

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWS PAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS

MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."--Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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THE INTELLIGENCER.

THEY DIE WELL.

A minister was once travelling in a stage-coach, in which there was only one other passenger—a gentleman, whose sorrowful and careworn look indicated that he was no stranger to affliction. The minister entered into conversation with him; and, after speaking about other matters, brought in the subject of religion.

He soon found that his companion did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of sinners. Indeed, he did not appear to have any kind of religion. He said, that he had observed that religious people had their faults and failings as well as others; and he did not see what great advantage they had over those who made no profession of religion. The minister replied, "But they die well."

He had scarcely said these words, when the stranger with whom he was conversing buried his face in his hands, and seemed in an agony of grief. The minister noticed that he wore deep mourning, and thought there must have been something peculiar in the death of some friend. So, after he had left the coach, he made some inquiry about him. He then found out that he had lately lost a beloved daughter under very painful circumstances.

The young lady was beautiful, gay, and attractive; but, like her father, she was an unbeliever, denying the truth of God's holy word. She was very much given to pleasure, and seemed to think it the great end of life. But, whilst still young, she was seized with a fatal disease. Upon making inquiry about her sickness, she was told that she could not recover, but must soon die. On hearing this, she got very excited, and cried out, "But I won't die; I have not lived long enough; I am not ready to die; I can't die; I will not die." So, she tried to fight against death; but it prevailed over her, and soon laid her in the grave.

It was doubtless the recollection of her sad death which made her father so unhappy, when the minister said of religious people, "They die well." And we do not wonder at his grief. It is a sad thing to be obliged to leave this world against one's will. It is an awful thing to die so badly.

There is a large class of people whose deathbed may not be so terrible as the one now described; yet their end is not a blessed one. Some men die with as much unconcern about heavenly things as they had during life. Some hope that it may be well with them, though they have no scriptural ground for such a hope.

These persons are not prepared for death. They have not left their evil ways, repented of sin, and trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. They have not become new creatures in Christ Jesus; they have no righteousness that God will accept; they have none of the fruits of the Spirit in their hearts or lives. Theirs is a bad death, though they may not feel its sting.

But real Christians die well. They have nothing to fear from death. They are washed from all their sins; they are accepted before God, through faith in the blood of Christ. And hence they have peace. They are converted by the Holy Spirit; they are made "new creatures in Christ Jesus"; they are adopted into God's family; they know God and call him their Father; they feel his love drawing them to him; they delight in his service, and long for that glorious day when they shall love and serve him perfectly. They have their many "faults and failings," as the gentleman in the coach said. They confess they have, and they mourn over them. Still, knowing God and trusting in him, they are not afraid to die. What should they fear, when God has made them meet for "the inheritance of the saints in light?"

As good men have nothing to fear, so they have nothing to lose by dying. They have been laying up treasure in heaven; their chief hopes and joys are above. Many of their pious friends have gone before them to glory, and the rest will soon follow. Though their body may return to the dust, yet Christ will raise it again, pure and beautiful, glorious and immortal.

The people of God gain a great deal by dying. They make a good exchange. The world they go to will be much better than this world. They will feel no more pain, or hunger, or thirst, or weariness, or weakness. There will be no cause for fear or uncertainty. After the toils of this life, they will enjoy a holy, happy, everlasting rest, with saints and angels, with "God and the Lamb."

Thus, then, true believers die well. This is true even when the circumstances of their death are distressing, and they have no apparent joy in their last moments. Their bodily pain and weakness may be great. Their mind may be depressed through disease, and their thoughts be cloudy or gloomy. Occasionally, Satan is permitted to harass them to the last.

Yet even then Christ's people die well. They laid hold upon the covenant of grace when they were in health and strength, and his blessings are all secured to them by their faithful Saviour. If they have to fight to the last, they will come off "more than conquerors through him that loved us."

My friend, do you wish to be amongst those who die well? Then believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, and pray for the grace of the Holy Spirit to enable you to live in the fear of God continually. Oh, be not among the number of those who make a fatal mistake in this matter. You know not how soon you may die. Think upon this. Be wise, and do not put off preparing for death. Take care, lest you should begin to

cry for mercy when it is too late; lest you should delay to knock at the door, until it is shut for ever. Come to Jesus at once, and take him for your Saviour, and your everlasting friend.

Then the terrors of death will be gone. You may, with the apostle Paul, express "a desire to depart, and to be with Christ." Looking to him who is all your hope and all your desire, you may sing:—

Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart."

