandered far from his father's God into the ways of sin, till he was now an inmate of the State's prison. I thought also of a large family dependent on his daily labor for their daily bread.

These thoughts rushed through my mind as soon as I had asked the question, and I regretted that I had been so thoughtless. But his reply was such a rebuke to my own lack of faith, and such an exemplification of the power of a living faith!

"I read," said he, "that all things work together for good to them that love God; why should I not be happy?"

Poor man! Poor in this world's estimation but "rich in faith," exceeding rich in the sight of God.

I counted over my mercies after had left the room. I enumerated friends, home, health, an open Bible, a living Saviour, an ever present Spirit, a promised heaven; these, and many many more. What if some had been removed? So much the higher might I prize those that were left!

Then I went out of my darkened room into the light of day, went out also from the state of dark unbelief into the bright region of an unquestioned faith. Now the cloud lifted, and I saw a "bright light in the cloud."

Yes, "all things work together for good to them that love God" cannot we believe it? Ah! when, when shall we learn to take God at his word? Shall we ever entirely trust Him, till we "see as we are seen, and know as we are known?"—Am. Mess.

The Christian Conflict.

President Kirkland, of Harvard College, once remarked satirically of a wealthy clergyman, that he was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, and preached eloquent sermons upon self-denial.

There are many Christians, in vigorous health and in prosperity, who know nothing of the trials of faith and patience to which others are exposed. Look at this mother of a large family, with small means and feeble health. The sick child in the cradle is crying. The household work, all unaided, is to be done. There is food to be cooked, clothes are to be washed, garments to be mended, beds to be made, rooms to be cleaned, and a troop of tumultuous children to be restrained and guided in the way in which they should go. The husband, perhaps cold and thoughtless, never gives his wife a sympathizing word. A sick babe keeps her awake at night and, pale and emaciated, she is scarcely able to drag her limbs along through the toils of the day. Her nervous system is entirely shattered. She has no recreation, no change. It is the same weary round, day and night, month after month, and year after year. It is seldom, even, that she can get to the house of God, to have her spirit refreshed by a glimpse of the rest provided for her, when her journey shall end.

Why God leads so many of his children through such trials we know not. But beautiful indeed is the aspect of religion, when we see one passing through such valleys of humiliation with a calm and placid spirit. There are many such.—Christianity has no heroines superior to these. Martyrdom has no flames more trying to faith than these. There are probably no crowns in heaven brighter than those prepared for victors in such wearing, wasting, interminable conflicts. When faith is thus triumphant, and passion is subdued, and the whole spirit is brought into subjection to God's law, we have the highest victory Christianity can give.—Congregationalist.

The Time Is Short.

TIME is hurrying us onward with rapid strides to our eternal home. Soon we must appear before the judgment seat of Christ, there to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Can it be that the great and terrible day of the Lord is about to burst upon us? Everything indicates that a crisis at hand; and seeing we look for such things, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" This world may well be compared to a long, dark night through which the Church has had to pass. A glorious morning is destined to dawn, but when that day comes, where will the sinner and the ungodly appear? There is much truth in the following remarks of Daniel C. Eddy.

"The word of God, compared with the history of passing events, fully indicates that earth's great drama is hastening to a crisis. Time has grown old; six thousand years encircle its weary brow, and with inconceivable velocity it is rushing on to its eternal sepulchre. And soon the end will come, the purposes for which time was given be accomplished, and its ages, years, and hours all be narrowed down to the moment of its close. The great events connected with the winding up of all earthly affairs, the rendering of the last account, cannot be far distant. The earth wrapped in flame, the heavens blanched and pale with terror fleeing away, the opening of the Book of Remembrance, in which all our good and evil deeds are recorded, are but a step before us."—Angel Whispers, p. 184.

An awful storm is nigh at hand; Behold the Judge has come at last; All nations must before him stand. The great, the rich, the mighty now Cannot escape his piercing eye; They with the bond and free must bow, And on the rocks and mountains cry. The earth is wrapped in flaming fire—It rocks and totters to and fro; None can escape God's holy ire—He comes to conquer every foe.

The heavens, too, in terror flee; The trumpet sounds, the dead are raised, And every eye his face shall see, While those who pierced him stand amazed.

But hark! he openeth now the book, And all must hear their final doom; Sinners can on the past now look, While on their brow there gathereth gloom.

But those who loved and served the Lord, Endured the cross, despised the shame, Received an infinite reward, For he will own each worthless name. They hear the welcome, joyful sound,— "Ye blessed of my Father, come, No more as strangers wander round, But enter on your long-sought home." O God, prepare me for that day.

When judgment on the wicked falls,— When heaven and earth will pass away, Be thou my Judge, my friend, my All, JOSEPHINE

George Muller.

