

# 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.

### The Heavenly Baptism.

BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER.

Do we not need at this juncture a new baptism upon our Churches? This kindling inspiration from on high must be given us; we cannot create it, any more than we can create the air we breathe or the power to inhale it. This baptism cometh only from God: it is the fervent love of Jesus aroused and kept alive by the Holy Spirit.

False fire is cheaply obtained; and like all cheap things is totally worthless. There is an enthusiasm awakened by the eloquence of the pulpit, or the manifestations of some striking leader of opinion; there is a heat engendered by the humming wheels of mere external activities. In times of high religious excitement certain men catch fire from others, and, for a little while, blaze up into brilliant bursts of enthusiasm; but when the bitumen has all burned out of them, they die down suddenly into suffocating smoke and darkness. Such false flames the Holy Ghost never kindled. They are born of animal passion, or of the contagion of fanaticism.

But when God warms a converted heart, it is with love to Jesus as the igniting principle, itself a "fire in the bones," it interpenetrates the whole man. And until the man is thus permeated with love of Christ, he is totally useless. He may be equipped with the rarest intellectual powers and his sensibilities tempered to the finest issues; his native affections may be of the most ardent, and his impulses of the most generous; his memory may be ballasted with the most orthodox creeds and catechisms, and yet he shall lie as useless for God's service, as is the Adriatic warlike while lashed up to one of our wharves. The machinery is there—fitted, grooved, and interlocked by all the cunning of the machinist. But the engine sleeps.

At a given moment the engineer strikes a little match at the furnace-door. Forthwith a roaring sound goes off under the boiler; live coals begin to sift down through iron gratings; imprisoned steam soon hisses out of joints and rivets; piston-rods begin to play; and, like an impatient bound in the leash, the giant steamer strains on her cables and paws the foaming water to be off! The magnificent Lizard of the deep only waited for her baptism of fire.

That little igniting match will prove to be an evermatch for head-seas, and raging hurricanes. So was it at Pentecost. All the varied power, and energy, and good purpose of the young Church at Jerusalem waited for the celestial inspiration. It was but of little account that Peter was swift of speech—that James was sagacious—or that John was lion-hearted and devout. They lacked yet the power from on high. And this came down in the baptism of fire. We do not wonder that as soon as the first apostolic sermon came in contact with the listening multitude—that as soon as the fervid peroration reached its climax in "repent and be baptized!" no less than three thousand souls are brought down in contrition before the cross of Christ.

Is not the want of this very baptism, the crying want of the Church at this moment? Can't such a baptism be obtained? To both these questions, we need not fear to answer, Yes! The baptism is indispensable. It is likewise possible. Not indeed in miraculous and astounding forms, as at Pentecost. Nor are these essential. The Gospel of Jesus spoken out with fearless fidelity—lived out with radiant power, and attended with the Holy Ghost—this is what the perishing world is waiting for. An ignition that shall set every Christian tongue in motion, that shall bring every Christian arm into play, that shall thaw open every pure congealed by selfishness, that shall develop the latent power that now lies hidden (if we may use the phrase) in the coal-bunkers of the Church; is not this the great need of our time?

With intellectual resources, with the religious machinery of colleges, seminaries, boards, institutions, and agencies, the Church is well supplied. There is an abundance of wheels. Let us have but the living spirit within the wheels! Only let the love of Jesus descend as a baptism into the bosom of God's people, and every man becomes, in his measure, an apostle. The sluggish get astir; the slow of tongue become eloquent. The humble mechanic becomes a Harlan Page, in his shop, or his Sunday-school. Plain plodding pastors preach like Whitefields. Filled with the Holy Ghost, the unlettered young convert has power to plead with sinners. The gift of tongues is descending. Those who once could not pray, now love to pray. Truths once preached to sleeping congregations, now fix every ear and eye on the pulpit. If you would learn what such a baptism is to an individual church, take a single feature of it—it is a prayer-meeting. In a lifeless church the prayer-meeting is a perfect refrigerator. A few restless people creep in there, simply to be congealed. They come cold; they go away colder.

