

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1870.

Whole No. 841.

## ALBION HOUSE.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1870.

## WHITE COTTONS,

5,000 yards White Cottons in different makes.

## CARLISLE, MEDIUMS,

SUPERS & HORROCKSES

## LONG CLOTHS,

Direct from the Manufacturers.

The above are the BEST VALUE ever offered in this City.

JUST OPENED:

TUCKED COLLARS AND CUFFS, for Spring wear;

## ONE BALE WARPS,

ONE BALE PATCH COTTON.

A LOT OF

## STUFF REMNANTS,

with a few light

## DRESS GOODS,

will be cleared out at nearly

## Half Price.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Mar. 25, 1870

## CLEARANCE SALE.

JANUARY 1, 1870,

## CHEAP DRY GOODS.

## THOMAS LOGAN

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that in order to effect a clearance he will sell the balance of his Stock of the following Goods at greatly

## REDUCED PRICES:

WITH CHRIST, OR AGAINST HIM.

BY REV. GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

It was certainly a reproach to any man that he could read, unmoved, those fearful starting words of the Saviour, in one of his encounters with the pharisees:—"He that is not with me is against me." Falling like a sentence from heaven, they part men asunder, making but two hosts, arraying Christ and his allies on the one side, and all the other spiritual forces in the universe on the other, and compelling every soul to choose sides in the conflict.

To be with Christ is to be in sympathy and co-operation with him, and to be, at heart, his faithful follower and servant. Not to be this is to be against Christ. At least six classes of persons may easily be ascertained by the test to be against Christ, without counting those who are purposely and consciously opposed to him.

1. All who are indifferent respecting the subject of personal religion are against Christ. It is not necessary that I actively resist Christ or his cause. I may not interest myself for or against him; I may think well of religion; I may favor its promotion; I may rejoice at every conversion; I may advise all my friends to become Christians. Yet, if I remain careless respecting my own spiritual interests, and refuse to become myself a follower of Christ, I am against him. There are circumstances which turn indifference into opposition. If a hostile army were invading the country, and war were sounding at my very door, and every man were needed for defence and resistance, it would not be enough for me to think well of the country's cause, and to approve of the patriotism of my neighbors. I must join the ranks, or I am a traitor. And when Christ's cause is under conflict in the world, and the battle rages all around me, and the great Captain's voice calls every man to his standard, it will not do for me to stand idly by and count me a ser-

vice with good wishes. So long as I withhold myself from him, so long as I give him anything less than my whole heart, soul, mind and strength, I am not with him; and if I am not with him, he declares me to be against him.

2. All hesitating souls are against Christ. Suppose I am not indifferent to the appeals of religion, but only undecided. I have not yet thought out the matter. I am seriously considering it. I have even reached the conclusion that I would some time become a Christian; but not now, not to-day. I wish to be very careful about the matter. I would not act rashly. It is a momentous question, a life-long question, a question for eternity; and I must take time to consider it. Certainly, Christ will respect my desire to deal cautiously and advisedly with such a subject.

He would, if caution were necessary; but it is not. For what purpose do you demand more time? To determine the dictate of wisdom? You know it already. To discover the path of duty? It is set unmistakably before you. You know that you ought to repent. You know that Christ calls upon you to repent, now. If deliberation were ever necessary, it is so no longer. You hear the call of the Master. Not to obey it is to sin. Your duty is to become a Christian. While you hesitate you are not a Christian. If you are not a Christian, you are not with Christ; and if you are not with him, you are against him.

3. All who are trying to be Christians secretly are against Christ. He repudiates all such alliances. He does not want a man to come to him and say, "Now, Lord, let us enter into a private arrangement about my salvation. I am going to be a Christian, but I will keep it secret. I am going to continue for a while, as if I was against thee, but let me be tacitly understood that I am with thee." Christ scorns such cowardly proposals. "Whoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words,"—but, Lord, I am not really ashamed of thee. But this is a new thing to me, quite an experiment; and I wish to begin in this unobtrusive way, hoping that things will be favorable to a more open and declared discipleship by and by. I don't know how I may like it. I may conclude to give it up; and then I shall want a door of retreat. Or I may not be able to persevere; and I fear the disgrace which my inconstancy might bring upon the cause." Christ will have no such fellowships. His government is not a fabric of diplomacy and trickery. It has no bureau of secret service. If a man does not care enough about his own soul to be an open, confessed disciple of Christ, he is not a disciple at all. To be with Christ is to be openly, boldly with him. He who is not that, is not with him; and he that is not with him is against him.

