

The Religious and Temperance

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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The Intelligencer.

THE POLISHED ARROW.

The Rev. Christmas Evans, a distinguished preacher in Wales, met with much trouble in his temperance efforts from his brother ministers who were not willing to make the entire sacrifice. One in particular, Mr. W., was a weakling, who opposed, Evans prepared to meet him. He polished an arrow, and put it in his quiver. On one occasion he was appointed to preach, and as usual there were gatherings from far and near to hear him, Mr. W. was also present; but as he was in anticipation of an attack, he at first said he should not be present; while Evans preached, yet such was the fascination that he could not stay away. By-and-by he crept up into the gallery, where the preacher's eye—how he had but one—which had been long searching for him, at length discovered him. All went on as usual until the time came when the arrow might be drawn, which was done slyly and unperceived. "I had a strange dream the other night," said the preacher. "I dreamed that I was in Pandemonium, the council chamber of Hades. How I got there I know not, but there I was. I had not been there long, before there came a thundering rap at the gate. 'Beelzebub, Beelzebub, you must come on earth directly.' 'Why, what is the matter now?' 'They are sending out missionaries to preach to the heathen.' 'Are they? Had news this.' 'I'll be there presently. Beelzebub came, and hastened to the place of embarkation, where he saw the missionaries, their wives, and a few boxes of Bibles and tracts, but on turning round, he saw rows of skulls piled up, and labelled 'gin,' 'rum,' 'brandy,' etc. 'That will do,' said he, no fear yet. These skulls will do more harm than the boxes can do good.' So saying, he stretched his wings for hell again. After a time came another loud call: 'Beelzebub, they are forming Bible Societies.' 'Are they? Then I must go.' He went, and found two ladies going from house to house, distributing the Word of God. 'This won't do,' thought he, 'but I will watch the result.' The ladies visited an aged female, who received a Bible with much reverence and many thanks. Satan loitered about, and when the ladies were gone, saw the old woman come to the door and look round to assure herself that she was unobserved. She then put on her bonnet, and with a small parcel under her apron, hastened to the next public house, where she pawned the new Bible for a bottle of gin. 'That will do,' said Beelzebub. 'No fear yet, and back again he flew to his own place. Again came a loud knock and hasty summons. 'They are forming Temperance Societies.' 'Temperance Societies! what's that? I'll come and see.' He came and saw, and flew back muttering, 'This won't do much harm to me or to my people; they are forbidding the use of ardent spirits; but they have left my poor people all the gin and porter, and the rich all the wine, no fear yet.' Again came a louder rap, and a more and more urgent call. 'Beelzebub! you must come now or all is lost; they are forming teetotal societies.' 'Teetotal! what in the name of all my imps is that? To drink no intoxicating liquors whatever. The sole beverage is water.' 'Indeed; that is bad news! I must see after this.' And he did, but went back again to satisfy the anxious inquiries of his legions, who were all *yet* about the matter. 'Oh! said he, 'don't be alarmed. True, it's an awkward affair, but it won't do much harm yet, for all the persons are against it, and Mr. W. is a weakling' (sending up an eagle glance of his eye at him), 'is at the head of them.' 'But I won't be at the head of them any longer,' cried out Mr. W., and, walking calmly down to the table-pew, signed the pledge. Now, my friends, the moral of the anecdote is easily pointed out. I shall simply say, 'Go ye and do likewise.'

The Rev. John Griffith related the above in a speech at the London anniversary, and then gave the following account of himself, how he became a teetotaler, and the results.

I was not made a teetotaler by any bishop, nor by clergymen of the Church to which I belong, but I was made a teetotaler by a member of that society which I greatly respect, which is always in the van of every philanthropic movement, and if my Secretary will not allow me two or three minutes more, I will tell you how I became a convert to the teetotal creed. I entered about twelve years ago a very important field of labor. My first work was to teach the field, the nature, its characteristics, and to ascertain its wants. I found that there were churches and chapels there, that there were educational and social institutions there, but I found, also, my friends, that the results of the labors of all the good men employed were not commensurate with the pains that had been bestowed: I soon found that the prevailing cause of the comparatively small success that followed was drunkenness. I began to preach and to lecture on the sin of drunkenness, when, one day, I was accosted by a young Quaker, I do not use the term in any disrespectful manner; he told me that he was very glad to find that I had come to reside amongst them; he complimented me upon my zeal, and made me believe that my labors were generally acceptable; he particularly referred to my lectures and preaching upon the subject of drunkenness; "but," said my friend, "with thou tell me how many converts thou hast had from drunkenness?" I told him that I feared I had not one. "Well," said this good young man, "thou hast tried what preaching will do, thou hast tried what lecturing will do, suppose thou wilt now try what example will do." And I must confess, that was an appeal that was irresistible; that was, to use plain language, driving me to a corner I could not escape from. I told him at once, "Give me a month to consider and I will answer you." I do not think it was unreasonable in a matter involving such a change to ask for a month. It was more to my credit, and to the good of the cause, that I should consider the matter fully before I decided. I went home and began to think what my friends would say, and how awkward I should feel at the social gatherings I occasionally frequented; a number of those unworthy reasons came into my mind one after the other, but dealing with them gave me no satisfaction whatever. At last, I reduced the whole to this one simple question, "I am a professed minister of a great Master, I hold a commission, which is the most important man can ever hold; I have a work, the most important work under God's sun; my work is to win souls to Christ and prepare them for another and an eternal world. I must be of

