

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER 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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RESISTING THE SPIRIT.

One of the most faithful pastors who ever lived in Brooklyn tells us that he was once riding through a village just at the moment when a meeting for inquiry was assembling, and the village pastor invited him to go in and say something to each one, even though it were but a word. He went in for a few moments, and passing rapidly along, he came to a young lady whose countenance indicated deep agitation. "Do you feel," said Dr. S.—"to her, that you are unconquered to God?" "Yes, I do," I am a lost sinner. "Can you save yourself?" "No; none but Christ can save me." "Why, then," inquired the Doctor, "do you not come to Him? He loves to save sinners like you." Bursting into tears, she said, "Indeed I do not know; my heart is hard; I fear I shall never be saved." "How long have you been in such a deep trouble of mind?" "For three weeks, sir," said she, sobbing aloud. "Then," solemnly replied Dr. S.—"for three weeks you have done nothing but resist the Holy Spirit."

He left her and passed out of the room. The next week, as he was riding near that village, a carriage met him, bearing two persons. As they drew near, the lady seized the reins, and stopped the horse. Dr. S.—did not recognize her, immediately, but her first exclamation was, "That was true, sir, that was true!"

"What you told me at the inquiry meeting—that I had done nothing for three weeks but resist God's Spirit. That expression pierced my heart. I thought I was yielding to the Spirit by being anxious, by coming to the meeting, by beginning to seek the Lord. I thought you cruel. I wanted you to stop and explain yourself. But if you had made any explanation, I should never have been led to Christ. That expression clung to me night and day—for three weeks you have done nothing but resist the Holy Spirit." It opened my eyes, and I could not let you pass without thanking you for the plain honest words which revealed to me the real guilt and hindrance of my heart. With a joyful countenance and a happy heart, the young convert rode on her way, and soon she allied herself to the Church of Christ. The good Doctor, too, rode homeward, more than ever convinced that nothing short of the naked truth will ever teach a sinner the subtle wickedness of his heart, or send that heart to the Saviour.

Anxious reader! you have been convicted of sin. You are troubled. You have been, perhaps, attending some gatherings of anxious souls inquiring the way of life. You have unlocked your Bible, sought the mercy-seat, and are not ashamed to be thought an inquirer after salvation. Yet you do not become a Christian. Nor are you as likely to become one as you imagine. Thousands who have gone as far as you now stand, are at this moment in everlasting despair.

Where is your defect and where your danger? Simply here—the Spirit of God is pleading with you to "give your heart to Jesus." Instead of that you are stopping short with certain acts and agencies that are the mere outposts of religion. You halt at the door; you do not go in. You stop with the mercy-seat, instead of looking to Him who sits above the mercy-seat. You pray, but you do not repent and believe. You tell your pastor and other people of your desire to follow Him. What the Spirit demands is the heart for Christ; and the whole heart to Christ is just what you have not yet given. A few sins and evil practices you have perhaps abandoned; but they are no more the entire nature changed than the capture of a redoubt or town on Morris Island would be the taking of the rebel Charleston. There is a Fort Sumter in your heart that has never yet surrendered to Christ. Satan holds that still; it is garrisoned with self-righteousness, and its walls banked up with fair plausible excuses, and solemn promises to live a different life. While your heart holds out against Christ, you are resisting the Spirit. You are ready to go as far as the church, as far as the prayer-meeting, as far as reading your Bible or conversing with a friend; but you do not go to Jesus; you do not forsake your sins; you keep from Christ your heart and your life. If you never go farther than you have yet gone, suffer me to say to you in affectionate candour that Heaven is lost by you for ever! You will live and will die resisting the Spirit!

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

"Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 8). St. Paul's divinely inspired description of this grace, leads us to consider it as a state of the mind and affections toward others, which, according to our modern phraseology, may be better expressed by another short, but comprehensive word—love; and since God has most graciously declared that "his whole nature is expressed by that one word—'God is love,'" 1 John iv. 8, we may conclude, that those who partake most of "the Divine nature" are the most charitable. Each of us knows how difficult of attainment, and how contrary to our natural minds and hearts, is "that most excellent gift of charity." But we cannot, perhaps, more conclusively show the prevalence of a contrary disposition, or more effectively bring our own to the test of the inspired apostle, than by contrasting the various features of charity with their opposites.