4. All who are trying to find a path of Christless piety are against him. There is no such thing as a Christless piety. There is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved; and if any man banish that name from his religion, his religion is spurious. "But," says the moralist, "I live as well as Christians do. I am as upright, as honest, as exemplary as they. I am even superior in morality, to the average Christian." So much the worse, then, for the average Christian, if his piety is not, even in its outward manifestation, superior to mere morality; but that does not make mere morality any less inadequate. Good works are not made godliness by the lack of good works in the professedly godly. Christians ought to excel other men in all that makes up a pure and blameless life; and no Christian will excuse himself or his brethren for any inconstancy. As to the deliberate hypocrite, he has neither duty nor recognition among the disciples of Christ. But no degree of inconsistency, and no prevalence of hypocrisy can lower the standard of discipleship, or make morality pass for piety at the court of heaven. I care not how much better than the genuine bill you make your counterfeit. That does not annul the fact that it is counterfeit. And I would rather have the raggedest and dirtiest U. S. note than the newest and most beautiful counterfeit; and that for the simple reason that my poor old disfigured bill will be honored and redeemed, and your handsome one will not. So I would rather have the piety of the weakest child of God, who really has the love of Christ in his heart, than the morality of the most blameless man who is destitute of Christian grace. One will be honored at the judgment, and the other will be repudiated. No piety is current there without Christ's name upon it. He who excludes that name is not with Christ; and he who is not with him is against him.

5. In connection with the comparison just alluded to, between the morality of the Christian and that of the world, another class suggests itself. All inconsistent professors of religion are against Christ. Those who do just such things as Christ's enemies do, must be reckoned among his enemies. When a battle is fought, no secret search is made to ascertain who in one army is favorable to the opposite cause. The man who fights on the enemy's side is an enemy. He must be treated as an enemy, and killed as an enemy. He will not evade the issue by saying, "Oh, I am not really a foe. I am only a backslidden ally!"

6. And this suggests yet another class, which is really included in the preceding one. All cordial professors of religion are against Christ. Not only is he an enemy who fights on the enemy's side, but also he who, by any indolence or neglect, aids the enemy's cause. The sentinel who sleeps at his post, or who stands stupidly and silently by while the enemy marches without molestation through the gates which he was set to guard, is by military law held to be the worst of enemies. Will it avail him anything to plead, "I was a perfectly reliable sentinel, but not in a revived state! I was a good soldier—asleep!" The faithful soldier does not sleep; neither does the faithful Christian. The professed follower of Christ, who sleeps while his Master is passing through the conflict with the forces of darkness, who relaxes into stupidity and indolence when the whole world resounds with the tramp of legions marching against Christ,—that man is not with his Lord, but against him.

EARLY PIETY.—The oldest member of any Baptist church in Boston is a lady who was baptized at the age of seven. She had to stand on the seat of her father's old fashioned square pew, as she gave the reason of her hope and wish to be baptized. Her life has been consistent, and she is still faithful in her declining years.

Man loves Christ by knowing, and knows Christ by loving; for knowledge and love, like water and ice, beget each other.

## THE MISERY OF INFIDELITY.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

What a miserable man, if he gives himself up fully to the influence of his principles! He knows no race of beings, nor any individual being, better than himself, whom he knows to be not only imperfect, but corrupt; nor any world happier than that which he inhabits, and which he is convinced by experience is a vale of tears. To him God is but a name; salvation a fable; heaven a dream; immortality a delusion. He knows not whence he came, nor whether he is going; from darkness he issued, and into darkness he is soon to vanish. He has no authoritative right of virtue for his conduct; no relief in trouble; no hope in death. He is tossed upon an ocean of doubt and uncertainty; and amidst the roaring of the tempest, and the raging of the billows, sees no friendly beacon, no haven of safety; no nothing but the black and frowning rocks of annihilation, against which his frail bark must soon dash and be lost forever. An infidel, then, cannot be a happy man, at least, cannot be made so by his principles. It would be an inversion of the order of things, and a monstrous incongruity, if he could. To look for happiness from infidelity is to expect sunbeams from shades, and the cheerful light of day from midnight gloom.

Such was the beautiful language of the large-hearted and eloquent John Angell James, when presenting *Spiritual Religion as the surest Preservative from Infidelity*. And is it needed to add illustrations and proofs of his remarks? Alas, they are found on every hand, and in overwhelming numbers. Let any young man who is tempted to lay aside his Bible, and trample on the religion of his fathers, read and ponder the following fact.