From the New York Observer.

SKETCHES OF ELOQUENT PREACHERS.

WHITEFIELD, "THE SERAPHIC MAN."

The name of Whitefield is stereotyped on the popular mind as the representative of that highest of arts, pulpit eloquence; so that to say that a preacher is as eloquent as Whitefield, would be regarded as extravagant as to say that a senator was as eloquent as Demosthenes. And yet strange is it, that no biographer or writer, in his day or ours, has given a just and true portrait of this unequalled preacher. We read his printed sermons, and they disappoint us. We say to ourselves: these are not great sermons, nor apparently eloquent ones. We wonder how it was that their utterance, even by his fire-tongued lips, could so have entranced listening thousands. But the truth is, Whitefield wrote these sermons on his voyages across the Atlantic, amid the noise and uproar of sea life, and in the absence of those stirring sympathies which were kindled in the crowded audiences of Tottenham Court. They cannot give one, therefore, a just idea of the preacher. It would be about as absurd to judge of his eloquence by these specimens as it would be to judge of the spirit and fire of a war horse on the battlefield by seeing him leisurely walked over the parade ground.

Of all men in the world, Whitefield was the last who should have published his sermons. So much did he owe to physical temperament, to the volume and varied intonations of his voice, to the irrepressible fires of a soul all alive to the grand and overpowering visions of Divine truth, to a sort of inspiration kindled by the sight of thousands whose eyes were ready to weep and whose hearts were ready to break the moment his clarion voice rang on their expectant ears—so much did he owe to these circumstances, that his eloquence cannot be appreciated by any account of it which can be given verbally, or which can be delineated on paper. Vain is it, therefore, to look into his printed sermons to find his power. Equally hopeless is it, at this distant day, to write his life with the idea of conveying to the reader a just estimate of him as a pulpit orator. Philip seems to labor under this consciousness, when he admits that his life is yet to be written. But we can scarcely conceive how it could be done satisfactorily, even were Southey, the accomplished biographer of Wesley, alive, and willing to undertake it.

Whitefield's eloquence grew out of many circumstances, all of which cannot be explored, any more than we can trace the mysterious sources of the rapid, full-flowing and fertilizing Nile. There was a histrionic vein in his very boyhood. The play of his passions, even then, was wonderful. As he grew to manhood, these qualities ripened unconsciously into strength; and so gifted was he, at the very outset of his public life, that had he chosen the stage instead of the pulpit, Garrick might have found a competitor whose genius would have eclipsed, if not utterly extinguished, his own. Such is said to have been the admission of that celebrated tragedian after listening to one of Whitefield's sermons.

Without being handsome, Whitefield's face was a speaking one. It was a luminous medium of the passions. The bright or the dark, the lurid cloud and the calm sunshine, made themselves known, not only in the voice and the gesture, but especially in the ever-varying expressions of the eloquent countenance. The writer, who has sought to obtain from every possible source traditional facts concerning this matchless preacher, once heard a very old man say that when he was listening to Whitefield he was spell-bound, and could scarcely tell by what means the magic power was so potent over him. After some questioning, the old man said he believed it was owing to his voice in part, but more to his expressive face. That face, said he, was like a canvas, and the preacher painted on it every passion that stirs in the human breast. It was at one moment terrific, as if all the furies were enthroned on that dark brow, and the next, as by a dissolving view, there would come forth an angelic sweetness that saved of heaven itself. His eyes, upturned, seemed, to the beholder, to penetrate the very throne of God. He saw, so it would seem, the celestial host. He addressed Gabriel, as if familiar with that bright archangel. He bade him suspend his flight, and receive the news and bear it upward that one more sinner had repented. Who but Whitefield would have dared the almost impossible rhetorical experiment? Who would have ventured to cry out, "Stop, Gabriel, stop!" But it was done by him, and as naturally as if the vision were real, and as if Gabriel furled his wing at the preacher's call, and received the joyful message. And when, too, he took the sinner to the judgment seat, tried him by God's unerring law, brought him in guilty, and then, with moistened eyes and a heart burning with pity, he put on the cap of condemnation, and proceeded, with choking utterance, to pronounce sentence, whilst the audience were melted to tears; when all this was done, not as an actor would do it, but in the faith of a real prospective scene, and with un-

terable sorrow of soul, as speaking under God's high sanction, how intensely moved and excited must the audience have been!

