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**"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." 2 Peter.**

[Editor and Proprietor]

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THE WORLD A LIE,  
Y CALF HATH CAST THEE OFF."

You have seen a piece of iron drawn to a magnet; now that that magnet is to iron, gold is to many. It exerts an omnipotent, at least an irresistible attraction over them. Let the news go forth of the discovery of a country where the veins of the mountains are filled with gold, and the streams roll over golden sands—the glad tidings of salvation have seldom made such a stir. The land may be distant; its soil poor; its climate inhospitable; its inhabitants a race of savages—it does not matter. Sudden farewells are spoken, families are broken up, and the tenderest ties are rudely rent asunder; the roads are crowded with eager emigrants; and under press of sail ships race on the high seas, striving which first shall reach the golden strand. Men that would have pronounced the hardest of things they have to suffer in tolerable at home, pour in eager crowds upon the place. They toil, and scheme, and dream of gold; and in the lust for gold, humanity, virtue, and duty are swallowed up—as in a roaring whirlpool. But why go to the fields of California and Australia to seek in such distant regions illustrations of my remark? They may be found nearer home. There are none of us—there are not many, as well as quiet, rural scenes as in busy cities, whose sole ambition is wealth, who are hastening to be rich. Behold the old cry, the complaint of the grave that, though often gorged with the banquets of battle-field and pestilence, still opens its great, black, greedy jaws to cry, 'Give, give, give.'

to what goes all this. How often have I sought riches, when, intruding on their lone-  
gains, I have seen a covey of wild fowl, from the  
side of the lake or the heather of the hill side,  
clamorous on the wing, and fly away! Has  
many a man who hasted to be rich, and made  
of his god, lived to become a bankrupt, and die  
maggot-buried among the ruins of his ambitious  
schemes? I have put a nail into the wheel of  
mine, was the boastful exclamation of such a  
man. God in heaven heard it: and put His hand  
in the wheel; and, flying round, it hurled the  
boaster in dust. But grant that some seem  
to have got the secret how to put a nail into for-  
get's unsteady wheel; what then? Money is a  
thing; but it is worth, not wealth that com-  
mands respect. I bestow that on him who applies  
it to noble purposes; and heartily subscribe  
to the saying, 'A good name is to be chosen rather  
than great riches, and loving favour rather than  
or gold.

Money, no doubt, is a power, but a power of ill-defined and narrow limits. It will purchase plenty, but not peace; it will furnish your table with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them; it will surround your sick-bed with physicians, but not restore health to your sickly frame; it will encompass you with a cloud of

The fragrant rose and the stinging nettle, though plants of very different properties, may grow side by side in the same soil. Even so, though the love of money and that of fame are different passions, both are 'of the earth, earthy'—the latter, parent as it has been of many brave and noble deeds, being not less than the former a thing of earth. And how does all history, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, show what a capricious divinity he worships who courts the applause of men; on what a precarious footing he stands who is a popular idol!

From David's son turn back now to David himself. *Look at his garments, modest youth—his cheek flushed with the excitement of the fight, and blushing deeper crimson under the gaze of so many eyes! Old men, shedding tears of joy, lend him with praises; the youth of Israel regard him with a generous admiration; while a fair crowd of blooming maidens, with harp in hand and flowery garlands on their heads, sing, as they dance before him, 'Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands.'* The curtain falls on that scene, and rises on another. An aged man is hurrying across the stage; time has silvered his noble head; tears fill his eyes, and roll down his cheeks; an exile from Jerusalem, he is followed only by a small band, who go to share the misfortunes of their discredited and dishonoured master. It is David; the same man who, years before, had popularity that stirred the envy of a king. Why do they drive him from his throne, and home, and capital? What evil has he done? Evil! He has done none—nothing to forfeit the favour of the giddy multitude, or blot out the memory of the glorious day when, meeting his giant foe in single combat, he slew the Philistine and saved the State. He is the same man; but they are not the same people. Well was it for David on that dark, disastrous day, that he had never made fame his idol, or the public favor his ruling passion; and that he had steered his course, not by the shifting lights of earth, but by the pole-star of God's holy word! Well was it that no bearded prophet came out on this fugitive king, to stand in his path, point to a people who had flung him off, and flung him out, saying, 'Thy salt hath cast thee off!'

to have known a patriot who had done good service to the State, hissed by the populace who once cherished him to the echo. I have seen a preacher once followed by crowds that hung upon his lips, stand up amid cold and empty benches; and, when his locks were grey and his hands were palsied, address himself to a few scattered hearers. Well was it for these men that they sought the people's profit—not their praise! Well, when the laurels man had bound around their brows were dropping into dust and decay, that their eyes had been raised to a crown immortal in the heavens! Well that an ungodly world could not reproach them, saying, Here is now thy God! Well, above all, that God Himself, pointing to the deserted house, hissing crowd, did not say, 'Thy calf hath cast thee off! Calm, and not much moved by the vicissitudes of a changing world, he stands aloof and its centre and its rest in God.

