

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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tention.

G. W. DAY, PRINTER.

"If any Man Thirst, let him come unto me, and Drink."

Some years ago I spent the summer at Springs. Standing one day by the fountain where the crowd gathered to drink health-giving water, I was forcibly reminded of these gracious words of our blessed Saviour: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

Multitudes were pressing to obtain a draught of water. Every age, sex, and condition were represented. The old tottered to the spring, and raised the glass with a trembling hand. The young stood there in the flower and beauty of youth, with light hearts, and laughing eyes, and cheeks that blushed with health and happiness. The sick were supported on the arms of friends, as they drank, the sunken eye was lighted with the hope of returning life. Some were there from the far south, and some from foreign shores; some rolled along in their splendid carriages, and some came leaning on a staff. A mixed multitude gathered, as the crowds of old around the pool of Bethesda.

I thought again, if, in some distant and almost inaccessible spot, a spring should be discovered whose waters possessed the power of conferring immortality, with the bloom of beauty and youth, the strength of manhood, and the wisdom of age, on all who should come and drink, what crowds would gather there, that they might taste and never die! How the news of the discovery would spread from city to city, from land to land! From every kindred, and people, and tongue under the whole heaven, they would come and "take of the water of life freely." No expense of time and money would prevent millions from flying thither. Again, the sound of a Saviour's voice, with the tenderness of heaven in its tones of love, seemed to fall on the ear as it said, "Whoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." This is the spring that confers immortality on those who drink.

A daughter of Samaria came to draw water, and the Saviour of the world sat resting on the well. He asked her for that water of which a man drink he shall thirst again; but he offered her water from the well of eternal life. Here at the springs the sons and daughters of penance, and the children of sorrow and care, were coming to draw water, and I longed to cry in their hearing, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price."

These words of the prophet and those of the Saviour are figurative, but they are full of meaning as they are of beauty. Dwell on them, dear reader, and admire them, for they are addressed to thee; and happy shalt thou be if thou dost yield to the sweet invitation, and drink and live forever. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. To secure their salvation he poured out his blood like water, and opened a fountain for the cleansing of sin. That fountain he presents under the striking emblem of water, to show its cleansing power, its health-imparting influence, its freedom and exhaustive abundance. For such as you he opened this fountain, and had his eye on just such sinners, when he cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

It is a precious invitation. Heaven never sent a sweeter. Accept that invitation, and you will secure the forgiveness of your sins, and justification before God. You need pardon. You are a great sinner. This your conscience tells you. This your Bible tells you. Your sins are in number like the sands on the sea-shore, or the stars in heaven. They are very great; committed against great love; you know the blessed Saviour died on the cross for poor sinners, but you sinned his dying blood and despised his bleeding love. You deserve to be punished for such sins. You will be punished unless you are pardoned. The holy and inflexible law of Jehovah, whose penalty is eternal death, you have broken, and you must die unless another die in your room. Jesus Christ offers to become the justifier of him who believes. He becomes his substitute. His sufferings under the law of God will be accepted in the stead of yours, if you will come and trust in him. Thus the law will be sustained, and the sinner saved. God can be just, and justify the ungodly who believeeth. This is a simple plan—the gospel plan. It commands itself to you as the only plan by which you can be delivered from the curse of the law.

But beyond all this, if you come to Christ he will grant the sanctification of your soul. When your past sins have been forgiven, the work of sanctification is begun, and only begun. Your heart is yet full of uncleanness. It is vile, and abominable, and offensive in the sight of God. Its desires are impure, and rebellious, and wicked.

And with such a heart you cannot be happy here, and could not be happy in heaven. You must be made holy, or you cannot be made happy. Christ Jesus offers to make you holy. His "blood cleanseth from all sin." The redeemed in heaven were made white in the blood of the Lamb—Saul of Tarsus washed in that fountain. The vilest sinners that ever lived have come to Christ, and drinking of the water he offers, have been sanctified and saved.

Thus you will be pardoned, justified, sanctified; thus you will receive eternal life. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." You must be delivered from the power of sin, or lie down in eternal burnings. This is the second death. In its eternity of woe it includes the wrath of an angry God, the torture of a guilty conscience, the gnawings of the worm that never dies, and the torments of the fire that is never quenched. But "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In Christ is deliverance from death. In him is eternal life. Come to him and you may be clothed with unfading youth, raised to the enjoyment of God, and crowned with glory, and honour, and immortality. These blessings flow to those, and those only, who come to Christ; and when he stands and cries, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink," he invites you to partake of these infinitely precious gifts.

