

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Intelligencer.

A SHORT SERMON.

BY ELDER D. ORAM.

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and Priests unto God and his father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.—Rev. 1: 5, 6.

It is sweet to fall into the current of holy feeling which flows through the soul of such a Christian as the exile of Patmos. He was there, a wanderer, but not from his God; under sentence of banishment, but not from the bright visions of the glory of Jesus. Happy for him, that he had forsaken houses and lands for Christ's sake. The wrath of man cannot rob him of his riches. His Saviour's presence is enough. Mark how his soul flows out in adoration, ascription and praise, "To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Praise and glory he ascribes to him who loved us—and why not? Think of that love. From its native home in the Heavens, it sought out rebels and worms of the earth—it pitied—it came—it made the sacrifice of Calvary—it lives again on high, to pour its blessings unmeasured, and unmerited on such souls as ours. "And washed us from our sins in his own blood." Shall we stop here, and coldly analyse and speculate upon the creed of this saint of God; or shall we throw ourselves into the holy current of his soul, and flow on with him forever? We will leave the cold dissection of his theology to those who have a heart for it. And while we catch his meaning, would that we might also catch his spirit! He is conscious of being at peace with God through Christ. He knows that his sins are blotted out, and he feels himself to have gained the victory. We need not stop to ask, whether this victory is perfect?—he calls it a "VICTORY," 1 John v. 4. He says what he means, and what he feels. He is washed from his sins—he is conscious of being changed, and he cannot help adoring the grace which has done it; and referring to that blood which bought his pardon, and effected his washing. And who that has leaned on Jesus' bosom, as he had—that has felt his soul absorbed in love to the brethren, as he had—that has passed from death unto life, as he had, can suppress the bursting emotions of wonder and praise, when they think of "him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood"! But the wonders of grace are not yet exhausted. It is not for nothing that we are washed from our sins—not that we should return to our "wallowing," but to be "made kings and priests unto God and his Father!" O, the unmerited exaltation! How the soul sinks into the dust under the painful, yet pleasing sense of its utter unworthiness and emptiness!

But all is of grace. And it is blessed to think that this grace will be magnified through all heaven, and during eternal ages. Raised from the dust, and pollution; from the borders of the pit—the heirs of hell; made kings and priests, to REIGN with God forever; to cast our crowns at the foot of his throne; to be lost in his universal glory, while we ascribe our salvation to him, and to the Lamb forever.

Dear reader, are your sympathies in unison with the beloved disciple's? Are they attuned to the melody of his hallowed strains? Fain would I charm you upward, and bring you within the attraction of that holy joy, that filled the apostle's soul. *You must have sympathy with it here.* If not washed from your sins, renewed by his grace, adopted into a filial relation to God through the spirit of his Son Jesus, you can feel no sympathy with "him whom Jesus loved," and hence you know not the element of Christian joy. Oh, seek a washing from your sins—the washing of regeneration—the renewing of the Holy Ghost.—Seek it to-day—TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE. Amen.

For the Intelligencer.

CONVERSION AND DEATH.

[The following account of the conversion and happy death of a dear youth, a few months since, in Queensbury, on the St. John River, has been in our hands some time but for want of space has been delayed till now. While we have some instances of God's mercy manifested in death-bed conversions, let none presume upon them as though that was time enough for them. Dear reader, you may not, like her whose end we now record, have a death-bed; or if so, like many others,—some of whom we have witnessed—it may be very different from hers. Seek God in health; seek him now; to-morrow may be too late.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER.—As one of the principal objects of your paper is to publish the joyful news of Salvation, and to proclaim the infinite goodness and wonderful condescension of God to his intelligent creatures, the following, no doubt, will not be uninteresting to you and many of your readers.

