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E. McLEOD, Editor.

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The Future Punishment of the Wicked.

(Continued.)

The torments of their souls. If a man were in the greatest pain of body, yet if his soul had rest and peace and comfort, he could not be perfectly miserable. But alas! it will not be so with the damned in hell; their souls will be as far from ease as their bodies; their spiritual torments will be of the highest nature, and will even exceed their bodily pains. If you are one that never felt the stings of an awakened conscience, to convince you that the most extreme horrors will seize upon the wicked in another world,—recollect that their apprehensions will be far more clear, and more enlarged than they are in the present state, whilst they are weighed down with a body of clay. Their minds will then, by an irresistible light, have a full view of all afflicting objects. Their mournful thoughts will always be fixed upon what is tormenting. The body must be supported here by eating and drinking and sleeping, all which at times, prevent painful thoughts. But the separate soul will not depend upon the body at all; and there will be nothing then to divert it from sad reflections upon its own misery and ruin.—All the tormenting passions will there be let loose at once upon the guilty creature. This is signified by the never-dying worm, which will gnaw the most tender parts, and those that are of the quickest sense. Shame, and grief, and rage, and despair, are some of that brood of vipers that will torment the damned. Shame is a passion, of which human nature is very sensible; and this, in the highest degree, will seize upon the wicked; for all the just causes of shame will then meet. The guilty soul, by a piercing reflection upon its horrid sins, has a secret shame of its depravity. This shame is increased, when a discovery is made of vile dispositions and practices before those that are eminently great and good. And the more numerous the spectators are, the more the disgrace is aggravated. And if derision be added to ignominy, the misery must be increased. Oh, what universal confusion will possess sinners in the great day of the discovery, when all their works of darkness, and all their vile corruptions, shall be revealed before God, and angels, and saints! The holy God, their incensed Judge, "will laugh at their calamity, and mock, when their fear cometh." (Prov. i. 26.) The devils will reproach them for their sins and folly in giving way to them. The righteous also shall see this, and shall laugh the wicked man to scorn; saying, "Lo! this is the man that took not God for his portion, but perishing vanities; and strengthened himself in his wickedness." (Ps. lii. 7, 8.) With open shame is joined the greatest inward grief and sorrow.—The causes thereof are, the loss of some valued good, and the sense of some present evil. Now both these causes meet in hell. The loss of all real blessings, as hath been represented, is inconceivably great; and the sufferings of all evil is infinitely great also. (Matt. xxv. 41.)—*Rage and fury* in the wicked against themselves, for having been the real causes of their own misery, will attend their shame and grief. They will not then be able to charge their Judge with any defect of mercy, or excess of rigour, in any of his proceedings against them. They will find no plea for their defence, but must receive their dreadful, eternal doom with silence and confusion. Their consciences will revive their bitter remembrance of all the methods that God in so much mercy took for their salvation, all his compassionate calls to them by his word and providence, and all the strivings of his Spirit with them; which were all rendered ineffectual to their welfare by their own contempt and obstinacy. They will never forget themselves, that for the poor short pleasures of sense, they should lose heaven, and suffer hell, for ever. All their other torments will be infinitely increased by despair. For, when the sinner sees that the dreadful deluge of evils is perpetually determined, and that there is not the least ground for any hope of deliverance from, he abandons himself to the most violent sorrow, and by diabolical thoughts, wounds his own heart most deeply. God says that men shall then seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them. The damned would willingly destroy themselves, but they cannot do it. Then will absolute despair overwhelm their souls, and become their everlasting plague. Despair, as one says, is the very hell, and that which most of all breaks the very hearts of the damned.

Exhortation to the Sinner.

Believe hell to be just such as God in his word declares it to be. Believe firmly, not only in the certainty of it, but likewise in the extremity and eternity of its torments. Believe that it is not only a place, into which all the wicked, and all the people that forget God, shall be turned; but that it is also a state, in which all the unregenerate shall lose all that is good, and shall suffer indescribable misery, and that to all eternity.

Mediate upon this punishment. Set apart some

stated times for meditating upon it. If you think frequently and closely upon it, it may deeply affect your heart, (and you must not rest satisfied till it does) and may incline you to forsake your sins, that would lead you to it, and thus prevent your suffering it. Observe this, that as the mercy of God will be particularly manifested and glorified in the destruction of the wicked. Their miseries, therefore, will be far greater than you can comprehend or conceive.

