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And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

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E. McLEOD, Editor.
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That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

B. J. UNDERHILL,
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Religious.

FOR EVER!

FROM REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

Alas! what heart can conceive, or what tongue express, the pains of those souls that are now enduring the wrath of God! If thou couldst ask the thousands in hell what madness brought them thither, many of them would answer, "We thought we were Christians, and sure of being saved, till we found ourselves here. We have flattered ourselves into these torments, and now there is no remedy."

Reader, I must in faithfulness tell thee, that these false hopes of being saved while thou art living in sin, will prove in the end but a ruinous delusion. There is none of this believing in hell. In this life, sinners are threatened with the wrath of God, yet their hope of escaping bears up their hearts. We can now scarcely speak with the vilest drunkard, or swearer, or scoundrel, but he hopes to be saved, notwithstanding all his sins.

It is the most pitiable sight this world affords, to see such an ungodly person dying, and to think of his soul and his hopes departing together. With what a sad change he appears in another world! Think, then, how it will aggravate the misery of lost souls, that, with the loss of heaven, they shall lose all that hope of which now supports them. Besides, they will lose also that false peace of conscience which makes their present life so easy. Who would think, when we see how quietly the multitude of the ungodly live, that they must shortly lie down in everlasting flames? They are as free from fears as an obedient believer, and perhaps often have less uneasiness of mind. In this life, when they were told of hell, or when conscience troubled their peace, they had comforters at hand; their jovial friends, their business, their company, their mirth. They could drink, play, or sleep away their sorrows. There is none of this in hell: there all these remedies will vanish. They will there lose all their carnal mirth and jovial companions. To meditate and pray now, they fancy would be enough to make them miserable, or run mad. They were wont to think serious and prayers long. Oh, how will they regret that they thought so, when their doom is fixed for ever! Poor souls, what a misery will that life be where they shall have nothing but sorrow—intense, heart-piercing, multiplied sorrow! Is there one merry heart in hell, or one joyful countenance, or jesting tongue? How will it even cut them to the heart to look each other in the face! What an interview will there be, when they shall be heard cursing the day that ever they saw one another.

But the torments of lost souls must be extreme, because they are the effect of divine reprobation. God, being infinitely just as well as abundant in mercy, has himself appointed them for those who reject Christ. As it was no less than God whom they offended, so it is no less than God who will punish them for their offences. If it were but a creature with whom they had to do, they might bear it better; but "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." (Heb. x. 31.)

Consider also that the body and soul will suffer together. The body must bear its part, but the soul being of a more excellent nature than the body, its torments will far exceed those of the body. That body which was so carefully attended to, so tenderly cherished, so curiously dressed, what must it then endure! Those ears which were accustomed to music and songs, shall hear the shrieks and cries of their wretched companions: children crying out against their parents, who gave them encouragement and example in evil; husbands and wives, masters and servants, ministers and people, magistrates and subjects, charging their misery one upon another, for discouragement in duty, for convicting at sin, and being silent when they should have plainly foretold the danger. Thus will soul and body be companions in woe!

But the greatest aggravation of these torments will be their eternity. When a thousand millions of ages are past, they are as fresh to begin over again as the first day. If there were any hope of an end, it would ease lost souls to foresee it; but for ever is an intolerable thought. They were never weary of sinning, nor will God ever be weary of punishing; they never heeded repentance of sin, so God will never repent of his judgments. They broke the laws of the eternal God, and therefore shall suffer eternal misery. Why does the approach of death so much alarm thee? Why does the thought of judgment of hell occasion thee so much uneasiness? If the bare idea be grievous, what must it be to endure the torments themselves for ever? Is it not an intolerable thing to burn part of thy body by holding it in the fire? What, then, will it be to suffer ten thousand times more for ever in the pit of misery, where thou shalt have no other company than devils and damned spirits, and shalt not only see them, but be tormented with them, and by them, night and day, for ever!

