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By E. McLeod, J.

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

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Religious Selections.

"The Pillar and Ground of the Truth."

BY THE REV. D. M. GRAHAM.

"What is truth?" said Pilate to the Son of Man. It was doubted by Pilate if such a thing as truth had an existence. He doubted if there were such things as right and wrong, and a distinction between them. In his mind policy was more important than principle; indeed, in his mind policy was the only principle in directing his own conduct. This is a view of Pilate in his conscious philosophizing.

In the same history, however, we see the testimony of his spontaneous consciousness to the fact that there is right, that there is wrong, that they differ fundamentally, that wrong ought to be punished, that right ought not. All these are necessarily wrapped up in the little sentence, "I have found no fault in this man," or in the question, "Why, what evil hath he done?"

True, these sentences refer, in their first application, to a comparison of the Saviour's conduct with human law; but there must be somewhere a standard of human law before acts of legislation. Besides, it was not to human law Pilate referred when "he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person." But it is not necessary to follow this thought further, that though philosophers may deny fundamental principles in their theories, they at once assume their truth when they speak as men.—Thus, those who hold that there is no such thing as freedom, no such thing as volition only as necessitated, as in the case of brutes, as readily as others praise and blame their fellow beings. Pilate felt, if he did not believe, there is truth, and some one able to assert its claims and punish those who set it at naught. Truth is an indestructible pillar upon an unyielding foundation.

Paul asserts that pillar and foundation of "the truth," which either includes or implies all other truth, to be the church of God. The Saviour said, addressing the Father, "thy word is truth." There is truth that has found utterance in God's written word; truth that was manifested in his Word "made flesh."—Different forms of one substance.

Earth is a ruin. The splendid castle and pleasant grounds designed for man's abode are both in a desolate condition. In those once cultivated grounds, thorns and briars have sprung up. The gothic castle, from turret to foundation, has fallen into fragments, which, retaining more or less evidence of the skill of the Architect, lie scattered among the thorns and briars, or are gathered into ruinous heaps. In the pervasive sorrow that fills your mind as you contemplate the scene, there springs up the exhibition of a pleasing discovery. Behold one complete column of the once wonderful structure.—There rises in the scene of desolation one shaft heavenward. It is complete in all larger parts and even in its finest tracery. Its foundation is upon the solid granite, reaching down to the foundation of mountains; the pillar is upright as it is complete. It is the pillar and ground of the truth. It reveals what was before the destroyer came. The ruin is not all a ruin.

Paul was writing to Timothy, who was then engaged in setting the church at Ephesus in order. There Timothy often looked upon the temple of Diana, concerning which Paul had peculiar and vivid recollections. The magnificent structure, one of the seven wonders of the world, had been destroyed about 400 years before, on the same night Alexander the great was born. Extraneous, like our successors, meant to have glory even at the cost of destruction. But the structure had been restored and made more glorious than before, as the structure of our fathers is to be made more glorious after the present ruin.—Timothy saw that wonderful structure when it was complete in its proportions of 425 feet in length and 220 in breadth. His eye ran along the marbled lines of those hundred and twenty-eight columns, sixty feet in height, each the gift of a king, as if kings had come to hold up that marble tabernacle upon which rested the gothic roof of Cedar. But what good does this temple enshrine? Truly one of fair appearance, wrought in ivory, with rich, golden ornaments. But the chaste Diana was a dead goddess, our pillar and ground of the truth have no place in such a temple; they belong to "the house of God," which is the church of the living God. Goths came afterward and laid the temple of Diana in ruins, and the city of Ephesus fell into decay. But in that heathen city was that which represented the "house of God—the pillar and ground of the truth," never to decay.—The individuals might forget their first love, they might take for apostles those not apostles, but the truth there once embodied is immovable and eternal.

Is it any wonder that the apostle, who could write thus to his son Timothy about "the pillar and ground of the truth," should at last let his mind rest, after wandering through the imagery by which he was incarnating truth, upon the great sacrament itself from which he derived every hope and aspiration? "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." Here he reaches his only hope, that a human mind shall ever be a pillar in the temple of the living God. It is a

wonder that there should be any true life in such a ruinous world as this; that in this scene of desolation and ruin any column should rest in an upright position, and upon an immovable foundation. This thing, so utterly hopeless in itself, Paul's mind rests in as a fact, only when he calls to mind the only other fact that makes the former possible, "God manifest in the flesh."—Was there anything at this moment in the memory of Paul recalling the great confession of Peter and the Saviour's subsequent remark about the church? "Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed unto thee this, but my Father who is in heaven.—And I say unto thee thou art Peter, and upon this rock (just confessed by thee) I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

"Quench not the Spirit."

