

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER



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Religious Intelligence.

FIRST VIEWS OF AFRICA.

Mr. Goodman, of the Bassa Mission, thus describes the first aspect of his field:

"We were most agreeably disappointed at finding everything here so much better than we had anticipated. The country, the weather, and the people far excel what we had been led to expect. Nor do I believe that such feelings as were ours at home are by any means rare among American Christians, or even among those who are looking forward to missionary labor. To us, Africa was the land of death, the abode of every foul and hurtful beast; a land of sandy deserts or of unbroken swamps, overrun by an innumerable multitude of creeping things; where existence was only tolerable, not enjoyable. To us, Africa is not, perhaps, the very reverse of all this; but nearly so. It is a goodly land; a land fertile and fruitful of many things that render life not only endurable but blessed. There are few spots, even in our own land, more beautiful than some parts of the mission premises. The St. John's is a noble and beautiful stream, and the mountains, visible from our window, at distance of eight or ten miles, rising far above the adjacent country, lend additional attractiveness to the scene. In a word, we feel at home and happy.

"First views," especially of moral fields, are often fallacious. A true-hearted missionary looks upon men in heathen lands as "fields white to the harvest." He rises superior to hardships, liability to disease, fear of enemies, scanty food and conveniences, and sees the immortal mind, like an unpolished jewel, worth more than a whole world, that may be secured to adorn the diadem of the Lord Jesus Christ. With more courage and perseverance than are manifested by pearl-divers, he watches, labors, and prays to obtain such a prize, and be instrumental in transmitting it to heaven. Africa is a goodly land. It is not all swamps; the miasma does not infest all its borders and inland places; death does not lurk in every bush and glen. The coast is more dangerous than the inland hills; and the worst part of the inhabitants, as well as the most insalubrious portions of the country, are near the seashore. But men, in pursuit of wealth, brave, even the most unhealthy regions, and combat disease in its most virulent forms. Shall the soldiers of Christ be daunted where men of worldly adventure and enterprise are undaunted? Shall life be risked in quest of "filthy lucre," the treasure that perishes with the using, and shall it be deemed madness for the followers of Christ to emulate the devotees of Mammon in Christian enterprises to win lost souls?—*Am. Miss.*

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

At a recent public meeting held in Sheffield, England, on behalf of the Moravians, the following statements were made:

The Moravians on the continents of Europe and

America did not number above 20,000 souls, yet they had gathered through their missionaries, not less than 70,000 persons into Christian congregations in foreign lands. At Labrador, nearly the whole of the natives had been Christianized; and at Surinam, out of 13 missionaries 11 had died of yellow fever. Yet there was no lack of labourers for God. During the last 11 years, the congregations at Surinam had risen from 10,000 to 17,000 persons. It might be estimated that one-fourth were communicants. In the West Indies the congregations number about 40,000 persons, principally negroes, and there are upwards of 2,000 children in their schools. Two training schools had been established for the education of native teachers. It was seldom that one taught in their schools left the path of rectitude. The Moravians have 70 missionary stations, and 286 missionaries in the world, and these are sustained for the trifling expense of about \$60,000.

DYING CONFESSIONS OF WICKED MEN

Lord Chesterfield, though a skeptic, and devoted to a life of pleasure, was compelled to say, near the close of his days: "When I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all the frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of the world are a reality; but they seem to be the dreams of restless nights."

"Oh," cried the duke of Buckingham, as he was closing a life devoted to folly and sin, "what a prodigal I have been of the most valuable of all possessions—time! I have squandered it away with the persuasion that it was everlasting; and now, when a few days would be worth a hecatomb of worlds, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours."

Voltaire, after having spent a whole life in blaspheming the Saviour, and opposing his gospel, said to his physician on his dying bed, "I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months of life."

Said Gibbon, "The present is a fleeting moment, the past is no more, and my prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful."

Hobbes said, as the last hour approached, "If I had the whole world to dispose of, I would give it to live one day."

Philip the third, king of Spain, when he drew near the end of his days, expressed his deep regret for a worldly and careless life, in these emphatic words, "Ah, how happy it would have been for me, had I spent these twenty-three years I have held my kingdom, in retirement."

"Good God!" exclaimed a dying nobleman, "how have I employed myself! In what delirium has my life been passed! What have I been doing while the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses have lent their beams, perhaps to light me to perdition!"

