

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

VOL. II.—NO. 28.

SAINT JOHN, NEW

BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 80

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,
Is Published at St. John, N. B., every FRIDAY,
for the General Conference of Free C. Baptists
of New Brunswick.

TERMS:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

B. J. UNDERHILL,
D. W. CLARK,
WILLIAM PETERS,
JAMES SLIPP, JR.,
All Communications and Business Letters should be direct
(post paid) to the Editor.

The object of this paper is to do good. Its price—ONE DOL-
LAR A YEAR, always in advance—is so low that scarcely a
family in our country need be without it. We will supply (on
proper representation) to the poor, who are unable to pay for
it, a limited number of copies gratis.

All communications for this paper must be accompa-
nied with the real name of the author, in order to receive at-
tention.

G. W. DAY, PRINTER.

What is it to believe on Christ?

Reader, did you ever ask this question? Is it
your sincere and earnest wish to have it answered?
If so, this paper is intended for you. May God
make it a blessing to your soul!

I will suppose that you have at some time felt
alarmed in view of your sins, and inquired in your
thoughts, if not in words, "What must I do to be
saved?" You have the same answer that Paul
gave to the jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus
Christ." Still you hesitate. You ask what this
language means. You desire to know what it is
to believe on Christ.

Your wish, fellow-sinner, is a very reasonable
one. The wonder and the sin is, that you have
not asked such a question before. It is a most
important and solemn question. It has much to
do with your salvation; for the Bible declares,
"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting
life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not
see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"What is it to believe on Christ?" It is,
To feel your need of him;

To believe that he is able and willing to save
you, and to save you now; and

To cast yourself unreservedly on his mercy,
and trust in him alone for salvation.

To feel your need of him. Till you do this,
you will never seek him earnestly, or trust him
wholly. You do not send for a physician till you
feel yourself to be ill. It was only when Peter
found he was beginning to sink that he cried,
"Lord, save me." So the sinner never goes to
Christ in a right manner till he feels himself to be
a lost, wretched being. It is not enough to know
this: you must feel it.

Do you say you cannot? O, then, how lost,
how wretched you must be! Your very language
ought to fill you with shame and fear. Whose
fault is it that you do not feel? How long need
it be before you feel? You can feel alarm when a
murderer holds you in his grasp; you can feel
sorrow when a friend is dying in agony before
your eyes; and can you feel no sorrow when you
think of a suffering Saviour, whose love you have
abused? no alarm, when you call to mind that
fearful judgment to which you are hastening?
Will you dare tell your Judge, at the great day,
that you could not feel your need of a Saviour?

But you say, "I do feel, at least in some de-
gree, that I am a poor, guilty, undone sinner; but
this will not save me." No, it will not. Thou-
sands have felt this and perished. You must also

Believe that Christ is able and willing to save
you, and to save you now. He is able, for he is
almighty. You are a greater sinner, but Christ
is a great Saviour. Satan has been trying to per-
suade you that Christ is not able to save so great
a sinner as you are. It is false. He is able, and
unless you believe this in all its extent, you will
no more be willing to trust him than a man on the
roof of a burning house will step upon a weak
ladder which he knows will give way beneath him.

You must believe that he is willing. He has
in many ways shown himself to be willing. If
you doubt it, you disobey and offend him. Does
it please him, think you, when he utters this
kind welcome, "Whosoever cometh unto me, I
will in nowise cast out," to hear you reply, "O
Lord, I cannot think that thou wouldst receive
such a one as me, if I should come?" Yet you
do in effect say this, every moment you cherish
the feeling that you are too sinful to hope for par-
don. You mistake this for humility, but it is un-
belief and sin.

You must believe that he is willing now. Per-
haps you have thought he would be willing after a
few more days or weeks spent in praying, and
weeping, and growing better. Be assured your
worst enemy wants no more than that you should
continue to think. You are growing no better.
You are doing nothing to gain Christ's favour while
you refuse to yield to his invitations. Until you
believe that he is able and willing to save you,
and to do it now, you never will be saved. The
great enemy of your soul does not wish you to set
a time far distant when you can go to Christ, and
when he will be willing to receive you. If you
will continue to place that time at the distance of
a week, or an hour, or a minute, his object is
gained, and your soul is lost.