The Rev. Dr. Sawtell has written a letter to the editor of the "Life of Trust," containing some information concerning that remarkable man, George Muller. We think our readers will be interested in the following extracts:

MR. MULLER'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE. He is tall, rather slender, standing six feet in his boots, and of a remarkable fine figure, with a grave German face, and dark brownish eyes that kindle into a pleasing, benevolent expression in conversation. His dress is the very same in cut and color that he wore in the German University, (his coat a long-tail frock), all in black, except the snow-white neck-tie, fastened with a common plain pin in front, the ends hid beneath a waistcoat buttoned up so high as to hide everything but the cravat; making his whole general appearance, whether in the pulpit or in the street, a perfect model of neatness and order. His hair is rather coarse, and black as jet.

HIS LIBRARY.

It consists of a Hebrew Bible, three Greek Testaments, a Greek Concordance and Lexicon, with some half dozen different versions of the Holy Scriptures, and copies of the best translations into those several languages of which he is master. These constitute his entire library.

HIS HABITS, AND MANNER OF STUDY AND PREACHING. He rises early, enters his closet, shuts the door, opens his Bible, offers a short prayer, especially to invoke the guidance of God's Spirit upon the reading and meditation of His Holy Word, then reads and meditates verse by verse chapter by chapter, till his whole soul becomes impressed with God's presence, and impregnated with God's teachings; then he bows himself, and, like Samson holding the middle pillar, he wrestles with God, till, like Israel, he prevails.

His habit of reading the Scripture is to go straight and regularly through them, both the Old and New Testaments at the same time; that is, to read in the Old one part of the day, and in the New the other. He had strong objections to that hop, skip and jump method that some practice in reading the Bible, or the habit of opening at random. When asked how often he had gone through the Bible in this way, his answer was, "I cannot tell, but probably more than a hundred times." His preaching is altogether expository, reading a whole chapter, or part of one, or parts of two chapters, according to the connection, and then drawing out of the passage such rich treasures, so many things new and old, that I felt it to be worth crossing the Atlantic to hear them. For three Sabbaths I

sat under his teachings, and heard him twice each day. Though he invited me to preach for him, I declined, for the very reason that I could not afford to lose the precious opportunity of hearing him. The happy results of his method of preaching are seen in the number of men and women connected with his churches who have become mighty in the Scriptures, and are better qualified to expound them and to guide inquiring souls to Christ, than many a young minister who has spent his three years in a theological seminary. Let no one imagine that this kind of preaching becomes dry and heavy. Never have I listened to more burning words and touching eloquence than occasionally burst from the lips of this man of God, and especially when he turns to the young, and with all the tenderness and pathos of a loving father, pleads with them "to seek now the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him whilst he is near."

GENERAL READING, ETC.

"I have no time," said he, "for that." From his assistants (to whom I am indebted for many facts of a personal nature which Mr. Muller himself would never have disclosed,) I learned that the way he kept himself at all posted up with regard to the stirring events of the day was by conversation at the table with his associates, teachers, matrons, etc., who were expected to have a little more time for general reading. His morning hours, after his closet duties are over, are spent in his family, opening his letters, packages, etc., marking with his pencil, and separating them into such divisions or classes that his three clerks or assistants can understand their respective duties. He reaches the Orphan Houses between ten and eleven o'clock; there he remains till six or seven in the evening, attending to and overseeing a great variety of things. The amount of labor he performs is amazing, and the almost endless variety would render insane, one would think, most other men. Yet he is never ruffled, never looks anxious or out of temper,—always calm and placid, and in a prayerful frame of mind, casting all his cares upon the Lord, who careth for him. I doubt whether I shall ever see his like again this side of heaven. If I am not a better man in future, possessing more of the spirit of Christ, more faith, more of the spirit of prayer, and of holy living, for having spent three weeks at his feet, surely my case is a very sad one indeed.

What Christian Sailors are Doing.

BOSTON, Aug. 22, 1861.

Facts that are now numerously coming to light in relation to the work of the Lord upon the sea, are giving new significance to the declaration of the prophet,—"because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." What has failed to be accomplished by direct efforts in introducing the gospel into certain localities where Catholic influences have been strong enough to prevent the sending of missionaries who are ordained ministers, is now being accomplished. A good illustration of this is furnished in what is going on in several of the ports in the island of Cuba, where Catholic intolerance has so effectually kept out the light of the gospel. A Christian sailor writing from Matanzas says: "It is nothing strange, as you go around the harbor in the evening when everything is still, to hear songs of praise and prayer. Last evening there was a meeting on board the bark Y—. It was very interesting, and was crowded with seamen. The spirit of God is here, for since our arrival there have been ten conversions."

The vessel to which the writer of this letter belongs sailed from Boston. As soon as the ship was at sea, a prayer meeting was established, which was kept up during the voyage. In the account of the voyage he says: "Jesus has been on board, and we are so happy. Everything goes along smoothly and easily. We were becalmed on the Bahama banks, and dropped anchor until Saturday afternoon, when we got under way with a light breeze, and beat up until we got alongside of three other ships. We then anchored again, and on Sunday our captain invited their ship's companies to our prayer meeting. It was very interesting to see so many listening to prayers and exhortations. After the service, they said they had never heard anything like this before. We invited them to attend in the evening, but a breeze springing up, we parted—one for Matanzas and one for Havana."

