

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.

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Religious.

THE WANDERING JEW.

For many ages there has prevailed a remarkable legend—fabulous, yet instructive. It tells us that a man, a contemporary of Herod the Great and Pilate, having refused to permit the Saviour, when laden with the cross, to rest on the threshold of his door, on the way to Calvary, the Son of God said to him, "As you will not allow me to rest for a moment, I will not allow you henceforth one moment of repose. Onward without ceasing you shall go during ages, even to the end of the world." Since then, the legend says, the Jew wanders over the four quarters of the globe, and hence his name, "The Wandering Jew." In vain would he stop; in vain would he oppose his passage; onward he goes, onward continually! Day and night, summer and winter, he thus proceeds; neither cold nor heat, neither disease nor old age, can stay his progress! Though the nations are distracted by civil commotions, throughs, and wars, he is not disturbed; he passes, most in deadly conflict, nothing stops him; onward he goes, onward continually! Sometimes the peaceful inhabitant of the country, seated on the Sabbath by the road-side, invites the old man to stop to indulge awhile in friendly talk. Useless invitation! An invincible power impels him—onward he goes, onward continually! At other times, young holiday folk invite him to share in their pleasures, to slake his thirst in their cup, to lend an ear to their songs—impossible, impossible; onward he goes, onward continually! "Where are you going, old man?" "I know not; but I go onward." "When will you reach the desired place?" "I know not; but I go onward." "And what will you find at the end of your journey?" "I know not; but I go onward; onward in spite of myself, in spite of my supplications to make one moment of repose. I wish for death, but death flies from me; I go onward, onward continually."

Is it not true, reader, that the condition of such a man would be very sad, very unhappy? Doubtless it would be so; but what would you think of another wanderer, who should himself have chosen that kind of existence—who would go on continually without wishing to stop—without knowing whether he was going—without listening to voices which invite him to repose and to happiness? What would you think of a wanderer whom neither day nor night, neither disease nor old age could prevail on to stop, to ask himself at least whether he was going; and who would go onward thus continually without object, without motive, without goal? You would say that this *voluntary* wanderer is not merely an unhappy man, but that he is more, a madman, the author of his own calamity! Reader, that voluntary wanderer is found among you, and counts among you numerous imitators. How many are there who pass along the high road of life without knowing whether they are going, and yet still go onward continually? In advancing, they care for nothing but the immediate wants of the road; they labor hard to acquire their travelling dress; they exert themselves body and mind to get their daily food; but whether they are going they know not! When they will arrive they know not! What they will find at the termination of their journey they know not! Common sense cries to them, "Stay at least one hour by the way-side, to ask yourself whether you are going." No, no; onward they go continually with bent head, and hand over their eyes. In vain men, instructed by experience, tell them they pass, "You are deceived; you will find there a precipice and death." It matters not, they go onward, onward continually! In vain counsels, prayers, exhortations are sent after them—in vain the warning voice says, "Advance not recklessly; if you will not believe us, reflect, think at least for yourselves." They turn aside the head, they close their ears, and without replying go onward, onward continually? But who are these madmen? Are you of their number, reader? Before answering, see if your history resembles not the sketch we have drawn. During your infancy you have gone on under the guidance of your parents, without knowing yourselves where that course might lead you, to bustled only in one thing, in plucking the flowers on the road-side, and gathering some little pebbles on the path. To express it all in one word, you sought, as one says, at that age, amusement! At a later date, you left the paternal mansion to open your own house; you married, perhaps; had children; labored to support them; but you lived merely to live; lived to drink and to eat; to sleep or to walk. You lived from day to day; lived the life of the senseless animals which surround us; at most you asked yourselves what would become of your children after your death, and not what would become of their father; deep anxieties respecting others, not one serious thought regarding yourself. When have you ever really said to yourself—What is the object of this life? What shall I find at its close? Can I in time present cast an influence over my destiny in time to come? Am I going to annihilation, or to life? to happiness, or to misery? You have treated these as idle questions. At a still later period, when old age or the acquisition of a fortune has put a period to your labors—when at last you were able to sit down by the way-side to meditate on your destiny, what have you done? Your body is becoming emaciated, your hair white, your face wrinkled, your powers are failing you, death is close upon you. "What matters it, however?" you reply, "I speak to me of the past, not of the future; speak to me of man, not of God; give me a newspaper, not a Bible; let me enjoy my last hour; life is short,

death is at hand,—but be still, be still, speak not of it. We will get along as we can; there is no need to think about that." Oh! is not this folly, folly?

