

# RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

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

R. J. UNDERHILL,  
D. W. CLARK,  
WILLIAM PETERS, Pub. Committee.

NEW SERIES.

SAINT JOHN, NEW

BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1854.

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## Religious.

### THE JOYS OF RELIGION.

The same wise man that declared all his own splendid possessions, and all his other sources of earthly felicity, vanity, and vexation of spirit, also says,—“Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace: she is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her: she shall give to thy head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.”—And in another place he says,—“The righteous doth sing and rejoice.”—And so throughout the Bible there are numberless allusions to a kind of happiness and peace which though in the reach of all, is known only to the true Christian. Says Paul, “To be carnally-minded is death: but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.” “The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, &c.” “Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them.”

Happiness and enjoyment are divinely promised to them. “The Lord will give strength to his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace.” And in another place,—“For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you unto singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.”—“When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, thy sleep shall be sweet. For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.”

More than this: the righteous are encouraged and directed to rejoice without regard to their situations in life.—“Let the righteous be glad: let them rejoice before God; yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.”—“But the king shall rejoice in God; that is, when his life is sought by his enemies.—When the Saviour was scourged by his disciples the hatred and cruel treatment with which the world would finally visit them, he concludes by saying, “Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in like manner did their fathers unto the prophets.” And in his valedictory address to them previous to his ascension, he says,—“These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.” “Rejoice ever more,” says Paul.

The experience of Bible saints is not only unanimous, but abundant in proving the genuineness and richness of that happiness which the soul may find in its God.—Says David, “I rejoice at thy word, as one that findeth great spoil: seven times a-day do I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgments.”—“Whom have I in heaven.”—The Apostle could speak in behalf of the converted Romans:—“By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulation also.” And even an anticipated object, though far distant, enabled Bible saints to be filled with the loftiest delight.—Peter, in speaking of the appearing of Jesus Christ, says, “Whom having not seen, ye love: in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.” And so, (had we time), we might show how deep and solid this joy of theirs was; how it accompanied them in all their labors and sufferings; how it enabled them, like Paul and Silas, to pray and to sing praises unto God even in prison: what fortitude it gave them under cruel persecutions and scourgings, and what a glorious and triumphant victory it yielded them in the hour of death! all going to prove that they had joys with which the world could not intermeddle—a peace that flowed like a river. But these have often been dwelt upon before; let us confine our attention to many later examples. Nor will we go too far off for them; nor take extraordinary cases altogether to illustrate the exceeding joy and comfort of the righteous. We will barely touch on those who have been great champions of Christianity, and who have sealed their love for it with their own blood: we will, for the most part, take those who have lived comparatively out of the world's gaze; not omitting those, however, who enjoyed worldly rank and greatness, and who might have had satisfaction, such as it is, from earthly sources: and these shall speak for themselves.

When John Huss was brought to the stake, and as soon as the faggots were lighted, the heroic martyr sang a hymn, with so loud and cheerful a voice, that he was heard through all the cracklings of the combustibles, and the noise of the multitude. At length his voice was interrupted by the flames, which soon put a period to his life.

Anderson, who suffered martyrdom, when chained to the stake, exclaimed, “Welcome, the cross of Christ! Welcome, everlasting life!” We might multiply innumerable instances, far, far more touching and convincing, of the sustaining and comforting power of religion, in times of persecution, even unto death: but, as we said, we purposely choose those of another character.

Baxter, when dying, said, “Almost well.” “I,” said the learned Dr. Donne to his friends, when dying, “I repent of all my life, but the part of it I have spent in communion with God, and doing good to man.”

“I have taken much pains,” says the learned Selden, “to know everything that was esteemed worth knowing among men; but with all my disquisitions and readings, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this pas-

sage of St. Paul, ‘It is a faithful saying:’ to this I cleave, and herein I find rest.” The celebrated Milton, who held the distinguished office of Secretary of State, under the reign of Cromwell, has thus expressed his feelings on the subject of religion, in his own peculiar rich verse:—

“How charming is DIVINE PHILOSOPHY!  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.”

