

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.

Vol. IX.—No. 10.

SAINT JOHN,

NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1862.

Whole No. 426.

THE INTELLIGENCER.

TRUE PRAYERS NEVER LOST.

BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER.

It is hard to believe that the fervent prayer of the righteous man is ever lost. The answer may be long delayed. It may come in a manner wholly unlooked for. The return of the prayer may be such that it may not be recognized by the devout soul who uttered it. But it is not lost.

1. For example, there are some prayers which we cannot expect to see answered immediately. I was at a monthly concert last evening, where God's people were pleading with him for the conversion of the world. None of that praying company had any expectation of living to see the day when the last heathen nation should surrender to the victorious Jesus. Yet their petitions will never be forgotten. Those pleading disciples will yet behold the glorious fulfillment of their desires from the battlements of heaven. For in our own experience, we have seen many a prayer manifestly answered long after the saint who breathed it into the ear of the Saviour has gone to lay his weary head on that Saviour's breast.

A dying mother commits her beloved boy to a covenant-keeping God. She has often borne that child on the arms of faith to the mercy-seat. He has been the child of many prayers; and in the feeble utterances of her passing spirit another, and a last petition is breathed forth, that Christ would have mercy on his soul. Years roll away. The sod has grown green, and the rank grass has long waved over that mother's tomb. In some distant land—mayhap hundreds of miles from that spot—a full grown man, who has long been ripening in sin, is seen bowed in prayer. He is crying out of an agonized heart, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* Behold, he prayeth, and his prayer is the answer of the fervent petitions which his dying mother uttered many long years before. Her requests were recorded in God's book of remembrance; and but for them, we know not that the prayer of that penitent son would have ever ascended there. Let praying fathers and mothers never grow faint of heart. Let desponding churches—long unvisited by revival blessings—only close up their ranks more compactly about the mercy-seat, and besiege heaven with new importunity. For above the dark cloud of their discouragement is written, as in the clear, upper sky, "He that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

2. Other prayers are answered at the time of their utterance, but in a way so unlooked for that he who offered them is inclined to think that the very opposite of what he asked for has befallen him. One individual prays, for instance, that he may be enabled to glorify God. *Here he is aware, some tremendous calamity comes crashing down upon him, prostrating him to the dust. His fortune is swept away. Or his schemes of promotion are blasted. A favorite child is missed from the cradle or the hearthstone. His hopes are withered like grass. God has answered his prayer, but has answered it, as the Psalmist says, "by terrible things."* From under the overwhelming pressure of affliction he flees to Jesus, his divine comforter, and O, how his love is kindled by the contact! How his latent faith is called forth! How he glorifies God in the furnace of trial which is purging away the dross of selfishness and worldliness, and making his pure gold to shine with tenfold brightness!

We once saw an earnest inquirer, who was praying most importunately for faith in Christ, and for peace to his troubled soul. But while he prayed a cloud of darkness gathered across his horizon. And against that cloud, which swung like a funeral pall before his vision, played the sharp lightning of the Almighty's wrath. The thunders of God's law roared against him. Instead of peace, came only the sword. Instead of the calm he sought, came the fearful tempest; and under the stress of its terrors, the poor baffled soul betakes himself to the "covert" which Christ has raised on Calvary. There he finds the peace he so earnestly prayed for. There the long-sought confidence in Jesus pours its fulness through the soul. His prayer was answered—first by terrible things, but at last by the very blessings which he desired. And without that storm the true calm would have never come. Had the sinner not been led to that frightful view of his own guilt and condemnation, he might have never gone to Christ, and thus could not have known true, abiding peace. As he looks back over the dark valley of sorrow, through which the divine hand has wondrously led him, and sees that no other way would so surely bring him to the cross, he feels a renewed assurance that no true prayer is ever lost; he now knows that he that asketh aright will always receive, and he that seeketh will surely find. His experience is worth all it cost him.

3. Once more let us remark that the petitions of believers are often answered according to their intention, and not according to the strict letter of the request. The utterer of the prayer sought only the glory of God; but, in his ignorance, asked for wrong things. God hears and answers him; but the blessing granted is something very different from what the believer expected. The case of Paul is a beautiful illustration of this. He is sorely afflicted by a "thorn in the flesh." What the precise nature of the affliction was, we know not. Perhaps it was a severe malady; perhaps a besetting sin; perhaps a mortifying deformity of body or of character. He beseeches God, in three earnest petitions, that this "thorn" might depart from him. His prayers are answered. But instead of the removal of the thorn comes the cheering assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee." The Lord does not take away the trial, but gives

him all that is needed to make it endurable; thus the divine glory and Paul's spiritual well-being, were more certainly advanced, than if the prayer had been answered strictly according to its letter.