Will no one among you, readers, acknowledge this as a fair representation of himself? Have you seriously pondered on the design of your life? Have you passed, at least, one hour daily in asking why you live? Have you discovered it? Can you say with thorough heart-felt conviction, that after death man sinks into nothingness, or that you know that man after death finds another life? Do you know what God requires of you, what you must do to please him? Have you a fixed rule whereby to direct your conduct? Have you observed it? In fine,—do you know whether you are going? If you know not, stay an instant, listen, think, read, and perhaps you will learn. All unused, too, as you may hitherto have been to prayer, as you read, pray that God would, for Christ's sake, give you his Holy Spirit.

Let us consider, then, together—What shall we find at the end of this existence? What is there after death? This is the question of questions; let us search for the answer. After death there can be but one of two things,—annihilation or life! There can be no other alternative; it is impossible. Now, if you suppose that annihilation will be your lot, you are most wise in living as you do live, without anxiety about death and its consequences; you do well in amassing yourselves here below while you can; you do well in heaping up gold; you do well to go onward as your heart inclines you; and to follow the sight of your own eyes; eat, drink, be merry, for to-morrow you die. Wherefore should you submit to imaginary duties, for which no one can call you to account? Virtue becomes an idle word, vice merely legitimate gratification, conscience a mere prejudice, if annihilation is the end. Go on thus, from indulgence to indulgence, from one triumph over virtue to another, and allow others to do the same, until the whole fabric of society is dissolved. This is the logical result of your awful doctrine. The discipline fills you with alarm. No, you exclaim, no, it is impossible that I have been created merely for such an existence. Annihilation cannot be the end of life. It does violence to every feeling, disorganizes society, makes this world a field of blood. No! annihilation cannot be the truth!

We are, then, going on to life? Yes, to a life that will last forever! This is the second point that presents itself; no less important than the former. Let us proceed to examine it. The moment one admits that there is another life, he supposes it preceded by a judgement. Now, what will be that law by which our fate will be adjudged. If it be rigid, we have cause to fear; if indulgent, we may hope. It is then essential to know beforehand the line of conduct which is required of us. Shall we accept the written law which says, that we must love God with all our hearts, and our neighbors as ourselves? Such a requirement will appear extravagant to some. Shall we take, then, the law of conscience, which confines itself to the prohibition of murder, robbery, lying, impurity? Not even this severity would frighten others. Let us search, then, for a milder standard. Suppose that God requires of us one thing alone, and that most simple; that he requires us only to adhere to truth. I ask, then,—Have we always been true? Have we never led others to understand that which we dared not boldly to affirm? Have we never exaggerated? Have we never practised concealment? Have the internal thought and the external action always corresponded? Have we been true from the moment we could first distinguish truth from falsehood? Let us omit even, if you desire it, the past. Could you to-day engage, with such a definition of truth as the above, under penalty of death, never to lie? Sift your conscience. Would not such an engagement be your death-warrant? You have not fulfilled, nay, you could not undertake to fulfil this most simple, most just, most easy of all moral laws; and if a happy future be attainable on this condition, you must confess that you are not tending thitherward.

But let us suppose the Divine code reduced to that single article,—"Thou shalt do no murder." Here is a law very simple, easy, and deeply inscribed on the conscience. Now permit me to ask if you have strictly observed even this. Admit that to commit murder is not always to thrust a dagger into the bosom of a fellow-creature, but that it is sometimes to strike with the hand in anger, to injure the health so that death may ensue, nay, even to ruin the fortune and reputation of a man who cannot live independently of them. To commit murder, according to the French code, is even to project the deed without being able to compass it; and if the law of man requires, before it punishes, that the crime should be attempted, it is only because the law has not the power to reach the project in the heart. Will God, however, take no account of our culpable thoughts, culpable desires? Will hatred, because it may have been concealed, be held innocent in his eyes? If the consequences of all our bad feelings towards our fellow-men could be gathered together into one bundle, although separately each wounded but as a pin's point, united they would strike as the point of a sword.