How different with a prayer-meeting that is fired with the love of Christ, under the baptism of the Spirit. Sinners may draw back from such gatherings, lest they should there be awakened to contrition. But, when there, they cannot go to sleep. They cannot look upon the proceedings as trifling as mimicry. They may rebel, and brace themselves against the atmospheric pres-

sure of the subduing scene, but they feel, and cannot help feeling. No place is so searching, so heart-thrilling to a sinner as a room of prayer that is penetrated by the Holy Ghost. An eloquent discourse may, in a certain measure, draw off the auditor to the tone, the gesture, the striking rhetoric; but a fervid prayer-meeting is like a furnace kindled about him; it is simple gospel heat; he can do nothing but melt.

Nor is it only the impatient who is melting. Christian hearts thaw out, and drip into outflowing tears and sobs of contrition. Tongues are unloosed; eyes moisten; the great deep of emotion is broken up. How they sing! How the old thrilling revival-airs roll out; and with what volume and vehemence they come down on the inspiring chorus—

"The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!"

How well they speak too! How they come to the point! No one is wordy or diffuse; they have something to say, and they say it. They obtain utterance out of full hearts; their speech is seasoned with salt divine. As for discords, and all festering taints, and family quarrels, and litigations, they are consumed like chaff in the newly-kindled flame of holy love! The Church becomes a practical unity, with one Lord, one faith, one blessed purpose, and one baptism of the Holy Ghost! It is hard to terminate such love-fests of the brotherhood of Jesus; they will linger in the sweet summer atmosphere of the house of prayer, and are loath to leave the hallowed spot.

O for this blessed baptism! Though the flame of love be accompanied by the flame of trial, let it come. If it consume away our dross and chaff of worldliness, all the better. So that we get the inspiration, we can bear the trial. Let the blessed flame descend; for no other power can save myriads from the flames of hell.

### "PETE IN THERE!"

LET EVERY ONE READ THIS.

I sat in the depot awaiting the cars. There came in a group, evidently bearing the relation of father, mother, nurse, and child. This is a quartette common the world over, yet always interesting, and the idle traveller can find no better subject for observation.

In this instance my curiosity was excited by noticing that the dearest mother carried in her own arms the child, (evidently as much as three years old) while the hale young father and the robust nurse bore no burden.

She seated her gently, and the little girl said, "Now please take off Libby's veil and bonnet. Libby will walk."

I looked at the child's face—her eyelids drooped so much I could not tell the color of her eyes. She was very white, and I shall never forget the sweet sadness of her expression.

"Now Libby will walk—Libby is not afraid here!" and she crossed the room, raising her feet at every step and holding out her arms in a way that told me plainly, "Libby is blind!" Then I divined why the pale mother's arms were so strong to carry her helpless one. The tender eyes with which she followed her, told of more than a mother's love—a mother's pity—it was easy to see that she would, endure, brave danger, fight for her blind daughter. Yet she committed a wrong toward her that gave me the heart ache.

Libby, in making the circuit of the room, came near the stove—her mother exclaimed! "Don't go there, Pete in there. Big black Pete will catch Libby!" The child drew back with a shudder, and felt her way as fast as possible to the other side of the room; here she laid her hand upon the handle of a door, leading into the ticket office. Her father said, "Libby must not open that door. Pete is out there, and will eat Libby up!" A look of terror ran over her face, and she came to the window where I sat, carefully feeling every chair by the way, and asking, "Is this a pretty chair?" By-and-by she touched my dress; then the nurse spoke, "Pete's here—don't go there." Not choosing to be made a bug-bear to frighten a little blind girl, I drew her gently to me, gave her my sun-shade, found some parched corn in my travelling bag, and presently seated her upon my lap, where she softly examined my face and bonnet with the tips of her tiny fingers, greatly embarrassing her papa with the question: "Is this a pretty lady? Has she on a pretty bonnet?"