CHARITY.
Suffereth long.
Is kind.
Vaunteth not itself.
Is not puffed up.
Doth not behave itself unseemly.
Is not easily provoked.
Thinketh no evil.
Rejoiceth not in iniquity.
Rejoiceth in the truth.
Beareth all things.
Believeth all things.
Hopeth all things.
Endureth all things.

CHARITY.
Imagineth the best.
Is kind.
Is not puffed up.
Doth not behave itself unseemly.
Is not easily provoked.
Thinketh no evil.
Rejoiceth not in iniquity.
Rejoiceth in the truth.
Beareth all things.
Believeth all things.
Hopeth all things.
Endureth all things.

THE JERUSALEM THAT IS ABOVE.

From "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And soon in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For every love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is music to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and light, and rest.

O where, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His land and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

With Jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The Sardin and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thine agate walls are loaded
With amethysts upraised;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.

I know not, oh! I know not
What joy await us there;
What ransoms of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

WHAT FAITH DESCRIBES.—What grand objects the glass of faith describes! They say that telescopes bring out wonderful sights in the heavens—great firmaments of shining suns far away—stars of different colours—stars revolving round each other—stars attendant on stars, like servants on a master. But what are the suns and systems of the grand things faith sees—a world in flames, a race raised and judged, the blessedness of heaven, the terrors of doom, the glory of the Lamb, and the throne of God! Use that glass oft. Turn it often to the sky. Look and wait for the coming of the Lord.—Rev. J. Edmund.

HEAVEN BECOMING RICH.—The Rev. William Adams, D. D., says on the late Rev. Alexander, "What an assemblage of good men are already gathered in the Kingdom of God! How fast is heaven becoming rich with spoils collected out of our homes and companionships! Armies returning from fields of carnage enter their metropolis, and a whole population unite to give them an imperial ovation; and wreaths and flowers, and promotions and honor, attest the general gladness. But all this is a passing pageant. Like a vapor, it appeareth but for a moment, and then vanisheth away. But there are honors which endure forever; which will shine above the brightness of the firmament, when every earthly coronet has been consumed in the fires which dissolve the world, and these are the rewards of fidelity; fidelity in our stewardship; fidelity in all offices, and in all relations."

"I'VE GAINED THE POINT."

Near the Borders, where a work of awakening and revival is going on, a young man was a few weeks ago in distress about his soul. The Spirit of God was convincing him of his sin and misery. For some time he could find no rest; but at last, one night when alone, the household having retired, the same Spirit appears to have "enlightened his mind in the knowledge of Christ," so that he at once embraced Him, as "freely offered in the gospel." Such was his joy that he could not conceal it, and he hastened to tell his parents the tidings. The mother was wide awake, and the father half asleep, as he entered and exclaimed, "I've gained the point!" "What do you mean?" was the wondering response. "I've found my Saviour!" was the prompt reply. Greater was their gladness than when long ago they welcomed their first-born son, for now he enters a higher family without leaving theirs—being born again. There was joy in heaven, as well as in their hearts, over another sinner saved; and he himself now goes on his way rejoicing.

Reader! Have you gained the point? Perhaps you are not seeking to gain it. Possibly to gain your point would be your ruin, and not your salvation. There are many points in the compass of men's varied aims. To gratify lust, to make a fortune, or to secure esteem, is the point with many. Is it yours? Beware! More or less directly all such aims point to the pit; though poor short-sighted sinners do not see so far. You only think of self, sin, the world; but ruin, wrath, hell, are getting ready for you, and you for them. Flees to the gospel refuge—*that's the point!*

You are alarmed—you turn you flee; but in darkness and perplexity, you ask, Whither shall I go? The voice of Jesus says, "Come to Me." Listen! It is the voice of love. Look! There is light in his countenance to show you the way. May the Holy Spirit open your eyes, and bring you to rejoice in a living Saviour, and a sure salvation. Then you too, having found the "one thing needful" for a poor sinner, may exclaim, "I've gained the point!"

A GLASS OF BEER, AND WHAT IT DID FOR ROBERT GRANT.