There is no limit to this invitation. "If any man thirst, let him come." The fullness of the fountain justifies the unbought offer. Millions have drunk till their souls were satisfied; but the fountain is yet full. Jews and Gentiles, bond and free, are alike welcome. Come one, come all, and drink of the water of life freely.

Reader, perhaps you are young, and gay, and thoughtless. You are in search of pleasure. You drink of the waters of this world's pleasures, and are not satisfied. Amid the gayest scenes of life your soul is yet unblest. Come to Jesus. In him there is bliss the world knoweth not of. In his presence there is fullness of joy; at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Perhaps you are sick, or sinking in years, and the world is fading and fading. In the Saviour's blood is the fountain of health and life. Here where sickness, and infirmities, and pains, and trials beset your path, you would not wish to live always. Eternal life in such a world as this would scarcely be a blessing. But the life which this fountain gives is life in a better and brighter world. Drink of this, and the disease of your soul, the malady of sin, will be healed, and you shall enter on the enjoyment of heaven. There "the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick." They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

You may be a vile, abandoned profligate; but the chief of sinners Jesus came to save. The more unworthy you feel yourself to be, the more willing he is to have mercy.

But mark one thing more. Although this offer is made so freely, and urged with so much love, it is addressed to those, and those only, who thirst. "If any man thirst, let him come." But let not this deter you. Have you no desire for the water of life; no desire to be pardoned, and saved from hell, and raised to heaven? You have broken God's holy law, and are now sinking beneath its blighting curse. Just ready to perish, you behold the water of life presented; and have you no desire to drink? The Saviour offers it without money or price; and do you not desire to taste and live?

Yes, O sinner, I am assured you desire, you thirst. Accept the invitation without one moment's delay. To-morrow it may not be extended.—You may not thirst, if it is.

The Intercession.

BY REV. ARCHDEACON LAW, M. A.

Jesus appears. But by what right? He comes as one whom office and whom duty bring. He is called, and appointed, and ordained to this especial work. "The Lord hath sworn and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedek." (Psalms cx. 4.) He comes, because He must be faithful to the trust received. He comes, because it is His privilege to pass the veil. The great day of pleading atonement is arrived; the High Priest may not be absent. All heaven makes Him way. Jehovah's oath secures a hearing. O, my soul, your cause is in good hands.

He comes, too, with authority. He prays as one who may command. Equal addresses equal. Peer speaks to Peer. God sues to God. Jehovah supplicates Jehovah. O! wondrous thought. What can the language be? "Father, I will." Yes. It is even so. "Father, I will" (John xvii. 24). I will, is God's petition to a granting God. The Kingly Priest, with king-like power, prays. God stretches forth the golden sceptre, and a God-makes Him way. O, my soul, your cause is in good hands.

He enters, too, as an advocate. As such, His intercession has judicial force. He states the laws of the realm—the statute of the empire—the decrees of the sovereign—the rights of the subject—the justice of the case—the demands of equity and truth. He unfolds the volume of the covenant of grace. He reads the record of God's pledged and changeless purpose. He claims a judgment in accordance with well counselled compact. Righteousness fails—heaven's edicts must be re-written

—if such pleadings be cast out. O, my soul, your cause is in good hands.

Believer, perhaps next you anxiously inquire, What is the purport of such mighty intercession? You sigh, O! that I surely knew, what are the blessings which He seeks for me. Draw near. His interceding voice sounds in the gospel-page. He cried boldly and clearly from the cross—"Father, forgive them." He cries as boldly and as clearly from the throne—"Father, forgive them." His people's life is one vile stream of sin. His life is one vast stream of pardon asking. He reigns, taking away sin. Quick as the stain defiles, He spreads His wounded hands—He shows the ransom paid. Pardon can not linger. Sins and iniquities are remembered no more.

Hark! He sues again. It is for gracious keeping. "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me." The prayer is heard. Jehovah's wings become their shield. Omnipotence defends them. Angels encamp around them. Providences open out their path. All things work together for their good. Each foe is foiled. The chosen seed gets safe to heaven.