But perhaps you will reply: "Whatever may be his law, God will not require the strict observance of it; a man may observe it in one part, and violate it in another, and yet be acquitted. Do you not see, however, that, with such a code, each individual exercising the same right of selection as you, would fix the limit of obedience to suit his own peculiar views or purposes? Do you not see that we would have as many laws as there were criminals? and that those laws would be interpreted by

the guilty parties themselves? Do you not see that each would declare himself innocent? The position is a manifest absurdity.

What law, then, can be applied to us, so that we may be able to escape condemnation? Alas! in the kingdom of nature I find none. Rules the most simple, strictly interpreted, condemn us. To be absolved, we require a code which has imprinted on its first page, Grace! on its second, Pardon! on its third, Mercy! And which has been sealed with the blood of a voluntary victim, who had beforehand expiated all our transgressions. With a code like this, I might be saved, but it is only such a code that can give me hope. It is to this point, dear reader, that you have in these pages been conducted step by step. A code of grace, of pardon, of mercy, sealed with the blood of a voluntary victim, slain for our transgressions,—such a code, blessed be God, exists! It is the gospel, and the victim is Jesus Christ! Every page of that book offers you freely heaven, happiness, eternity, on the sole condition—if condition it can be called—of your believing with the heart in Him who wishes to give you them all.

Reader, it is to your conscience that I address myself; not for my good, but, for yours. You may reject what I say, but you cannot change the truth. I implore you, then, in the name of your own dearest interests, to read and read again the gospel, until at length, under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, you comprehend and taste the salvation, complete and free, offered to whosoever believes from the heart in the Lord Jesus Christ: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16, 17.—Protestant Churchman.

WHAT THE CHURCH OF ROME WANTS, AND HER MEANS OF OBTAINING IT.

The Pope has published an "encyclical letter," proclaiming a "jubilee," for three months, to be dated according to the pleasure of the local authorities, from any given day, during which there is to be a widening of the road to heaven upon a new tariff, so low that hardly any one can be without the means, or miss the road. The following passage will give the readers the cream of the document:—

"And now, in order that the faithful entrusted to you may pray with the more fervent charity and more abundant fruit, we have deigned to bring forth and offer those treasures of heavenly gifts, the dispensation of which has been entrusted to us by the Most High, for which reason, relying on the mercy of Almighty God, and on the authority of His blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, out of that power of binding and loosing which the Lord has committed to us, though unworthy, by this letter, until all and each of the faithful of your dioceses, of either sex, who, within the space of three months, to be fixed by each of you, and to be computed from the day which each of you shall have appointed, having confessed their sins humbly and with a sincere detestation, having expiated them by sacramental absolution, shall have reverently received the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, and shall have devoutly visited either three churches pointed out by you, or three times at one of them, and shall have there, for some space of time, offered up their pious prayers to God according to our intimation, and for the exaltation and prosperity of our holy mother the Church, and for the Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresies, for the peace and concord of Christian people, for the peace and unity of all Christian people; and shall, moreover, within the same interval of time, have fasted once, and given some alms to the poor, according to their devotion, do concede and grant a plenary indulgence to all their sins, in the form of a jubilee, which indulgence may also be applied in the way of suffrage for the souls in purgatory. And that this indulgence may also be gained by nuns, and by other persons living in strict cloister, and by those who are in prison, or are prevented, by bodily infirmity or other impediment, from performing any of the aforesaid works, we give to confessors the faculty of commuting the same into other words of piety, or postponing them to another proximate time, with the power also of dispensing with communion for children who have not yet been admitted to their first communion. Wherefore we give to you the power on this occasion, and during the aforesaid space of three months, that you may confer on the confessors of your diocese, by our apostolic authority, all those same faculties which were conferred by us in the jubilee conceded by our encyclical letter of the 21st of November, 1851, transmitted to you, published, and beginning, *Ex altis nostri*, with, however, all those exceptions reserved by us in that letter."

The letter from which the above is an extract is addressed—"To all our Venerable Brothers, the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and other ordinaries having grace and communion with the Holy See." To make all smooth, sinners are permitted to choose their own "confessors"—as if, from a friendly priest, the culprit may get off easier, and there may be favoritism even in getting into the kingdom of heaven.