Take the life of Brainard for a still further illustration of our subject. Hear his testimony:—“O, I feel that it is heaven to please God, and to be just what he would have me to be! O, that my soul were ‘holy as he is holy.’ O, that it were ‘pure, even as Christ is pure!’ In speaking of his feelings at a certain time, he says:—“My soul felt and tasted that the Lord is gracious; that he is the supreme good, the only soul-satisfying happiness: that he is a complete, sufficient, and almighty portion.”—“I saw that God is the supreme good; that in his presence is life; and I began to long to die, that I might be with him, in a state of freedom from all sin. O, how a small glimpse of his excellency refreshed my soul! O, how worthy is the blessed God to be loved, adored, and delighted in, for himself, for his own divine excellencies!”—“This feeling of the love of God in my heart, which I trust the Spirit of God excited in me afresh, was sufficient to give me a full satisfaction, and make me long, as I had many times before done, to be with Christ.” In another place, he thus expresses his desires for holiness:—“Had the most ardent longings after God. At noon, in my secret retirement, I could do nothing but tell my dear Lord, in a sweet calm, that he knew I desired nothing but himself, nothing but holiness.”—“My heart was swallowed up in God most of the day.”—“I feel differently from what I ever did under any enjoyments before.” With reference to his desire to love and serve God, he thus remarks:—“This day I saw clearly that I should never be happy; yea, that God himself could not make me happy; unless I could be in a capacity to please and glorify him for ever. Take away this, and admit me in all the fine heavens that can be conceived of by men or angels, and I should still be miserable for ever.”—“I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God with the holy angels; all my desire is to glorify God. My heart goes out to the burying-place; it seems to me a desirable place; but O, to glorify God! That is it; that is above all.” Of private devotion he says:—

“Prayer was so sweet; an exercise to me, that I knew not how to cease, lest I should lose the spirit of prayer. Felt no disposition to eat or drink, for the sake of the pleasure of it, but only to support my nature, and fit me for divine service.” Observe with what feelings he regarded those who owed him ill-will:—“Oh, it is an emblem of heaven itself to love all the world with a glow of kindness, forgiveness, and benevolence; to feel our souls sedate, kind, and meek; to be void of all evil surmises and suspicions, and scarce able to think evil of any man upon any occasion; to find our hearts simple, open, and free to those who look upon us with a different eye.” When speaking of the day of his death, he called it “that glorious day,” and as he approached the hour of his dissolution, he expressed himself thus:—“O, the glorious time is now coming! I have longed to serve God perfectly: now God will gratify those desires!” Similar was the experience of Henry Martyn. On one occasion he said:—“My soul never had such divine enjoyment. I felt a desire to break from the body, and join in the high praises of the saints above. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. How sweet to walk with Jesus, to love him, to die for him. No work so sweet as that of praying, and living wholly to the service of God.” “His soul longed,” he said, “for the eternal world, and he could see nothing on earth for which he would wish to live another hour.” At another time, referring to his desires in prayer, he says:—“I scarcely knew how to express the desires of my heart: I wanted to be all in Christ, and to have Christ for ‘my all in all,’ to be encircled in his everlasting arms, and to be swallowed up altogether in his fulness. I wished for no created good, but to be one with thee, and live for thee, O God, my Savior and Lord.” “I could live for ever in prayer, if I could always speak to God.” And still again:—“How sweet is prayer to my soul at this time! I seem as if I could never be tired, not only of spiritual joys, but of spiritual employments, since these are now the same.” Equally joyous were his emotions while engaged in the public worship of God. He says:—“At church this morning, my heart was overflowing with love and joy: I enjoyed sweet delight in my ride to L—; every breeze seemed to breathe love in my heart.” “Let me praise God,” he would say, “for having turned me from a life of woe to the enjoyment of peace and hope. The work is real: I can no more doubt it than I can doubt my existence: the whole current of desires is altered.—I am walking quite another way, though I am incessantly stumbling in that way.” His preference for God's service is thus expressed:—“I wish for no service but the service of God; to labor for souls on earth, to do his will in heaven.” Once, when assailed by calumny, or unkindness, he exclaimed:—“Is not this sweet, O my soul, to have a holy God to appeal to and converse with, though all the world should turn their backs?” Just before his death, and while on a journey, he breathed forth these aspirations:—“No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought, with sweet comfort and peace, of my

God; in solitude, my company, my friend, and comfort. O, when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness?”