His word, too, is gone forth—"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth" (John xix. 16). Thus God from heaven sends God to earth. The eternal Spirit hastens to comply. Shall Jesus give His life, and He hold back his aid? O! no. He flies with conquering wing into the willing heart. He opens eyes which sin had blinded. He shows the cross in its attractive glory. He shines upon the sacred gaze. He lifts up Jesus to the enraptured gaze. He sows the seed of saintly living. Without Christ's prayer the Spirit never comes. Without the Spirit there is no faith, no truth, no godliness on earth.

He next gains acceptance for our prayers. What feeble babbling is our holiest worship! But answers come surpassing all desire. How can it be? The incense of Christ's merits fills the censor. Heaven teams with precious fragrance. Thus more is granted than the suppliant sought. We boldly plan, we feebly work, to magnify His name. But we succeed, and He is glorified in us. But how? His voice wins help, and we are helped.

Believer, pray much. Pray more. Think whose prayers are mixed with yours. Work much. Work more. Think who obtains for you the strength to prosper.

Will Christ ask more? He surely asks until God's treasury is drained. He speaks again—"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am" (John xvii. 24). This is the summit of His love. This is the summit of His people's joy. He has no heaven without them. They have no heaven with Him. His glory is in glorifying them. Their glory is in glorifying Him. His throne is for them. Their throne is by His side.

Believer, mark it, you must ever be with the Lord. This intercession is the golden chain which draws and binds you to Him. It is uttered. It is continued. It is heard. It is granted. His presence is your endless heritage.

It must be so. This intercession must prevail. Abraham's lips too soon desist. Christ prays till all His children take their glorious seats. The feeble hands of Moses need support. The arm of Jesus is Jehovah's might. The typical priests soon died. Jesus is life. And life cannot expire.

It must be so. This intercession must prevail. Mark the ascending steps by which the Spirit leads us to the proof. Read Rom. viii. 34. Christ's death is full redemption. "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." His resurrection rises higher. It manifests, in clearer light, the acceptance of the finished work. "Yea, rather, that is rising again." His ascension soars yet higher. It crowns assurance with a heavenly crown. "Who is even at the right hand of God." But intercession reaches heights more lofty. It consummates, it perfects, it applies, it secures complete salvation. "Who also maketh intercession for us." Blessed death! It reconciles. Here blessed life! It much more saves (Rom. vi. 10). Blessed blood! It redeems. More blessed intercession! It saves to the uttermost (Heb. vii. 25). O, my soul, your cause is in good hands.

Let others seek their mediators many, who are intercessors none. Will not you shout—"Christ is enough—Christ is all?" But some think little of the prayers of Jesus. They follow one who intercedes against them. Yes! Satan claims them as his own. No rescuing voice forbids. No Saviour cries for them—"The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" (Zech. iii. 2).

The Indestructibility of Words.

An eloquent but extravagant writer has hazarded the assertion, that "words are the only things that live for ever." Nor is this merely a splendid saying, or a startling paradox, that they may be qualified by explanation into common-place. With respect man and his words on earth it is literally true. Temples and palaces—amphitheatres and catcombs—monuments of power, magnificence, and skill, to perpetuate the memory, and preserve even the ashes of those who lived in past ages—must, in the revolutions of sublimity, not only perish themselves by violence or decay, but the very dust in which they perished be so scattered as to leave no trace of their material existence behind. There is no security beyond the passing moment for the most permanent or the most precious of these. They are as much in jeopardy as ever, after having escaped the changes and chances of thousands of years.

An earthquake may suddenly engulf the pyramids of Ghizza, and leave the sand of the desert they stood as blank as the tide would have left it on the sea-shore. A hammer in the hand of an idiot may break to pieces the Apollo Belvidere, or the Venus de Medici, which are scarcely less worshipped as miracles of art in our day, than they were by idolaters of old as representatives of deities. But there are combinations of words more ancient than the undated pyramids, and of more worth than inestimable relics of sculpture; combinations which were formed before letters were invented, and orally transmitted from father to son, which yet remain in the very sounds in which they were uttered, and can never be cancelled from memory, record, or speech, but are as certain to endure, while there shall be human inhabitants on the globe, as that the host of heaven shall hold their courses in the firmament.