"It isn't true, Robert; it can't be true! You're never going to cast me off for such a trifle as this!"

"It's no trifle, Robert; an evil habit that you cannot leave off. I dare not marry you."

"Stuff and nonsense, Mabel! You want to cry off, and have done with me. There's William Stirling round the corner now, I'll be bound."

"Robert!" The girl burst into a passionate flood of tears, and turned away. Robert seized hold of her hand.

"Forgive me, Mabel, but you make me so mad I don't know what I am saying. Don't be hard on me. Surely a glass of beer is not to come between you and me."

"What has the glass of beer done for me already, Robert? I have not seen a father made worse than a brute, a mother beaten and ill-used to the grave, sisters and brothers starved and pinched for food, myself with scarcely a rag left, while everything was wasted to supply my father with the drink that killed him! Have I not had to work night and day to supply the food and clothing which had been mine in plenty but for the drink? And have I not made a row, years ago, never to marry a man who could not, for his own sake, and if that was not sufficient, for mine—for mine, Robert—keep from intoxicating drinks of every sort? And am I not right?"

"You would be if I ever took too much. But a glass of beer, Mabel—a pint or so just now and then, to put a little life into a fellow—why, who can object to that? Isn't everything given us to use?" The minister himself takes a glass of wine, for I've seen him."

"I can't reason about it, Robert. God doesn't seem to give us women the power of reasoning much; but we have faith, a something that tells us what we believe is true, without often knowing why; and I know, Robert, it is neither right nor safe to take any strong drink at all."

"And I am to go and bind myself by an oath, when I know I shall break it?"

"I don't ask any oath, Robert. Only promise me, and I have little fear of your breaking your word. Am I not—and here Mabel blushed and hesitated—"am I not"—worth more to you than your beer and public-house, Robert?"

There was a moment's pause. Robert was struggling against conviction, against the assurance of truth, that the gentle voice brought with it. She went on—

"And Robert, dear, can you enjoy the society of Martin Pulse, and the club at the 'Chequers,' more than a cup of tea and a pleasant chat at your own fireside? O Robert! keep away from Martin Pulse!"

It was an unfortunate allusion. Robert was touched on the subject, because every one said that Martin exercised undue influence over him. He answered roughly, "And from Martin Pulse's sister, eh, Mabel?"

Mabel, this time, was seriously angry. "This is the second unmanly thing you have said," she replied, gravely. "I shall not talk to you any more, for you forget yourself. No!"—Robert made a step forward—"I am just at home; so good night. Think over what I have said, and remember that Mabel marries no one who will not give up the treacherous glass and the no less treacherous friend for her sake." And Mabel went off, very sorrowful.

Her firm repulse made Robert speechless for a moment. There was a battle going on between obstinacy and conviction. A voice roused him. It was Martin Pulse. "Well, young un, what's up? You look down in the mouth. What's the row, eh?"

"Never you mind," said Robert, suddenly. "Some men would take you at your word, and turn crusty, but I'm not one of that sort. Now I'll bet a penny you've had a lecture from Mabel Smith."

"Mabel never lectures any one," said Robert. "Not even a certain young man who is so wicked as to drink a pint of ale, now and then, and knows a good-for-nothing fellow, one Martin Pulse?" said Martin, quietly.

Robert was silent. The other went on—

"Now, Robert, be a man. I like you too well to see you made a milkop by such a girl as that. Nay, never look fierce! She's a good girl enough, but too fond of having the upper hand. Just show her you're not to be made a fool of, and she'll lower her tone; and you'll do it, if you are half a man."

"Well, she is too bad, I must say," said Robert. "Of course she is! Why, man alive, is a fellow never to take a moderate glass? Now, come along with me. There's a dance to-night at the 'Chequers'—quite nobblish, I can tell you. It's for the Hall servants, and all the right sort will be there. I've got two tickets. It will be rare fun."

Again Mabel's words rose to his mind, but Robert thrust them aside, and allowed Martin to lead him off. "By-the-by, will your sister be there?" he asked.

"Yes, Emma's there, sure enough," said his companion. "But what's the good of your asking about her? You've got your lass, you know." And with a disagreeable laugh, Martin Pulse dragged his pupil on.

