

# RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

G. W. DAY, Printer

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## TERMS:

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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G. W. DAY, PRINTER.

## Grieving the Holy Spirit.

Shortly after my settlement in the ministry, I observed in the congregation a young lady whose blooming countenance and cheerful air showed perfect health and high elation of spirits. Her appearance satisfied me at once that she was amiable and thoughtful. There was no one of my charge whose prospects for long life were more promising than her own, and perhaps no one who looked forward to the future with more pleasing hopes of enjoyment. To her eye the world seemed bright. She often said she wished to enjoy more of it before she became a Christian.

Louisa (for by that name I shall call her) manifested no particular hostility to religion, but wished to live a gay and merry life till just before her death, and then to become pious and die happy. She was constant in her attendance at church, and while others seemed moved by the exhibition of the Saviour's love, she seemed entirely unaffected. Upon whatever subject I preached her countenance retained the same mark of indifference and unconcern. The same easy smile played upon her features, whether sin or death, or heaven or hell was the theme of discourse. One evening I invited a few of the young ladies of my society to meet at my house. She came with her companions. I had sought the interview with them, that I might more directly urge upon them the importance of religion. All in the room were affected—and she, though evidently moved, endeavored to conceal her feelings.

The interest in this great subject manifested by those present was such, that I informed them that I would meet, in a week from that time, any who wished for personal conversation. The appointed evening arrived, and I was delighted in seeing, with two or three others, Louisa enter my house.

I conversed with each one individually. They generally, with much frankness, expressed their state of feeling. Most of them expressed much solicitude respecting their eternal interests. Louisa appeared different from all the rest. She was anxious and unable to conceal her anxiety, and yet ashamed to have it known. She had come to converse with me upon the subject of religion and yet was making an evident effort to appear indifferent. I had long felt interested in Louisa, and was glad of this opportunity to converse with her.

"Louisa," said I, "I am happy to see you here this evening, and particularly so, as you have come interested in the subject of religion."

She made no reply.

"Have you been long thinking upon this subject Louisa?"

"I always thought the subject important, sir, but have not attended to it as I suppose I ought."

"Do you now feel the subject to be more important than you have previously?"

"I don't know, sir; I think I want to be a Christian."

"Do you feel that you are a sinner, Louisa?"

"I know that I am a sinner, for the Bible says so, but I suppose that I do not feel it enough."

"Can you expect that God will receive you into his favour while you are in such a state of mind? He has made you and he is now taking care of you, giving you every blessing and every enjoyment you have, and yet you have lived many years without any gratitude to him, and continually breaking his commandments, and how do you feel that you are a sinner. What would you think of a child whose kind and affectionate parents had done every thing in their power to make her happy, and who should yet not feel that she had done any thing wrong, though she had been every day disobeying her parents, and had never expressed any gratitude for their kindness? You, Louisa, would abhor such a child. And yet this is the way you have been treating your Heavenly Father. And he has heard you say this evening, that you do not feel that you have done wrong, and he sees your heart knows how unfeeling it is. Now Louisa, you must be lost, unless you repent of your sins and ask humbly and earnestly for forgiveness. And why will you not? You know that Christ has died to atone for sin, and that God will forgive you for his Son's sake, if you are penitent."

To this Louisa made no reply. She did not seem displeased, neither did her feelings appear subdued.

After addressing a few general remarks to my young friends, we knelt in prayer, and the interview closed. Another meeting was appointed on the same evening of the succeeding week.

Louisa again made her appearance with the same young ladies and a few others. She appeared much more deeply impressed. Her coldness and reserve had given place to a frank expression of interest and exhibition of feeling.

"Well, Louisa," said I, as in turn I commenced

conversing with her, "I was almost afraid I should not see you here this evening."

"I feel, sir," said she, "that it is time for me to attend to my immortal soul. I have neglected it too long."

"Do you feel that you are a sinner, Louisa?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Do you think, Louisa, you have any claim upon God to forgive you?"

"No, sir. It would be just in God to leave me to perish. I think I want to repent, but I cannot. I want to love God, but do not know how I can."

"Do you remember, Louisa, that Christ has said 'Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Louisa, now count the cost; are you ready to give up all for Christ? Are you ready to turn from your gay companions, and lay aside your frivolous pleasures, and acknowledge the Saviour publicly, and be derided, as perhaps you will be, by your former friends, and live a life of prayer and of effort to do good?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "I am afraid not."