the spirit of my Master, or else I never can perform the work of my Master. How, then, can I best serve the cause of such a Master? Can I do so by simply preaching against habits and customs which produce in their excess a large amount of evil, and yet uphold these very customs in my own daily practice, or by laying them aside as unnecessary, except as indulgences, and abandoning them altogether, to show my readiness to rescue those that are slaves to this power?" I came to the conclusion, that for the sake of those around me I should give up the use of intoxicating drinks.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.

I thus satisfied my Quaker friend by lending my example as well as my precept to the work of lessening this general sin. What was the result? It was of a most pleasing character. The result of such a course, which did not emanate from me as an individual, but from the high office and position I held, far exceeded my expectations. It soon got wind that I had become a teetotaler. "Oh," said some, "the rector has gone entirely wrong; he has sunk the dignity of his position." But what was the result in the town? I do not say that the results are to-day in full force. The mayor became a teetotaler; the ex-mayor became a teetotaler; the superintendent of police became a teetotaler; I believe that every member of the force became a teetotaler; eight hundred persons registered their names in the pledge book, seven hundred young people became members of our Band of Hope. The whole moral aspect of the town became changed. Sobriety was in the ascendency. Frequenting public houses ceased to be considered respectable; the stumbling-blocks and hindrances were lessened, and the work of philanthropy and religion progressed. In churches and chapels, in many cases, day schools there was a vastly improved attendance, and teetotalism was generally pronounced to be a good thing.

BACKSLIDING—ITS CAUSE, PREVENTION, AND CURE.

Backsliding, so common in these days, is an effect, and like every other effect, must have its cause. Many professing Christians, after a period of happy experience, find themselves in a cold and joyless state, where they never intended to be, and where they had prayed, and hoped and resolved that they never would be. Backsliding, however, is rarely, if ever the consequence of deliberate intention, but generally the result of causes, the legitimate effects of which were not anticipated. Had they been foreseen and understood they would have been carefully avoided. Effects, however, can be avoided only in their causes. If we take coils of fire into our bosoms we shall be burned. We cannot receive the fire and escape the burning.

When the sinner is truly converted, the love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him. The objects of his affections are changed: "Old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new." The things he once loved he now hates, and what he once hated he now loves. His soul is filled with impulses, as he enters upon a new life, which is a life of love. Love is now the law of his soul, its inspiration, its vitality, its moving principle. Joy is one of its earliest fruits. This love, which though gently acting, is a very strong principle and fulfills the whole law, changes also the outward life. As it flows out into action, the young convert is sweetly carried forward as by the Spirit of God into new paths of duty and privilege. God is leading him now, and under the influence of his first love he always leads him right. How clear are convictions then, how broad the lines of distinction between right and wrong? No desire for worldly pleasures, no disposition to compromise with sin, characterizes that bright period of Christian experience. Under the light of this bright morning how earnestly the soul pledges itself to a strict and faithful course of service to God and the church. Let the reader never forget that under the impulses of the first love, God sets the soul upon its feet, and states it off in the right direction. If it continues to move in the same direction it will make its calling and election sure, and ultimately enter in holy triumph the heavenly Jerusalem.

That new power of love is designed to increase more and more, to bear us forward into an enlarged sphere of duty and usefulness, to support us under increasing responsibilities and trials, and to make the yoke of Christ always easy to us and his burden ever light. But how seldom is this fact realized in Christian experience! how common it is for Christians to leave their first love, and slide back again towards the bondage of the world from the love of God had delivered them! Some backslide but a little way, others go farther, while many fall entirely away from all spiritual life into a dull and irksome formality. Many fall further away, and give up even the form of religion. What is the cause of this backsliding, and where does it begin?