Here, Mabel was in her bedroom, praying her heavenly Father to guide Robert in the right path! Her bedroom window was just opposite the "Chequers."

The foregoing scene took place one winter's evening, and some time later on, a carriage was rolling over the snowy road to the little village, in the white moonlight. It was Mr. Graham, Robert's master, and his daughter, they had been spending the evening at a neighbouring squire's.

"Papa," said Miss Graham, "I wish you would do me a favour. You know the young gardener, Robert who sometimes works for us about the grounds; I want you to engage him regularly as under-gardener."

"And why him especially?"

"Why, papa, you see he is going to be married to Mabel Smith—such a nice good girl! I am so fond of her—and it is for her sake, more than his, that I want his appointment."

"I should like to know something more of the young man," said Mr. Graham. "Can you vouch for his steadiness and sobriety?"

"Well, papa, the fact is that Mabel has spoken to me a good deal on this point. No one can accuse Robert of taking too much, but still he regularly has a glass of beer or so, and Mabel, poor girl, had too bitter an experience in London, not to dread even so much indulgence as this. So she has told her lover she will never marry him till he promises her to become a total abstinent. He makes this promise—and I feel sure he will, for I want you to mark your approval of his conduct, and esteem for Mabel, by giving him the under-gardener'ship."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Graham, "I have fancied myself that the young man was not quite so steady as he should be, though I cannot say I have any proof. However, I am willing to believe the best, and if he gives the promise, and sticks to it, he shall have the place. Charles!"

"Sir," said the coachman, "Stop at the 'Chequers,' as you pass, and see if the carrier has left a parcel for me."

The coachman touched his hat. "Please, sir, there will be some disturbance there to-night, I am afraid."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"The landlord has a dance for the labourers, sir. All the hall servants will be there; and it often turns out noisily."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Graham. "If the landlord countenances such goings on, I'll not even allow my parcels to be left there. These dances regularly promote immorality and drunkenness. Well, never mind, Charles; just stop at the inn for a moment. I must have my parcel."

The carriage rolled on to the village, and neared the "Chequers," as the clock struck twelve.

Music and dancing; loud laughter, and mirth; rough jokes, and excited shouts; much drinking, and calling for wine and beer; flushed faces, and disordered dress; excited feelings, and roused passions! Surely no place for these who journey towards a holy country—no place for the affianced husband of a pure, innocent girl—no place for Robert Grant!

And yet Robert was there. The band was playing a lively waltz, and he was whirling round and round, excited with drink and flushed with excitement, his arm, encircling Emma Pulse, Martin's sister.

And Martin himself stood by, watching them. He was a shrewd fellow, was Martin. Robert was known in the village as a well-to-do, promising young man. His father and mother had died, leaving him a comfortable cottage, furnished, and Martin had recently determined that his sister Emma should be the mistress of it. She had no objection herself. So far from it, she had long been setting her cap at the handsome young gardener. The idea of Mabel—the pale-faced demure Mabel—being preferred to herself, was unendurable, and she had vowed to supplant her.

It was something new to Robert, after Mabel's firm behaviour, to hear the pretty Emma, the prettiest girl in the room, agreeing timidly with everything he said, drinking the glass of wine he offered, and urging him to take one, and then another, himself. It was flattering to hear her say she would dance with no one else; it was pleasant to see the sparkling eyes raised to his own, and to feel his arm clasped by the soft white hand. Dance followed dance, glass succeeded glass, the hours sped on, the excitement deepened, and Robert forgot his duty, his plighted truth and honesty alike, and whispered words of love to Emma Pulse.

Twelve o'clock! The music and dancing ceased. The candles were flickering and flaring in their sockets. The fumes of stale tobacco and of spirits mingled with the poisonous breath of heated lungs, until the weary pleasure-seekers were driven, half-suffocated, into the fresh frosty air. Sudden faces, bloodshot eyes, parched and still thirsty tongues, the sense of unnatural excitement and want of rest. What a wretched set they were! What a story there would be next morning of spitting headaches, weary frames, and empty purses! There had been a little cracking of the door, and the pot, and it had gone out; and the landlord alone could laugh now, for he had filled his purse.