Attend to a plain and striking passage from a late pious Minister upon this subject: "After the conviction and manifestation of all the sins of the unregenerate, the sentence of condemnation will follow, even this, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' (Matt. xxv. 41.) O dreadful sentence! every word of which carries terror in it, and breathes nothing but misery and woe. Depart from me, that is, from Christ, the only spring of all true delight; ye cursed,—to depart from Christ were hell enough; but if you are found at last an unregenerate sinner, you must depart from him with his terrible curse upon you, a curse which comprehends all misery, into everlasting fire.—What! into fire, into everlasting fire! O wretched sinner, you will then be cursed indeed; for who, (saith the prophet,) who can dwell with the devouring fire? Who can dwell in everlasting burnings; (Isa. xxxiii. 11;) which shall not be quenched day nor night; but shall be fed continually with rivers of brimstone, and still kept in flames and fierceness, by the unquenchable wrath of the just God, to all eternity. If you knew you must lie in a flaming fire but one day, but one hour, what fear and horror would possess your soul! But what is an hour, or a day, or a year, or millions of years, to a never-ending eternity! O what stupidity and senselessness hath seized the hearts of sinful men, that by all this are not deterred from their sins! The fear of Nebuchadnezzar's burning fiery furnace made men do every thing to escape that; and shall not the fear of everlasting fire in hell make you do any thing to avoid this? Prepared for the devil and his angels,—that is, you shall dwell for ever in the lake of fire with all the devils, who will be continually insulting and tormenting you. O that you would consider that one petition from a penitent heart would more avail you now for obtaining mercy in this day of grace than all your bitter cries and groans in that day of God's wrath! Immediately after the sentence hath been pronounced, will follow the execution of it upon the wicked. "These (saith Christ) shall go away into everlasting punishment." (Matt. xxv. 46.) Then shall they be driven by the devils, as their jailors, into the bottomless pit of everlasting fire. O the hellish cries and horrid shrieks that will then be heard! When the Lord sent a deluge of water to drown the world,—when the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah felt the fire and brimstone falling from heaven upon their heads,—and when the earth opened its mouth to swallow up Corah and his company, and they saw themselves going down quick into the pit, yet were those to the lamentations, the outcries, and roarings that will fill the air, when the devils and all unconverted men and women, shall be violently driven into hell, never, never to return out of that place of torment. O sinner, what a stupidity, what madness must have seized upon you, that though you are continually liable to eternal torments in hell, yet you live as carelessly as if it no way concerned you! Know for a certainty, that though you do not as yet feel them, yet you are every moment exposed to them. It is most assuredly decreed in heaven, that if you do not turn to God through Christ, by true unfeigned repentance, and new obedience, you shall lie in a lake of fire and brimstone to all eternity; and you know not how soon, and how suddenly, God may seal the warrant for your execution."

Meditate then much on these things, considering that whilst you remain unchanged and unrepented, you are under the curse of God; and great miseries await you at death, and at judgment, and after judgment, for ever and ever.

Labour to be deeply humbled for your sins, as the cause of your present sad condition. To this end, try to recollect your past sins, the sins of your youth, as well as those of your riper years; your sins of omission, your religious duties, especially your greatest and most besetting sins, though committed long ago, with all their aggravations; above all, your complicated and enormous sin in rejecting Christ all your life, when he was offered to you as a complete Saviour; consider, that by your sins you have deserved eternal misery, as they have been committed not only against a God of infinite greatness and perfect purity, but likewise a God of unspeakable mercy and goodness to you; confess your sins as particularly as you can to him, begging him to enable you to do it with godly sorrow, with a broken and contrite heart; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Resolve, in the strength of the Lord, immediately to renounce all your sinful lusts and pleasures, and serve him in true holiness and righteousness. Carefully watch, and diligently strive, against your sins, with prayer and fasting. Frequently call to mind your resolutions, and frequently renew them.

Wait upon Christ continually in the use of all his ordinances, especially in prayer, and in reading, and hearing his holy word. Thus as hard a heart as yours has been softened, as carnal and corrupt a heart has been sanctified and renewed.

Receive the Lord Jesus Christ in each of his mediatorial offices, wherein he is offered to you in the Gospel. Be willing that he may save you entirely by grace, and entirely from sin. Come as an ignorant creature to Christ as Prophet, that he

may enlighten you; come as a guilty creature to him as a Priest, that he may justify you, and give you a title to heaven; and come as a sinful, enslaved creature to him as a King, that he may sanctify you, and deliver you from the power of the world, the flesh, and the devil. (John i. 12.) Lastly, Seek the help of the Holy Spirit without which you can do nothing to any good purpose. In all your labours and endeavours, give way to his divine influences, that you may be led thereby into all saving knowledge, into all true holiness, and into all solid happiness. (Rom. viii. 9, 13, 14.)