On Saturday, the 9th inst., hearing that Frances Ann, a youth in the sixteenth year of her age, daughter of brother Jacob Lint, was very sick, and not expected to recover, I immediately repaired to her dwelling. The impressions made on my mind, during a short visit to that house of mourning, will, I think, never be effaced. I had often visited the afflicted, and felt to sympathise with them in their affliction; but indications of grief so depressing, of sorrow so keen heart-rending as were there exhibited, I had never witnessed. The dejected looks of the fond parents, who, with all the tenderness of parental affection, were bending over the death-bed of a beloved child, endeared to them by a thousand ties, and with christian resignation endeavouring to commend her to God; brothers and sister weeping; the pensiveness legible in every countenance I beheld; and the melancholy appearance of the lovely youth, just entering upon the threshold of eternity, brought to my mind feelings which it would be impossible for me to describe. I was about to rehearse those beautiful lines of Dr. Watts.—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

But what consolation could they afford to one who had not experienced the redeeming love of Christ? to one who perceived herself to be a lost, an undone, and a perishing sinner; and whose language was, "Lord save or I perish. God be merciful to me a sinner." I spoke to her of the willingness of Christ to pardon the penitent, reminded her of his sufferings upon the cross to redeem a fallen world, read the 25th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and endeavoured to pray with her. After I arose from prayer she continued to importune the Throne of Grace, warned her fellow youth in the most pathetic manner to flee from sin, forcibly impressed upon their minds the certainty of death, and exhorted them to prepare in their youthful moments to meet God. Those to whom she thought she had, in the giddiness of youth, given the least occasion of offence, she requested her parents to send for, and when they were conducted into her apartment, she confessed to them her faults, and desired them to forgive her; thus resolving, if she should perish, to perish at the feet of Sovereign Mercy in acts of obedience to Christ. But the blessed Redeemer, who in his precious Word saith, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and again, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," having discovered unto her the end of the wicked, and by His holy spirit taught her thus to come unto him, now graciously manifested himself to her soul, and spoke to her "that peace which passeth all understanding." She now called upon her friends to rejoice and praise God with her; told them that she had found Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote—the chiefest among ten thousand—the one altogether lovely; said that she felt the spirit of God to witness with her spirit that she was the child of God; and that she should soon see her blessed Saviour face to face, without a dimming veil between, and in the realms of inconceivable bliss join with countless millions of happy spirits in ascribing hymns of ceaseless praise to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. On Sunday I visited her again, and to my great joy found her still in possession of a firm and unshaken faith in Christ; "Jesus! Jesus!" was her theme, in him she found an inexhaustible source of peace and joy; and now when the feeble arm of created existence ceased to afford her any consolation, and death, the king of terrors, though a sanctified blessing to her, was about to execute his mandate upon her, she could adopt the language of the psalmist: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no ill; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." In this happy state of mind she continued till the Thursday following, when, in the triumphs of faith, she fell asleep in Christ. The Lord prepare us to follow her to her heavenly home.

ISRAEL ATHERTON.

THE DANGER OF DELAYS.

It is awfully dangerous to delay seeking the salvation of our never dying souls, and yet how many do so? Though the present blessings of salvation, and heaven hereafter, are offered as a free gift, to the repentant and believing sinner, and though hell, with all its horrors and all its miseries, awaits the impenitent and unbelieving, still multitudes there are, and that under the sound of the Gospel, who madly delay laying hold of the one, and escaping the other.

There lived in my parish a farmer, who, previous to my connexion with it, as I was told, was completely buried in worldliness, neglecting entirely the means of grace, and indeed, openly and utterly disregarding God's law. On one occasion, he carried either his hay or his corn, during a rainy season, on the Sabbath day, so thoroughly thoughtless and immersed in the world was he at that time. He subsequently became changed, and, soon after I began my

ministry here, I observed him to be a diligent attendant at church and at my lectures in the school-room. I know not the cause of this apparent change,—whether or not he was attracted by novelty, as so many are, or whether the Spirit of God was really striving with him. However, his earnestness gradually subsided; he became a less frequent attendant at church and at the school-room, till at last he became as negligent of the means of grace as was reported to me he had been at the first.