The joys of the late Edward Payson were yet more transporting. “I have no heart to speak or write,” he says, “about anything but Jesus; and yet I have but little patience to write about him in our miserably defective language. O for a language suitable to speak his praises, and describe his glory and beauty! But they cannot be described. None but the Father is able to comprehend all his excellency. Yet various, great, unsearchable, infinite, as are his excellencies, they are all ours: our Savior, our Head, our flesh and bone. O wonder!—how passing wonderful is this! Methinks, if I could borrow, for a moment, the archangel's trump, and make heaven, earth, and hell resound with ‘Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!’ I could contentedly drop into nothing. But no—I should wish to live, and make them resound with his name through eternity.” The following passage shows how happy he felt in the surrender of his own to the will of God:—“O what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires but that God's will may be accomplished.” At another time he said:—“It seems as if all the bottles of heaven were opened; and all its fulness and happiness, and I trust no small portion of its benevolence, is come down into my heart.” “A single heart, and a single tongue, seem altogether inadequate to my wants; I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion. I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the great fountain.” In his dying hour, he said, “O how different is this from the state of a man who is prepared to die. He is not obliged to be crowded reluctantly along; but the other world comes like a great magnet to draw him away from this: and he knows that he is going to enjoy,—and not only knows, but begins to taste it,—perfect happiness; for ever and ever; for ever and ever!” “I can say, The battle's fought, and the victory is won! The victory is won, forever! I am going to breathe in an ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness, to all eternity!” While speaking of the rapturous views he had of the heavenly world, he was asked if it did not seem almost like the clear light of vision, rather than that of faith? “Oh,” he replied, “I don't know—it is too much for the poor eyes of my soul to bear! They are almost blinded with the excessive brightness; all I want is to be a mirror, to reflect some of those rays to those around me. My soul, instead of growing weaker and more languishing, as my body does, seems to be endued with an angel's energies, and to be ready to break from the body, and join those around the throne.” A friend with whom he had been conversing on his extreme bodily sufferings, and his high spiritual joys, remarked,—“I presume it is no longer incredible to you, if ever it was, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God in the flames and on the rack?” “No,” said he, “I can easily believe it. I have suffered twenty times—yes, to speak within bounds—twenty times as much as I could in being burnt at the stake, while my joy in God so abounded, as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome.”

### A DREAM.

The following remarkable dream was published in the Imperial Magazine (England) for December 1819. It was related by the Rev. R. Bowden who committed it to writing from the lips of the person to whom the dream happened on the evening of May 30th 1813. We copy it from the Memoir of William Bramwell.

A Gospel minister of evangelical principles, whose name, from the circumstances that occurred it will be necessary to conceal, being much fatigued, at the conclusion of the afternoon service, retired to his apartment in order to take a little rest. He had not long reclined upon his couch, before he fell a sleep and began to dream. He dreamed that on walking into his garden, he entered a bower that had been erected in it, where he sat down to read and meditate. While thus employed, he thought he heard some person enter the garden; and leaving his bower, he immediately hastened towards the spot whence the sound seemed to come, in order to discover who it was that had entered. He had not proceeded far before he discerned a particular friend of his, a Gospel minister of considerable talents, who had rendered himself very popular, by his zealous and unwearied exertions in the cause of Christ.—On approaching his friend he was surprised to find that his countenance was covered with a gloom, which it had not been accustomed to wear, and that it strongly indicated a violent agitation of mind, apparently arising from conscious remorse. After the usual salutations had passed, his friend asked the relative time of the day; to which he replied, “twenty five minutes after four.” On hearing this, the stranger said, “It is only one hour since I died, and now I am damned.”—“Damned! for what?” inquired the dreaming minister. “It is not,” said he, “because I have not preached the Gospel, neither is it because I have not been rendered useful, for I have now many seals to my ministry, who can bear testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, which they have received from my lips; but it is because I have been accumulating to myself the applause of men more than the honor which cometh from above: and verily I have my reward!”

Having uttered these expressions, he hastily disappeared, and was seen no more.