"Well, Louisa, the terms of acceptance with God are plain, and there is no altering them. You cannot serve God and mammon. If you would be a Christian, you must renounce all sin, and with a broken heart surrender yourself entirely to the Saviour."

The evening's interview closed as before, and a similar appointment was made for the next week. Some of the young ladies present, I had reason to believe, had accepted the terms of salvation. The next week about the same number were present, but Louisa was not with them; a slight cold had detained her. But the week after she again appeared. To my great disappointment I found her interest diminishing. Though not exhibiting that cold reserve which she at first manifested, she seemed far less anxious than at our last interview: the spirit was grievously away. This was the last time she called to see me; but, alas! I was soon called to see her, under circumstances which at that time were but little anticipated. These social meetings continued for some time, and many of Louisa's associates, I have cause to hope, became the disciples of Jesus.

Two or three months passed away, and my various duties so far engrossed my mind, that my particular interest in Louisa's spiritual welfare had given place to other solicitudes; when one day as I was riding out, making parochial visits, one of my parishioners informed me that she was quite unwell, and desired to see me. In a few moments I was in her sick chamber. She had taken a violent cold, and it had settled into a fever. She was lying in her bed, her cheek glowing with the feverish hue, and her lips parched with thirst. She seemed agitated when I entered the room, and the moment I stood by her bedside and inquired how she did, she covered her face with both hands and burst into a flood of tears.

Her sister, who was by her bedside, immediately turned to me and said, "Sir, she is in great distress of mind. Mental agony has kept her awake nearly all night. She has wanted very much to see you, that you might converse with her."

I was fearful that the agitation of her feelings might seriously injure her health, and did all I consistently could to soothe and quiet her.

"But, sir," said Louisa, "I am sick and may die, I know that I am not a Christian, and if I die in this state of mind, what will become of me?" and she again burst into tears.

What could I say? Every word she said was true. Her eyes were opened to her danger. There was cause for alarm. Sickness was upon her—Delirium might soon ensue; death might be very near; and her soul was unprepared to appear before God. She saw it all; she felt it all. Fever was burning in her veins. But she forgot her pain, in view of the terrors of approaching judgment.

I told her that the Lord was good, and that his tender mercies were over all his works; that He was more ready to forgive than we to ask forgiveness.

"But, sir," said she, "I have known my duty long, and have not done it. I have been ashamed of the Saviour, and grieved away the Spirit; and now I am upon a sick bed, and perhaps must die. O, if I were but a Christian, I should be willing to die."

I told her of the Saviour's love. I pointed to many of God's precious promises to the penitent. I endeavored to induce her to resign her soul calmly to the Saviour. But all was unavailing. Trembling and agitated she was looking forward to the dark future. The Spirit of the Lord had opened her eyes, and through her own reflections had led her into this state of alarm. I knelt by her bedside and fervently prayed that the Holy Spirit would guide her to the truth, and that the Saviour would speak peace to her troubled soul. O could they, who are postponing repentance to a sick bed, have witnessed the suffering of this once merry girl they would shudder at the thought of trusting to a dying hour. How poor a time to prepare to meet God, when the mind is enfeebled, when the body is restless or racked with pain, and when mental agitation frustrates the skill of the physician. Yet so it is. One half the world are postponing repentance to a dying bed. And when sickness comes, the very circumstance of being unprepared hurries the miserable victim to the grave.

The next day I called again to see Louisa. Her fever was still raging, and its fires were fanned by mental suffering. Poor girl! I thought I, as the first glance of her countenance showed the strong lineaments of despair. I needed not to ask how she felt. Her countenance told her feelings. And I knew

that while her mind was in this state, restoration to health was out of the question.

"And can you not, Louisa," said I, "trust your soul with the Saviour who died for you? He has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"O, sir, I know the Saviour is merciful, but somehow or other I cannot go to him, I know not why—O, I am miserable indeed."

"Do you think, Louisa, that you are penitent for sin? If you are, you are forgiven; for God who gave his Son to die for us, is more ready to pardon than we to ask forgiveness. He is more ready to give good gifts to the penitent than any earthly parent to give bread to his hungry child."

I then opened the Bible at the 15th chapter of Luke, and read the parable of the prodigal son. I particularly directed her attention to the 20th verse "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell upon his neck and kissed him."