We think the cause is always the neglect of the "first love." Those works, duties or privileges to which the soul was borne forward by the impulses of its first love. It commences when that neglect begins. Hence the injunction, "Remember from whence thou art fallen; repent and do the first works." etc. The above words follow the declaration, "Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love." God fixes the experience of our first love very strongly and permanently in the mind. How easily and distinctly we remember the scenes and circumstances of our conversion—the time when, thoughts, purposes, and course of life then entered upon, while multitudes of things since experienced have been entirely forgotten. God keeps that part of our history carefully in our memory, so that if we afterwards fall away in any degree, we may without difficulty "Remember from whence we are fallen," that we may repent and do the first works, in order that the "candlestick may not be removed from its place," on account of our backsliding.

What backslider is not conscious that his

backsliding began with neglect of duty? True, there may have been a momentary loss of joy, a slight change of feeling, but that change of feeling was not backsliding, and could not be until it had effected a change of doing, a neglect of some well defined Christian duty. If we would guard that point well we should never be lost. If the first works are never omitted, the first love will never be lost. Faith without works is dead, being alone; and by works faith is made perfect. The scripture says "That man shall be blessed in his deed," that is, in his act of doing. The blessing that comes to us in his deed is lost by not doing. Let all those who would not backslide, but continue to go on unto perfection, look well to their doings, and continue to walk consistently with their "first works." However we may omit our neglect duty, for that will inevitably involve a loss of love.

Does any backslider wish to return and regain his first love and his former joy of salvation? If so, let him know that there is no other way but to repent and return to a faithful doing of the first works. He must go back to the point where he left the narrow path of duty, and do the "first works," the neglect of which turned him out of the way of holiness. "Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen; repent and do the first works, or else I will come unto thee suddenly and remove the candlestick out of its place, except thou repent."

The backslider from God is in fearful peril. He knows this is true; but his danger is greatly enhanced by the simple fact that he does not feel it to be so. He can say with the poet, "I see my sins, but cannot feel." Sin has hardened his heart, seared his conscience, benumbed his sensibilities, until the alarm which the gospel sounds in his ears makes but a momentary impression; in many cases it makes no impression at all. Sudden destruction awaits him, the unexpected visitation of God's judgment, and the final removal of the light and influence of the Holy Spirit. If the eye of a single backslider in heart rests upon these lines, we exhort him to begin at once to cry for mercy, making at the same time all possible haste to take up the old cross and faithfully resume the doing of "the first works."—*Zion's Herald.*

INDIA.

In the Annual Report of the London Missionary Society it is stated:

"The power of caste has been sensibly weakened, and many high-caste natives have at different times embraced the Gospel. During the last three converts of high caste, two of them Kaim Brahmins, have been received into our mission church in Calcutta. Encouraging accessions have been made to our churches, generally in the South, where hundreds have renounced heathenism, avowed themselves Christians, and placed themselves under the guidance and counsel of Christian teachers. The number of young men under training for the work of evangelists is greater than at any former period; and those that have already been ordained to the ministry, as pastors or evangelists, have diligently discharged the duties of their office, and have well sustained it by a consistent and unblemished Christian character. The liberality of the native churches is a new and most encouraging feature of the times."

"One of the most important and hopeful indications of the advancement of the native mind appears in the extension of education among the females of India. This good work has, to a limited extent, been carried on for many years in the schools superintended by the wives of our missionaries, and has recently been extended to the daughters of the native Christians, who are now being educated in their households. These females have generally belonged to the humbler classes of society; but efforts have been commenced, and are now extending, to impart knowledge to the higher ranks of Hindoo women, and though it is but the day of small things, we may confidently expect the happiest results. Now, indeed, many of the educated Hindoos are desirous that their wives and daughters should receive the advantages of education, and are actually employing means to promote their mental improvement. And in no single department could wise and benevolent efforts be employed with greater advantage to India, than by the enlightenment and elevation of the female population."

"The system of *Zemana* visitation to the families of respectable Hindoo families is a means of Christian usefulness of great promise; and, although not to be accomplished without much difficulty and manifold discouragements, it is silently extending."

"A more striking evidence of the advance of the public mind of India in favor of education, and in sentiments of respect and esteem for Christian missionaries, could scarcely be found than in the contrast of the misrepresentation, ridicule, and reproach with which Dr. Duff commenced his noble and disinterested career in India, and the accumulated honors heaped upon him when he left its shores—honors rendered to him not only by his countrymen of the highest rank, but by the most distinguished Hindoos in the city of Calcutta."

