

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. MCLEOD,

Vol. X.—No. 49.

## The Intelligencer.

SABBATH SCHOOL RECITATIONS AND CONCERT. (Concluded.)

### Essay on the Sabbath.

Read by Abbie McLeod.

The first great institution established in paradise for the human race, was that of marriage. This lays the foundation for families, and for social relations among men. The second great institution, established also in paradise for the race, was that of the Sabbath. This was designed to regulate families, to point out the period for labour and the period for rest, for the public worship of God, and of special devotion to spiritual and eternal concerns. So important was this arrangement to the glory of God and to the welfare of men, that with reference to it God regulated his own conduct in the creation of the world. He wrought six days himself. He then came out in the face of Sabbath experience the restraining, if not the renewing and sanctifying grace of God. While they kept the Sabbath, God keeps them. When they reject the Sabbath, he rejects them, and thus suffers them to eat the fruit of their own ways, and to be filled with their own devices.

A father, whose son was addicted to riding out for pleasure on the Sabbath, was told that if he did not stop it, his son would be lost. He did not stop it, but sometimes set the example of riding out for pleasure himself. His son became a man, was placed in a responsible situation, and entrusted with a large amount of property. Soon he was a debaucher, and abandoned. In a different part of the country he obtained another responsible situation, and was again entrusted with a large amount of property. Or that he defrauded the owner, and fled again. He was apprehended, tried, and convicted, and sent to prison. After years spent in solitude and labour, he wrote a letter to his father, and, after recounting his course of crime, he added: "That was the effect of breaking the Sabbath when I was a boy." Should every convict who broke the Sabbath when a boy, and whose father set him the example, speak out from the State Prisons of America, they would tell a story which would cause the ears of every one that should hear it to tingle.

A distinguished merchant, long accustomed to extensive observation and experience, and who had gained an uncommon knowledge of men, said: "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him. Such an one cannot be trusted."

Many a man setting at nought the Divine counsel with regard to the Sabbath, and refusing on that day, to hearken to his instruction or reproof, almost before he was aware of it, has found himself abandoned of God, in the hands of the enemy chained and fettered by transgression. Sinking from depth to depth, till he was suddenly destroyed, and there was no remedy.

Let every young man remember the Sabbath, and keep it holy, be found habitually in the house of God, and under the sound of that Gospel which is to make him wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus. Let him avoid worldly business and amusement on that day, as he would avoid the gates of hell. Even where they do not lead to abandonment in crime, they burden the heart, pollute the affections, sour the conscience of grace, and prevent the efficacy of all the means of grace. They carry the soul away from God on the rapid stream of time, down to eternal perdition.

Day ever blessed!  
The light of the rest,  
I had with glad emotion,  
Ordained for man,  
When time began,  
For solace and devotion.

Day more endeared,  
Solemn and grand,  
The life and Resurrection,  
That morning's rays  
Shed o'er those days,  
His glory's bright reflection.

Day ever blessed!  
Type of the rest,  
That day the souls remanifest,  
Happy is he  
Who joys in these,  
And o'er thy day profest."

**God Bless Everything.**

Recited by Emma Yerxa.

I'm not too young for God to see!

He knows my name and nature too,

And all lay long he looks at me,

And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,

And knows the thoughts I have within,

And whether I'm at work or play,

He's sure to see it if I sin.

Or how could children tell a lie,

Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,

If they're reasoning God was by,

And had them always in his sight!

Some good minister is near,

It makes us careful what we do;

And how much more we ought to fear

The Lord, who sees us through and through.

Then when I want to do amiss,

However pleasant it may be,

I'll always try to think of this—

I'm not too young for God to see!

**The Infidel and his Daughter.**

Recited by Sarah Biggar.

"The damps of death are coming fast,

My father, o'er my brow;

The pale, with all its scenes has fled,

And I must turn me now

To that dim future which in vain

My eyes seek to deservt;

Tell me, my father, in this hour,

In whose bethit to die?

In thine f— I've watched the scornful smile,

And heard thy withering tone,

Whence'or the Christian's humble hope?

Was placed above thine own?

I've heard then speak of zoning death,

Without a shade of gloom,

And laugh at all the childish fears,

That cluster round the tomb.

"O is it in my mother's faith?

How fondly do I trace,

Through many a weary long year past

That calm and saintly face?

How often do I call to mind

Now she's beneath the sod,

The places, the hours, in which she drew

My early thoughts to God;

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,"

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

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1863.

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

Whole No. 317.

"Twas then she took this sacred book,  
And from its burning page  
Read how its truths support the soul  
In youth and failing age;  
And bade me in its precepts live,  
And by its precepts die,  
That I might share a home above  
In worlds beyond the sky.

"My father, shall I look above,  
Amid this gathering gloom,  
To him whose promises of love  
Extend beyond the tomb?  
Or curse the being who blessed,  
This checkered path of mine?  
Must I embrace my mother's faith,  
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

The brown-toned warrior brow  
Passed like a cloud away,  
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek  
That flowed not till that day,  
"No, not in mine!" with choking voice,  
The sceptic made reply—  
"But in thy mother's holy faith,  
My daughter, may'st thou die?"

CHEER.—"One thing have I desired"—Anthem, by W. B.  
Bradbury.

**The Dying Wife.**

Recited by Abbie McLeod.

Let the gem upon my bosom,  
Let me feel the sweet, warm breath,  
For a strange chill o'er my passes,  
And I know that it is death.  
I would gaze upon the treasure  
Scarce given ere I go;  
Feel her rose, dimpled fingers  
Wander o'er my cheeks of snow.