It was no affectation when his tears fell like rain. It was for no rhetorical effect that he threw himself into these impassioned expostulations with his careless and impenitent hearers. Whitefield never played a part. His boldest and most original pulpit efforts were the natural efflux of a soul which knew no selfish impulse, but which beat with sincere love to lost men. It was not *Whitefield*, but *Christ*, that he was thinking of. It was not to attract admiration upon himself, but to draw all men to the Saviour, that he thus spoke. His eloquence was kindled at the cross, and displayed its grandest features when redemption by that cross was its mighty theme.

His personal appearance—judging from what is considered the best engraved likeness—is not calculated to impress us either with great intellectual force or a graceful exterior. That wig, of huge dimensions, covering and concealing the higher and more striking lineaments of the forehead; the upraised hands, a most awkward thing in a picture, though a most impressive one to witness; his eyes, so small, with a decided cast in one of them, render this likeness anything but consonant with our preconceived notions of the "seraphic man." But whilst, in person, he was not among the most majestic, or the most attractive, all defects were instantly lost sight of the moment that eloquent voice began to peal out its unrivaled music. The term "seraphic" was not given to him for his exterior grace, or his symmetrical features. It was the spirit within him, shining through and illuminating those features, until the audience, hushed or excited, were ready to doubt if the speaker were a man or an angel! His burning eloquence seemed to the listener as properly symbolising the responsive cry, one to another, of the glowing seraphims.

The eloquence of Whitefield, by the concurrent testimony of those with whom the writer, in younger days, conversed, including one venerable divine, was owing, as in most other similar cases, to a combination of qualities rather than to any single excellence. The great foundation of it all lay in a soul of intense emotions stirred to its very depths by the power of religion. He was a consecrated man from the first. It was a full, joyful and cordial surrender of all his powers and affections to Christ, and to the love of souls for Christ's sake. He counted everything but loss for him. His love was the grand impulsive power of all his journeys, his labors, his self-denials, and his aims. In this respect, he came nearer than any modern preacher we know of to "the great Apostle of the Gentiles."

This burning zeal for Christ found expression in the gesture, the countenance, and the voice. These were the electric wires through which the fiery current within flowed down in startling shocks or melting influences upon listening thousands. In gesture, no man ever excelled, perhaps none ever equaled him. These gestures were unstudied, and so gave the greater emphasis to his utterances. A single movement of his finger, with the accompanying expression of his face, would thrill an audience or dissolve them in tears. His face, radiant with the light from heaven, which he had caught on the Mount of Communion, begat an immediate sympathy, as all eyes were riveted upon it. A countenance will thus affect us, as we all know. How often have we felt its power as a word was spoken! But, oh! when that face began to throw off from its lustrous surface the rays of Divine intelligence, and when tears and smiles alternated, as the subject was pensive or joyful, how did the audience, with responsive sympathy, weep or rejoice, under the eloquent preacher! But the voice! What shall we say of that? It was such as man is seldom gifted with. It could be heard distinctly, on a clear, still evening, for a mile. It was smooth, variable, and could express the gentlest emotions. It was capable, also, of swelling into thunder peals, and then every ear tingled and every heart trembled. If the organ of some grand cathedral had the power to speak, and could express the finest and most tender sentiments from its delicate pipes, and roll forth majestic thoughts on its largest ones, it would give some idea of Whitefield's variable and powerful tones.

Whitefield's power, as a pulpit orator, cannot be separated from his pious emotions, nor from his religious views. Had he embraced a theory of religion less emotional, more after the pattern of rationalists or ritualists, his eloquence would have been lost to the world. Never would his soul so have taken fire, nor his lips glowed with the burning coal of enthusiastic passion. But he believed in man's ruin by sin—in the certain interminable woe that awaited the impenitent—in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and the free offer of salvation through faith in the cross. Such were his views, and under this conviction he looked upon his audiences. He saw but one hope set before them, and with his whole soul, moved and melted by the love of Christ on the one hand, and the love of souls on the other, he pressed every hearer, with all the energy of a dying man speaking to dying men, to accept the great salvation. Nor do we think that the pulpit can reach its appropriate power, nor for any length of time retain it, unless these grand cardinal doctrines of grace are the inspiring themes.

The eloquence of Whitefield never waned. It was greater, if possible, at fifty than at thirty. It never was more impressive or powerful than when the silence of death suddenly settled upon his lips; and his last efforts in the pulpit partook so much of a heavenly inspiration that some regarded them as the preparatory vibrations of that golden harp, upon which he was to swell forever the high notes of redemption.