"Now Libby will sing for the lady!" and in a sweet soft tone (not screaming, as children usually do) she sang:

"I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead—a harp within my hand.

There right before my Saviour, so glorious and so bright,  
I'd wake the sweetest music, and praise him day and night."

Her voice was singularly clear and pathetic, reminding me of the swamp-robins that thrill the sensitive notes from the shade of the wood at sunset.

As soon as her song was finished, with a sudden transition she slid from my lap, saying, "Now Libby will dance," and began a polka humming her own tune, and keeping perfect time to it.

She danced till her watchful mother fearing she would be exhausted, bade her rest. Still she turned round and round, apparently free from giddiness, and conscious only of the pleasant motion. Then her mother thought it time to summon Pete. "Pete will come up through the floor and catch Libby's feet!" Instantly her dance stopped. She crept into a chair, and, tucking her feet under her, sat motionless. Still for ever Pete—alas! it is not enough that this dear child must grope sightless through life?—for ever denied the blue sky, the verdure of the earth, the lordly growth of the trees, the lowly grace of the plants, the varied dyes of the flowers, the forms of the birds—with a yearning too far half-comprehended beauty, betrayed in her constantly repeated question, Is this pretty?

Must her mother invent a monster to terrify her long night?—for God never made the man or brute that would knowingly harm a blind girl! She had seemed pleased and grateful for my interest in Libby, and I ventured a remonstrance about the fictitious Pete, but with no effect. She smiled incredulously, said Libby was inquisitive, that her spirit of investigation led her often into danger. But her firm belief in and terror of the imaginary Pete, governed her perfectly and beautifully, making any resort to coercion or punishment unnecessary.

I am not fond of whipping children. Least of all would I like to strike such a helpless one; but if necessary to keep her from danger or to make her obedient, I would rather apply a tingling rod to her flesh than dread to her imagination. But this mother was unable to conceive of any suffering but physical pain, and turned from me as a cruel disciplinarian.

Afterwards in the cars there was a creaking sharp enough to wound Libby's acute nerves, and she screamed. They said to her, "Sit still, it is the squeaking of Pete's big boots!"

"Mamma, please hold Libby. Libby so much afraid," were the last words I heard her say. My eyes were blinded with tears. In her fragile hands, the pathetic minor of her voice, the angelic sweetness of her smile, I sought to read her early death. I prayed—Jesus take her quickly; no bosom but thine—not even a mother's—is tender enough for a blind infant. Enclose her within those pearls gates where old Pete's tramp shall never again frighten her imagination. Let her first enchanted gaze rest upon her Saviour, and reveal to her new-born sight the beauties of glorified bodies, richly recompensing her for all her deprivations and sufferings here. Already she sings:

"Oh, there I'll be an angel, and with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand.

And there before my Saviour, so glorious and so bright,  
I'll join the heavenly music, and praise him day and night."

—N. Y. Independent.

### Signs of Love to Christ.

THEY that love Christ love to think of him; they love to hear of him; they love to read of him; they love to speak of, for, and to him; they love the presence of Christ; they love the yoke of Christ; they love the ministers of Christ; they love the name of Christ; they hate sin; they are pleased when Christ is pleased; they are grieved when Christ is grieved; they long to be with Christ; Christ's will is their will; Christ's dishonour is their affliction; Christ's cause is their care; Christ's ministers are their stars; Christ's saints are their companions; Christ's day is their delight; Christ's word is their oracle; Christ's glory is their end.