Reader, thou art to this day in earnest about the things of this life. If thou art sick, or in pain, what serious complaints dost thou make! If thou art poor, how hard dost thou labour for a livelihood! And is not the business of thy salvation of far greater moment? If one of thine acquaintance should come from the dead, and tell thee that he suffered the torments of hell for those sins of which thou art guilty, what a different person thou wouldst afterwards be! If thou hadst seen the judgment-seat, and the books opened, and the wicked trembling on the left hand of the Judge, and the godly rejoicing on the right hand, and their different sentences pronounced, what a dif-

ferent life wouldst thou afterwards lead! This sight thou shalt one day surely see. If thou hadst seen hell opened, and all its inhabitants in their ceaseless torments, and heaven opened, as Stephen did (Acts vii. 56), and all the saints there triumphing in glory, what a holy life wouldst thou have led after such sights! These thou wilt see before long. If thou hadst endured one year, or one day, or one hour, the torments thou now hearest of, how seriously wouldst thou then speak of hell, and pray against it! If thou knewest this were the last day thou hadst to live, how wouldst thou spend it?

Now, reader, let me solemnly ask thee—What sayest thou to all this? Thou art standing this day on the brink of eternity. Wilt thou continue in thy sins, and be lost for ever? Remember, God is in earnest with thee now, and will be hereafter. What! shall heaven be utterly lost to thee? Shall the gates of hell be closed upon thee for ever? Trifle no longer. Remember, death is at hand, judgment comes next, and after that an eternity of happiness or misery! If thou diest impenitent, unpardoned, and unsanctified, hell is thy portion FOR EVER! FOR EVER! FOR EVER! Dost thou then inquire, "How can I escape the wrath to come? What must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30.) Let me tell thee, in reply, if thou art really in earnest, and dost feel thyself a lost sinner, guilty and condemned before God, and if thou dost really desire to be saved, then hearken unto the only way of salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.) "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) He died in the place of sinners, as their substitute; so that God can now "be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." (Rom. iii. 26.) Repent, therefore, and forsake thy sins. Flee unto Jesus Christ for pardon; for he says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) Delay not one moment, lest God's anger consume thee, and tear thee in pieces, and there be none to deliver thee. (Ps. l. 22.) While the door of mercy is open, hasten unto Christ, and he will receive thee. Retire to thy room, fall down on thy knees, and when none but God can see thee, cry mightily unto the Lord for mercy. Plead the merits of Christ; pray fervently from the bottom of thy heart, that he would give thee his Holy Spirit, and create in thee desires after God and holiness, and so prepare thee for heaven, and save thy soul for ever. Redeemer, the blood of Christ can alone cleanse thee from all sin. (1 John i. 7.) He alone can save thee from the dreadful wrath of God; for he came into the world to save sinners. (1 Tim. i. 15.) Trembling sinner, thou needest not despair. Come to Christ and be saved. Remember, life is uncertain; health is uncertain. Now, while thou hast both, set about thy salvation in earnest. Christ will pardon thee; and will give thee true peace of mind in this life, and when thou diest, thou shalt dwell with him in heaven, in perfect happiness, throughout the countless ages of eternity.

"AM I SELF-DECEIVED?"

Could a more startling question be asked? I must soon appear at the judgment-bar. Omniscient purity will speedily search me through. Every disguise will then be torn off. The truth will come out. Eternity will be to me full of bliss or woe, according to the character I shall then have. I am a professor of religion. Perhaps in the judgment of my charitable friends I am religious. But is their judgment correct? Am I a hypocrite? O that I knew! My heart does not accuse me of that gross kind of hypocrisy which, "for a pretence, makes long prayers," at the very time I am thinking how I may rob widows and orphans. Yet my heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. I know that much of the hypocrisy in the world is of a very subtle and insidious nature. It may be so with me. Am I a hypocrite? I will honestly inquire. It is no proof that I am not one that my neighbors do not say that I am. There never were greater hypocrites on earth than the Pharisees. Yet the people commonly thought them very holy, and said, "If but two men are saved, one of them will be a Pharisee." Nor does the good opinion of pious and eminent men prove me to be a genuine Christian. The apostles all seem to have had a high opinion of Judas. Simon Magus won Peter's confidence. Paul at one time thought well of Demas. I may be a hypocrite while others think me a saint.