A. B. was the third son of respectable and pious parents. They had the joy of witnessing the early development of grace in their first and second sons, who grew up to be useful and honorable men. But the third was "a grief to his father and bitterness to his mother." He was endowed with a superior intellect, acquired knowledge rapidly, and seemed to pay attention to those expositions of the Gospel which, in company with his parents, he was in the habit of hearing. But even before he had reached his fifteenth year, there were occasional perplexing indications about him. It was evident that he felt parental influence galling. He understood not the deep sources of a father's entreaties, and the earnestness of what he considered "pleasures," remained out late, devised excuses for his absence, promised amendment, but increased in his dislike of home. About this time a situation offered itself in a distant city. It was necessary for his prospects in life that he should embrace it. The maternal heart had its misgivings; the father doubted and hoped alternately; and both counselled, and prayed for their son. He in his turn, was gratified with the prospect of "liberty." There was indeed, a momentary pang on quitting the scenes of his boyhood; and some recollections of the admonitions of his parents. But, alas! these were temporary feelings. Among his companions—friends he called them—were two infidels; young men who boasted that they were superior to everything like superstition. "Youth," they affirmed, "was the period of happiness and enjoyment; religion was an intolerably dull and melancholy thing; and the Bible was so full of contradictions and mystery, that it could not be the book which clergymen and religious people said it was. The ear of A. B. was at first startled by those doctrines; his conscience was troubled; but indulgence in vice on the one hand, and the laughter of his companions on the other, whenever they dined a shade of melancholy on his face, led him still further from the recollections of early youth; and no long time elapsed until he became 'the soul of the company.' Naturally impatient and possessing a firm constitution, he literally rushed into vice. He ardently pursued 'pleasures' in all her forms.—He left nothing untied that he judged likely to minister to the enjoyments of life. Was he happy? Did he discover substance or only shadow? He shall answer this question for himself. Before he had seen his twenty-seventh summer, he wrote the following letter, from a seaport town in South America, to one of his infidel friends:—

"V.—South America, Sept. 27th, 1839. "Sir,—The first impulse of my mind, when I took the pen into my trembling hand, was to address you with the appropriate title, Demon! But a second thought suggests that a man upon the borders of his grave, and whose wretched soul will be in eternity long before you read this letter, ought to avoid harsh, though they should be appropriate, terms. It is true you do not believe in God, who taketh vengeance on iniquity; but you have—notwithstanding all your desperate efforts to drug and to supply it—still a conscience. Let me speak, then, as you read this communication, which I send to you, as the clammy sweat of death is already on my brow.

"You know the dark steps which led to my departure from my native country. You know the diligent part you acted, instilling into my mind sweet poison,—yes, alas! it was sweet,—and the tact you displayed in setting aside my first objections to your irrational doctrines. You know the terrific success which crowned your exertions. You know that when disgrace overtook me, your professed friendship was found to be as false as your opinions. I had no God, no friend, no helper! I was an outcast, an alien, a wretch. My reason became a first lesson since I last saw you, I now find myself in a wretched lodging, upon a rotten pallet, soon to be my bed, and in a foreign land unknown, and, unless the mercy of God be infinitely great, for ever lost!

"My time has been brief, and yet fearfully long! Time! what have I found it! A scene of folly, madness, delirium! O that some one had confined me to a house for the insane! That would have been friendship indeed! I should then have had all the torments I now feel for the guilt into which I plunged myself, and dragged others. I have one request to make; I conjure you to grant it. If you are resolved to live and die without God, do not add to the terrible weight of guilt already on your soul by propagating farther your ruinous and blasphemous doctrines. I have also one piece of information to give. I have carried about with me, ever since I left England, a small pocket Bible, the gift of my broken-hearted mother, which has not been opened for years. It has, however, been opened during these few days. Whether I can be forgiven, I know not; but I find that this Bible—my only property on earth, and which will be buried by my side—commands me to forgive you, and I do it. We shall meet at the judgment.

"A. R."

"Poor unhappy youth! how my heart yearns over him as I read his letter to his friend,—his tempter. O that he had fallen into other hands, and followed other counsel! He might then have been a disciple of Jesus, a student of the Bible. He might have blessed society by his existence, and gone down to the grave honoured and happy, amid the benedictions of the good, and the reverence of the bad.