BY THE REV. D. M. GRAHAM.

"It was once called," says a venerable clergyman, "to visit a young lady who was said to be in despair. She had at some time previous been serious, and it was hoped set her face Zionward. In an evil hour, some of her associates, gay, pleasure-loving young ladies, called on her to accompany them to a ball. She refused to go. The occasion, the company, the parade, the gaiety, were all utterly dissonant with her present feelings. With characteristic levity and thoughtlessness, they urged her, ridiculed her Methodistism, rallied at the cant and hypocrisy of her spiritual guides, and finally so far prevailed that with a desperate effort to shake off her convictions and regain her former carnal security, she exclaimed, 'Well, I will go, though I am damned for it.' The blessed Spirit immediately withdrew his influences, and instead of the anxious sigh and longing desire to be free from the body of sin and of death, succeeded by turns the calmness and the horrors of despair. The wretched victim knew that the Spirit had taken his final leave. No compunctions for sin, no tears of penitence, no inquiries after God, no eager seeking of the place where Christians love to meet, now occupied the tedious hours. Instead of the bloom and freshness of health came the paleness and haggardness of decay. The wan and sunken cheek, the ghastly and glaring eye, the emaciated limb, the sure precursors of approaching dissolution, were there. The caresses of friends, the suggestions of affection all were unheeded. The consolations of piety, the last resource of the miserable, were to her but the bitterness of death. When I entered the room and beheld her pale and emaciated, and reflected that the ravages of her form without but faintly shadowed forth the wreck and desolation within, I was almost overpowered. Never had I conceived so vivid an idea of the woe and misery of those who have quenched the Spirit.

"I proposed prayer. The word threw her into an agony. She utterly refused. No entreaties of friends, no arguments drawn from the love of God, or from the fulness and freeness of atoning blood, could prevail to shake her resolution. Left her without being able to find a single avenue to her heart, or to dart one ray of comfort into that dark bosom which, to all human view, was soon to be enveloped in the blackness of darkness for ever. Never shall I forget the expression of that ghastly countenance, the tones of that despairing voice. The impression is as vivid though it had been yesterday. O that all the young, gay, thoughtless ones, who stifle the convictions of conscience and repress the rising sigh, who dance along on the brink of utter ruin and despair, would read and lay to heart the warning which the last hours and death of this young lady are calculated so forcibly to make!"

DR. SCUDDER, CEXLON.

"It's only a Little while, Sir."

BY THE REV. D. M. GRAHAM.

"Well, Molly," said the judge, going up to the old apple woman's stand, "don't you get tired sitting here these cold, dismal days?"

"It's only a little while," said she.

"And the hot, dusty days?" said he.

"It's only a little while, sir," answered Molly.

"And the rainy, drizzly days?" said the judge.

"It's only a little while," answered Molly.

"And your sick, rheumatic days, Molly?" said the judge.

"It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And what then, Molly?" asked the judge.

"I shall enter into that rest which remains for the people of God," answered the old woman, devoutly "and the troublesomeness of the way there don't pester or fret me. It's only a little while, sir."

"All is well that ends well, I dare say," said the judge; "but what makes you so sure, Molly?"

"How can I help being sure, sir," said she, "since Christ is the way, and I am in him? He is mine, and I am his. Now, I only feel along the way I shall see him as he is, in a little while, sir."

"Ah, Molly, you've got more than the law ever taught me," said the judge.

"Yes, sir, because I went to the gospel," said Molly.

"Well, Molly, I must look into these things," said the judge, taking an apple and walking off.

"There's only a little while, sir," said she.

Missions Throughout the World.

There are decided and cheering evidences of progress in Christian missions. The thousands who have gone forth, weeping, bearing precious seed, are already returning to the heavenly home, rejoicing and bringing their sheaves with them; and from every part of the whitening harvest field, there are indications of the greatness and glory of the harvest.

The BIBLE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, one of the oldest in Europe, has its ninety-seven European missionaries, and 137 native helpers, and from all its stations there is a good report.—Through-out Scandinavia, the interest in missionary labor at home and abroad is on the increase. The Sabbath in Norway is no longer a holiday, but a day of solemn and devout worship, and 400 missionary societies have been organized, mostly within the past three years. In BULGARIA the Turkish Government has consented to a halfway separation of the Bulgarian Church from the Greek hierarchy, sufficient to leave them independent in all local questions. This will probably prevent their forming a union with Rome, and opens the way for more effective missionary labor among them.

INDIA.