But you ask, "Does not a sinner, at the mo-
ment of his actual submission to the Saviour, feel
more fit to be pardoned; and is not Christ more
willing to pardon him than ever before?" No,
dear friend, no! He was less fit to be pardoned,
for his sins had been increasing every moment up
to that very time; and Christ was no more willing
to pardon him than he had always been. Every
Christian will tell you that, so far as Christ's wil-

lingness was concerned, he might as well have
found peace in him months or years sooner, as
when he hopes he was pardoned. The next thing
required of you is,

To cast yourself unreservedly upon his mercy,
and trust in him alone for salvation. This implies
that you renounce all expectations of saving your-
self, or of being saved any other way than through
the righteousness and redemption of Christ. Did
you ever feel as if you had done all you could?
Have you tried to think of something more to do
to obtain hope and forgiveness? You have done
too much in this way already.

Just stop doing, and begin to trust Christ to do
all, and you are safe. A man is rowing a boat
on a river just above a dreadful cataract. The
current begins to bear him downward, the specta-
tors on the banks give him up for lost; "He is
gone!" they all exclaim. But in another moment
a rope is thrown towards the wretched man, it
strikes the water near the boat; now how does the
case stand? Do all the spectators call upon him
to row, to row stronger, to try harder to reach the
shore, when with every stroke of his arm the boat
is evidently floating towards the falls? Oh no,
the eager and united cry is, "Drop your oars! I
give up your desperate attempt! Take hold of the
rope!" But he chooses to row, and in a few
minutes he disappears and perishes. All his hope
lay, not in rowing, but in ceasing to row; for while
he was rowing he could not grasp the rope. So
all the sinner's hope lies, not in struggling to save
himself, but in ceasing to struggle; for while he
expects soon to accomplish the work of salvation,
he will not look to Christ to do it for him. It is not
doing but yielding that is required.

But you say, "If all I have to do is to cease
from attempting to save myself, and to be willing
that Christ should do the work of my salvation, why
do you urge me to become a Christian, or to do any
thing? Why not let me sit still, and not wait till
Christ shall come and pardon me?" And what if
the man in the boat had dropped his oar, and then
folded his hands, and waited for the rope to save
him? He might as well have died rowing as sit-
ting still, and would as certainly have died in the
latter case as in the former. But he must grasp
the rope. So the sinner must lay hold upon the
cross; not by waiting till he is better, but by first
concluding that he shall never be any better in the
way he is going on and then looking to Christ. As
he perceives the ground sinking beneath him, and
feels how lost and wretched he is, filled with mingled
despair and hope—despair in himself, and hope in
the power and mercy of Christ—he says,

"I stand upon a mountain's edge,
O save me, lest I fall!"

His prayer is heard—the heart of the compas-
sionate Saviour is ready to welcome him—the arms of
mercy are stretched out to receive him—a word of
kind welcome reaches his ear, "Son, be of good
cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." He believes
that word—he trusts that heart—he falls into those
arms, and he is safe.

Now, dear reader, your question is answered.
Is not the answer true? Is it not plain? Do you
not see your mistake? Since all things are now
ready, and the Holy Spirit not quite grieved away
from your heart by your delay, will you wait any
longer?

Does your heart now say, "Lord, I believe: help
thou mine unbelief?" Will you take the Saviour
at his word? Are you willing to trust him to do
the whole work of your salvation?

If so, lay down this paper; prostrate yourself be-
fore this waiting, insulted, and still compassionate
Redeemer; tell him all your heart, and he will par-
don, accept, and save you.

BY THE REV. ROBERT STEEL.