Terrible thought! shall I alone, Who may be said—shall I—Of all, alas! whom I have known, Through sin, for ever die? Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,—Dugged to the judgment-seat, Face the left with horror stand, My fearful doom to meet? Ah! no!—I still may turn and live, For still his wrath delays; He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve. And offers me his grace. I will except his offers now. From every sin depart, Perform my oft-repeated vow, And render him my heart. I will improve what I receive. The grace through Jesus given: Sure, if with God on earth I live, To live with him in heaven.

THE WAR.

ENCOUNTER WITH THE REDAN.

Of the attack on the Redan, and the terrible slaughter that ensued, the Times correspondent gives a minute description. Brigadier Shirley, it appears, was on board ship at the time of the bombardment, but as soon as he heard of the assault he resolved to join his brigade, and came up to camp that very morning. Colonel Unett, of the 19th Regiment, was the senior officer in Brigadier Shirley's absence, and on him would have devolved the duty of leading the storming column of the Light Division, had the latter not returned. Colonel Unett, ignorant of the Brigadier's intention to leave shipboard, had to decide with Colonel Windham who should take precedence in the attack. They tossed, and Colonel Unett won. He had it in his power to say whether he would go first, or follow Colonel Windham. He looked at the shilling, turned it over, and said, "My choice is made: I'll be the first man into the Redan." But fate willed it otherwise, and he was struck down badly wounded ere yet he reached the abatis, although he was not leading the column. Scarcely had the men left the fifth parallel, when the guns on the flank of the Redan opened on them as they moved up rapidly to the salient, in which there were of course no cannon, as the nature of such a work does not permit of their being placed in that particular position. In a few seconds Brigadier Shirley was temporarily blinded by the dust and by earth knocked into his eyes by a shot. He was obliged to retire, and his place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury, of the 23rd Regiment, who was next in rank to Colonel Unett, already struck down and carried to the rear. Brigadier Van Straubenzee received a contusion on the face, and was also forced to leave the field. Colonel Handcock fell mortally wounded in the head by a bullet, and never spoke again. Captain Hammond fell dead. Major Welsford was killed on the spot. Captain Grove was severely wounded. Many officers and men were hit and fell; and of the commanders of parties only acting Brigadier-General Windham, Captain Fyers, Captain Lewes, and Captain Maude got untouched into the Redan, and escaped scatheless from the volleys of grape and rifle balls which swept the flanks of the work towards the salient.

It was a few minutes after twelve when our men left the fifth parallel. The musketry commenced at once, and in less than five minutes, during which the troops had to pass over about thirty yards from the nearest approach to the parapet of the Redan, they had lost a large proportion of their officers, and were deprived of the aid of their leaders. The Riflemen advanced admirably, but from their position they could do much to reduce the fire of the guns on the flanks and below the re-entering angles. The bravery and coolness of that experienced, deserving, and much-neglected officer, Captain Fyers, were never more brilliantly displayed, or urgently called for. As the storming party came nearer, the enemy's fire became less fatal. They crossed the abatis without difficulty; it was torn to pieces and destroyed by our shot, and the men stepped over and through it with ease. The Light Division made straight for the salient and projecting angle of the Redan, and came to the ditch, which is here about fifteen feet deep. The party detailed for the purpose placed the ladders, but they were found to be too short. However, had there been enough of them, that would not have mattered much, but some had been left behind in the hands of dead or wounded men, and others had been broken, so that if one can credit the statements made by those who were present there were not more than six or seven ladders at the salient. The men led by their officers leaped into the ditch and scrambled up the other side, whence they got up the parapet almost without opposition, for the few Russians who were in front ran back and got behind their traverses and breastworks as soon as they saw our men on the top, and opened fire upon them. Lamentable as it no doubt is, and incredible almost to those who know how the British soldier generally behaves before the enemy, the men here were seized by some strange infatuation, and began firing, instead of following their officers, who now