The minister awaking shortly afterward with the contents of this dream deeply engraven on his memory, proceeded, overwhelmed with serious reflections, toward his chapel, in order to conduct the evening service. On his way thither he was accosted by a friend, who inquired whether he had heard of the severe loss the Church had sustained in the death of that able minister.—He replied, “No;” but being much affected at this singular intelligence, he inquired of him the day and the time of the day when his departure took place. To this his friend replied, “This afternoon, at twenty-five minutes after three o'clock.”

## Correspondence.

### NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1854.

The Weather.—Discussion between a Universalist and Baptist.—Exploring Expedition to the Pacific.—Futurism in New York.—Mitchell's Annexation Scheme.—Cuban Annexation.—The Bible for Greece and Italy. Dr. Abbott.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—The weather here is very delightful. Spring is beginning to make itself felt, and I begin to long to go where I can see something besides mere walls about me, and a little piece of sky overhead—a mere peep out of prison as it were, being our only privilege.

There is in this city a discussion in progress between Rev. Dr. Sawyer, Universalist, and Rev. Dr. Westcott, Baptist. The discussion is in Broadway Tabernacle four evenings a week. Four evenings last week were thus employed and this evening they commence upon the remaining four allotted to the discussion. I have been able to attend this discussion but one evening, but judging from what I heard my opinion is that it will do much good. Mr. Sawyer is an able man and conducts his part in candor as well as in a courteous manner. The same can be said of Mr. Westcott with the addition that he is a preacher of that class which is termed experimental. While therefore, in argument and tact, he is equal to Mr. Sawyer, in addition he preaches repentance, faith and obedience as pointedly and to as good an effect, as though he had no discussion on hand. This being so and the Universalist position of the audience very large, I think this discussion will not be in vain.

Col. Fremont, the son-in-law of Hon. Thomas Benton has been engaged the past fall and winter in an exploring expedition with reference to the route for the Pacific Rail Road. Though quite successful it would appear in bringing to light important facts in reference to the matter in hand, he with his party came near perishing from famine, having preserved life only by eating their horses.

You have doubtless often heard our city characterized by its filthy streets and the fact is, that it is entitled to any pre-eminence allowed it, on that score. It is therefore with no ordinary pleasure I inform your readers that the merchants of Broadway have made an arrangement of their own for having that street swept every morning between the hours of 12 and 5 for at least four weeks, and with the hope that the arrangement will become permanent. Pressed as I am with cares I shall strive to enjoy the novelty and luxury every day for the first four weeks of a walk in a clean street. It would be the height of ingratitude to neglect to improve such an occasion at least, while it is doubtful whether it is to last or not.

We are much amused to see the comments of your Provincial papers on Mitchell's proposition to annex Canada and the other British Provinces to the United States, while the Car is engaged in annexing Turkey to Russia. One paper replies that the patriot liberating army will be met by one of equal number and courage composed of fugitives from this country. It goes on to say that that class of your citizens have no mind to go to an Alabama plantation, for which the patriot sighs. Another paper, says though there were once annexationists among you the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, had completely cured them of their annexation proclivities. These obstinate tendencies which you seem to exhibit against having the liberator come to your rescue may possibly cool his philanthropy.—It is doubtless not hard to understand why you do not want to have Alabama plantations “well stocked with healthy negroes.”

A circumstance recently discovered has greatly cooled the zeal of the Fillibusters, as we call those who feel so deeply for the liberty of Cuba; as to be longing for an opportunity to go to that island to seize each a plantation well stocked with healthy negroes. What I allude to is this; it is found out that those inhabitants of Cuba who desire liberty for themselves want it for the negroes also. Our heroes are disgusted with such notions; they are amazed that the Cubans are so ignorant of the principles of liberty. As one of the Cuban liberators has started a paper in our city called “The Mullatto,” in which liberty for the colored man as well as the white is pleaded for. You may expect a remarkable falling off among the Fillibusters which in truth is with us but a synonyme for Slavery Propagandists. A falling off unless they take the ground of the Louisiana Legislature upon making the alarming discovery that the slaves in Cuba may be liberated unless Cuba was annexed to us. That body by a set of resolutions calls upon our general Government, to do all in its power, to arrest the progress of such barbarism.