It is not certain that I am not a hypocrite, because I have not been in the habit of regarding myself as one. I am much inclined to think well of myself. It would require more than common candour to indict one's self for so high a crime. Many of the vilest hypocrites have abounded in self-confidence and self-esteem. Job was grieved at the charge of hypocrisy; but he did not show half the temper that the Pharisees did when the same charge was brought against them. Perhaps no persons have a better opinion of themselves than the grossest hypocrites.

Nor is it certain that I am not a hypocrite, because my history corresponds in some things with the experience in some eminent professors. First of all, some eminent professors are hypocrites, and it requires no grace for me to attain to the same experience with them. Again, it may be that it is merely in unessential incidents and circumstances, and not in the very essence of piety, that my experience agrees with that of others.

One mark of a hypocrite is, that while he may be wise, and prudent, and knowing in worldly

matters, he is not so in the things of religion. The Spirit of Christ does not rest upon him. He has not the anointing which teacheth him "all things." He is not "of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord." The hypocrite may be of high intellectual attainments—may discourse fluently, and even eloquently, on religious truths; yet he has no spiritual discernment. He is blind, and cannot see afar off. Jesus Christ says that this spiritual blindness and ignorance rested on the hypocrites on his day. Matt. xvi. 2, 3. No hypocrite has "evidence of things not seen" by the senses, or by carnal reason. O that I may not fall of heaven at last!

If I do not love secret prayer, I must be a hypocrite. An unregenerate man may pray, when terrified, or sick, or afflicted, or when his conscience is somewhat quickened, but he has no love for prayer even then. Returning prosperity drives him from his closet. Will God hear the hypocrite's "cry when trouble cometh upon him?" Will he delight himself in the Almighty? Will he always call upon God?—(Job. xxvii. 9, 10.) This is an awful subject. Seek to understand it well. Be honest. O, my soul, dost thou delight in God? Hast thou pleasure in the Almighty? Dost thou love to commune with him? Dost thou love prayer?

Hypocrites are subject to strong fears and terrors in time of divine judgments. When war, famine, or pestilence threatens a land, or when personal calamities gather thickly around the spurious professor, he is often filled with dismay. Seriously threaten to take from him property, liberty, character, or life, and he knows not what to do. The prospect of speedy death is dismal to him. Isaiah, having described some terrible judgments, says, "The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearlessness hath surprised the hypocrites." (Chap. xxxiii. 14.) The termination of their lives is sometimes heart-rending. The rain descends, the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon the ill-founded house, and it falls, and great is the fall of it. O, my soul, shall thy hopes be all blasted at last?

He that indulges in severe and harsh censure of others for minor faults, and condemns not himself for greater faults, is a hypocrite. (Matt. vii. 1, 5.) How is my practice in this respect? With what judgment I judge, I shall be judged. Then, what will be my eternal destiny? O, my soul, practise no deceit on thyself here! Am I a hypocrite?

To be prompt in promising, and tardy in performing is a part of a hypocritical character. A good man, intending to do all he engages to do, is slow in passing his word. But hypocrites "say, and do not." (Matt. xxiii. 3.) They say, We go, Lord; but they go not. They abound in promises and professions of obedience and love; but they stop at that. Is this my character? How I am keeping my solemn vows, made at the table of the Lord?