The prayer was not lost. That God hears every sincere prayer who can doubt? The sceptic must seal his vision, lest, coming to the light, he shall be persuaded against himself. He must mutilate or destroy the shining record of God's providential dealings with the children of faith. He must erase from the Bible the animating narrative of Jacob's midnight struggle, the thrilling scenes of Elijah's wrestlings at Carmel and a Zaphrath, the "evening oblations" of Daniel, and the angelic deliverance of Peter from the prison cell. He must destroy many a leaf from the Christian's diary, on which devout gratitude has written, "This day I learned anew that my Heavenly Father hears and answers prayer." It must give the lie to Omnipotent Love, which has uttered in the ear of all the needy, sorrowing household of humanity, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

RICHARD WEAVER,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REVIVALIST.

The following account of Richard Weaver whose labours we have frequently noticed in the *Intelligencer*, is from a late number of the *Christian Cabinet*. [Ed. Int.]

Very few whom these pages will reach but have heard of him as an honest, valiant, and energetic man, whose fight is that of faith—whose sword is the word of God, whose deeds are not marked by the track of human gore, but followed by the blessings of the grateful living, ascending as sweet incense before God—one who has helped to roll back the tide of sin and stem the torrent of iniquity—with the gospel for his message—the love of God the theme, and present salvation the subject of his discourse—instrumentally bringing home to many and many a hardened sinner heavy blows of Divine mercy, melting the heart with melody of grace, and entrancing the soul with the rapture of peace and pardon through the finished work—himself a monument of the change effected by redeeming love—once a persecutor, but now commissioned to bear aloft the blood stained banner of the cross right into the world's turmoil down into the dark places of the earth, in hotbed of iniquity, where sin, sweltering with impunity threatens to crush what it fails to corrupt; and thither does this intrepid soldier of the cross nobly fulfil his arduous duty—ever in the van, never in the rear.

He was born on the 25th June, 1827, at Asterley, a village near Shrewsbury. His father was a farm labourer and an ungodly drunkard; but his mother was a pious woman. His references to her are very touching; and well they may be! Born as he was in what is called the Midland Mining District, the inhabitants of which are addicted to drunkenness and to the most inhuman and brutal sports, and being brought up as a miner, he soon excelled his companions in fighting, and every species of immorality—requiting his godly mother's prayers by open profanity, and he advice by abuse and oftentimes by blows. On one occasion, we are told that she took hold of his arm convulsively, and said, "This is hard work Lord, to nurse and watch our children until they begin to be men, and then to hear them say that they will murder us for asking Thee to save them! But though Thou slay me yet will I trust in Thee." And then, turning to her son, she said, "I will never give thee up." How she pleaded with him—for him the Listener to the importunate alone knows. Again and again for long weary days—months—years—unceasingly did she pour forth the agony of her heart, "Lord save my son I will never give thee up, my child." A mother's love is unutterable—in life—and even though her little one be dead, and is now scarcely remembered—yet her heart has one spot ever green—sacred to his memory. Oft when kind sleep lulls agony, and rocks thought into oblivion, she hears again his merry laugh, feels again his curly hair, and listens to his pleasant prattle—till with the morrow comes a view of that yawning gulf 'twixt the living and the dead. But the appointed time rolled on when the praying mother's petition was answered.

During the month of May, 1852, while under the influence of drunkenness, "the terrors of hell got hold upon him." When he became sober, he crept into a sand-hole and poured out his soul before God. That day, in his capacity as a pugilist, he was to have fought a man—but "in that sand-hole," he says in his characteristic way "I had a battle with the devil—Christ and Satan fought it, and Christ gained the victory, and I came off more than conqueror through Him that loved me."

For six months he continued steadfast in the faith. But we have to record the painful fact of his backsliding. His sin was natural; but the gradations of his fall were terribly swift. Nevertheless, again was he enabled to cry, after pleading for forgiveness for Christ's sake.

"Redemption thro' Thy blood I have, And perfect righteousness."

"Through thy blood I have it; not through my prayers or tears, but through the precious blood of Christ."