### A Word Fitly Spoken.

The daughter of an English nobleman was providentially brought under the influence of the followers of Wesley, and thus came to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, and traveling in foreign countries, and to places of fashionable resort, took every means in his power to divert her mind from "things unseen and eternal." But her heart was fixed. The God of Abraham had become "her shield, and her exceeding great reward," and she was determined that nothing, finite should deprive her of her infinite and eternal portion in him, or displace him from the center of her heart. At last the father resolved upon a final and desperate expedient, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter ruined so far as her prospects in life were concerned. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house. It was so arranged, that, during the festivities, the daughters of different noblemen, and, among others, this one, were to be called on to entertain the company with singing and music on the piano. If she complied, she parted with heaven and returned to the world. If she refused compliance, she would be publicly disgraced, and lose, past the possibility of recovery her place in society. It was a dreadful crisis, and with peaceful confidence did she await it. As the crisis approached, different individuals, at the call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of his daughter was announced. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense, to see how the scale of destiny would turn. Without

hesitation, she rose, and, with calm and dignified composure, took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then, with an unearthly sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sang, accompanying her voice with notes of the instrument, the following stanzas:—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone—  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
Th' inexorable throne!

"No matter, which my thoughts employ—  
A moment's misery or joy!  
But oh! when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destined place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With flonds or angels spend?

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies;  
How make mine own election sure,  
And, when I fall on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies.

"Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;  
Be thou my guide be thou my way  
To glorious happiness!  
Oh, write the pardon on my heart!  
And whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace!"

The minstrel ceased. The solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking, they dispersed. The father went aloud, and, when left alone, sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to Christ. I would rather be an organ of communicating such thoughts in such circumstances, and aid in the production of such results,—I would rather possess wisdom thus to speak as occasion requires,—than to possess all that is finite besides. What hymn, what thought in the universe, could be substituted for the one then uttered? The time, the occasion, the thought expressed, the hallowed and "sweet manner" of its utterance, present full realization of all that is embraced in our idea of fitness. That surely was a "word fitly spoken."

### "Thou Fool!"

(Luke xii. 20.)

The exuberant yield of the man's fields had brought him into perplexity. A plan was called for to relieve him, and he proceeded to counsel with himself what he should do. He states the difficulty as a want of capacity in his barns.

You will notice he does not ask, "What profitable use can I make of what my barns cannot take in? How can I keep the bounties of God's hand from waste?" The demand was not absolutely for room, or the questions would have been pertinent: Is there no room in God's storehouse? Are the tithes all paid? No room in the cottage of your poor brother? The problem was, how to secure the harvest all to himself. Here was a real difficulty, and, as we shall see, a greater one than he imagined.

He would tear down and he would build up. He would take good care of his property. He came in? In the silent decree of His providence. He had hinted as much to him many a time, when plans as confident as his had been made void by what God in His plan had said and done. The very silence of God, when such folly as this man's is ensuing is awful.

Impetuous reader, who knows what God may just have said to thee, and thou not have heard it? I know something that he has said: "Repent, or thou shalt perish. Repent now, or—further than this I dare not go."

The problem was solved. "I have found it." The very idea! He would set about it tomorrow. How men would congratulate him on his wisdom and prudence! Psalm xix. 10.

But God said, "Thou Fool! God did not regard the wisdom of the fool as the man himself did. 1 Cor. iii. 20."

"This night." The plan contemplated weeks of building, and years of enjoying. But here it conflicted with God's own. Prov. xix. 21.

"Thy soul." His plan had not contemplated allowing God an epiphany of barley; God's plan required his soul. "My fruits and my goods!" Poor wretch! His soul was not his own!

"Then whose shall these things be?" Not thine own, at any rate, and nothing else to take their place.

This is one case of a clash between God's plan and man's. It is watched by thousands. Men make plans concerning themselves—that

they will be rich; their wealth is blasted or cursed. That they will pursue honours; they fade, if they do not elude their chase. That they will repent when they shall have accomplished a certain object; the object is never attained, or not till the heart is hopelessly hardened. Parents plan for their children—that they shall be brilliant leaders in the gaieties of the world; but God says, Thou fool! and they lament their folly and gather its fruits. That they shall be learned; broken health follows, or a selfish coldness of heart towards the plain and unlettered parents. A general ambitious career is marked out for them. No reference is had to God's glory. He says, Thou fool! and they bury their children, or almost wish they could. "There is no wisdom, or counsel, or understanding against the Lord." Perhaps some, at least, of the plans of my reader assume that there is.