If words, in their happiest combinations, have such a vitality that they outlive all the works of man on earth, and, when employed by God, become as eternal as himself; and if there be such amazing force in the seasonable application of them, that not only the career in life of a private person may be changed and biased to its last hour, but the revolutions of empires, humanly speaking, may be determined by a few strokes of the pen, or a few pulsations in the air, giving birth and being to thoughts that can never perish when once communicated; with what confidence of faith, and hope, and charity, in their final success, may we distribute religious tracts, drawn immediately from the words of eternal life, or illustrative of the doctrines, the histories, and the personages of Holy Writ,—or showing the judgments and mercies of God in the punishment and pardon of the guilty, or in any other manner awakening, alarming, convincing, and converting sinners from the error of their way,—saving their souls from death, and covering the multitude of their sins! On the very face of this subject there is a pledge of a happy issue in sending out the light and the truth of the gospel, by secret and swift messengers, who can find entrance where neither preachers nor Bible will be received; who can go where man himself cannot go—into the heart and conscience of his neighbour.—J. Montgomery, Esq.

Counsels to Young Women.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MARSHALL, SCOTLAND.

There are such things as works of the day, and works of the night—works of light, and works of darkness. Now, neither Christian men nor women should have any fellowship with the unprofitable works of darkness. They should walk in the light, and work while it is called to-day. There is no reason why the preliminaries of marriage should all be settled under the cloud of night, as if courtship were a work of darkness—a thing for men and women to be ashamed of—a work that the "prince of darkness" had a special hand in. I say then, "no night-walking;" and I say to every light-headed and light-hearted thing, though she be a working woman at mill or factory, or any other employment—I say, "no night-walking!"—no wooing when bats and owls and beetles are abroad—no strolling into fields—no sauntering by burn-sides—no diving into dark places, when the world has gone to bed. Ye honest working women, as ye value your innocence, your peace of mind, your reputation—keep good hours at night—early hours. Learn to have so much self-regard as to keep you from committing yourself to any senseless youth, who will rob you and your father's house of rest, of peace, of happiness.

How could I leave my kind father's hat? When he reads the Word, and sings His evening psalm, and folds us a Beneath the Almighty's wings? Forgive me, God, to stray with thee! No, night-walking's no for me.

MAKE A GOOD CHOICE—IT IS FOR LIFE.

Much of your happiness in this world, and your preparedness for the next, may depend upon your choice of a partner. If any man call evil good, and good evil, if he know not, or care not for the distinction between right and wrong, beware of him; for he would break down the fences which God has set up to guard the peace and purity, the blessedness of social and domestic life. If any man speak lightly of the religion of Jesus, through ignorance, wantonness, or wickedness, let no young woman trust him, for he is not trust-worthy. If any man be void of decent self-regard, idle, indolent, profligate, his nest will be a nest of misery; he will lie down in sorrow, till his couch of corruption sink deeper and deeper in that terrible long night, on which the morning light shall never dawn. No young woman but one that is blinded by "the god of this world," would choose to make her bed in Tophet. Therefore, take your flight upward, and secure a nest among the trees of paradise. By faith in Jesus, by love to Him, by living to Him and for him, show that ye are not ashamed of that pure and holy religion which alone gives to a woman, however humble, a rank and dignity, a power and authority, which no earthly thing can bestow upon her; and without which woman becomes the drudge, the slave, the female Gibeonites, the hewers of wood, the drawers of water, the bearers of burdens, the degraded serfs of man's impious tyranny.

O ladies, take care where fancy lights, This wide world's full of snares; The end of frolsome fancy's flights Is oft a nest of cares.

ASK COUNSEL OF GOD, AND TRUST NOT IN YOUR OWN HEART, LIKE THE FOOL.

Seek counsel from God, before your affections get entangled with any one, who may be your partner for life. Once in, you cannot easily get out. Your wisdom, your safety, depends upon looking a-head a little that you may see, without being dazzled, what kind of shadow is coming up to be your husband, or some other body's as the case may be. Ask yourself, then, some such questions as these:—What sort of family does he belong to? A religious family—good. Has he been an affectionate and dutiful son? He has—good. Is he an industrious lad? Very—good. Has he got a fair education? He has—good. Is he of a religious turn of mind? He has—good. Has he always shown himself so—good. Is he regular in attending Divine worship on Sabbath? Perfectly—good. What sort of company does he keep? The very best—good. Is he a temperate lad? He never spends a farthing on strong drink

—good. Such are some of the questions which every sensible young woman will put to herself, before she run her head into a matrimonial noose; which may be not a knot of love to bind fond hearts together, but a noose to hang her up before the sun, a spectacle of married misery all the days of her life.

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." (2 Cor. vi. 14).