Reader, whenever the heartless infidel would allure you from your Bible into the regions of doubt and unbelief, ask him whether he can ensure you a peaceful conscience, pure morality, a happy death here, a blessed hope of felicity in heaven. If he cannot do this, cling to the Bible. Its precepts and principles have been tested a thousand, thousand times; and we venture boldly to affirm that they never injured any one. I challenge the whole world to produce an instance in which the religion of the Bible has rendered a man less happy in himself; less benevolent to his neighbours; less honest in his dealings; less kind to his children; less thankful in prosperity; less submissive in adversity; less patient in sickness; and less triumphant in death. Those who have yielded to its influence tell us that its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace. They tell us that it has illumined their minds, sanctified their affections, cheered the soul. And those who have died under its power, have constrained the survivors to exclaim, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' Cling to the Bible. Do so at any cost, any hazard, any sacrifice; and say to all the human creatures around you,—

"Should all the forms that men devise, assault my faith with treacherous art, I'd cast them vainly and lie low, And bid thy Gospel to my heart."

—English Magazine.

## HEAVEN A VAST AND HAPPY SOCIETY.

The question of the recognition of departed spirits in heaven, and special and intimate reunion with those, Scripture and reason enable us to infer with almost certain persuasion. It is implied in the fact that the resurrection is a reunion of individuals; that it is this mortal that shall put on immortality. It is implied in the fact that heaven is a vast and happy society; and it is implied in the fact that there is no melting of the nature that we now possess, only a clothing upon it with the garments of a brighter and more glorious immortality. Take comfort, then, those of you in whose history the darkest chapters of life have been severed by the rude hand of the spoiler; those whom you have thought about as lost are not lost, except to present sight. Perhaps even now they are angel watchers, screened by a kindly providence of forgetfulness from everything about you that would give them pain; but if you and they are alike in Jesus, and remain faithful unto the end, doubt not that you shall know them again. It were strange, don't you think?—if amid the multitudes of the heavenly hosts, the multitudes of earth's ransomed ones that we are to see in heaven, we should see all but those we most fondly and fervently want to see! Strange, if in some of our walks along the golden streets we never happen to light upon them! Strange if we did not hear some heavenly song learned on earth trilled by some clear ringing voice that we have often heard before! Oh, depend upon it, in a realm of perfect happiness this element of happiness will not be absent—to know and love again what we have loved before.

"The resurrection and the life." Oh, what heart is not thrilled by the preciousness of the promise! Who does not thrill the more joyously as he recognizes the Redeemer who brings him life! "The resurrection and the life!" Enjoyed recompense, recovered friends—these are our hopes above. Ah! but nearer still and dearer still, enhancing each of these a thousand fold—as every true and loyal believer thinks—with Jesus there! So shall it be in heaven, and with glad eye and with beating heart will each ransomed spirit break from its own private joy to gaze gratefully its gaze upon the Master who has purchased it, and to hear again in a pronounced immortality of comfort and of bliss, "I am the resurrection and the life."—Words of Comfort.

## IT IS PLEASANT FLOATING.

Several years since, three young men, bathing one sunny day in a beautiful river, allowed themselves to float downward toward a waterfall, some distance below. At length two of them made for the shore, and to their alarm found that the current was stronger than they had supposed. They immediately halted the other, and urged him also to seek the shore. But he smiled at their fears, and seemed to enjoy it much. Soon several persons were gathered on the bank of the river, and, alarmed for his safety, they cried out in deep earnestness, "Make for the shore, make for the shore, or you will certainly go over!" But he still floated on, laughing at their fears. Soon he saw his danger, and exerted his utmost energies to gain the bank. But alas! it was too late! The current was too strong. He cried for help, but no help could reach him. His mind was filled with anguish, and just as he reached the fearful precipice, he threw himself up with arms extended, gave an unearthly shriek, and then was plunged into the boiling abyss below.

How striking an illustration of the conduct and final ruin of thousands of immortal souls, who are floating pleasantly and thoughtlessly on the stream of life toward the gulf of despair! They are warned and entreated with tears, by alarmed and faithful friends. Christians urge them, Christian ministers warn them, but all in vain! They float on, they flow on, mocking the fears of those who love them most, till too late they awake to their danger, and see just beneath them the gulf of eternal ruin!

Reader, it may be that this is your case. You have been warned, you have been entreated, but hitherto you have been warned and entreated in vain. The year began, and you were floating towards destruction; the year has closed, and still you are floating on to your eternal doom. How

near you may be to the brink of the precipice, neither you nor I can tell. Make for the shore! make for the shore! Before it is too late, seize the hand of the Saviour, stretched out to save you! It will be too late some time. It may be too late soon! Thank God, it is not too late now!