The American Bible Society at the meeting of its Board on Thursday last, received an application for \$4,000 to put the Greek New Testament into the schools of Greece which the law of that country now permits. The request was granted. \$3,000 also were appropriated to the circulation of the Scriptures in Italy. The American and Foreign Bible Society recently appropriated \$500 a year to aid Rev. Mr. Phillips one of our Missionaries in Orissa to translate the Bible into Santal a language of that country.

Dr. Abbott, one of our countrymen who has been more than twenty years in Egypt has made a very valuable collection of Egyptian Antiquities, which collection is now to be secured for this city if successful in raising the requisite funds of which \$13,000 have been raised by subscription within two or three weeks past.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT MARTINS, QUACO, APRIL 14th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir, I feel it my duty after the privilege of receiving your very welcome Intelligencer, ever since its first appearance among us, to drop you this small hurried note in reference thereto.

I have looked over its pages, and perused them with both pleasure and profit. Your almost—if not entire freedom from that morbid sectarianism, which has done so much harm, and seldom—if ever—any good, commands the admiration and esteem of every lover of the Zion of our God.

Let names and sects, and parties fall,  
And Christ my Lord, be all and all.  
seems to be your motto. In fact the only difference is, this is Wesley's, while that which you have adopted is Peter's. A great difference indeed, which I (although an admirer of both) am free to acknowledge. \* \* \* Your fearless and uncompromising advocacy of those glorious truths, treasured up in the Divine Oracles, will and must have a response from the heart of every lover of the MAN OF SORROWS.

If Holiness unto the Lord—universal dedication of body, soul, and spirits—was more insisted on from the pulpit and the religious press; and more practically carried out in the lives of professing Christians, both priests and people, you would soon see and hear, of a general coming up “to the help of the Lord against the mighty.”

You would see that our dear heavenly Father had changed for the genuine services of the sanctuary, and the true born sons and daughters of God would “shout aloud for joy.” Why my dear sir, I very much fear that “Ichabod” might be literally written on the door posts of many of the sanctuaries of the land. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” The sour grapes of worldly mindedness, that clenched fist, tenacity which will not part with a pound for Jesus' sake,—that all engrossing love of self—self—self—forms a large proportion of the fruit produced. How circumspect the followers of Jesus should be,—how careful to maintain good works! But until a more enlarged generosity—a more liberal disposition to contribute to the cause of God, in the support of his labourers,—(not loiterers)—and in aid of every association that has for its object, the good of man and the glory of God—I am bold to affirm that until such a spirit is generated more universally in the hearts of the various denominations, you cannot expect to see the church “coming up out of the wilderness.” But when she shall look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners; you may depend there has been a travelling in Zion.

You will please excuse the digression I have made and the liberty I have taken in thus obtruding my principles on your notice; but as we most commonly speak about what we love best, I have justly hinted at what we should do, as those who expect shortly to hear that stern salutation “Give an account of thy stewardship!”

The world will love its own. Let the friends of the Saviour love each other irrespective of sect or party.

I commenced, dear sir, merely with a view to append the seal of my approbation, however humble, to the good work in which you are engaged, and to bid you “God Speed.”

The entire results of your labour you will see no doubt; but not until that morning when the sound of the trumpet shall wax louder and louder, until it shall raise the sleeping dead and change the living. Then (if faithful to your trust) you will occupy a position such as never was, or ever will be occupied by Caesar, Alexander, or Napoleon.

To all who may chance to read this note, I would beg leave to say, if you do not already take a copy of the Intelligencer order one immediately; and canvass your neighbourhood, as anxiously as if you were seeking for hidden treasure in behalf of a paper, which has for its only object Man's Good, and God's Glory.

There are many things pressing on my mind, in reference to the Intelligencer, but suffice it to say, at present, that it is like a clear stream running through the parched desert where the thirsty traveller may regale himself and go forward with renewed vigour.

I am afraid that owing to the high price of living your present subscription—one dollar—will not meet costs. I think that 75 cts. would be the lowest figure that would ensure permanent success, and I cannot imagine that any reasonable man could object to that price. If it were twice that you would be a welcome guest in this locality. I am not a Baptist of any order but

I am yours in the best of bonds.

A LOVER OF GOOD MEN.