Look at yonder wretched, more than wretched, guilty drunkard; though, to the shame of a country and government that surrounds him with temptations, the poor wretch is sometimes as good sinned against as sinning. With beggary hanging on his back, palsy shaking his hand, and in his downcast head and averted looks a sense of shame and degradation—how unlike what once he was! Where is now the jovial song! where the clever jest! where the bright and ready wit that, flashing over the festive scene, was followed by thunders of applause! Gone! Despised and scorned like poor Robert Burns, by those who, for the sake of his fascinating accomplishments, once courted his society—driven from his drunken

a dying dog, had dragged herself quietly to die; I never saw the bloated, degraded, ragged drunkard, driven from the door where he had wasted wages that should have gone to bless wife and children, and made a happy home, but the voice of God seemed to sound out these words, 'Thy calf hath cast thee off.' Such cases teach us,—may the Holy Spirit impress and bless the lesson,—that 'the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,' and that 'the way of transgressors is hard.'

Turn from these scenes, and let me introduce you to a chamber where we have been summoned to the bedside of one that lies a dying, after having run a course of vice—early, fiercely, madly run it. This young man has gone down the dance of pleasure, and danced it out. The lights quenched, the music ceased, the actors gone, he is left alone upon the stage. Now, another fire than that of guilty passions is burning in his veins. His heart is beating a quick march to the grave. Laughed at so long as he appeared in the distance, Death, with grim and ghastly aspect, is now standing by his side. He had, very probably to quiet an uneasy conscience, imbibed infidel opinions; and his infidelity, a rotten plank, bends under the weight of the hour—is breaking beneath his feet! To my dying day I never can forget either how eagerly he flung out his arms to catch a hold of Christ, or the cries of that ghastly man as he was swept off into eternity. Lost or saved, I cannot tell; but the silence of the sepulchral chamber seemed to be broken by a voice that said, 'Thy call hath cast thee off.'

‘I have seen how riches will cast you off, and how the world will cast you off, and how pleasure will one day fling you from her polluted arms over into the pit. Let me now speak for Christ, and tell you of Him who will not—will never cast you off. Would God that I might prevail on one, another, to come, and casting themselves this hour into His arms, close with His offered mercy. A great statesman, abandoned in his old age by his sovereign, lay dying one day in England; and it is recorded of him that he said, ‘If I had served my God as faithfully as I had served my king, he had not cast me off now.’ How true! Blessed God! Thou wilt never abandon any who put their trust in Thee. ‘Thy that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, that cannot be moved,’ have seen a master cast off an old, faithful servant. When his hair was grey, and his back was bent and his arm was weak, and his once stalwart frame was worn out in service, he has been thrown on the parish, or on the cold clarity of the word. Blessed Jesus! Thou never didst cast off old servant or old soldier of Thine. Masters! Not masters only, but even a mother, may cast off! She can ‘forget her suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb.’ But, Jesus! this true loving mother, who fondles her infant, presses him to her bosom, teaches the laughing boy to walk, kisses away his tears, hastes to raise him when he falls, sings him to sleep, watches by his cradle-couch, is ready to dash into the burning house, or leap into the boiling flood

save him, but Thy dim, imperfect image! How justly may we crown Thy brows with the chaplet David wove to the memory of Jonathan, Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women!

Let sinners, then, come to Jesus. Come now! He will never cast you off. No; though you were the greatest sinner, that ever sinned on earth, He will heal your backslidings, and love you freely. Be it that you are grown grey in sin,—that there is falsehood, robbery, seduction, even blood, on your hand, that there is no crime man can commit that you have not done,—it matters not. Lay your sins on Jesus! You shall be forgiven; and your welcome will be that of the returning prodigal, who, ere he had time to cry, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight,' was added in the old man's arms, and felt the tears on his father's eyes dropping on his haggard cheek.