The gospel of the grace of God, has had some
of its striking trophies from the most degraded
members of society. Its transforming power has
been demonstrated in the conversion and sanctifi-
cation of those who seemed beyond all human
means of reformation. It saved Manasseh, who
had made the streets of Jerusalem run with the
blood of saints. It changed the covetous and ex-
orbitant Zaccheus. It reformed "the woman that
was a sinner." It brought the persecuting Saul to
the penitent thief. It made the persecuting Saul
a preacher of the cross. There is no depth it can-
not reach, no sinner it cannot save. It can take
the blackened charcoal of humanity, and set it a
polished diamond in the moral firmament.

Roger Miller is another of many instances of
the power of grace. Born in Carlisle in 1808—
spending his childhood in an irregular and ever-
changing and godless home—working in a cotton
mill ere he had reached his tenth year, or knew
his letters—forsaken by his mother, and obliged
to subsist on four shillings a week—it is not aston-
ishing that he should have been degraded, or be-
come an early victim of debasing vices. Happily
the good seed was then sown, in consequence of
his attending a Sabbath-school in Manchester.—
There he got all his education, and profited much
by the "key of knowledge" put into his hands.—
"Night after night," says Mr. Orme his biogra-
pher, "on returning to his home, after being
shut up within the walls of a gloomy factory for
fourteen hours and upwards, enervated with its at-
mosphere, and worn out by its dull round of duties,
he busied himself without assistance or encourage-
ment from any one, in efforts to learn to write." Nor
was this the only impression from the Sab-
bath school. His interest in the gospel was awak-
ened; he kept a missionary box, and had some
longings to be a missionary of the Cross.

At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a

copper plate printer, but under a worthless master
who failed in business. At seventeen he opened
a barber's shop, became a teacher in the Sabbath
school, and a member of the church of Christ.—
He shut his shop on the Lord's day, but in an evil
hour, and in a time of distress, opened it. It was
a downward step. The profaned Sabbath soon
wrecked all his religion, and he sunk into misery
and vice. For the nine following years he con-
tinued in a course of evil. He married a person
who "made no pretensions to religion;" he re-
moved from one place to another, and from one
trade to another, till he was on the point of enlist-
ing in the army. Having attempted to get a mas-
ter with whom to finish his apprenticeship as a
copper plate printer, he succeeded. But though
encouraged in well-doing by his pious master, and
soon able to earn good wages, he resisted counsel
and purchased evil, and debased himself so much,
as to be allured by fifty per cent more wages to
work on the Lord's-day in another establishment.
He had no interest in his home nor in his family,
and was rapidly ruining himself. Often remem-
bering the lessons of other days in the midst of
his ungodliness and misery, his experience then is
thus described:—"My mind was never at rest,
but I carried about with me a conscience that was
a very hell." Truly, the way of transgressors is
hard." Roger Miller found it so. His unbelief,
Sabbath-breaking, and immorality, soon brought
him to the depths of poverty. He felt his woe,
tried to reform, failed, and fell from every depth
into a "lower still."

But God had mercy upon him, and plucked him
as "a brand from the burning." The means
were simple, but they were divine. An aged
woman met him, as he was on his way to spend
the Sabbath in dissipation, and gave him a tract—
"A wonder in Three Worlds." That night he
read it, went to a place of worship, was moved
by the exercises of devotion, awakened by a ser-
mon from Eph. ii. 1, and went home pardoned
and accepted in Christ. The slave was free from
his galling yoke; the prodigal was in his Father's
arms! Thus he reflected on the occasion:—"On
the contemplation of the mercy of God towards me,
that I am still on praying ground, and plead-
ing terms with Him, I am overpowered with gra-
titude."

"O the miracle of grace!
Tell it round to sinners, tell
Men, and fiends, and angels gaze,
I am, I am out of hell!"

This was in December, 1837, and in September,
1838, after suitable trial, he was admitted to the
fellowship of the church. He was now a Chris-
tian.

He became an useful Christian immediately af-
ter his conversion. His wife was his first-fruits,
and his children became his cross. He established
prayer meetings and Bible-classes, visited the sick
and laboured for the Lord.

His old missionary longing revived, and he
sought a connection with the London City Mission
which he obtained in 1840. His district was Broad-
wall, Lambeth—a den of wretchedness and sin,
"inhabited chiefly by the lowest order of shoe-
makers, coal-heavers, dustmen, costermongers,
small hucksters; and several of the courts particu-
larly were tenanted by young thieves and prostitutes."