I am passing through the waters,  
But a blessed shore appears;  
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,  
Let me kiss away thy tears.  
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,  
Strive from midnight until day,  
It may leave an angel's blessing  
When it vanishes away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,  
"Tis not long she can be there;  
See! how my heart she touches—  
"Tis the pearl I love to wear.  
If, in after years beside thee,  
Sits another in my chair,  
Though her voice be sweeter music,  
And her face than mine more fair;

If a cherub call thee "father!"  
Far more beautiful than this!  
Love my first-born, O my husband!  
Turn not from the motherless;  
Tell her sometimes of her mother—  
You can call her by my name;  
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,  
If she errs, oh! gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,  
I will answer if she calls,  
And my breast shall stir her ringlets  
When my voice in blessing falls;  
Her soft, black eye will brighten,  
And wonder whence it came;  
In her heart, when years pass o'er her,  
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal  
Walks between two angels here;  
One records the ill, but lists it,  
If, before the midnight drar,  
Man repents—if uncleaned,  
Then he seals it for the skies;  
And her right hand angel weepeth,  
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel,  
Sealing up the good for Heaven;  
Striving that the midnight watches  
Find no mislead unforgiven,  
You will not forget me, husband,  
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod!  
Oh! love the jewel next to God!

**Expostulation.**

Recited by Frances Jones.

Sinner, will you scorn the message  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Every sentence, O how tender!  
Every line is full of love!  
Listen to it;—  
Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the gospel  
News from Zion's King proclaim,  
To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,  
Free forgiveness in his name."  
How important!  
Free forgiveness in his name.

Tempted souls, they bring you succor,  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;  
And with news of consolation  
Chase away the falling tears!  
Tender heralds  
Chase away the falling tears.

Who hath our report believed?  
Who received the joyful word?  
Who embraced the news of pardon,  
Offered to the Lord?  
Can you slight it?—

Offered to you by the Lord.

O ye angels, hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way;  
Haste ye to the courts of heaven;  
Tidings bear without delay!  
Rebel sinners  
Glad the message will obey.

**Religion a Joy-giver.—A Dialogue.**

Recited by Edward Yerxa, Abbie McLeod, and Arthur Fress.

Eddy.—O Albert! Did you know that James Lawson had joined the Church?

Albert.—Yes, I heard of it last evening, and I went to school to-day, determined to watch him to see if he acted any different from the rest of us, but I did not see that he did. He played before school and at recess, just as happy as any of us.

Eddy.—Yes, and when we were playing at ball, he laughed as loud as any boy.

Albert.—And jumped right up and down too; I saw him over so many times. I guess he did not know I was watching him.

Eddy.—Well, for my part, I thought when people

joined the Church, they had to be real steady and sober, just as we are Sundays.

A.—So did I. But don't you think, I saw James Lawson with a story book in his hand this noon, and he said, he had just bought it for himself. I asked him to let me see it, and when I opened it, I saw it was just as full of pictures as it could be, real handsome ones too!

E.—Well, I don't see what he wants of such a book as that now he has joined the Church.

A.—Nor I; I shouldn't think he would want to read anything but the Bible and Hymn book, now.

E.—And his Sunday-school book, the memoir of some child or other, too, good to live.

A.—Well, I don't see that joining the Church has changed him one iota. He was always good enough, I thought.

E.—He's not sobered down any as I can see, though as you say he was always good enough, and mother often says she wishes I was as pleasant and good as James Lawson.

(Enter Arthur.)

A.—O Arthur! We were just talking about James Lawson. He has joined the Church. Did you know it?

Arthur.—Yes, and I heard you from the next room talking about it, and that is why I came in.

A.—Well don't you think just as we do, that it is queer enough that he should act just the same as jumping, running, and playing, just as well as any of us?

E.—And reading story books, too.

A.—Before I give my opinion on the case, allow me to ask you a few questions. You say James has joined the Church; why do you suppose he did that?

A.—Because he is pious, I suppose.

E.—And what do you mean by pious?

A.—And what does religious mean?

E.—That he is better than he was before.

A.—That he has a new heart.

E.—That he loves God.

A.—Well my friends, you have given me some very good answers. Now supposing all this is true of James, why did you think he must not be good, and more any more?

A.—Because I have an idea that all religious people must be sober.

A.—Do you ever disobey your parents?

A.—Yes, sometimes.

A.—And you, Eddy?

E.—Yes, I remember it was only last week that I disobeyed my mother.

A.—How did you feel after it?

E.—Light as a feather! I can run almost as fast as if I had wings. I went into the garden, shouted, laughed and played, and thought I had never been so happy before.

A.—That is just the way I feel after I have done any thing wrong, and have been forgiven. You have described my feelings exactly, Eddy.

A.—What made you so happy Eddy?

E.—Because I had been forgiven.

A.—Well, why did you look sober about it?

E.—What a queer question, Arthur; I don't know who should have been happy, if it wasn't I!

A.—And why?

E.—Because I had grieved one of the best of mothers, and my heart was almost broken about it. But when I confessed my fault, and she forgave me, you do wonder I felt light-hearted!

A.—No I don't wonder. But can you not think of another friend whom you have often grieved?

E.—My teacher?

A.—I do not mean your teacher, but a higher and better friend than any that earth can give. The one who gives you life, health, and all the comforts you enjoy; who has spread out so many beauties around you, and whose benefits words fail to recount.