Optimism is another feature of a hypocritical character. (Matt. xxiii. 5.) So is a hiding of sin under specious pretences. (Matt. xxiii. 14.) Functions of piety about as little matters, and neglect of the substantial duties of life, is another mark of a hypocrite. Those who lived in Christ's day strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. They gave a tenth of all their garden herbs, and yet they were cruel, unjust, and faithless. How stains my character in these respects?

Hypocrites, too, in every age, praise the pious dead, and hate the living who act just as the pious dead acted. (Matt. xxiii. 29, 30.) They commend good men, whose example and reproofs reach them not, and rail at those whose holy example before their eyes warns them of their guilt and danger. Is this my character? I admire the integrity of Nathan in calling his backslidden monarch to repentance. Do I admire the man that cries in my ears, Return, O thou backslider, unto the Lord?

Excess and overacting attach to all hypocritical characters. Their prayers are too long; their zeal rises too high; their moderation is indifference. When they would be wise, they are cunning. So in every thing. All is overacted.

Am I a hypocrite? How momentous the question! How immense the interest at stake! "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Leave me not to the surprise of coming wrath. "For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?" Hypocrites shall "receive the great damnation." (Matt. xxiii. 14.) I cannot, I will not rest until I have good reason for saying, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."—Eugene.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

A NARRATIVE OF THE HAPPY DEATH OF MARY D.—AN EDINBURGH SEWSTRESS.

We give a remarkable instance, in which that precious hymn, "The Fullness of Jesus," by Dr. Bonar, of Kelso, seemed to be used by the Holy Spirit to bring peace to a troubled conscience on a death bed a short time ago.

Mary D.—was, like thousands of girls, careless about her soul, and even sometimes ridiculed others who were serious. She never seriously thought of her sins, her Saviour, or the possibility of being cut off by death, while the blush of youth was fresh upon her cheek. Years passed away, and Mary, though ambitious to be at least something in this world, was still careless about her prospects for the world to come. One day, after she had reached the age of womanhood, she called upon a lady in Edinburgh, who had known her in the provincial town where she was brought up, and told her that she was in a house of business in town, but wished to get into her brother's warehouse, one of the largest and best-known clothing establishments in the city. Her request was granted, and she was admitted. This lady was desirous to know her state of mind, and sometimes asked the companion she lodged with, if there was any change on Mary. She told her that though she did not speak to her, she sometimes read her Bible. It had been Mary's ambition at this time to take a

first place in the establishment, and she found she could not; and despairing of this, she thought if it would be well to attain this, how much better "to be good;" so she betook herself to the perusal of the Bible, and went to church.

Some weeks passed, and she was suddenly and dangerously taken ill. "I was felled," writes the lady, with bitter self-reproach for neglecting her soul. I went immediately to see her—found her very ill, having her head shaved. Her mother was with her. I went home for a little, but was in a sad state, on account of her danger and my neglect. When I returned, after dinner, she seemed to be half asleep. On awakening she looked at me, as if surprised, and said, "You are here again!" "Yes," I replied, "I have not been long away." Fixing her eye on me, with much earnestness, she said, "I AM DYING!" And what although you were?" Her eye still fixed on me, she said, "But I am an awful sinner!" "But," said I, "we have a great Saviour. Do you remember, Mary, the pretty hymn we used to sing—"

"I lay my sins on Jesus?" "Yes," she said, "the spotless Lamb of God," having Jesus in her mind, and repeating the second line. She asked me to repeat the hymn, but I could not. She repeated the first four lines, and seemed to rest her soul immediately on "the spotless Lamb of God." On getting a view of herself as "an awful sinner," and "the spotless Lamb of God" as "a great Saviour," she lifted up her hands to the heavens, and prayed to be taken and washed in the blood of the Lamb, often referring to herself as a sinner, and the spotless Lamb as a Saviour.