He soon after joined the Wesleyan Society, of which, we believe, he is still a member. In January, 1853, he was married to a young woman, who has, it is said, proved in every way a suitable partner in life to him. Subsequently he was tried circumstantially; and not in vain did he trust in

God to supply his wants. We cannot enter very fully into the details of the various occurrences of his eventful life; a very excellent biography has already been published by Morgan and Chase. He first spoke publicly on Good Friday, 1856, at an open air meeting near Hyde, when many were converted. A little while after this he was introduced to Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, with whom he has since laboured in the glorious cause of the Gospel, first as a missionary and then as an Evangelist. It was while he was a town missionary, at Prescott, that most of the events occurred which he so vividly narrates.

In December, 1759, he visited his mother for the last time. She was, as he described it, "foot to foot with her last enemy!" While he prayed and knelt by the bedside, she laid her hands upon his head, and said, "Lord bless my child. When he was a child he knelt at my knee, in the room below, by the old rocking-chair, and Thou hast sent him now to kneel at my bedside and cheer me through the dark valley. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; bless His holy name! Thou hast done me good, and not evil, all the days of my life! I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand!" He bade her "good bye," and she blessed him in the name of the Lord, crying after him as he left the room, "Farewell! the next time we meet, it will not be in this old chamber, but in the land where parting is no more!" She shortly afterwards departed this life, and is now numbered among those who are gone before into the realms of eternal glory. Valiant mother! thy heroism was more than Spartan—it was Christian. Little didst thou think that the effect of thy memorable words would be found to-day all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, and yet more abundantly when all things shall be made manifest.

He came to London, for the first time, in January, 1860, to supply the place of Mr. Radcliffe, who was engaged to address a sweeps' meeting at the Euston Rooms, but was unable to attend. Previous to that time, it appears that he had received nearly ten thousand letters from the same number of persons who date their conversion from his preaching. He has since preached at the theatres in, and at chapels about London, and in many parts of Great Britain. Wherever he has preached, God has wrought and honoured his efforts, and made him instrumental in the conversion of vast numbers from nature's darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel. It is impossible to estimate the good he has already accomplished, principally among the working classes, or how far his career of usefulness may be extended. The recollection of the evils from which he himself has escaped, impels him to warn others with great earnestness; this, perhaps, being the secret of his success. Some of his phrases are not always acceptable to "ears polite," but we must bear in mind the circumstances of his birth, and the associations of his early life. In many passages he exhibits remarkable eloquence. His sentences are short, his style anecdotal, and his delivery rapid. Bold in denunciation, vigorous in conception, and fervent in declaration, he excels most as an exciting speaker, and especially in the hold he readily obtains over the working classes, who care very little for learning or fine-spun arguments. To these he is all they need, and them he is eminently qualified to address, thoroughly in earnest, speaking the truth, not as though it were a fable, but as all-important, both for time and eternity.

May his life be long spared. Tempestuous and stormy it has hitherto been; yet when his tempest-tossed bark has finished its course, when the winds have ceased to blow, and the roaring waters have been kissed into peaceful slumber, with the setting of the sun may he leave a long shadow of his memory behind him, lengthening as it goes down.

Let us not, in viewing the result of his labours, lose sight of the fact that he is loaned to us by One above, in whose hands he is but an instrument, to whom, therefore, we ascribe all the praise and glory for ever and ever Amen.

THE EFFECT OF PARDON.

In the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of the regiment, for some misdemeanor. The officer entering the soldier's name said, "Here is—again, What can we do with him? He has gone through almost every ordeal." The sergeant-major, M. B., apologized for intruding, and said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir, he has never yet been forgiven." "Forgiven!" said the Colonel; "here is his case entered."—"Yes, but the man is not yet before you, and you can cancel it!" After the Colonel had reflected for a few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought in, when he was asked what he had to say relative to the charges brought against him. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only that I am sorry for what I have done." After making some suitable remarks, the Colonel said, "Well, we have resolved to forgive you." The soldier was struck with astonishment; the tears started from his eyes and he wept. The Colonel, with the Adjutant, and all the others present, felt deeply when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the Colonel for his kindness and retired. The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two years and a half after this, and never during that time was there a charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed! Kindness conquered! The man was won!