In that district he reaped fruit, various instances
of which are given in his memoir. He laboured
most untiringly. All found in him a friend. They
resorted to Mr. Miller in distress. And many
young females did he restore to their parents, to
society, and to virtue, whom he found in the haunts
of vice. Some,

"Sick of life's history—
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere—anywhere—
Out of the world."

he brought to the feet of Jesus, to illustrate with
himself that "the grace of our Lord was exceeding
abundant;" and, like the threatened suicide of
Philip, to rejoice in God their Saviour.

The Evening Ragged Schools of London were
his suggestion, and with such valuable help as the
Earl of Shaftesbury, who visited with him for sev-
eral days from house to house, he soon saw them
established, and working their happy transforma-
tions among the degraded youth of London.

His career in the Mission was short, but a life-
time's labour was crowded into these seven brief
years. His zeal in reforming others equalled his
self-ruining efforts of former days. The gospel
made him a philanthropist. Reader, should it not
do this to you?

Roger Miller was killed in 1847, on the London
and North Western Railway, while journeying to
Manchester to bury his mother. But his "ruling
passion was strong in death." He had just united
all his fellow-passengers in the carriage in even-
ing worship, when the catastrophe occurred, which
removed him to his rest and reward.

"Devout men carried him to his burial and made
great lamentation over him." Broadwall shut its
shops; and the tears of many fell as the friend of
the poor was borne away.

Reader, need I point a moral? Are you a
Christian? The foregoing sketch will suggest
questions to your conscience. MIGHT IT NOT SAVE
A SOUL ALIVE?

The Lost one Saved.

Fifty years ago you might have looked over the
wide Pacific Ocean, and not have found a single
island in which the inhabitants were not very
idolatrious, grossly immoral, and brutally cruel.
Since that time, the light of God's truth has begun
to shine on many of those gems of the sea, and
thousands there have become children of light and
of the day. Reader! visit with me one of those

islands, belonging to a group which had, to a con-
siderable extent, been brought under Christian in-
fluence. A new missionary and his wife were
stationed there. One day, soon after their arri-
val, the wife was left at home, while the husband
was pursuing his sacred calling.

Just after he had left, a stalwart native—a very
strong and wicked man—entered their rude dwell-
ing, without knocking, and sat down upon the
grass-covered floor, with nothing on but his native
girdle. He fastened his coal black, bright eye on
her, as she was tending her babe, and overlooking
her household. He was gloomy and sullen. She
became somewhat alarmed, as the brawny savage
sat there, without saying a word, but following
her with his lowering eye. At length the fixed
inquiring look of the native compelled her to ask
him, in his own tongue, "Eaha ta oe hinaaro?—
what is your wish?" "Ah," said he, with a deep
groan, "Ua hara van—I am a sinner." "What
are your sins?" He replied, "I have been an
idolater, a thief, an adulterer, a murderer."

"What do you now think of yourself?" He an-
swered, trembling all over with unutterable an-
guish, "Ua riro, Ua riro—I am lost, I am lost!"
O, how that missionary's wife lamented that she
could not speak fluently his language! But,
seeing his distress, she strove to point him to the
Saviour. She did not succeed to her expectations.
Suddenly the bright thought crossed her mind,
that she would search out the life-giving passages
which tell of the Redeemer's love and work, in
her English Bible, and then, finding them in the
native Scriptures, she might get her servant girl to
read them. She lost not a moment; the plan
succeeded. With eager ear the down-stricken
sinner drank in those precious words—"Behold
the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the
world. He came to seek and to save them
that are lost. This is a faithful saying, and worthy
of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the
world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

The poor man, who had come crushed and broken,
felt a new impulse, as he heard these words
of life. He obeyed the command. He looked
to the Lamb which God had provided; and the
intolerable burden of his accumulated guilt was
removed. He heard the Saviour saying, I have
been lifted on the cross for your sins. He believed
the declaration, became a new man, and for
many years has been a useful member in the na-
tive church of that isle.