began to fall fast as they rushed on in front and tried to stimulate their soldiers by their example. The small party of the 90th, much diminished, went on gallantly towards the breastwork, but they were too weak to force it, and they had to retire and get behind the traverses, where men of different regiments had already congregated, and were keeping up a brisk fire on the Russians, whose heads were just visible above the breastwork. Simultaneously with the head of the storming party of the Light Division, Colonel Windham had got inside the Redan on their right, below the salient on the parapet left face of the Redan, but in spite of all his exertions, could do little more than the gallant officers of the 90th and 97th, and of the supporting regiments. As the Light Division rushed out in the front they were swept by the guns of the Barrack Battery and by several pieces on the proper right of the Redan, loaded heavily with grape, which caused them considerable loss ere they reached the salient or apex of the work at which they were to assault. The storming columns of the Second Division issuing out of the fifth parallel rushed up immediately after the Light Division, but when they came up close to the apex Brigadier Windham judiciously brought them by a slight detour on the right flank of the Light Division, so as to come a little down on the slope of the proper left face of the Redan. The first embrasure to which they came was in flames, but, moving on to the next, the men leaped into the ditch, and, with the aid of ladders and of each other's hands, scrambled up on the other side, climbed the parapet, or poured a through the embrasure which was undefended. Colonel Windham was the first, or one of the very first, men on this side, and with him entered Daniel Mahoney, a great grenadier of the 41st, Killeeney and Cornelius of the same regiment. As Mahoney entered with a cheer, he was shot through the head by a Russian rifleman, and fell dead across Colonel Windham, and at the same moment Killeeney and Cornelius were both wounded. The latter claims the reward of £5, offered by Colonel Herbert to the first man of his division who entered the Redan. Running parallel to the faces of the Redan, there is an inner parapet, intended to shield the gunners at the embrasures from the effects of any shell which might fall into the body of the work, and strike them down if this high bank were not there to protect them from the splinters. Several cuts in the rear of the embrasures permitted the men to retire in case of need inside, and very strong and high traverses ran all along the sides of the work itself to afford them additional shelter. At the base of the Redan, before the re-entering angles, is a breastwork, or, rather, a parapet with an irregular curve, up to a man's neck, which runs in front of the body of the place. As our men entered through the embrasures, the few Russians who were between the salient and this breastwork retreated behind the latter, and got from the traverses to its protection. From it they poured in a quick fire on the parapet of the salient, which was crowded by the men of the Light Division, and on the gaps through the inner parapet of the Redan, and our men, with an intonation which all officers deplore, but cannot always remedy on such occasions, began to return the fire of the enemy without advancing or crossing behind the traverses, loaded and fired as quickly as they could, but did but little execution as the Russians were well covered by the breastwork. There were also groups of Russian riflemen behind the lower traverses near the base of the Redan, who kept up a galling fire on our men.

At the alarm of an assault was spread the enemy came rushing up from the barracks in rear of the Redan, and increased the force and intensity of their fire, while our soldiers dropped fast and encouraged the Russians by their immobility and the weakness of their fusils, from which the enemy were well protected. In vain the officers, by voice and act, by example and daring, tried to urge our soldiers on. They had an impression that the Redan was all mined, and that if they advanced they would all be blown up, but many of them acted as became the men of Alma and Inkermann, and, rushing to the front, were swept down by the enemy's fire. The officers fell on all sides, singled out for the enemy's fire by their courage. The men of the different regiments became mingled together in inextricable confusion. The 19th men did not care for the orders of the officers of the 88th, nor did the soldiers of the 23rd heed the commands of an officer who did not belong to his regiment. The officers could not find their men—the men had lost sight of their own officers. All the Brigadiers, save Colonel Windham, were wounded or rendered unfit for the guidance of the attack. That gallant officer did all that man could do to form his men for the attack, and to lead them against the enemy. Proceeding from traverse to traverse, he coaxed the men to come out, and succeeded several times in forming a few of them, but they melted away as fast as he laid hold of them, and either fell in their little ranks or retired to cover to keep up their fusillade. Many of them crowded to lower parts of the inner parapet and kept up a smart fire on the enemy, but nothing would induce them to come out into the open space and charge the breastwork. This was all going on at the proper left face of the Redan, while nearly the same scene was being repeated at the salient. Every moment our men were diminishing in numbers, while the Russians came up in swarms from the town, and rushed down from the Malakoff, which had now been occupied by the French. Thrice did Colonel Windham send officers to Sir E. Codrington, who was in the fifth parallel, begging him to send up supports in some order of formation; but all these three officers were wounded as they passed from the ditch of the Redan to the rear, and the Colonel's own aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Swire, of the 17th, a gallant young officer, was hit dangerously in the hip, as he went on his perilous errand. Supports were, indeed, sent up, but they came up in disorder from the fire to which they were exposed on their way, and arrived in dribblets only to increase the confu-