This is just the method God adopts with us in the everlasting Gospel. We are guilty. The charges are brought against us. The case is entered. But the Lord delighteth in mercy. He seeks to melt us by his love. He is ready to for-

give. He sends to us, saying, "Only acknowledge thine iniquities;" and then offers us a pardon—a pardon which cost him the life of his only begotten Son. A pardon, not of one sin, but of all our sins; a pardon that will bring peace to the conscience on earth, and entitle us to eternal rest in heaven. The soldier, in the case before us, gladly accepted the pardon, was melted down by the kindness of his Colonel, and wept as a child would weep. But sinners too often hear of God's forgiving love without emotion, and instead of humbly confessing their sins, and gladly embracing the pardon offered, they treat it with neglect or contempt.—*British Workman*.

WINNOWER.

"Men," says the pious Flavel, "have their winnowing days, and God hath his; a day to separate the chaff from the wheat, the godly from the ungodly, who shall be held up to the wind; but only the wicked shall be driven away by it." "There is," says the same author, "a double fanning or winnowing of men here in this world; one doctrinally, as when the gospel is faithfully preached (Matt. iii. 12); the other judicially, as when some trials are brought on the church, that the wicked who are but chaff may be separated from his people."

The church, he remarks, increases two ways, and by two diverse means—extensively, in breadth and numbers; and intensively, in vigour and power. Peace and prosperity cause the first; sufferings and adversity the last. In view of these important truths, the following reflections occur:—

1. In a time of peace and outward prosperity, there is especial need of the most searching preaching; for at such times there is greater danger of self-deception, and even true Christians are in greater danger of conformity to the world. The smiles and caresses of the world are more dangerous than its frowns and its wrath. The former allure the Christian from the throne of grace and the way of holiness; the latter drive him to the cross and the narrow way.

2. When things go well with us externally, there is especial need of watchfulness, self-examination, and prayer, because temptations then come in their most winning forms; and we have so many sources of worldly pleasure, that we do not readily perceive the decline of religious enjoyment. When friends are few, we readily feel the absence of one, especially of the most beloved; but when the number is multiplied, it is not so. The more exclusively we are thrown upon religion for happiness, the more readily we perceive its decline in our souls. When Satan cannot deter us from following Christ, he will persuade us to follow him "afar off." If he cannot prevail on us to do that which is directly sinful, he will tempt us unduly to love and pursue that which is in itself lawful. Let us watch when the world goes well with us.

3. It is cheering to remember that in the day of winnowing, nothing but chaff shall be lost. "For lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth" (Amos ix. 9). He will "gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire" (Matt. iii. 12).

THE WORTH OF TIME.

"What is time worth?" asks Dr. Young; and then adds, "Ask death-beds, they can tell." "Millions of money for an inch of time," was the exclamation of Elizabeth, England's vain and ambitious Queen, as she lay on her dying bed. And multitudes of others in her situation, would gladly have parted with their last penny, if by so doing the king of terrors could have been bribed from his cruel purpose, and their lives spared. But we have no occasion to go to death-beds to learn the value of time, for by the most gifted and excellent of earth time has ever been accounted precious. Particularly is this true of ministers of the Gospel. Those of them who have been most eminent and successful in their holy calling, have invariably set a high estimate upon time, and diligently improved it.

The Apostle Paul was "instant in season, and out of season, making full proof of his ministry." Richard Baxter, who had a feeble constitution, and, like Timothy, had "often infirmities," says, "all the pains my maladies ever brought upon me, were never half so grievous, as the unavoidable loss of time which they occasioned." Cotton Mather put above his study door, as an effective hint to all comers who might interrupt him in his studies—"Be short." One of the resolutions of the elder President Edwards was, "I will never lose one moment of time, but improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can."

And we find Dr. Nathaniel Emmons saying in his autobiography, "As soon as I entered the ministry, I determined to devote my whole time to the sacred work, without encumbering myself with the cares and concerns of the world."

Time having been thus prized by the good and great, let us redeem it from sloth and waste, and make of every moment the best possible use.

Christians, bear your faithful ministers upon your hearts when you are wrestling with God. They can tell when they want your prayers, and when they enjoy your prayers. Did you pray more for them, they might do more for your internal and eternal good than now they do.—*Brooks*.

As our greatest good comes through the sufferings of Christ, so God's greatest glory that he hath from his saints comes through their sufferings.—*Id.*

LISTLESS LOITERERS.