## OUTRAGE ON CHINA MISSIONARIES.

The accounts are now to hand of the gross and wanton outrage upon Protestant missionaries in the inland part of China. In the spring of last year Messrs. Meadows and Williamson, two missionaries of the China Inland Mission, together with Mrs. Meadows and two children, located themselves in the city of Nanchang, the provincial capital of Nanchang, and situated on the north bank of the Yangtze. The population is about 20,000; but it is the headquarters for Government literary and military examinations. As is well known, the literati church strong hatred towards all foreigners; and, assembling as they did here in large numbers, the missionaries in question shunned all publicity in order to afford no pretext for disturbance. When one of the native magistrates called upon them to request them to suspend all public teaching during the time of the examinations, he was told that they had not as yet begun to preach, but had simply confined their evangelistic labours to the reception of any persons who waited on them for the purpose of receiving information or instruction. It was suggested to them that it might be well if they would leave the place for three months; but on account of the inconvenience to which this would subject them, they were unable to act upon the advice. Shortly after the principal examinations had begun, an inflammatory placard was posted on the examination hall, calling upon the students to destroy the premises of the China Inland Mission on the 24th November, and styling the missionaries themselves as a seditious and ungovernable sect. In this emergency Mr. Meadows and Mr. Williamson made application to one of the native authorities for protection; but he declined to see them. They next sought the house of another official; but in the outer court they were attacked by a large number of students, who shouted, "Beat the foreign devils; kill the foreign devils." They had to run for their lives, and took refuge in the magistrate's house. While they were thus fleeing themselves an attack was made on the mission premises by a large crowd composed of well-dressed men and roughs. The former were either destroyed or carried off, and all the books and MSS. of Mr. Meadows and Mr. Williamson were stolen. The wedding ring was stolen from Mrs. Meadows' hand, and her person was rudely searched in the hope of finding money. The work of destruction was completed by the mob pulling down the partitions of the house, pulling up the floors, and knocking down the walls. Mrs. Meadows and her two children, one of whom was an infant in arms, were conveyed by a faithful servant to the house where her husband and Mr. Williamson would find refuge, and she was enabled to leave without receiving for her head or proper clothing of any kind or the least change of attire for herself or children. The little missionary party remained at the magistrate's house till dark, when, under charge of a small military escort, they embarked in native boats for Kinkiang. The voyage occupied between five and six days, and the weather was exceedingly cold all the time. A Wesleyan missionary, who has sent home details of the outrage, says that 100 dollars were given to them before embarking, as they had lost all in the destruction of the mission premises; and that this fresh outrage on unoffending parties furnished convincing evidence to the fact that the people of China as well as their rulers are by no means well disposed to foreigners.

A GLORIOUS TRUTH.—The most glorious of truths is that God loves poor guilty sinners; and it is the greatest of all wonders, on reflecting, that the love that exists in God is infinitely superior to the love that lives in man. God is the only being who can find motives of action in his own bosom; he can never love from motives of exalting; the love of God is a free love. And strange as it may appear, this love involves more of the fulness of Deity in it, than the love that embraces angels. It includes piety and grace, which are not needed towards them. Hear the important truth; it will eventually live in the heart of every child of God; and kindle a fire more than that of a seraph. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Here is love! Love so great that it brings Deity down from heaven to earth to save sinners! And yet, remember, nothing else would avail us—it is all necessary. True it is, we cannot understand these truths irrespective of a revelation; but thanks be to God for his written Word. It is said, Romans v. 8, "But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."—W. Howells.

WARNING FOR SOULS.—A leading Sunday school superintendent of this city, in a three-minute address to his teachers, at last Sunday morning's prayer meeting, compared the faithful teacher to those who "watch for souls." He illustrated the matter on this wise: How intently and eagerly we watch our business, our household affairs, all our material interests. Some boys are trapping pigeons on the mountain two miles away from my country place. They are there every day, cutting short their morning nap, regardless of the damp and chill of early dawn, just as the day is breaking. O how they watch from their cover for the timid birds, as they approach the nest! One of our teachers, standing on the rocks at Newport, watched hour after hour his trouting line floating far out into the breakers. Not a bubble. The rest of the party soon tired of the sport; yet still he patiently watched his line, just at sunset the teacher that quivered along the line indicated a fish. How intently we all watch to keep his faith, now drenched with the advancing breakers, at length the 30 pound bass was safely landed. Dear fellow teachers, let us watch for these children, in the class, at their homes, where temptation besets them, where dangers multiply. Let us watch how, at some cost and inconvenience, we may instruct them out of God's Word, lovingly and patiently guide, and win them for Christ. Let us watch out the clock, as the manner of some is, to see if the hour is up; or the superintendent, or each other, to discover whosoever we may find fault with somebody's

The above Goods are all this Season's importations. An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, January 14, 1870.