sion and the carnage. Finding that he could not collect any men on the left face, Colonel Windham, passed through one of the cuts of the inner parapet and walked over to the right face at the distance of thirty yards from the Russian breastwork, to which he moved in a parallel line, exposed to a close fire, but, wonderful to say, without being touched. When he got behind the inner parapet at the right face he found the same state of things as that which existed at the left. The men were behind the traverses, firing away at the Russians or blazing at them from the broken parts of the front, and the soldiers who came down from the salient in front only got behind these works for cover while they loaded and fired at the enemy. The Colonel got some riflemen and a few men of the 88th together, but no sooner had he brought them out than they were killed, wounded, or dispersed by a concentrated fire. The officers, with the noblest devotion, aided Colonel Windham, and became the special marks of the enemy's fire. The narrow neck of the salient was too close to allow of any kind of formation, and the more the men crowded into it the more they got out of order, and the more they suffered from the enemy's fire. This miserable work lasted for an hour. The Russians were now in dense masses behind the breastwork, and Colonel Windham walked back again across the open space to the left to make one more attempt to retrieve the day. The men on the parapet of the salient, who were firing at the Russians, sent their shot about him, and the latter, who were pouring volleys after volleys on all points of the head of the work, likewise directed their muskets against him, but he passed through this cross fire in safety, and got within the inner parapet on the left, where the men were becoming thinner and thinner. A Russian officer now stepped over the breastwork, and tore down a gabion with his own hands; it was to make room for a field piece. Colonel Windham exclaimed to several soldiers who were firing over the parapet, "Well, as you are so fond of firing, why don't you shoot that Russian?" They fired a volley, and missed him, and soon afterwards the field-piece began to play on the head of the salient with grape. Colonel Windham saw there was no time to be lost. He had sent three officers for reinforcements, and, above all, for men in formation, and he now resolved to go to General Codrington himself. Seeing Captain Crealock, of the 90th, near him, busy in encouraging his men, and exerting himself with great courage and energy to get them into order, he said: "I must go to the general for supports. Now mind, let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away." He crossed the parapet and ditch, and succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel through a storm of grape and rifle bullets in safety. Sir Edward Codrington asked him if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as he could afford, and said he might take the Royals, who were then in the parallel. "Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep their formation the Redan is ours," was the Colonel's reply; but he spoke too late—for at that very moment our men were seen leaping down into the ditch, or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasures out of the work into the ditch, while the Russians followed them with the bayonet and with heavy musketry, and even threw stones and grapeshot at them as they lay in the ditch. The fact was that the Russians having accumulated several thousands of men behind the breastwork, and seeing our men all scattered up and confused behind the inner parapet of the traverse, crossed the breastwork, through which several field-pieces were now playing with grape on the inner face of the Redan, and charged our broken groups with the bayonet, at the same time that the rear ranks, getting on the breastwork, poured a heavy hail of bullets on them over the heads of the advancing column. The struggle that took place was short, desperate, and bloody. Our soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet too, and isolated combats took place in which the brave fellows who stood their ground had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. In this case the officers, armed only with their swords, had little chance; nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a rapid contest. They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. The bodies of English and Russians inside the Redan, looked in an embrace which death could not relax, but had rather cemented all the closer, lay next day inside the Redan as evidences of the terrible animosity of the struggle. But the solid weight of the advancing mass, urged on, and fed each moment from the rear by company after company and battalion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band, who had abandoned the protection of unanimity of courage and had lost the advantages of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock had advanced into the sea and forced back the waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on crushing friend and foe beneath their solid tramp, and, bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb-craters in the slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and sep, and had to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives, or were seriously wounded in this attempt. The scene in the ditch was appalling—the ladders were all knocked down or broken; so that it was difficult for the men to get up at the other side, and the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the sound were all lying in heaps together. The Russians came out of the embrasures, plied them with stones, grapeshot, and the bayonet, but were soon forced to retire by the fire of our batteries and riflemen, and under cover of this fire many of our men escaped to the approaches.

In some instances the enemy persisted in remaining outside in order to plunder the bodies of those who were lying on the slope of the parapet, and paid the penalty of their rashness in being stretched beside their foes; but others came forth on a far holier errand and actually brought water to our sound. If this last act be true, it is but right to discredit a story current in the camp that the Russians placed our wounded over the Malakoff in the rear of the Redan, near the Barrack Battery ere they fired it—the only foundation for which, as far as can be discovered, is, that many of the bodies of the men found in the Redan were dreadfully