The lady again left her, and on returning the same day, brought the hymn with her, and read it to her; but though it was relished, yet no portion of it did her soul rest her on the first verse. The finger of God was surely to be seen in their both forgetting the hymn they were so familiar with, save the first four lines. Thus the mind of the dying penitent was directed to a single object, and that was enough, for it was "the spotless Lamb of God." She was apparently very happy; and when asked, "Are you resting your all upon Jesus?" she answered, "Yes; for he is the spotless Lamb of God." A number of hymns were read to her in the course of the evening, and when asked what she thought of them, she answered,—"They are all very good, but I lay my sins on Jesus." Much conversation passed on the things of Jesus, and on himself; and she appeared to be fully filled with "a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory." The lady said, "I'll stay all night with you." She seemed delighted, and said, "We will read." The Word seemed to have become very precious to her soul, and she longed to hear more of it. Some of the most appropriate of the Psalms, such as the li. xxxii. and ciii. were read; and as the reading of them proceeded, she interrupted her kind friend, asking her to read several portions again and again. "I wonder," she said, "I never read that before." Doubtless she had read some of them, but now the Holy Spirit had given the opened heart and the unveiled eye; and wherever this is done, the Divine Word comes with power, and the Bible appears quite a new book. Her mother, perhaps, feeling hurt at her confession of not having read these portions of the Word, as if it were a reproach on her not to have made her daughter read the Bible, and feeling ill at ease, as a spectator of this mighty change, she assured the lady that Mary was always a good girl, and read her Bible. "No, mother," said the Spirit-convicted Mary, raising her head, and looking at her parent, "I was not; I did not read my Bible; I wish I had;" and as if touched by this, and remembering her dear relatives at home, she continued—"Mother, tell them all to come to Jesus. When you go home tell them all to come to Jesus, for He is the 'spotless Lamb of God.'" She then wished her mother to go to bed, for she seemed to feel as if she could not get a full feast from the Word of God, or give full vent to her feelings in her presence, as she could not sympathize with her in things Divine. Her mother acceded to her request, and her kind friend read to her almost the whole night. She continued very lively and very happy, and seemed to rejoice at the Word, as one that finds great spoil. Her friend was afraid that she might be the worse for so much reading, speaking, and excitement; and about four in the morning, being exhausted, she leaned back on her chair, as if to pause for a little, but Mary's soul was still wakeful and thirsting for the Word, and she said, in a low tone—"Read some of the Psalms, and see what they will say." As they were read, one after another, she said, as if astonished at their contents, "They seem to have been written for me." Is not this the experience of every new-born soul?

They engaged in prayer together, and her friend left her at seven in the morning, praising God for his wonder-working grace. On returning during the day, to see her, she asked her, "Are you still happy, Mary?" "Very!" she replied, "for I lay my sins on Jesus." She then told what a sinner she had been, and as she deplored the Christless, joyless, sinful life she had spent, she exclaimed, "What mercy!" CALLED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR!

She here expressed her gratitude to God for his great goodness, and asked her friend to engage in prayer with her, in which she greatly delighted. She lived about a week in Edinburgh after she was seized with illness, and was then removed to the town where she was brought up, and lived about a week thereafter. "The eight days she was in town" (writes the lady referred to,) "I saw her twice every day, and we had sweet counsel together. I saw her on the train, and she was still happy. I bade her farewell until the day broke