YOUR SAFEGUARD AND YOUR RESPONSIBILITY.

What then is the safeguard of woman's virtue, of her innocence, of her independence, her reputation, her dignity, her glory? BELIEF IN THE WORD OF GOD—FAITH IN THE SAVIOUR OF SINNERS. The Bible alone exalts the poor man's daughter—the child of poverty and labour—to a high place among the pure and the lovely. By the counsel and grace of God alone will youth, and inexperience, and innocence, be guarded against all the wiles and stratagems of that godless, graceless, heartless profligacy, that would trample down in the dust the lowliest flowers of God's creation. O, I should like to see the daughters of industry, the working lassies of my country, bring joy and peace to their fathers' and mothers' hearts—happiness to their families—glory to their families—and moral grandeur to the good old land that gave them birth—by showing to an abandoned and reprobate world, that grace, and faith, and love, and purity, and the spirit of holiness, may have their dwelling in the home of the poor man—caricaturing, blessing, beautifying his daughters with every good and every perfect gift, if not of this world, of another a better, a happier, a more glorious—then should I hope for, then should I look for the moral elevation of the working classes, from the purity, the chastity, and piety of poverty's daughter.

If godliness be your defence The rudest men will fear ye; Abashed and fey'd on no pretence Will impudence come near ye.

Bri. Mis.

The History of Rum.

We quote the following from the "American Temperance Union." It is the "History of Rum in the Town of Almond," which was founded about forty years ago. Its first inhabitants were moral and religious people. But they adopted Rum as one of its citizens, who had slain about sixty in a very small community. The first temperance address that was ever heard in the country was delivered in that little town, and there also was the first society formed. No licenses have been granted for four years, and there is a powerful League against the rum-sellers; yet liquor is obtained, and drunkards and paupers are made.

About twelve died of the most horrible of all diseases, *delirium tremens*. One of them had such spasms, it took three or four men to hold him on the bed. His last night, he cried with a loud voice, alternately, "Fire! Fire!—Water! Water!" At times he declared there was live coals of fire on his bed, and made powerful efforts to brush them off with his hands. At the last he raised up his eyeballs, glaring like fire, he exclaimed, "I am going to hell!—I AM IN HELL!" settled back upon his couch, and was dead.

One morning, about the same time, a poor man was found dead in the old distillery. I have been informed that he was found sitting erect upon the sill of the building, cold and stiff in death.

Some time subsequent to the above, one night, the quietness of our village was disturbed by the cries and shrieks of a poor drunkard who had fallen into a potash kettle nearly full of boiling potash. By instinctive muscular power, he threw himself out upon the ground by the side of the arch, writhing in awful agony when he came to his relief. His flesh literally dropped off from his arms and legs. Being able to speak, he said he thought he was at home, and was going to bed, when he got upon the arch. As further evidence that these were his thoughts, his hat, boots, and coat were lying together in a pile. His wife was sent for; but who can describe the meeting? And who is able to describe the feelings of that heart-broken wife as she looked upon the scorched and blistered remains of her husband? And still the people of Almond license men to sell it, and freely drink it?

There are now in town about sixty occasional and twenty-five or thirty habitual drunkards. O, merciful heavens! What a catalogue of vice, crime, and poverty! Eighty-five or ninety drunkards in one single town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants! Ten young men have been ruined in the ten years that I have been pastor of this church. When I first came here they were active, enterprising, promising young men, but they have been sacrificed to this Moloch—soul and body.

Fifteen or twenty boys, between the ages of ten and fourteen, are now in process of ruin. A Maine law would save them; but one Seymour administration would sweep them so far into the fearful current of inebriation there would be no hope of their recovery.

I have been induced to submit the foregoing facts to your readers, not to speak reproachfully of my town, but to induce them to look over the fearful works of Rum in their towns. Reminiscences of this character, I think, serve to strengthen our opposition to this monster, and quicken us in our duties we owe to our fellow men and our country.

What is Saving Faith?

The correct answer is, the belief of the saving truth—that truth which cannot be believed and the soul continue another moment unsaved. It is not the faith that saves; it is the truth believed, the truth about Jesus, your eternal life. By believing what is not the saving truth, however closely your meaning may resemble the meaning in John's mind; when he wrote the gospel in these terms, "God hath given to us—to you—eternal life, and this life is in his Son," you cannot be saved. Get the right thing, clearly apprehend the meaning of