"O, sir," said she, "none of these promises are for me. I find no peace in my troubled spirit. I have long been sinning against God, and now he is summoning me to render up my account, and O what an account have I to render! The doctor gives me medicine, but I feel that it does no good, for I can think of nothing but my poor soul. Even if I were perfectly well, I could hardly endure the view which God has given me of my sins. If they were forgiven, how happy I should be! but now—O!"—her voice was stopped by a fit of shuddering, which agitated those around her with the fear that she might be dying. Soon, however, her nerves were more quiet, and I knelt to commend her spirit to the Lord.

As I rode home, her despairing countenance was unceasingly before me. Her lamentations, her mournful groans, were continually crying in my ears. As I knelt with my family at evening, I bore Louisa upon my heart to the throne of grace. All night I was restless upon my pillow, dreaming of unavailing efforts at this sick bed.

Another morning came. As I knocked at the door of her dwelling, I felt a most painful solicitude as to the answer I might receive.

"How is Louisa this morning?" said I to the person who opened the door.

"She is fast falling, sir, and the doctor thinks she cannot recover. We have just sent for her friends to come and see her before she dies."

"Is her mind more composed than it has been?"

"O no, sir. She has had a dreadful night. She says that she is lost, and that there is no hope for her."

I went into her chamber. Despair was pictured more deeply than ever upon her flushed and fevered countenance. I was surprised at the strength she still manifested as she tossed from side to side. Death was evidently drawing near. She knew it. She had lived without God, and felt that she was unprepared to appear before him. A few of her young friends were standing by her bedside. She warned them in the most affecting terms to prepare for death while in health. She told them of the mental agony she was then enduring and of the heavier woes which were thickly scattered through that endless career she was about to enter.

All her conversation was interspersed with the most heart-rending exclamations of despair. She said she knew that God was ready to forgive the sincerely penitent, but that her sorrow was not sorrow for sin, but dread of its awful penalty.

I had already said all that I could to lead her to the Saviour—but no Saviour cast his love on this dying bed—no ray of peace cheered the departing soul. Youth and beauty were struggling with death; and as that eye which but a few days before had sparkled with gaiety now gazed on to eternity, it was fixed in an expression of despair.

"By many a death-bed I had been, And many a sinner's parting scene, But never aught like this."

There was nothing that could be said. The moanings of the sufferer mingled with the prayer, which was almost inarticulately uttered, from the emotions which the scene inspired.

Late in the afternoon I called again. But her reason was gone, and in restless agony she was grappling with death. Her friends were standing around her, but she did not recognise them. Every eye in the room was filled with tears, but poor Louisa saw not, and heeded not their weeping. It was a scene neither pen nor pencil can portray. At the present moment that chamber of death is as vividly present to my mind as it was when I looked upon it through irrepressible tears. I can now see the disorder of the dying bed—the restless form—the swollen veins—the hectic burning cheek—the eyes rolling wildly around the room—and the weeping friends. Who can describe such a scene? And who can imagine the emotions which one must feel who knew her history and who knew that this delirium succeeded temporal and perhaps preceded eternal despair. Louisa could no longer listen to my prayers; she could no longer receive the precious instructions of God's word. And what could be said to console her friends? Nothing.

"Be still, and know that I am God," was all that could be said. I could only look and listen with reverence, inwardly praying that the sad spectacle might not be lost upon any of us. For some time I lingered round the solemn scene in silence. Not a word was spoken. All knew that death was near. The friends who were most deeply affected struggled hard to restrain the audible expression of grief. In silence I had entered the room, and in silence and sadness I went away.

Early the next morning I called at the door to enquire for Louisa.

"She is dead, sir," was the reply to my question.

"At what time did she die?"

"About midnight, sir."

"Was her reason restored before her death?"

"It appeared partially to return a few moments before she breathed her last, but she was almost gone, and we could hardly understand what she said."

"Did she seem any more peaceful in her mind?"

"Her friends thought, sir, that she did express a willingness to depart, but she was so weak and so far gone that it was impossible for her to express her mind with any clearness."

This is all that can be said of the eternal prospects of one who "wished to live a gay and merry life till just before death, and then to become pious and die happy." Reader!

"Be wise TO-DAY—its madness to defer." *Abbott's Young Christian.*

## Religious and Missionary Bearings of the War.

A discourse was lately preached in Constantinople by the Rev. William Schaffner, in the hearing of the missionaries of the American Mission, on the religious aspects of the great war. It was highly esteemed by the missionaries, and we extract from it the following passages.