They are the drones of the Christian hive. They do not live, in the grandeur of that word, as it applies to such an epic as the career of a Paul or a Luther; they only vegetate. They lounge at the "station-houses," and beside the stream of busy existence, and let human plans go forward, and God's providential purposes move along, and yet scarcely open the eye to behold them, much less stretch forth a hand to aid them, or embark themselves in any of the hundred schemes to glorify the Creator, and to save perishing humanity. What is more provoking and "trying" to a pastor of open eye and active spirit, than to have the avenues of duty in his church blocked up by such masses of spiritual inertia?—to go to a nominal Christian with a plan of charity, and find his eyes so drowsy that he cannot scan it over, his ears so heavy that one might as well exhort a mummy into activity? And within this slumbering form of professed godliness is a voice that might speak out for God and truth, and a heart that might break forth in prayer, and to it belongs a purse that might yield up its "shekels of silver" for the Lord's service. In looking at the idle, listless piety which, in times of need and of peril, "goes down into the sides of the ship," Jonah-like, to slumber, we often wish for a voice, like the trump of Gabriel, to sound in such heavy ears, "What meanest thou, O sleeper! Want is on every side; woes are on every hand. More than half the world is spiritually famished. Five hundred millions of men have never seen a Bible or heard of a Saviour. Intemperance is dragging its tens of thousands to death. Oppression is fettering hands and hearts in almost every clime. Heathenism is found in the very alleys of our cities, and under the shadows of gorgeous churches, and every hour sees hundreds of souls driven into eternity to meet their doom!"

How can a Christian sleep in such an age as ours? When life grows grander every year by the increased knowledge and extended facilities for achieving great results for God and humanity! When so many harvest fields of labour invite the sturdy arm and glowing heart! When the walls of a world's sorrow rise on every gate! To sleep through such a period of the world's history is a fearful crime.

BE IN EARNEST.

The following earnest exhortation was penned by John Janeway, a Puritan divine, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is as applicable to the reader as it was to those to whom it was originally addressed.

"There is such a thing as being almost a Christian; as looking back unto perdition; as being not far from the kingdom of heaven, and falling short at last. Beware, lest thou lose the reward. The promise is made to him that holdeth fast, holdeth out to the end and overcometh. Labor to forget the things which are behind, and reach unto the things which are before. He who is contented with just enough grace to escape hell and to get to heaven, and desires no more, may be sure he hath none at all, and is far from the kingdom of God. Labor to enjoy converse with God. Strive to do everything as in His presence, and for His glory. Act as in the sight of the grave and eternity. Let us awake and fall to work in good earnest. Heaven and hell are before us. Why do we sleep? Dulness in the service of God is very uncomfortable, and at best will cost us dear; but to be contented in such a frame is the certain sign of a hypocrite. Oh! how will such tremble when God shall call them to give an account of their stewardship, and tell them they may be no longer stewards! Oh! live more upon the invisible realities of heaven, and let a sense of their excellencies put a life into your performances!—For your preciseness and singularity you must be content to be laughed at. A Christian's walk is not with men, but with God. He hath great cause to suspect his love to God, who does not delight more in conversing with God and being conformed to Him, than in conversing with men and being conformed to the world. How can the love of God dwell in that man who liveth without God in the world?"

POWER OF DIVINE GRACE.—A Jew was sitting at the receipt of custom, near the gate of Capernaum. His brow was furrowed with the marks of covetousness, and his jealous eye exhibited all the low cunning of the publican. Very probably he had heard much of Jesus; perhaps he had heard him preach by the shore of the lake of Galilee; still his worldly heart was unchanged, for he remained at his wicked trade, sitting by the receipt of custom. The Saviour passed that way, and as he bent his eyes upon the busy Levi, said, "Follow me." He said no more. He used no argument, no threatening, no promise. But the God of all grace breathed on the publican's heart, and he was made willing; "He arose and followed him." It pleased God, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will, to give Matthew a saving glimpse of the excellency of Jesus; a drop fell from heaven upon his heart, and melted it; he smelled the sweet savour of the Rose of Sharon. What is all the world to Matthew now? He cares not for its gains, its pleasures, its praises, any more. In Christ he sees what is sweeter and better than them all. He arose and followed Jesus.

Let us learn that a simple word may be blessed to the saving of precious souls. Often we are tempted to think there must be some deep and logical argument to bring men to Christ. Often we put confidence in high-sounding words. Whereas it is the simple exhibition of Christ carried home by the Spirit which awakens, enlightens, and saves. "Not by might, nor by power, but by