J. B. W.

THE AVERAGE PIETY.—"I am not as good as I should be, but I have as much religion as the generality of church members," said one on whom a Christian friend was urging a higher standard of Christian attainment.

It is to be feared that that man was the representative of a large class. They are in some measure satisfied with themselves, because they come up to the general average of piety. Such persons should remember two things:

1. It is nowhere said in the Bible that those who come up to the general average shall be saved. A very different standard is held up in the Bible.

2. Those who are content with the minimum of piety consistent with salvation, have every reason to believe that their hope will be a spider's web when God shall take away the soul.—*Sunday School Times.*

SPEAKING EVIL.—"In a mixed conversation," says the pious John Newton, "it is a good rule to say nothing, without a just cause, to the disadvantage of others." The same writer says: "I was once in a large company where very severe things were spoken of Mr. W., when one person seasonably observed that though the Lord was pleased to effect conversion and edification by a variety of means, he had never known anybody convinced of error by what was said of him behind his back. This was about thirteen years ago, and it has been on my mind as a useful hint ever since."

A HARD SUM.—"Are you good at arithmetic? I will give you some losses to add up, and calculate how much they come to. It is a good sum for the boys. They are losses made by strong drink:—

- Loss of money.
- Loss of time.
- Loss of health.
- Loss of business.
- Loss of character.
- Loss of friends.
- Loss of good conscience.
- Loss of feeling.
- Loss of mind.
- Loss of life.
- Loss of the immortal soul.

"It is a long and terrible account to run up; but it is an easy one to begin, and I see even boys beginning it at the beer shops,—sometimes even adding to it at the tavern and improper games. Little sisters, say sweetly, 'stop! stop!' and bid them reckon up all the losses before they go farther. Ask, 'Can you afford such losses in time or eternity!'"

Correspondence.

DENOMINATIONAL.

DEAR INTELLIGENCER.—There are other duties beside those mentioned in my last, which the Christian minister should teach his people. It is well known that some of our churches seldom have the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper. This ordinance is administered at District Meetings and General Conferences, but often sadly neglected in churches. During seasons of revival, souls are converted and united with us, but how often does it occur that these are soon left without any pastoral labour or care, and they are not taught to observe the *all things which Christ hath commanded*. An occasional visit from a minister is all that they receive. We need not wonder if these churches become sickly and impoverished, and complain of their leanness. Now, what these want is faithful and scriptural pastoral labour and instruction; and the ordinances of God's house properly and regularly administered to them. Many of our people would be glad to sit down at the table of the Lord, to remember him until he comes, but they have not the opportunity. Others who have been church members for years are afraid to approach the Lord's table. And why is this? Is it not for the want of proper teaching. They look at their own unworthiness, and forget that all our worthiness is in Christ. Is not the duty of keeping this ordinance too much neglected in the teaching of some ministers? It is the command of the Saviour to the twelve and subsequently to Paul, "as one born out of due time." Disciples were to keep it during all time—"Do this in remembrance of me until I come." It has its important design. It carries us back to Calvary, to behold Jesus dying for us; and it directs us also to his coming again, when faith will be lost in sight.

Brethren in the ministry, preach and teach *all things* commanded by Jesus. The union of a church depends greatly on keeping the ordinances. The minds of the people should be kept in progress toward the Kingdom of Heaven, so as to leave no time for looking back to the world, or fixing their affections again on the things of the earth.

I am gratified that the whole amount is subscribed toward our liquidation fund. I hope it will be all paid before the Conference, so that the burden may be lifted from the hearts of ministers and people. May God reward the liberal in both temporal and spiritual blessings. Yours in hope of a blissful future.

CYTHIAN.

ORDINATION OF BROTHER WM. BURNHAM.

According to request of the Baptist church at Cole's Island, a number of ministers and brethren from sister churches met with them on the 15th of January. Brother Burnham gave a relation of his Christian experience and call to the ministry, after which it was resolved that the following brethren be organized in a council to consider the propriety of his ordination:—Revds. George Seely, Elias Kirstead, A. Mutch, W. T. Cory, C. Spragg, G. W. Springer, W. A. Troop, W. A. Cory, A. B. McDonald, A. Smith, W. A. J. Blakeny, T. M. Currie, W. W. Cory, A. McDonald, J. Williams, T. Buckley. Brethren—M. Wilson, J. Coy, N. Cottle,