CHARACTER AND DEEDS OF NICHOLAS.

"The man who kindled this dreadful fire is the son of a pious woman, born and brought up a Protestant, and his wife is a Protestant too, though both were compelled to profess the Russian form of Christianity against their conviction. He drove from his empire every vestige of Protestant missions. He compels all Christian churches in his empire to call the Russian church orthodox, thus styling themselves heterodox or heretical, and uses every means short of force to draw unwary men from other churches into the Russian, and when they are there, retains them by brute force."

"Hundreds of ignorant farmers in the Baltic provinces, whom his priests have enticed to join their baptized idolatry by positive falsehood, he retains by force. His people do not possess the Bible whole in their own language, and it is purposely rendered very hard for them to obtain even a New Testament. The Russians dissenting from their former church are banished to Caucasus, to be a wall of partition against the Circassians, and to be out of the way disseminating their doctrines."

"The church whose head he claims to be is as full of idolatry and superstition, as full of false saints, miracles, and relics, and as empty of gospel truth and spirituality, or any of the Eastern churches; nor is it to be supposed that he himself believes in these lying doctrines and lying wonders; but the system is to him a means to hold the body of his subjects together, to subject them to his will, and in case of need, to fanstise them for a desperate fight against supposed infidels. Much more might be said of that man's wicked course, and of the iniquity of the social and ecclesiastical systems over which he watches with grim jealousy."

WHAT ARE THEY FIGHTING FOR?

"Ask the people in Russia. There is not a man or woman—in Russia I mean—who is not familiar with the Emperor's design to seize Turkey, and reside in Constantinople. The more intelligent understand the farther bearings,—which are, Russia will rule the Mediterranean sea, and be mistress in Europe. This they consider the divine destiny and mission of their nationality. The priests see still farther. The means, pretty successfully employed in Russia, to draw in by fraud and keep in by force the members of other religious communities, will be carried over the old world; Protestant missions will be crushed; Bible and Tract Societies crippled by laws and restrictions; and the Russian priests live in their millennial glory. Of these plans, which are perfectly transparent to every reasonable man in Russia, European governments have comprehended at least the political part. Few see the ecclesiastical and religious, which, however, to us, is the burden of the inquiry. To carry out these plans, immense fortresses and navies are built, uncalculated for interferences attempted, revolutions kindled among the subjects of this country, false pretences spread before the world, war commenced in time of peace. Is all this right? No! No! Has Europe a right to resist it? Not a right only, but both right and duty—more still—a necessity. If governments, generals, and soldiers comprehend the entire nature of this contest, they might enjoy the unspeakable privilege of unwavering trust in a righteous Providence, and of looking up for angelic help, like Hezekiah, to smite the northern host in one night. But, alas! they know not what they are fighting for, nor where their strength lieth. England has boasted of her riches, her strength, her navy, her army, her allies, occasionally of her right, but not of her God. She thought to come, to see, and to conquer. Cronstadt and Sebastopol were an easy prey in her eyes; and without knowing (this is a fact) either the character and face of the country, or the strength of the fortress, or the numbers of the enemy even actually present and beyond the brow of the rising shore of the Crimea, she ordered her brave sons to march, and they marched. But that pride was to be humbled. Acknowledged mistakes made at home, and matchless misrule in some parts of her military administration here, have laid the brave low, and covered lion's hearts with the dust of the Crimea. The rest are sufferers, enough to make us weep blood."

A DOOR OF HOPE.

"All is not gloom in our religious horizon. Not only is the cause righteous, but it is borne

upon the hands and hearts of many prayerful people; and much seriousness prevails in the army and navy, both English and French. Never were Bibles, New Testaments, and tracts better received than by these sturdy men. The great fast-day in England observed last year, the great communion-day before the British army left Varna, were omens for good; and never did an army go out followed by more, and more ardent prayer than the one to these parts. Among them are some men of true faith and prayer. Before starting on the expedition from here, many young officers were received by confirmation into the Episcopal Church, and although but few of them may have been men born again, still they did seek God and acknowledge Christ; and if any of them lie buried at Alma, or Balaklava, or Inkermann, or Sebastopol, Christian charity is permitted to hope for their souls. The present position of what remains is eminently calculated to convince those brave men, that God's delighteth not in the strength of the horse, and taketh no pleasure in the limbs of a man."