A GOOD EXTRACT.—The following extract from sermon preached at Cincinnati, by Rev. Charles Jewley, is worthy of special consideration :  
 "The most gifted pastor may supplement himself from the varied treasures of a church literature. The press is as ready to help the ministry as to undermine and overthrow it. If the pulpit, has a popular rival, it is the newspaper. But this may and ought to be made as great a power in the church, as it is in the outside world. It is the very best form in which to furnish a vast and needed amount of popular religious reading. Its general circulation is better economy than the most systematic tract distribution; for well conducted, it brings into a family, each week, more gospel truth than any tract contains, with the additional gain of sympathetic feeling and a

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The following is from an interesting paper in the November number of the *British Messenger*:

It was my privilege to attend some of the meetings of the recent General Sunday School Convention, and a brief notice of its proceedings seems appropriate and desirable. The Convention was of a representative character. It was attended not only by delegates from various parts of the United Kingdom and the British Colonies, but also from foreign lands. The purpose of this Convention was eminently practical. The "work and the workers" have both received a mighty stimulus, and, by the blessing of the Lord the Spirit, spiritual issues bearing on a glad eternity will surely accrue therefrom. The members admitted by tickets numbered 718: 469 persons had attended one or more of the meetings; namely, 48 members of the committee; 16 chairmen and speakers; 19 foreign delegates and visitors; 193 country delegates representing 68 unions; 87 London auxiliary delegates; and 106 ministers and other visitors.

On the *Friday* day immediately preceding the Convention, an immense number of Sunday-school children were brought together in the different districts of the metropolis to hear addresses. In the Metropolitan Tabernacle, there were over 2000 children, filling every part of that vast and commodious building, where *always* the Spirit and the Word prove mighty and quickening to adults but this gathering of the young was even a spectacle stirring and glorious. In the venerable old chapel (Lady Huntingdon's) in Spaffords, 252 children were assembled, and in Surrey Chapel nearly 2000. United teachers' prayer-meetings were held on the evening of the same *Lord's day* and the Convention itself, in *all* its meetings, was sanctified, blessed, and made a blessing, because that each was ushered in by fervent, affectionate united, believing supplication for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. When it is considered that the *teachers alone*, connected with the Sunday School Union of England and Wales, number at least half a million, and that in all probability the number of Sunday-school children within the same boundaries (not reckoning Scotland, Ireland, the Colonies, and foreign countries, for all which prayer was offered), are about three millions—surely if that Convention had met in London for nothing else but prayer, we might well say, in humble confidence, that this was the precursor of a gracious and extended work of divine quickening among the rising generation.

Glاد tidings were brought to the Convention by Dr. Urwick, in a paper on *The History and Influence of Sunday Schools in Ireland*, the work commencing ninety years ago; now embracing upwards of 3000 teachers and 230,000 scholars; while the Sunday School Society for Ireland has issued nearly half a million of Bibles, and nearly 9000 Testaments. The Rev. J. Inglis addressed the Convention on *the History and Influence of Sunday Schools in Scotland*. A just tribute was paid to Mr. James Gall's lesson system, and also to Mr. Stow, who "had laboured well to bring out the pictorial aspect of the truths taught." As to the teachers in Scotland, they "may be considered as the flower of the churches, and they had not laboured in vain."

Hugh Owen, Esq. (the honoured friend who was the benefactor of the London cabinet, and who has, with his coadjutors, now the joy of seeing a wave of grace in progress among them and their families in connection with cabmen's [Jules], read a paper on *The History and Influence of the Sunday Schools in Wales*—his native land. He referred to the blessed revival days of Griffith Jones, and J. Charles of Bala; and to their labours in connection with "circular schools," designed to teach the Welsh to read the Scriptures in their own tongue. In the Welsh Sunday Schools of the present day, as many as 100,000 adults attend, and are catechized, as well as the children.

Space forbids me to dwell on other papers read, and the very important discussions which they originated. The "great object of Sunday-school teaching," "Sunday-school classification," "the qualification of an efficient Sunday-school teacher," the training of Sunday-school teachers for their work," "Sunday-school extension in the upper classes of society," "the internal arrangements and collateral agencies of the Sunday-school."

first elaborately treated by gentlemen specially qualified to deal with them, and then considered and weighed by the Convention.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

In the same week in which the Convention just noticed held its meetings, an International Temperance Convention, under the presidency of Sir W. Trevelyan, Bart., sat daily at the Hanover Square Rooms. A deputation was sent to the Sunday-school Convention, urging the importance of Temperance Reform in its bearings on the highest interests of the rising race.

SALE OF SCRIPTURES.