A Christian shipmaster, in a letter of more recent date, says concerning the religious interest at Matanzas: "I was very much surprised, when I came in to port, to find the Bethel flag hoisted on a bark. This was something I never saw in a Spanish port before. I found they had prayer meetings twice a week, and on Sundays sailors and masters all met together to praise God. They change from one vessel to another. There seems to be quite a revival of religion in port. People come from the shore to the meetings, and there have been as many as a hundred at a meeting."

The above facts in relation to the religious interest in Cuba have been furnished by two of the sailor missionaries of the American Seamen's Friend Society, of which there are now more than two hundred and fifty afloat, each furnished with a library of excellent religious books, to be used as itinerant preachers at sea, making in all more than twelve thousand, having access to an

Revival in the North of Scotland.

At the meeting in Ewing Place Chapel of Scotland, the Rev. Mr. Davidson, Salcoats, gave a brief account of the revival in the north, from which he was just returned. He said one of the districts which he visited, although perhaps, amongst the most darkened in Aberdeenshire at one time, has been the scene of a very remarkable awakening. The people were formerly as ignorant of the way of salvation as if they had lived in a land where the gospel was unknown, and yet, for a year past, the Lord had been awakening many dead souls, and now clusters of warm, newly converted praying people are found, whose numbers are constantly increasing. The open air meetings held in the north are being largely blessed; and I may mention one or two very interesting cases of conversion which have come under my notice. One is that of an old woman who lives in a little cottage in a wood, far apart from any other habitation. Her husband died not more than a year and a half ago, and God made his death the means of her awakening. She had no one to speak to her—no one to bring her help; and she was in great anxiety of soul for many days. But when the Lord has a soul to save He always finds some way of doing it; and it chanced she found a copy of one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. When spoken to afterwards on the subject, she did not remember even the text, so fixed was her attention on the two blessed passages; but she felt while reading it as if it had been a special messenger sent her by the Lord. Before reading more than half of a sermon, she felt the Lord in her soul. "I went out to the door," to use her own words, and everything seemed clearer and brighter than before; all things appeared changed. I seemed to live in a new world. Since that time she has been rejoicing in the Lord, although having many conflicts. While in darkness she thought the devil never came near, but now he frequently assails her, although she is enabled to remain firm in the Lord. I felt impressed with the story of this old woman's conversion, as of a light shining out brightly amid the surrounding darkness. On one occasion I went into a farm house, where I found five grown-up daughters of the farmer who had all been converted within a year in a different way, and each almost entirely ignorant at the time of the change which was taking place upon her sisters. They told me they were long in a state of uncertainty; and while each was deeply anxious herself, there seemed inexplicable wrong with her sisters.

None of them, however, found courage to speak to the other on the subject, but all searched the Scriptures for themselves, until one after another was brought out of the darkness into the light of the gospel. Then they began to tell each other the story of their conversion, and in doing so to me, one of the young women remarked that what had first roused her anxiety as to the state of her soul was hearing of so many being converted all around. They are now rejoicing in the Lord, and seeking to work for Christ. For the last few days, I have been attending some of the open-air meetings in the north, especially those held in the parish of Skene, on Monday and Tuesday last there were large gatherings near the loch there. It is a very beautiful place and adapted for open-air meetings. The platform was erected on the margin of the loch and although the mornings were wet, the rain generally cleared off, and a beautiful day succeeded. One day we had a gathering of about 1400 people, and a very solemn and interesting meeting it turned out to be. The Lord's hand was manifest both on speakers and people. I do not remember having seen before such marked evidences of the Lord's power and presence as during these meetings. Similar gatherings were held on the same spot last year, and many who were present then were also present at the proceedings this year. It was very affecting to observe how, after notice was given that meetings for inquirers and others would be held, the people broke up into little groups—young men and women, and old people too. One old woman, who had come from a considerable distance—indeed, many came from the surrounding parishes a great way off—interested me very much. This old woman, seventy two years of age, was very anxious about her soul, and having heard of these open-air meetings, she resolved to go to them. Accordingly, she left her house one morning, and found that rain was falling very heavily, yet still she said, "I must go." Re-entering her house, she put a "change" of clothes into a little bag, and again set out in the dreaching rain, arriving in the vicinity of Skene with her dress completely saturated. She there entered the wood and took off her wet clothes, putting on instead the dry dress which she had brought with her. In this way she was enabled to attend the meetings; but when they were over, and while preparing to return, she said that she was going home again, without having found Him whom she had come to seek. I have no doubt, however, from what I know of her, that the Lord will lead her to Himself. It is truly affecting to find a woman of her years so eager to get the blessing, and I fear there are many much younger who are not so earnest. On the following evening a meeting was held in