Not long after this I heard that he had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill; I immediately visited him, and continued my visits till he recovered, and occasionally afterwards. I found him in extreme bodily agony, having had an attack of pleurisy; and the agony of his mind was as great, if not greater, than that of his body: his terror and dread of death were intense; urgent were his cries to be spared, and many were the vows of amendment uttered if he were spared. At the same time, he seemed to fear that he would be unable to perform them. One circumstance I will relate which shewed this, as well as his earnestness, at the time I speak of, for the salvation of his soul. I used to hold a monthly lecture for the communicants, and to those who desired to become communicants; and it was necessary, and generally so considered, to be admitted to this lecture before they could approach the Lord's table. Now—I state this only to shew his earnestness and fear lest he should not perform his vows—he asked me, with tears in his eyes, "whether it were possible for him, at once, to be admitted to the communicants' lecture?"—his meaning being whether he could be accepted as a communicant. Well, he was spared and restored to his original health and strength, with a large measure of both of which he was endowed. After his recovery he was most diligent in his attendance upon the public means of grace, and most thankful did he appear to me for the attention I had shown him. So diligent was he, and so much impressed by the truths he heard did he appear to be, that he would sometimes sob aloud, being completely overcome by his feelings. In short, I expected that he would have attended the next communicants' lecture. But I had to wait lecture after lecture, and month after month, till at last I began to observe, to my heartfelt sorrow, his earnestness to subside, his attendance to be again less frequent, and, though urged to use all available means of grace if haply he might find, still he backslided further and further, till at last he became totally unconcerned.

But, harken to the sequel! One morning I heard, my feelings at the time being indescribable, that this same man had been taken ill the previous day, and had that very morning died. I had not an opportunity of once more warning him ere he was summoned before his righteous Judge!

It may be the case with some of my readers, that they feel it is not all right between them and God; that they feel they are not reconciled unto Him; that they feel they are without Christ, and yet delay. TAKE WARNING! "Agree with thine adversary quickly." "Now is the accepted time,—now is the day of salvation."—Ch. Mag.

HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT UNDER SICKNESS, AND THE DESTITUTION OF AN IRISH CABIN.

"While I was on a visit at —, in Ireland," says an English clergyman, "I was asked by a friend to see a most devoted Christian woman, who was ill in a rheumatic fever. She had expressed a wish to see me, and was well worthy of being seen. The time being fixed, I went in search of her poor house, if such it could be called. It was a little hut, built under a ditch, which is frequently the case in Ireland. It had a low door, no window, no chimney; I had to stoop very low to enter. When I got in, there was on the hearth a little half-kindled turf, which filled the place with smoke. In one corner of this wretched dwelling, I beheld an aged female lying on a little straw, laid on the damp clay floor, with scarce as much covering as would keep her warm. There was nothing in the room but this poor bed, and a block of wood, that seemed the stump of an old tree, laid near it, on which there was a cup of cold water. I was struck dumb with astonishment, to see one of God's dear children in a state of wretchedness and poverty, such as I had never witnessed before. My unbelieving heart sunk, for I felt, how can I here justify the ways of God to his child. My tongue remained silent. But she spoke, and uttered what my unbelief could not. — 'O, Sir, I am glad to see you. I am glad you are come to help me to praise the Lord for his loving kindness and mercies to me.' I thought, 'What love, what mercies, have you, my poor woman, to praise him for, amidst such a scene of wretchedness and want?' But she soon explained them. 'Help me, Sir, to praise my blessed Redeemer; for whilst he had both his hands nailed to the cross for me, he has left one hand free from pain to take this cup of cold water which a kind neighbour has just brought me; while he drank the cup of vinegar and gall, the cup of God's wrath to the dregs, to free me from it!'

"I need not say how I was affected—how reproved. O, for hearts sensible of the infinite compassion of Christ to sinners!"—*Id.*