Beloved Reader! thou too, art lost! Dost thou
believe it! Hast thou been brought to feel that
thou art a ruined man? Hast thou ever sighed
thus, "I am lost, I am lost, I am lost!" Hast thou
with scorn the charge I bring—dost thou?

Then I repeat it, and call on you to listen for a
moment.

I charge thee not, dear friend, with murder, nor
with theft, nor with Sabbath-breaking; but I tell
thee, "The God in whose hand thy breath is thou
hast not glorified." Thou hast not loved God,
with all thy heart, and that is all sins in one.

Now, "the soul that sinneth it shall die."
This is an unalterable law of God. There is no
escape from it, but by the way which God him-
self has pointed out.

Art thou convinced? Dost thou feel that thou
art exposed to condemnation—that thou art lost?
Then gladly I point thee to Jesus, who came to
seek and save such as you.

There is no need that thou shouldst carry about
a load of unforgiven sin. This very hour, whilst
thou art reading these words, thou mayest look to
Christ, and have the debt cancelled. Thou mayest
be fully forgiven.

Only believe—only credit what God tells thee
—receive the glad tidings—and you will have
eternal life through his Son.

Trifle not! God says now believe in my Son's
death, and its worth, and thou shalt be saved.

"Believe not, and thou shalt be damned."
Delay not another hour—delay is ruin. Accept
the offered gift—pardon and holiness in Christ,
and though thou art lost, thou, too, shalt be found.

The Highway to Hell through the
Valley of Deceit.

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.

Will man never learn that the way to hell is
through the valley of deceit? The power of
Satan to hold his victims, is nothing to that mastery
of art by which he first gains them. When he
approaches to charm us, it is not as a grim fiend
gleaming from a lurid cloud, but as an angel of
light, radiant with innocence. His words fall like
dew upon the flower; as musical as the crystal-
drop warbling from a fountain. Beguiled by his
art, he leads you to the enchanted ground. O!
how it glows with every refulgent hue of heaven!
Afraid off he marks the dismal gulf of vice and
crime; its smoke of torment slowly rising and
rising for ever; and he himself cunningly warns
you of its dread disaster, the very purpose of
blinding and drawing you thither! He leads you
to captivity, through all the bowers of lulling
magic. He plants your foot on odorous flowers;
he fans your cheek with balmy breath; he over-
hangs your head with rosy clouds; he fills your
ear with distant drowsy music, charming every
sense to rest. O ye who have thought the way to
hell was bleak and frozen as Norway, parched
and barren as Zahara, strewn like Golgotha, with
bones and skulls; reeking with stench like the
vale of Gehenna, witness your mistake! The
way to hell is gorgeous! It is a highway cast up;
no lion is there no ominous bird to hoot a warning,
no echoing of the wailing pits, no lurid gleams of
distant fires, or moaning sounds of hidden woe!
Paradise is imitated to build you a way to death;
the flowers of heaven are stolen and poisoned; the

sweet plant of knowledge is there; the pure white
flower of religion, seeming virtue, and the charm-
ing tints of innocence, are scattered all along like
native herbage. The enchanted victim travels on.
Standing afar behind, and from a silver trumpet,
a heavenly messenger sends down the wind of a
solemn warning. "There is a way which seemeth
right to a man, but the end thereof is death."
And, again, with loud blast, "The wise man fore-
seeth the evil; fools pass on and are punished." Started
for a moment, the victim pauses; gazes
round upon the flowery scene, and whispers, "It is
not harmless!" "Harmless!" responds a serpent
from the grass. Harmless! re-echo a hundred
airy tongues. If now a gale from heaven might
only sweep the clouds away through which the
victim gazes—O! if God would break that potent
power which chains the blasts of hell, and let the
sulphur stench roll up the vale, how would the
vision change! the road become a track of dead
men's bones, the heavens a lowering storm; the
balmy breezes, distant wailings, and all those
balsam shrubs that led to his senses, sweat drops
of blood upon their poison-boughs!