"Remorse for the past," exclaimed the dying Altamont, "throws my thoughts to the future. Worse dread of the future throws them back on the past. turn and turn and find no ray. Death is knocking at my door; in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp; and then the judgment—the tremendous judgment! How shall I appear, all unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God?"

"O! eternity! eternity!" cried the distracted Newport, as he lay upon his deathbed, contemplating the solemn scenes before him, "who can paraphrase on the words for ever and ever!"

If a man lives and dies a mere professor, it had been better for him if he had lived and died a mere heathen.

Correspondence.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

"Who am I that I should go—I am not eloquent heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; but I am a man of slow speech and a slow tongue."

Dear Brother,—While reading in your paper this evening of the destitution of our Province with regard to the means of grace, and the increase of population, while ministerial labour is deficient, there being but few labourers in comparison to the wants of the multitudes, I have agreed with you that the additional wants of the Lord's vineyard should be supplied. It is now a time of much worldly prosperity, and efforts are being made to elevate the Province to a level with others; and much has already been done, and more is likely to be done soon for the cause of education, and in these things we should rejoice, while they discover to us the need of more faithful labourers in the cause of religion. While the means of acquiring a more liberal education is becoming increased, a taste for reading is also cultivated, and our country must be supplied with books. Many of those now in circulation are poor food for dying souls. But if good books and tracts which will give the readers the knowledge of Jesus, and instruct them how they may find "the pearl of great price" can be put in circulation, and brought to the notice of the people, it will be a good work, and the whole results of which, with the blessing of God will only be told in eternity.

But while you call for labourers, permit me to ask—who will go? This inquiry has been rung in my ears, and I have thought, O could I but hear numbers of young men say,—Here are we—send us,—how it would rejoice me. But alas! how many are saying "What am I that I should go?"

I have been praying for some time that the Lord of the harvest would send forth labourers into the harvest, and my heart has many times mourned when I have looked over the destitute districts of our Province. And I have thought while listening to the Gospel myself, that I would be willing to do any thing in my power to have the humble religion of Jesus carried to these places, if peradventure a few only might embrace it. But who will go? Shall I say—"here am I, send me?" Well, if "I AM" saith it—I will leave all and go. But I fear to venture without any further evidence of that, least I should be any injury to the cause I love. It is ten years this day since I sold all for Christ—God called me when I was but a little lad, and I am sorry that I have not been more diligent. If I can be of any future use, glad will I be. But when I look at myself and look at the work, I am almost ready to say—Lord send others but not me. Others, who are mighty in Israel, will they not go? But I pray God to send by whom he will—and O may he speedily send salvation to my fellow dying men.

October 1.

J. M.

For the Intelligencer.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

I wish to call the attention of the youthful readers of the Intelligencer to some of the prominent evils of the day, with a view of putting them on their guard against them.

1st. *Bad Company.*—Beware of evil company. How many promising sons, by the influence of wicked associates have been ruined. Many with the best prospects before them have set out in the voyage of life, but the fondest hopes of those who loved them have been wrecked by their association with vicious companions. O cease from the paths of evil men. Avoid them—pass away from them.

2nd. *Ardent Spirits.*—With all that has been done in the cause of Total Abstinence, the old drinking custom still prevails to an alarming extent. And it is a besetting evil. It is the road to ruin. There is a way that you may never be a drunkard, and it is the only safe way—that is, never take the first drop. The evils associated with drunkenness, with all that has been said of them, are still untold, and I need not attempt to portray them. To all these evils, dear young reader, you expose yourself in the use of the smallest quantity. If, then, you would be happy, sober and free, abstain entirely from the use of liquor. Abandon that worst of all evils.

3rd. *Swearing.*—This is a wretched vice; and it is found even from the prattling child to the man of grey hairs. It is a vice from which no good can come. One would however suppose, in listening to some young men, that they thought they could not be men until they were well practiced in profanity. But it is neither genteel nor manly; and it is a habit that sears the conscience, and opens the way to a flood of other evils. The swearer gets himself off from the society of the moral and good, and as association is a habit of nature, it throws him in with those of kindred deeds, and places him continually within the influence of the vicious and profane. It unfits men for every social good in life, and the swearer's end is not unfrequently more terrible than even the drunkard's. My young friend, if you would be beloved and respected in life, and not have your memory blotted with blasphemy—if you would have the favour of God while you live, and his presence when you die—"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

M.