The *sale* of the holy scriptures in London during the summer and autumn has been immense, and foreigners have been extensive purchasers, both at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, as well as elsewhere.

At the Bible Stall, opposite the International Exhibition, the free distribution of New Testaments, psalters, gospels, epistles, Scripture portions and cards, in *seven* different languages, has gone on to an extent which, when the complete results—after the close of the Exhibition—are published, will excite at once gratitude and astonishment. The refusal of the Royal Commissioners to permit the Scriptures to be sold within the Exhibition has been overruled for good, and to the glory of God, and the more wide scattering of the good seed of the kingdom. Men now know and see that His Word cannot be, and “is not bound.” The gratuitous distribution at the Bible Stand near the Exhibition, has comprised 3566 portions of Scripture and 39,941 Scripture cards. That noble beginning was the signal for a day of thanksgiving at Crosby Hall, in the city—the promoters of the daily prayer-meeting there having been God’s instruments, in the face of great difficulties, of erecting the Bible Stall.

PREACHING TO FOREIGNERS.

The preaching of the gospel to foreigners visiting the Exhibition has been systematically and perseveringly carried on, with *increasing attendance* and with token of blessing. Private conversations also ensue between foreigners and the missionaries employed by the Foreign Evangelization Committee. One of the latter records a *foreign lady* *was* *about* *to* *be* *going* *on* *a* *trip* *to* *a* *foreign* *lady* *and* *gentleman* *at* *the* *Thames* *Tunnel* *pier*. *At* *first* *reluctant* *to* *receive* *the* *little* *printed* *messenger* *of* *mercy*—*thou* *some* *Scripture* *texts* *were* *quoted*—*deeply* *solemnized* *the* *next* *day* *exclaiming*. "Oh, if you could but make me feel the assurance of a hope of heaven, you would make me feel happy," to which the answer was, "The promises of Christ are an assurance, and hence all our need is faith in his word." Then came the presenting, on *parting*, of the card of the foreigner, with an invitation to call at their lodgings, and "to spend an hour or two in reading the Bible." The card proved to be that of an officer, and a nobleman of high rank from one of the German states. From Paris came a letter soon after, in which deep gratitude was expressed, with the assurance, "The sermon of Dr. Krummacher, on Sunday last, has affected us much; and we feel much indebted to you for having directed us there."

Surely it is the special duty of God's children everywhere to pray without ceasing, on the truth, by the loving voice and the printed page, so widely made known this year in London to foreigners—the Russian and the Pole, the Scandinavian of Denmark and of Norway, the Belgian, the German, the Frenchman, and the Swiss; the sons of Italy, as well as Spain, the Jew as well as the Gentile. Truly, I believe that, memorable as the recollections of a happy eternity, will be the visit of hundreds, if not thousands, who came hither to see a great sight—the “Grande Exposition,” the cynosure of the world’s admiring gaze; but who, in the tender mercy of our God, have had revealed to them the Cross and the Victim, and standing beneath have had their souls cleansed, transformed, and “saved in Christ for ever!”

DAILY PRAYER-MEETING.

There are now sixteen *daily* special prayer-meetings in London; and of weekly, or bi-weekly (including those for youths and children), there are sixty-eight gatherings for united confession, supplication, and intercession.

THE MIDNIGHT MOVEMENT.

The Midnight Movement has been seeking to save the lost by fresh meetings, and by one especially at the Sailors' Home, Shadwell. "Here, at one o'clock in the morning, were some 300 children of the night, and of the women and girls whose day is night, and whose night is day, just few of the wretched thousands of this class in London—the forlorn outcasts of poor humanity." The results, both social and spiritual, of the Midnight Movement are indeed remarkable, putting to silence "the ignorance of foolish men," who evilled it and gloried over its "failure." The confessedly dry, "The Independent," writes, "In view of its first efficiency, though it has lost nothing of interest of novelty. It was a bold and important enterprise. It demanded a more than common amount of good sense, discretion, and delicacy; it laid its promoters open to severe censure in case of failure, and exposed them to great ridicule from those who can always laugh at what they do not understand, or will not help." . . . "He cannot have much pity or compassion in his heart, who refuses his best wishes for the success of an enterprise that has already lessened the burden of human suffering, and appears to have capabilities

the movement from the first, can say with confidence, "this witness is true;" and he ventures to ask, Why should this noble, Christ-like enterprise in London be suffered to languish from lack of funds, and why in *every large town* should not a kindred movement be inaugurated, and vigorously, prayerfully, and hopefully prosecuted?