Rev. George Hall, B.A., missionary, Madras, in an eloquent speech at the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, said:

"But, my Lord, let us look rather at our own times, and consider what have been the fruits of missionary labor in India. We can point now to the whole of God's Word, published in fourteen of India's languages, and to the New Testament, or parts of it, in twelve others—making the Sacred Scriptures, in whole or in part, in no fewer than twenty-six of the living languages of India. And we have it from the best authority, that during the last ten years upwards of one million and a half copies have been distributed among the people. Along with this, we can also point to Christian books and tracts in all these languages, and can tell you that eight and a half millions of these have in ten years been circulated among the Hindoos. The press, with all its mighty power, has been brought to bear fully on the stronghold of Hindoism, and this has resulted from the labors of missionaries."

"And, my Lord, missionaries are doing a great educational work in India. . . . A few years ago the education of high-caste females was unknown; but of late a striking desire for female education has sprung up among the most enlightened of the people, arising, I believe, from the influence of the liberal education we have been imparting to young men. Two years ago we commenced a school in Madras with four or five high-caste Hindoo girls, and at the close of last year had seventy

under Christian instruction. Some of these now read the gospel in their own language—a fact deeply interesting to a missionary; for could we search back for two thousand years, not one of the mothers of these girls could have been proved able to read, far less could they have been seen reading God's word. Some other societies had begun this work even before we commenced it in Madras. In several parts of India similar schools may be found, and this we regard as a most hopeful result of missions."

"Now, especially in connection with our educational work, we have gone into the very centre of high-caste heathenism. We have taken some of the sons of the leading families in the Hindoo community, who have left all for Christ. There is not a caste in India, from the highest to the lowest, which is not represented in the Church of Christ there. Of late years, the progress of our native churches has been most encouraging. When we thus see flourishing vigorous native churches springing up, with an annually increasing ratio of additions to their membership, we may well point to this fact as a most hopeful and cheering result of Missions in India."

THE LAST HOURS OF PRINCE ALBERT.

A remarkably interesting communication under this title, which has just come before the public, is issued in the form of a tract, for a single penny, by Mr. John St. John, Parsonage Row. It is a portion of a letter written by a member of the Queen's household, shortly after the death of Prince Albert. The extremely confidential position which the writer held at the time not only gave the assurance of perfect reliability, but, in the following lines with a very special interest. After describing the grief and the fears of the whole household for the Queen, the writer speaks of the personal loss sustained in the death of Prince Albert:—

"In many cases the conversation about the children! He used often to come into the school-room to speak about the education of the children, and he never left me without my feeling that he had strengthened my hands, and raised the standard I was struggling with. Nothing more or less could exist in the atmosphere that surrounded him; the conversation could not be trifling if he was in the room. I dread the return of spring for my dear lady. It is her favourite time of the year, the opening leaves, the early flowers, and fresh green were such a delight to him; and he so loved to point out their beauties to his children, that it will be terrible to see them without him. The children kept his table supplied with primroses, which he especially loved. The last Sunday he passed on earth, we were all gathered in the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, whilst the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky, and clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favorite hymns and chorals. After she had played something, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long, without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep, presently, he looked up and smiled. She said, 'Were you asleep, dear papa?' 'Oh no,' he answered; 'only I have such sweet thoughts.'"

"During his illness, his hands were often folded in prayer; and when he did not speak, his serene face showed that the 'happy thoughts' were with him to the end. The Princess Alice's fortitude has amazed us all. She saw from the first that both her father and mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to the duty. He loved to speak openly of his condition, and had many wishes to express. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of himself, for she could not bear to listen, and shut her eyes to his danger. His daughter said that she must act differently, and she never let her voice falter, or shed a single tear in his presence. She sat by him—listened to all he said—repeated hymns; and then, when he awoke, and from his couch, would walk calmly to the door, and then rush away to her room, returning soon with the same calm and pale face, without any appearance of agitation she had gone through. 'I had several interviews with the poor Queen since. The first time she said, 'You can tell me for me, for you have gone through this trial.' Another time she said how strange it seemed, when she looked back, to see how much for the last six months the Prince's mind had dwelt upon death and the future state; his conversation had so often turned upon these subjects, and they had read together a book called 'Heaven our Home,' which had interested him very much. He once said to her, 'We don't know in what state we shall meet again; but that we shall recognize each other, and be together in eternity I am perfectly certain.' It seemed as if he had intended to prepare his mind and comfort her—though, of course, it did not strike her then. She said she was a wonder to herself, and she was sure that it was the power of her people that she was so sustained. She feared it would not last, and that times of agony were before her. She said, 'There's not the bitterness in this trial that I felt when I lost my mother; I was so rebellious then, but now I can see that God and love are united in my trial.' Her whole thought is now to walk worthy of him, and her greatest comfort to think that his spirit is always near her, and knows all that she is doing."