### Little Sins.

What is feeblor or lighter than a snow-flake? Yet you have seen a handful of them pressed together into a snow ball. You have seen that snow-ball rolled along by a few boys, gathering more snow as it proceeded, till it became so large that it could no longer be moved, and at last it fell to pieces by its own weight. This is the history, in brief, of little sins in many little children. Each sin looks light and little as a snow-flake. But mark the end! How swiftly they grow and gather! And the conclusion of the whole matter is ruin, destruction, and death.

One of the evils of little sins is that they are unheeded. Here is their chief danger. When a man catches an infectious fever, or is smitten down by cholera or any other deadly disease, he immediately takes to his bed, sends for a physician, and uses all precautions and remedies with the greatest care and constancy. If precautions are taken in time, and if proper remedies are employed, then he is likely to recover. But when a man catches a slight cold, he gives himself little trouble about it. He says, "It's only a cold; it will soon get better." But the cough continues, and then it settles on the lungs; yet still he gives himself little trouble, and says, "It's only a slight cough; it will soon get better." But the cough speedily becomes consumption; the man wastes away daily, and dies a lingering death, as I have seen hundreds die, from neglecting a little matter. And it is thus that little sins kill a child's soul. The little sin fastens its fangs on the heart, conscience, and whole soul. Then, when sin is thus firmly rooted, it grows and spreads, becomes greater and greater, till the boy, if he lives to be a man is a hardened sinner, with a conscience seared as with a hot iron.

A few little sins may destroy the soul just as effectually as a great sin. You do not see the effect of each of them. The misery is, that you only come to know how deadly they are when it is too late. A whole life is sometimes made up of little sins; and what a life that is to live! and how terrible is the death that such an one has to die! and what an eternity lies before so wretched an ending in this world! Blow after blow, constantly repeated, breaks the hardest stone at last. You do not see the effect of each blow, added something to the breaking.

I remember having seen, long ago, a frightful accident. There was a railway train filled with goods, sheep, cattle, and market produce, standing at the top of a long-inclined plane. The train, at that place, were lowered down by a rope. There were a great many other trains and carriages, both full and empty, standing at the top of the incline. The men were busily engaged, each with his own work. Some were adding a few empty carriages to the end of the goods train, before it was let down the inclined plane. As each carriage was pushed slowly up, and joined to the others, it gave the train a blow. Each of these blows produced some effect. At last, as carriage after carriage was added behind those in front began to move slowly, very slowly at first, down the incline. At each turn of the wheels they went faster and faster, and soon the motion became visible to every one. An outcry arose. Some ran to the brakes; others ran to try and fasten the long rope to the hindermost carriage,—but all in vain; the boldest were terrified; the speed increased; and soon, with a rumble like thunder and a speed like lightning, the whole train darted down the hill, and was smashed, with all its living freight, into splinters and atoms at the bottom.

This is too frequently the progress of little sins in a child's heart. If you do not take good heed, you may get fairly started, without brake or guard, down the inclined plane of sin; and the end of it is destruction and death, sure and certain. Nothing short of a miracle could have stopped that train when it was once fairly in motion; and nothing short of a miracle of grace can stop you when once you are fairly advanced in the full career of little sins. You are on the way to that end now, my dear young friend. The wheels are moving, more and yet more rapidly. Stop; stop now, while yet there is time. Trust to no miracle, but seek the Lord while he is near. Go no further from him than you are. Answer when he calls. To-day, while yet it is called to-

ey, hear his voice, and harden not your heart. —(Plain Paths for Youthful Runners, by Rev. J. Alexander.