"Ye who are meddling with the edges of vice,
ye are on this road, and utterly duped by its en-
chantments. Your eye has already lost its honest
glance, your taste has lost its purity, your heart
throbs with poison! The leprosy is all over you,
its blotches and eruptions cover you. Your feet
stand on slippery places, whence in due time they
shall slide if you refuse the warning which I raise.
They shall slide from heaven; slide down to that
fiery abyss below you, out of which none ever
came. Then when the last card is cast, and the
game over, and you lost; then, when the echo of
your fall shall ring through hell, in malignant
triumph shall the arch-gambler, who cunningly
played for your soul, have his prey! Too late you
shall look back upon life as a MIGHTY GAME, in which
you were the stake and Satan the winner!"

How awakening are these stirring sentences!
How true they are to life! O, see that none of
you are meddling with the edges of sin, for the
end, however well it may be masked, is death!
Be not deceived! The way to hell is through the
valley of deceit!—Rev. H. W. Beecher.

Satan's Vicegerent—Earth's greatest
Curse.

Mr. Gough, in one of his orations, thus describes
Alcohol:—

We might almost fancy Satan seated upon his
high and burning throne in Pandemonium, crown-
ed with a circlet of everlasting fire, calling around
him his satraps, to show their ministerial duties
certain privileges, by the power one possessed
more than another to bring man to that burning
lake. We may imagine Mammon, the meanest of
all the gods, standing up, and saying, "Send me.
I can send men from their homes across the burn-
ing desert, or the trackless ocean, to fight and dig
in the earth for yellow dust; and so harden the
heart that the cry of the widow and the fatherless
shall be unheard. I will so stop up every avenue
to human affection, that my victim shall stand as
if made of the metal he loves, and when the cold
fingers of Death are feeling for his heart-strings,
he shall clutch closer and closer to his heart the
bag of yellow dust, which is the only god he ever
worshipped." Belial, filthiest of all the gods, next
proclaims his power. Then the Destroyer asserts
his claim; he holds war, pestilence and famine in
his hand, and makes men whose trade it shall be
to deface God's image, rank themselves in hostile ar-
ray, and hurry each other shrieking, unshrugged,
into another world. While all is silent, we may
suppose a mighty rumbling sound, at which all hell
quakes; and far in the distance is seen, borne upon
the fiery tide, a monstrous being, his hair snakes,
all matted with blood, his face besmeared with gore
he rises half his length, and the waves dashing
against his breast, fall back in a shower of fire.
"Who art thou?" "I am earth-born spirit. I
heard your proclamation, and came. Send me. I
will turn the hand of the father against the mother,
the mother against the child, the husband against
the wife; the young man in the pride of manliness,
will wrap in my cerement, and wither him. That
fair young girl I will make such a thing that the vil-
est wretch shall shrink from her in disgust—I will
do more. I will so deceive them that the mother
shall know that I destroyed her first-born, and yet
give me her second. The father shall know that I
destroyed the pride of his hope, and yet lift the
deadly draught to the lips of the second. Govern-
ors shall know how I have sapped the root of
States, and yet spread over me the robe of their
protection. Legislators shall know the crime and
misery I cause, but shall still shield and encourage
me. In heathen lands I shall be called fire-water,
spirit of the devil; but in Christendom, men shall
call me 'a good creature of God.' " All hell re-
sounds with a shout, and Satan exclaims—"Come
up hither, and take a seat on the throne, till we
hear your name." As he mounts to the seat, the
spirit says aloud, "My name is Alcohol;" and the
name shall be shouted in every part of hell, and
the cry be raised, "Go forth and the benison of the
pit go with you."

THE INFIDEL REPROVED.—When the Rev. Mr.
—heard an infidel jestingly say, "I always
spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," he
turned around and said, in an accent of deep so-
lemnity, "You may find, sir, that the day of
judgment is to be spent in exactly the same man-
ner."

Henry the Sixth made a law that all men might
read the Scriptures, except servants; but no wo-
men, except ladies who had leisure, and might ask
somebody the meaning. This law was repealed
in Edward the Sixth's days.