It would not be easy of belief, were not the document genuine and sure to be acted on by millions all over Christendom, that, in the nineteenth century, it could be assumed on the one hand, and conceded on the other, that the ordinary administration of the kingdom of grace, the usual provisions of God's law and of Christ's gospel, are suspended—put in abeyance for three months, by a resolution of the Pope and his privy council of cardinals.

Those who have sins must confess, repeat, receive the sacrament, visit three churches, or one

church thrice, pray for the downfall "of heresy," the "prosperity of the mother church," the concord of Christian princes and people (which implies their harmonizing in subjection to Rome), and the "exaltation of the Pope,"—fast once, give alms, however little, and all sins are blotted out forever.

This for the sinner. As for those—rare, the Pope thinks them, but still he implies that there are such—those who have no sins to require forgiveness, nor "calling and election to be made sure," they are to apply their "superabundant graces," by way of suffrage, to the relief of the suffering souls in purgatory.

All this looks favorable; but there is a drawback after all. The jubilee and its solemnities must be observed according to the intention of the Pope and Cardinals. But as this is a secret, the whole may be vitiated in the end.—N. Y. Observer.

A GATHERED LILY.

A NARRATIVE OF EARLY GRACE.

Isabella Winchester was the child of the church; her parents were both in fellowship; and she was, at the time referred to, thirteen years of age.

Isabella had grown rapidly; her frame was delicate; her mind in advance of her years; and, from infancy, there had been indications of consumptive tendency.

From infancy, too, she had discovered a gentle and affectionate spirit; had been fond of reading hymns and Scriptures, and had often shown a serious habit of thought.

In the summer of 1838, she passed some time at Gravesend, for change of air; and had some profitable conversations with the Rev. Mr. Tibbatts, of that place. She left for school; but, in the autumn, returned home much worse, and labouring under the effects of a cold which she had taken.

I saw her at this time, and was surprised at the sudden change which had taken place. All the signs of what is most interesting and alarming in the state of the young consumptive were but too evident. I do not sufficiently recollect the conversation to report it. From too readily expecting, perhaps, that such a child could say but little, it was chiefly on one side; and my concern was to refer to her delicate state, and the necessity in any state, and at any age, of seeking an interest in the religion of the Saviour and the favour of God.—The effect of the intercourse was gratifying to my own mind.

It was, however, to her mother, who had been always with her, that she could best communicate. It appeared, as her disease advanced, her mind became more serious and reflective. Conscience was awakened; a strong sense of sin came over her, with a fear of death; and her spirit trembled for some weeks between the hope and fear of her salvation.

On one occasion, when very unwell, her mother said to her, "I fear, my dear, the Lord is going to take you from us."

"I fear so, mamma."

"Do you not think then, my dear, that you are prepared to die?"

"No! I need my sins to be forgiven, and a new heart."

"But you can pray to God to give you these, and he has promised to do so."

"I do pray, and I do ask for forgiveness."

On another occasion, a mother's eye saw that she was inwardly sorrowful, and she said—

"My dear Isabella, you seem very unhappy."

"Yes, mamma, I feel I have a sinful heart; but still I have some hope, and my hope is in the promises of God. He has said, 'Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

Conversation with her parent, the visits of friends, and her own continued meditations and prayers, conducted her, by the Divine blessing, into peace. She was enabled to say—"O mamma! all these precious promises bear me up; I trust I have sought and found pardon through Christ—his blood cleanse me from all sin."

As her bodily life was now hastening to decay, so her spiritual life was renewed day by day, to the gratification of those who knew her. She could do but little, so that her time was chiefly engaged in the reading of the Scriptures and hymns adapted to her state; and she made rapid progress for a child in knowledge and faith.

Though deprived of attending at chapel with her parents, she took a lively interest in all that was doing, and even assisted in the good work. She conversed freely with those who, about her own years, called to see her; and to some of them wrote earnest letters on the subject of immediately giving up the world, and believing in Jesus Christ as her Saviour.

Isabella had one sister, a little younger than herself; she was now much concerned for her. She instructed her, and warned her; and by every endearment sought to engage her affections in religion.

The person said, she supposed it meant we were to go to God in our worldly troubles.

"So then," the child said, "you do not know what it is to be troubled for sin?"

On the morning of the 24th March she was somewhat revived; and her mother said—

"Can you spare me this morning, my dear, to go to chapel?"