FOR THE HOUR OF FIERCE CONFLICT.

BY THE REV. D. WISE.

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—(MATT. XXVIII, 20.)

There is a touching fact related in history of a Highland chief, of the noble house of McGregor, who fell wounded by two balls at the battle of Prestonpans. Seeing their chief fall, the clan wavered, and gave the enemy an advantage. The old chieftain, beholding this effect of his disaster, raised himself up on his elbow, while the blood gushed in streams from his wounds and cried aloud:—

"I am not dead, my children; I am looking at you to see you do your duty."

These words revived the sinking courage of his Highlanders. There was a charm in the fact that they still fought under the eye of their chief. It roused them to put forth their mightiest energies, and they did all that human strength could do to turn and stem the dreadful tide of battle.

And is there not a charm to thee, oh, believer! in the fact, that you contend in the battle-field of life under the eye of your Saviour? Wherever you are, however you are oppressed by foes, however exhausted by the stern strife with evil, the eye of Christ is fixed most lovingly upon thee. Nor is Jesus the only observer of your conduct. You are also a "spectacle unto angels." You are "compassed about by a cloud of witnesses." Human and angelic minds, animated, the good by love, and the evil by hate, are the spectators of your deeds. Thus is the theatre of your life made sublime; and you contend for salvation under circumstances sufficiently grand, and with results before you sufficiently awful, to arouse your most latent powers, and to stimulate you to strive bravely, vigorously, and perseveringly, even unto victory.

But the good man is apt to forget that he is thus observed. The terrestrial and visible exclude the celestial and invisible. Ceasing to walk by faith, he loses sight of the innumerable witnesses who surround him. Then he magnifies his difficulties; forgets the source of his strength; his confidence grows weak; his strength diminishes; his resistance becomes less stern resolute; his foes take advantage; they renew their efforts; fiery darts fall upon and wound him; discouragement seizes upon him; and the danger of a complete and disastrous defeat grows imminent.

In such a critical moment as this, the Christian needs to be reminded that his Master and Saviour "ever liveth," and ever looks upon him. Through every cloud of blackness, that eye, which closed in the agony of death for him, pierces to watch for his welfare. Above all the noise of battle and the roar of human voices, His word is heard, saying, "I am with you." Listening to that voice, gazing on that eye, how can any true disciple fail of being inspired anew, roused afresh to contend with irresistible energy for the victory?

Reader, are you discouraged? Is your heart sad? Is it oppressed and grieved? Do you walk in darkness, seeing no light? Are your enemies getting the advantage? Have you come to a stand, leaning on your sword, in the midst of the battle? If so, look upon a moment, this moment, to Jesus your Saviour. Behold him! "The man who wept with the sisters of Bethany at their brother's grave, the man who lived, suffered, died, arose for you—the God-man, who loveth you;—see! His eyes are fixed upon you, full of compassionate interest! Harken! His voice,—how gentle its tones,—addresses you. 'Come unto me, weary and heavy laden one,' it says, 'and I will give you rest.' Is not this enough? Can you despond, with that eye upon you, and that voice speaking to you? No, you cannot. Away, then, with doubt, and fear, and sorrow. Rejoice in Christ, and go cheerfully to the remaining strife of life. In the eye and voice of the dying warrior cheered his clan to battle, ah! so let the eye and voice of your living and mighty Redeemer, and the presence of a cloud of august witnesses, cheer you, until you are permitted to adopt the sublime strain of the apostle, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.'"

"Out of the depths of woe, To thee, O Lord, I cry; Darkness surround me, but I know That thou art ever night."

## Wesleyan Missionary Society.

The London correspondent of the N. Y. Independent, furnishes that paper with the following notice of this society, and its anniversary meeting:

The attendance was numerous and the spirit of the meeting excellent. Sir Anthony Oupham, late Chief Justice of Ceylon, presided. Two Reports one financial, the other general, were presented. The debt of the Society has been reduced by the aid of part of a very large legacy.

"The home receipts, including £4,380 17s 3d. from Ireland, were £77,793 8s. 7d.; the total receipts from foreign auxiliaries were £21,547 10s., and the miscellaneous items, including schools grants, (governmental), donations on annuity, etc. £11,807 15s. 9d.; making a total amount of regular and miscellaneous receipts from all sources of £111,048 14s. 4d. The payments of the year