### THE TWO PATHS.

It was midnight. Upon the steps of luxury sat the starveling, pale and motionless. His grief and want were too deep for utterance. The hours dargged heavily, but that poor, lone child heeded them not. His eyes were fastened upon the imagined feast, the untouched abundance, with the fascinating sight of which hunger has the strange power of tantalizing her victims. At length, stifled and chilled, he felt the dawn, and roused himself to look upon the face of the day, the coming Sabbath—to him what a day of hunger and of misery! He saw a child draw near, through the gray light, and quickly his ear was saluted by a human voice speaking to him.

"What are you doing here? Have you been here all night?"

As though the hope of receiving aid from one scarcely less miserable than himself had given voice to his woe, the poor outcast told the story of his mother's death, and that he too was starving.

"Oh," said the stranger boy, "come with me. I will get you bread enough. There's a baker round the corner, two or three blocks off, who has put up his shutters badly. We can get in and out again long before day."

"Will he give us bread?" inquired the hungry boy, but half comprehending his companion's words.

"Oh, no," said the other; "but we can steal it, just to keep from starving."

"No, no," was the instant reply. "I may starve, but I can't steal."

At length the stir of life warned the poor wanderer to quit his hard resting place. With slow footsteps he sauntered down Broadway, and reached St. Paul's just as the children were assembling for Sabbath school. Weary yet objectless, he joined the entering throng, but stayed his foot upon the threshold, till some one noticing him came forward, led him to a seat, where, listening with others to the words of his teacher, he forgot for a time his weariness and hunger. When the scholars dispersed, his teacher inquired where he lived, and soon drew from him the sad story of his mother's sufferings and death, and of his own darkened life. With true benevolence she took him to her own home, and there not only were his present wants relieved, but his future was provided for, and this poor stranger became a sort of errand boy in his father's office.

From a humble errand boy in a lawyer's office he rose to a lawyer, and then a judge. That poor, deserted boy who "might starve, but couldn't steal," is now a Christian judge, blessed of God and honored of men. Truly, the Sabbath school was to him the gateway to knowledge to honor, and to religion.

But what became of that other boy who tempted him to steal in the dark hour of his trial? The way of transgression may seem easy at first, but in the end it is very hard.—He had taken the first step in sin, others followed in quick succession, till within walls of a prison he paid the penalty of the violated law.

The foregoing incidents are strictly true. They occurred in the city of New York.—S. S. Times.

### Pray for Me.

Two individuals were in the Fulton street meeting both were awakened, and both were saying, "I pray for me." They were there, as their request said, for the first time, and they came because they were in great spiritual trouble. Both came with the determination of asking for the prayers of the meeting. They wished to be guided to do the things which were required of them in order to their salvation.

Said a gentleman, I cannot but feel how awful is the hour to those two individuals, in which, perhaps, is involved their happiness or misery for ever. Oh! that they might be persuaded to fly to Christ now, while the Spirit is leading them to him. An eternal destiny it may be, is wrapped up in the decision of this hour.

A few evenings since, he said, I was sent for to visit a young man. Word was left that he was dying. I hastened to his bedside. As soon as I saw him I knew he must be near his end. He was all wasted away with disease, and death had been very near for days. I read the Bible to him, repeated many "great and precious promises" to him, prayed with him, urged him to accept of Christ, just as he is offered in the Gospel. I felt exceedingly anxious to lead that young man in the way of repentance and faith in Jesus. Seeing no response to my entreaties, I became all the more earnest. I endeavored to press him to compliance and to persuade him how important it was, and how willing Christ was to receive a sinner, applying to him at the last moment of life, I saw he was irresolute. "Can you not go to Christ, just as you are?" said I.

"Oh!" said the dying man, I have not time. "It is too late—I no time to do anything now!" And he soon ceased to breathe.

Do not rely for success upon empty praise.—The swimmer upon the stream of life should be able to keep afloat without the aid of bladders.