"Yes, mamma; and soon you will be able to go always."

"Ah, my dear, you are thinking of death and the grave!"

On the return of the family home she had written the following verses. I give them exactly as they were left by herself, in a fair clean hand. I have every reason to think that they are entirely her own, excepting the difficulty of believing that a child so young could compose so well:—

Tell me not of that narrow bed,
Tell me not of that drear bed,
Tell me not of that peaceful land,
And their sleep from remembrance free,
But tell me of their living rest,
Far, far from this earthly scene;
And tell me, too, of Jesus' breast,
The place on which they lean.
Tell me of the darkness tomb,
And the quick corrupting clay,
The last and agonizing gloom,
The soul's untolden way;
But let me hear of those seats on high,
And the holy, happy throng;
Of the palm and crown, and victory,
And the exchange's song.
Oh! tell me of those laureled choirs,
That are hymning before the throne;
The harmonies of those golden lyres,
And symphonies here unknown;
And the Saviour's face without a veil,
And his voice as he says—
This shall cheer the heart when the check grows pale,
With glory's sweet surprise.

On the following day she was worse. She said, "I think, mamma, I shall soon be in heaven!"

"You are still happy, then, my child?"

"O yes, mamma, Jesus is with me. He has promised, when I pass through the waters, to be with me, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow me."

"Ah, my dear, the waves are coming fast!"

"Yes; but as my day is, my Saviour has promised my strength shall be."

"What is sin and sickness too,
While up to paradise I go,
With glory full in view!"

"Then, are you willing to leave us?"

"Yes! I can leave all I love to go to Jesus."

To her father she said, "Dear father, you are my earthly parent; God is my Father now. I shall soon be with him. He has prepared a white robe and a golden harp for me."

Early on the following morning she sent for her sister. She rose on her pillow, and, with a smiling aspect, but with great difficulty and with pauses, said—

"Clara, I sent for you to talk with you; I am going to heaven. Read your Bible, dear, and pray to God to give you grace, and a new heart. Clara, you are not too young to die; I am dying. What a dreadful thing it will be if you do not meet me in heaven! Seek Christ while he may be found. Do not put it off till the eleventh hour. Where should I have been if I had done so?"

"Pray, dear Clara, to be one of Christ's lambs; then he will say, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.' O, what joy it will be to see you entering into heaven!"

"Remember, Clara, these are the words of your dying sister; and if you should forget, look on my likeness, and then think of what I said. But don't look at it as me, but remember it is like what she was, who said those things to you."

"O Clara, I shall soon be gone! I am waiting for the summons! I am like one who is expecting to see a great sight!"

After extreme pain, she requested to be lifted from her bed to the easy chair. Being seated, she looked round, and calmly said, "Aunt—mamma—papa—I am so happy!"

"Are you, my dear?" replied the afflicted father.

She lifted up her hands, solemnly said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there you may be also. Come dear Jesus! quickly come; I long to be with thee!"

The dear child suffered greatly from want of sleep. She had passed five sleepless nights. "O," she said frequently, but patiently, "that the Lord would grant me a little sleep!" She slept an hour and a half. She awoke surprised. "O, mamma, I thought I should not wake again! I thought I should sleep in Jesus, and awake in heaven. I am sun up, and am I here? But the Lord's will be done, not mine."

"My dear," said her mother, "the Lord permits you still to suffer much."

"O mamma, it is not I that suffer; it is Christ who suffered. He sweats blood for me—he that knew no sin; and shall I murmur, so sinful as I am? No; it is good for me to be afflicted; it has brought me to Jesus."

Her time of departure was now come. She begged Clara to read portions of the 43d and 55th chapters of Isaiah. As the sister read the 3d verse of the 55th chapter, she wept; and the dying child smiled to her mother, as gratified with this proof of sensibility.

She then begged to be raised and washed, and moved to the window for air; and then, unable to endure the posture, requested to return to bed.

Life was ebbing out. The tongue could no longer speak for the soul. "If Christ," said the anxious mother, "is still precious to you, my dear, press my hand." The hand was affectionately pressed. A little time elapsed; the mother still sought to be reassured. The hand again pressed its parent's, and then relaxed into the weakness of death.—Andrew Reed, D. D., London.