D. Heathrington, C. Jones, V. Burnham, W. Vincent, B. Thorn, W. Summerville. Brother Seely, chosen chairman, and W. A. J. Blakeny, clerk. The candidate then was received into fellowship with the Church. The council retired to a private room. Elder Kirstead having asked the candidate the usual questions, it was agreed upon to proceed with the ordination. The following is the order of service: reading the scriptures by W. A. Cory; prayer by W. T. Cory; ordination sermon by George Seely; ordination prayer by P. Spragg; right hand of fellowship by A. Mutch; charge to the candidate by E. Kirstead; charge to the church by A. B. McDonald; concluding prayer by G. Springer; benediction by the Pastor. The services were interesting. Besides these services there were preaching by J. M. Currie on the previous evening, and preaching on the following evening. May God guide the youthful pastor into all truth, and make him a blessing to the church of Christ where he is called to labour.

W. A. J. BLAKENY, Clerk of the Council.

CANADA CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADA WEST, March 27, 1862.

On the 21st inst., at 3 P. M., His Excellency the Governor General proceeded in state to the Council Chamber, and commanded the attendance of the Legislative Assembly. He had come down formally the day before, and through the clerk of the Legislative Council gave them to understand that he did not see fit for various causes, to state the reason of his summoning Parliament, until a speaker had been chosen for the Legislative Assembly. Sir Allan McNab was elected speaker of the Legislative Council by a majority of three; and Mr. Turcotte, member for Three Rivers, speaker of the House of Assembly by a majority of thirteen. The votes stood, in the Upper House, 26—23; in the Lower House 60—53. The three vacancies in the Cabinet continued up to yesterday; a promise to announce the persons appointed to fill them being unredeemed, and further delay having been sought and granted. The reason for this delay is pretty generally believed to be inability to get efficient men to take office, combined with the determination of the conservative ministerial supporters to root out the *Hinksite* element, to which the ministry offers a sturdy opposition. It has been the policy of His Excellency's advisers for many years past to dismiss such of their number as circumstances seemed to demand, substituting others in their places; thereby securing a continuance in power greatly exceeding the limits of the usual ministerial reign. The end of the present ministry is confidently expected; but what will be the complexion of the new Executive, it is difficult to determine. A Government capable of putting our finances in a more satisfactory condition and ruled by the principles of righteousness, would be hailed by many, as a boon, calling for most hearty thanks to the Supreme Governor. Hope that such a mercy will be bestowed upon us, has little foundation. Perhaps if we had more faith in God, our expectations in this direction would be realized.

Under the heading, "Prayer for Parliament," the *Montreal Witness* has a short article which begins thus:—"If it be true that Almighty God answers prayer, then it is most abundantly evident that the people of Canada are wanting in the matter of prayer for those in authority over them. It were inconsistent with Christian faith to see the utter rottenness of the whole system, and imagine that that Government is properly supported by prayer." England is then referred to, as having offered up on behalf of its Queen and Government many thousand earnest believing prayers, and the tone of morality is traced in a measure to these prayers. We cannot consent to these inferences, as we understand them. The general proposition that the people of Canada—the whole population, is wanting in prayer for Government, is admitted. Perhaps the praying people, the true people of God, are deficient in this particular; but the evidence, as we think, is not to be found in the deplorable fact that we have an unrighteous Government. It is an argument which proves too much. It is similar to an argument we once heard a good man employ to prove that a certain prominent Christian, whom he knew only by report, did not live as near to God as he ought. We had been telling him that the brother referred to had been imposed upon by a pretender. "Ah!" said he, "Brother — is not such a devoted Christian as I had been led to believe; for God would not have permitted him to be imposed upon, if he had been living as he ought." The *Witness* argument proves too much. If his inference be true that a bad Government is a proof of defectiveness in prayer on the behalf of believers who are under its control, then Paul and other Christians in his time were badly wanting in the frequency, the fervor, and the faith of their supplications—although the apostolic instructions were, "that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings and for all that are in authority."

MARCH 31, 1862.

The Government has been completed by the addition of three members. The explanations given of the retirement of the Hon. John Ross and the Hon. John Rose were, that the latter desired to withdraw from public life for a considerable time in the hope of recovering his health, and intended to go to England for that purpose; while the former had private reasons for the step which he had taken. The reason first given is the more distinct of the two. The other is like many an explanation—exceedingly vague and indefinite.

Spring advances slowly. Wheeled vehicles are beginning to appear, however, and the jingle of sleigh-bells is seldom heard. Many are becoming