and the shadows flee away." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

O, how blessed to have full assurance from looking unto Jesus, like this happy believer of whom we have been writing! Some may say that it is a very hazardous thing to tell souls that they may be saved, and be assured of salvation immediately on their "looking unto Jesus;" but this arises from having mistaken notions about free grace and legal views of the glorious gospel. Christ rent the veil on very purpose that you may go in "with boldness," and at once, like this dear, believing girl. Do not say, I must wait until I see how much experience will evince my faith, before I can be sure that Christ and salvation are mine. This is done by many, to their great loss in time—if not to their ruin in eternity. It is not by Christ and your experience that you are saved, but by Christ himself alone, "the spotless Lamb of God." To wait before we believe and are sure, until our profession get the imprint of our experience, is to set aside the gospel of Christ, and frame "another gospel." Christ is not a Saviour to you only after you believe and have a certain amount of knowledge and experience; but he is a Saviour to you in your sins and from your sins. He is not your Saviour by experience, but by birth; "For unto you is born a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." He is your born Saviour! O, that my readers would believe this glorious gospel! From the case of Mary D.—you see that all true happiness springs from Jesus. Though she was called at the eleventh hour, she was filled with joy, and grew in grace exceedingly during the few days that elapsed between her conversion and her death; and though the change was sudden, it was, we believe, the great change; and though her confidence was complete and immediate, it was, therefore, all the more scriptural; and we hope the narrative of her case will, by the Holy Spirit, be the means of making many troubled, conscience-stricken souls adopt her gospel, and say, with the same child-like faith—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,"
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load." W. E.

PREACHING FOR ETERNITY.

BY THE REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

"When do you intend to stop?" was the question once put by a friend to Rowland Hill. "Not till we have carried all before us," was the prompt reply. Such is our answer too. The fields are vast, the grain whitens, the harvest waves; and through grace we shall go forth with our sickles, never to rest till we shall lie down where the Lamb himself shall lead us, by the living fountains of waters, and where God shall wipe off the sweat of toil from our weary foreheads, and dry up all the tears of earth from our weeping eyes. Some of us are young and fresh—many days may yet be, in the providence of God, before us. These must be days of strenuous, ceaseless, persevering, and, if God bless us, successful toil. We shall labour till we are worn out and laid to rest.

Many of our readers have seen, we doubt not, a small work of Vincent, the non-conformist minister, respecting the great plague and fire in London. Its title is, "God's Terrible Voice in the City." In it there is a description of the manner in which the faithful ministers who remained amid the danger, discharged their solemn duties to the dying inhabitants, and of the manner in which the terror-stricken multitudes hung with breathless eagerness upon their lips, to drink in salvation ere the dreaded pestilence had swept them away to the tomb. The churches were flung open, but the pulpits were silent, for there was none to occupy them—the hiring had fled. Then did God's faithful band of persecuted ones come forth from their hiding-places to fill the forsaken pulpits. Then did they stand up in the midst of the dying and the dead, to proclaim eternal life to men who were expecting death before the morrow. They preached in season and out of season. Week-day or Sabbath was the same to them. The hour might be canonical or uncanonical, it mattered not; they did not stand upon nice points of ecclesiastical regularity or irregularity; they lifted up their voices like a trumpet, and spared not. Every sermon might be their last. Graves were lying open around them; life seemed now not merely an hand-breadth, but a hair-breadth; death was nearer now than ever; eternity stood out in all its vast reality; souls were felt to be precious; opportunities were no longer to be trifled away; every hour possessed a value beyond the wealth of kingdoms; the world was now a passing vanishing shadow, and man's days on earth had been cut down from three-score years and ten into the twinkling of an eye! O how they preached! No polished periods, no learned arguments, no laboured paragraphs, chilled their appeals, or rendered their discourses unintelligible. No fear of man, no love of popular applause, no over-scrupulous dread of strong expressions, no fear of excitement or enthusiasm, prevented them from pouring out the whole fervour of their hearts, that yearned with tenderness unutterable over dying souls. "Old time," says Vincent, "seemed to stand at the head of the pulpit, with his great scythe, saying, with a hoarse voice, Work while it is called to-day, at night I will mow thee down. Grim death seemed to stand at the side of the pulpit, with his sharp arrow, saying, Do thou shoot God's arrows, and I will shoot mine. The grave seemed to lie open at the foot of the pulpit, with dust in her bosom, saying,—

"Louden thy cry
To God,
To men,
And now fulfil thy trust.
Here thou must lie—
Mouth stopped,
Breath gone,
And silent in the dust!"