Throughout the peninsula of Hindustan, there seems to be a movement looking to the overthrow of caste and idolatry. At Delhi, one of the strongholds of the late mutiny, there is a wonderful work of Divine grace.—A year and a half ago, but four of the members of the Baptist Mission church could be found, but so powerful has been the work of grace, that last January 150 communicants sat down together to the table of the Lord, and many more were waiting baptism. This work is not confined to the Hindoos. The Parsees, a people who are not idolaters, and who have preserved the early religious traditions of the deluge and the patriarchs, strongly resembling the Jews in their religious belief, now for the first time, become extensively affected by the preaching of the gospel. They are an interesting people, intelligent and moral, the great merchants of Hindustan, and though numbering not more than 150,000, possess a large share of the wealth of the country. One of their principal men, who deceased recently, left a fortune of forty-two millions of pounds sterling. This people, who have hitherto stood aloof, are now coming in by families, and as they live in a patriarchal way, the parents, children and grandchildren forming but one household, the numbers who thus come over to at least a nominal Christianity are very large. Meerut and Agra, too, which will be long remembered as places of terrible massacres and atrocities by the natives, are now enjoying a season of awakening and revival. On a recent occasion writes a missionary, no less than seventy-three heads of families expressed their desire to embrace Christianity. The reports of the other missionary societies in India, exhibit as much of this spiritual progress as do those of the English Baptist Society.

CHINA.

Is opening its gates for the admission of the gospel. In the anarchical condition of the Empire, the missionaries are without much difficulty, obtaining footholds in the most populous cities of the country. The English Baptist missionaries have occupied Chefoo, a large city in the north, and the American missionaries, and those of the London Society, have established themselves at Tientsin, the place where the recent treaty was signed, and said to be the next to Peking in size, among the numerous cities of the populous Chi-Li province.

WHAT ONE CHINESE CONVERT CAN DO.

About five years ago, a Chinese convert came to Hong Kong from Peking, a town about a hundred miles in the interior, in the Quanghai province. He had been converted through the labors of a colporteur, and sought the missionaries for advice and instruction. He was baptized and instructed, and shortly returned to his native town. The next year he came again, bringing with him a new convert, who had been brought to Christ by his teaching; the next year, and the next, he came again, each time with two converts. Early in 1860, he came a fifth time, bringing nine converts for baptism; and in the spring of the year, a missionary visited the place and baptized 44 more. At the commencement of the present year, the aged Christian came again with 16 more; and on a subsequent visit, the missionaries, Messrs. Chalmers and Legge, found a people prepared for the Lord. A great number offered themselves for admission, and a chapel and mission-house were to be purchased and fitted up at once, the Chinese in Hong Kong furnishing the means. Such a movement is unprecedented in China, and we may well hope it is but the precursor of still more glorious progress for the truth.—[N. Y. Examiner.]

Love, the Essence of Practical Christianity.

It is because the essence of practical Christianity is love, that Jesus, in taking judicial exception to what was really exceptionable in the Christianity of the Ephesian Christians, said, Rev. ii. 4, 'I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.' If any one's Christianity be unexceptionable, its un-exceptionableness will be found in the perfection of love. If it be deficient or perverted, its deficiency or perversion will be found in the deficiency or perversion of love. The heart of practical Christianity is love.

This is what we might have anticipated. Practical Christianity is Christ-likeness; and the essence of the character of Christ is love. He loved us and gave himself for us. Practical Christianity is God-likeness; and the essence of the character of God is love.

God is love! 'He is the Lord God merciful and gracious, abundant in goodness—abundant in love. He 'so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' John iii. 16. 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' I John iv. 10. If practical Christianity, then, be indeed God-likeness, the essence of it must be love.

We shall arrive at the same conclusion if we look upon practical Christianity as a return to that religion which we threw away when we sinned, and which would have continued to characterize and to grace us had we continued innocent. This primeval religion is the religion which makes the great moral law the rule of life. And all the commandments of that law are summed up in the one word love. He who makes the moral law the rule of his life, only seeks, in all his ways, to love the Lord his God with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and his neighbor as himself. Our sin consists in not thus loving the Lord our God, and in not thus loving our neighbor; and our danger, but God had mercy on us; and in sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, he condemned sin in the flesh, he condemned sin in our nature—and for this end, 'that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us.' Here is practical Christianity. Although Christianity teaches us that it is utterly impossible for us to be justified by the deeds of the law,—although it further teaches us that we were even ridiculous for us to seek to propitiate God for our sins, or to procure from him their pardon by any obedience of ours to that law which we dishonored by our oft-repeated disobedience; nevertheless, it also teaches us that God's great aim, in himself providing a propitiation, and proffering us pardon on the footing of it, is to make us holy with that holiness which consists in having the righteousness of the law fulfilled in our demeanor. But the righteousness of the law is summed up in the word love. He, then, who is really and practically Christian, is one who has it as his constant aim to have his character summed up in the word love. Love is not only of the essence, it is the essence of practical Christianity. It is not faith that is the essence of practical Christianity. Faith is but the means by which we attain it. Real faith first works into love; and then it works out into the world around 'through love.'