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Reader, do you want to make a beginning in religion? Go as a humble sinner to Jesus Christ, and entreat him to save your soul. This is the right end of the rope. Begin here.—*Rev. J. C. Kyle.*

THE RAINY SUNDAY MORNING.

BY REV. G. GOULDEN.

"How it rains! We cannot go among the ships this morning, we shall get wet if we do," said one of our visitors, a cold rainy Sunday morning, in May. "But," said another, "never mind the rain; you forget that this will be just the time to find the sailors on board; and we shall have a better chance to reach them and do them good." No further objection was made, and after hastily preparing our tracts, Messengers, and other papers, we bade the young men God speed, and away they went to visit the sons of the sea, to scatter the word of life among them, and invite them to come to the Captain of their salvation, ship in the good ship Zion, and sail with us to the haven of Eternal Felicity.

Among the numerous vessels which lay at the wharves of Brooklyn that Sabbath morning was the British Brig Havlock, Captain William Mott; just arrived from South America. When our visitors reached the Havlock they were kindly received by Capt. M., and after delivering their little messengers, and tending to all they saw an invitation to come to our meetings, they took their leave.

"Captain," said one of the crew—the child of pious parents, "I am going ashore to try to find a chapel of some sort, it is now nine months since I have seen the inside of a place of worship, and I am going to try to find God's people." "Oh," said the Captain, "a young man was on board this morning, inviting the crew to a Bethel near here, he left some tracts, papers, and cards, here is one of the cards which will show you where to go."

The young man took the card, and said he would be there after, "I felt as if that card was salvation to me: I had promised times out of number, to give God my heart, but was still in my sins. When I reached the Bethel, revival services were being held; salvation, full and free, without money and without price, was offered to all who would accept it. I thought of the many warnings and invitations I had heard in my native land, of my dear mother's prayers, and of the Saviour's great love to a poor sinner like me. Sinners were invited and entreated to be reconciled to Christ. Some came to the altar, I knelt down in the pew and prayed earnestly for forgiveness, you came and encouraged me to believe, I cast my soul by faith to Jesus, and

"Soon as my heart ventured,
On the shining cross, I found
His Holy Spirit, entered,
And I was born of God;
Now Christ is my salvation,
What can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation,
My Father's will is mine."

He came again in the afternoon bringing three of his shipmates with him, one of whom subsequently gave his heart to the Saviour, and at our meetings, night after night, for ten weeks, these two young men have been with us.

When this meets the eye of our readers, the good ship Havlock, with her praying Captain and three praying sailors will doubtless be buffeting the waves on her way to the West Indies. He who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, bring them safely to their desired haven, make them useful while living, happy in dying, and happy to all eternity.

PREACHING.

It is not always the Gospel that is delivered from the pulpit. A man may preach very sensibly concerning the divine perfection and authority of God's government and laws. He may set forth general obligations to duty and obedience. He may inculcate the amiableness of virtue in general or of particular virtues, and may represent many worthy examples for men's encouragement and imitation. He may earnestly call on men to repent of their sins and reform the general disposition of their hearts and conduct. He may inculcate this with all earnestness and action that would entitle him to the character of the complete orator. The composition may be very skillful; the language eloquent and pathetic, and the preacher may be so greatly applauded that it may be sometimes said—he hath his reward. Not only may the ears of the hearers be tickled, but their minds may be agreeably entertained with sentiments that are in themselves just, and with many a good thought. Yet, in all this, there may be nothing by which a soul may be relieved and refreshed; that labors, and is heavy laden; nothing by which a serious soul may be directed to the proper sources of sanctification. A discourse may have in it much truth that is consistent with the gospel, and pre-supposed by it, and yet have nothing in it of the gospel properly so called. Of such a discourse, with all its advantage of sentiment and expression, it may be said as the apostle says of the law, it is weak through the flesh. The corruption of nature, in which sin hath dominion, is too strong for logic, rhetoric and philosophy; too strong for refined speculation; too strong for the greatest oratory.

Reader, the beginning of all saving religion is to become acquainted with Jesus Christ. This is the cornerstone of Christianity. A watch without a mainspring is not more useless than