*It was intensely real.* There was a real burning to ashes of whatever was exposed to that fire. The ashes were carefully shown to the public view, and carried away (Ley. vi. 11).

*The fire of hell* is terribly real, intensely real. It is not a mere semblance, or a bare threatening; it thoroughly accomplishes the designs of Justice. It makes a man cry, "I am tormented in this flame." (Luke xvi. 24). The scars entrenched by the divine thunderbolts on the withered forms of the lost, on their seathed and shrivelled souls, curse-stricken and dried as the fig-tree, will tell the same. I do not wish to dwell on anything harrowing, but it is true. All joy gone, gloom and woe shall settle down on them, as truly as the fire fell on Sodom—as truly as vengeance overtook the sinning angels. Terrible as it is, it is all coming to pass, like the "chains" and the "turning into ashes" spoken of in 2 Peter ii. 4-6. You may sit there, thoughtless man, saying, "It is all threatening," as the fool says, "No God;" but a few years will reveal it all. It will consume away every pleasure, every satisfaction, and every delight, and leave only the ashes of former things. Yea, the raised-up memories of former joys will be all that remains to you of enjoyment, and that will be intense misery; for (as a poet has sung)—

Not less terribly real is the *Cyrene* more real because the sufferings that Jesus, our Lord of the cross, were intensely real? Was there heard, as they went—  
Then He presented to though the tender nerves of  
the sound of the hammer! He did not bow His head in  
driving those <sup>heavy</sup> pale, His corpse hang stiff, and  
hands and feet and marble? These were the ash-  
dead, Him; and did not Joseph and Nicodemus  
become <sup>men</sup> out to the clean place? <sup>He was too</sup>  
of the fathers! He who was not wont to utter a  
carry <sup>three</sup> or breathe a complaint, cried out  
real, when <sup>he said,</sup> *Eloï, Eloi sabbachti nî!* <sup>O fellow-sin-</sup>  
<sup>monstrous and feeble-wake, that</sup> <sup>and up cry—</sup>  
<sup>singing God, in great variety and abund-</sup>  
*"Eloi, Eloi."*

Sinner, is not all this meant to teach something? Did not justice do its work? All was intensely real. Now, it is this we need when true conviction of sin has laid hold on us, and we cry out, like Luther, "My sin! my sin!" Accept of this Surety as yours, and then you can say, "Father, righteous Father, thou canst not smite me, for thou hast smitten my Substitute?" It is thus I may get real peace. It is not by proving myself better than others, or trying to show that I have amended what in me was wrong. No; if I turn inward, all is wrong. Conscience refuses to be quiet: it upbraids and accuses me. But here is God's way; dwell upon Christ's satisfaction as your own. It is when you are in the very act of beholding it that the Comforter delights to breathe over your soul, causing joy to steal into the heart. And this explains why this sinner enjoys assured peace, and that other is uncertain still. While he is forgetting himself, occupied wholly with thoughts of Christ, God does not forget him; God, by the Comforter, pours in the oil of joy. It was the privilege of an Israelite that he could at any time behold the visible symbol of God's presence over the tabernacle. But then it might suggest fear and dread. Let us suppose one in the darkness of night gazing upon it, and feeling afraid. Just at this moment a believing Israelite addresses him; "Why are you afraid? You look only wonder; look rather at the red altar-fire. The Lord our God is a consuming fire, but see Him only in that altar-fire and that victim." The Israelite who apprehends this truth finds fear depart, and can behold the fiery pillar glaring like lightning.

Young people, in the camp there would often be such scenes as the following. —An Israelitish father brings his child, who is scarcely tall enough to see what is on the altar. He lifts up the child, and says, "I see a lamb, father," says the boy. "Look again," says the father. "It is now nearly wasted away," "Look yet again." "It is all away this time, father." "My son, that is like the fire of hell!" And it is like the fire of justice satisfied in the Surety. Learn here the way by which you are to be saved, escaping hell by a Surety's work.

Yes, fellow-sinner, the fire having burned upon  
 take up these ashes, and <sup>there</sup> no more to burn, we may  
 do, our access to Him is open, and <sup>God</sup> In  
 welcome sure. Fury is not in Him; love burns  
 with a most vehement flame, and will burn for  
 ever, to the praise of the glory of His grace, in us  
 who are accepted in the Beloved.—*The Altar*  
*Fire, by Rev. A. A. Bonar.*

Here there is much repining and fretting at God's dispensations; but believe it, the day is approaching when ye shall write upon the posts of the doors of heaven, He hath done all things well.