The love which is the essence of Christianity is a many-sided love. It is love, for instance, that has a side toward Jesus. It would be utterly unworthy the name of Christianity if it did not go out to Christ. Surely he who, through Christ, has Christianity of character, must love that Christ who first loved him.

But his love will have other sides. It will have a side toward the great Divine Father who gave us Jesus, and through Jesus made Christianity a possibility to us. He who is truly Christian, will not only love Jesus with the love of gratitude, and admiration, and adoration; he will, with a similar love of gratitude, and admiration, and adoration, love the Divine Father, and he will love both with the love of desire to promote their complacency and glory. But the love which is the essence of practical Christianity has other sides yet. It has a side toward the law of love. The Christian loves the law of love, and says in his heart to the legislative God who gave it 'O how I love thy law.' He loves, too, that which is enjoined in the law of love. He loves love. He loves righteousness. He loves goodness. He loves whatsoever things are true, and pure, and just, and honest, and loving, and of good report. If there be any virtue, he loves that. If there be any praise, anything really worthy of praise, he loves that.

But his love has another side still. It has a side toward man as well as toward Jesus, and God, and goodness, and godliness. It has a side toward every Christian man, and toward all other men who, though not Christian, might be Christian. He loves his neighbor, and tries to love him as he loves himself. He seeks his weal; he seeks his happiness; he seeks his goodness, and his bliss.

Such are some of the aspects of that many-sided love which is the essence of practical Christianity. It is the noblest thing which is to be found on our earth.

Our Parents.

Not long since as I took my seat in the car for a day's ride, I observed, seated opposite me an elderly lady and middle-aged gentleman, who

I inferred from some casual remark, had been travelling a day or two. It was a very early hour in the morning, and the lady apparently was sleeping.

We rode in silence for some time, when the lady awoke, and I heard the gentleman address her as mother. His dignified, unobtrusive manner, and the tender, deferential tone of his voice, at once drew my attention to them, and having no company, my eyes and my thoughts were my own.

All the tender care which a mother could bestow on an infant child, were given by that son to his mother. The slightest movement on her part to adjust her fur, or cloak, over-shoes, or any change of position, called forth his ready hand in assistance, and the inquiries, "Are you comfortable? Do you feel tired? Lay your head on my shoulder, and rest yourself."

At noon the cars stopped for the passengers to obtain refreshments. It was snowing too fast for the mother to go out of the cars, and the son brought her a cup of coffee.

'Is it just right, mother?' he inquired as she tasted it.

'A little more cream would make it better; it is, however, very good as it is,' was her reply.

'Let me get you some more.'

'No my son, it will make you too much trouble; it is very good as it is.'

He went out and soon returned with the cream and poured a little into the coffee, and then sat down by her side, and I heard him say, in the same low tone of voice that at first attracted my attention, "I am glad, mother, that I can do anything to make you comfortable, it is such a pleasure to me."

'I thank you, my son,' she replied in the same spirit and tone of voice as that of her son.

Beautiful, thought I, as I quietly watched them and saw manifested their mutual love and confidence. My mind went back to the time when this son, now in manhood's strength, was a little helpless infant, and I pictured that mother watching over him, caring for him with a solicitude such as mothers only can feel. And through all the years of childhood and youth, up to manhood, the watchful eye was ever over him, the guiding hand ever ready to lead, and a mother's love ever ready to restrain him from doing wrong. Now it is his turn, when life's meridian with her is past, and the infirmities of age are creeping on, to repay, in some degree, for all the labor bestowed on him, and faithfully and affectionately do he seem fulfilling his duty.

How many grown up sons there are who seem to feel it beneath them to show any tenderness for their mothers. It is feminine, they say. They will perform acts of kindness, but in a business kind of way, or because it is their duty, little dreaming that they are crushing the maternal spirit by such cold, heartless acts.

Acts of kindness, done in the spirit manifested in the incident above mentioned, have an untold influence. The pathway down to the grave would be cheered, made even joyful, and old age would be exempt from much of the gloom that is often experienced.