Half drunk with strong drink, and altogether drunk with pleasure, Robert Grant staggered out. Emma Pulse was with him, and there they stood in the doorway, with the glare from the inn lights full upon them.

"Don't block up the road in this way," said a voice. It was Mr. Graham's coachman, coming out with his master's parcel; and there, in front was Mr. Graham himself, looking eagerly out of the carriage window. Robert uttered an exclamation, and darted into the inn; but it was too late, Mr. Graham and his daughter had seen him plainly.

"Your new gardener!" said Mr. Graham, with a shrug. "If that's the young man, I've done with him. Drive on, Charles; such a sight as that is enough to sicken one."

"Poor Mabel, she shall never marry such a heartless reprobate," said Miss Graham. "Fancy, if she had seen this sight, papa?"

Reader, Mabel had seen it. Kept awake by the rude merriment and music at the ale-house, and with a nervous dread lest Robert should be there, she had been watching behind her blind as the revellers came forth. A bitter cry of agony burst from the lips of the poor girl, and she sank back pale and heart-sick. She had seen enough. Robert was lost to her for ever!

One o'clock in the morning as Robert Grant stumbles through his cottage door, and sinks heavily into a chair. He passes his hand over his burning forehead, and tries to think calmly of what had passed. Is this really the quiet room he left five hours ago, or is he still whirling round and round to the music with Emma Pulse? Emma Pulse! it is Mabel Smith he means. Didn't he just now leave Mabel to come home? Had he this headache then, or did Martin give it him? Ah, he recollects! Mabel offended him, and then—oh, how Robert groans, drunk as he is, to think how fearfully he has forsaken himself. But it is no use; his head is running round, as if continuing the waltz in the "Chequers." He must go to bed somehow, and perhaps it may all prove a dream in the morning. With an effort he rises, and staggers toward the red embers for a light.

Would it not make you laugh in pitying derision, Robert Grant? Laugh, did we say? Nay, would it not rather send you away shuddering, if you could but see yourself making vain attempts to light the candle, as piece after piece of burning paper falls from your shaking fingers upon the floor? There, it is done at last. Never look behind you, to note whether that heap of dry wood is safe from the flaming fragments. Only one idea, and that to lay those throbbing temples on the soft pillow.

He stumbles up stairs, and the paper burns on. Creeping along, it catches a shaving, then another and another. A broad light springs up through the little room where Robert's good parents were wont to instruct their son from day to day, and to pray for him. Now the whole heap of wood is blazing fiercely, and the flames play round the work wood of the cupboard, and the doors blister and blacken beneath them. Robert Grant, awake, for the cottage is on fire! But Robert is sunk into a heavy stupor.

Two o'clock! The night constable sees a ruddy glare of light flaring up from the silent village. The cottage is wrapt in fire from basement to roof, and Robert is asleep in the midst of the flames!

The scene is changed to the hospital at 8—, some few miles away. That bandaged mummy, all swathed in lint, moaning restlessly with the heat that tortures him, with blackened blistered skin, and disfigured features; that caricature of a human being, tended by strangers, unpitied and unloved, is the once handsome, prosperous, beloved Robert Grant. The glass of beer had nearly done its work.

Week after week he lay, hovering between life and death. Snatched from the flames that were fairly licking him with their forked tongues, he had been brought to the hospital, as all thought to die. But a merciful God gave him one more chance, and Robert crawled away one day so Creeping along, it catches a shaving, then another and another. A broad light springs up through the little room where Robert's good parents were wont to instruct their son from day to day, and to pray for him. Now the whole heap of wood is blazing fiercely, and the flames play round the work wood of the cupboard, and the doors blister and blacken beneath them. Robert Grant, awake, for the cottage is on fire! But Robert is sunk into a heavy stupor.

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The scene is changed to the hospital at 8—, some few miles away. That bandaged mummy, all swathed in lint, moaning restlessly with the heat that tortures him, with blackened blistered skin, and disfigured features; that caricature of a human being, tended by strangers, unpitied and unloved, is the once handsome, prosperous, beloved Robert Grant. The glass of beer had nearly done its work.

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