The reflex influence is also great. A young man who was habitually tender of his mother, and deferential to her, will make a good citizen, a true friend, and will be faithful in all the walks of life.—[Ex. Paper.]

Remarkable Protestant Funeral at Florence.

An event occurred in Florence about a fortnight ago, which, to use the words of an eye-witness, 'has done more to make the Gospel known to persons hitherto inaccessible than a whole year's evangelization.' A French Protestant lady, wife of a Roman Catholic gentleman of considerable property at St. Pier d'Assise, 14 miles from Florence, was taken suddenly ill, and M. Geymonat, the Waldensian pastor in Florence, was immediately sent for by her husband to attend her. Before his arrival she had breathed her last, and all he could do was to speak comfort to her distressed husband. This gentleman begged M. Geymonat to conduct the funeral, and also to call on his sons on his return to Florence, and break to them the melancholy tidings. The parish priest, on finding that the Protestant minister had been invited to bury the corpse, became excessively enraged, and gathering his parishioners, engaged them to stone the heretic minister when he passed; he also intimated to the parish that as the lady was a heretic she was damned, and that all who attended her funeral would share the same fate! The servants and country people on the estate having learned that it was proposed to stone the heretic and the company, immediately intimated to the priest's friends that—out of respect for the lady whom they loved, who had always been kind to them, and had given education to their children—they had resolved of their own accord to attend the funeral; and if stones were thrown, they would take no notice of it while in the procession, but that when they returned they would make a fearful example of those who offered such an insult to the memory of their Padrona! The hint was taken, and the hearse, followed by a carriage containing the husband and M. Geymonat, was accompanied by a crowd of cantadini carrying lighted tapers in their hands, to the Swiss burying ground outside the walls of Florence, 14 miles distant. There the procession

Progress of Romanism in Great Britain.

The increase of popery in Great Britain is a little remarkable, and is beginning to alarm the thoughtful mind. Statistics show a remarkable progress within the last thirty years. In the year 1829—the year in which Roman Catholic emancipation was conceded—there were in the country 447 priests; now there are 1342, being an increase of 895. Then there were 449 chapels; now there are 993, an increase of 544. In 1859 there were 37 monasteries; the increase during the year has been 10. In the same year there were 123 convents for females; and now there are 155. There are also twelve colleges. Roman Catholics are largely appointed as chaplains in the army, and have all the privileges in common with Episcopal chaplains. The Jesuits too—whose very presence in the country is contrary to statute law—are making strenuous efforts to get hold of the education of youth. There are 414 Jesuit schools in England. In Ireland, in 1859 nearly 480,000 Roman Catholic children attended the national schools, which cost the country about £205,000.

Tact in Soul Saving.

Every Christian should study the art of leading sinners to Jesus. Love to Christ will make a Christian desire to save souls, but will not necessarily give him skill to do the work. That he must acquire by thought, prayer, observation, and practice.

These hints were suggested by an incident with which I recently met in my reading. A pious physician had access to a jail, and tried to minister both to the souls and bodies of his patients in prison.

One day he pleaded with a murderer to seek pardon. He urged all the motives of the Gospel to repentance he could command, and threw his whole soul into the plea. The murderer was cold and obdurate; excused his crimes by quoting the example of David, Solomon, and other Scripture characters. In fine he said, "I don't know that I have anything to repent of."

This from a murderer was terribly desperate. The physician left his cell thinking his case hopeless.

Anxious, however, to do all he could, he invited a dear friend—an aged, devoted man—to visit him. The old man consented, and when after some time the doctor again ventured into the cell of the murderer he was surprised to hear him say, "Doctor, you don't understand your business. You come here to do good, to benefit the souls of us poor prisoners, but you don't go about it right. You always urged me to 'repent, repent.' But, doctor, do you suppose there is one poor fellow in this prison who doesn't know he must repent if he would be saved? That dear old Quaker friend of yours that you left behind understood his business. He came here and sat right down by my side. He looked indeed like a really good man. With a look full of tenderness he said to me, 'John, wasn't it gracious goodness on the part of the Almighty that he should have loved us so much as to send his only begotten and well-beloved Son into the world to save such sinners as thou and I? Why doctor, that word I killed me. It killed me dead. I couldn't get over it. That that holy, innocent man should put himself on the same level with me, a vile murderer, neither fit to live nor to die! I cannot keep it out of my thoughts. It is working its way to my heart!'

The murderer died in peace. His case shows the value of tact in soul-saving. The doctor's direct appeal only stirred his depravity. The old man's indirect but adroit address, mingled as it was with exquisite tenderness, conquered him.