

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF FREE C. BAPTISTS OF N. BRUNSWICK, AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

B. McLEOD, Editor. Office, No. 6, King Street.

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, AUGUST 25, 1854.

VOL. I.—NO. 34

Religious.

MISSION TO THE COPTS.—ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

On Sabbath morning, June 25, in the Church of the Puritans, New-York, Mr. Charles F. Martin, of Galesburgh, Ill., was ordained to the work of the ministry. He is under appointment from the American Missionary Association, as a missionary among the Copts in Egypt.

The opening exercises were conducted by Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, one of the secretaries of the Association. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Cheever, who has been for some time past Mr. Martin's pastor. The ordaining prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Burghard. The charge was delivered, and the right hand of fellowship given by Rev. J. P. Thompson, of the Tabernacle Church, New York. In compliance with a suggestion to print the charge, as giving a condensed view of the field, Mr. Thompson prepared it for *The Independent*, from which paper we make the following extracts:—

After a general charge, based on Paul's Epistle to Timothy, Mr. Thompson proceeded:—

"And now, my brother, in passing to those more specific instructions that your new field of labor requires, I would, in the first place, urge upon you an habitual reverence for the authority of the Word of God, and a lively confidence in the Gospel, as the one agency for the reformation and the salvation of mankind. With a heart swayed to the utmost by the last command of Christ, *Go preach the Gospel to every creature*, such counsel may seem to you superfluous, if not distrustful. And it will seem quite out of place, if you shall recall it, when first you set foot in Egypt. There, the Bible will be to you, more than ever, a living book; its every page the transcript of the realities of nature and of history. You will journey with camels and with asses, as did Abraham, when he came down into the land of plenty, to escape from the famine in Palestine; you will look upon the same wondrous river that pictured to him the ceaseless beneficence of God, and upon the same stupendous pyramids that foretold to him the worthless durability of the works of man. Here and there, on some ample plain, or by some village gate, you will see the patriarch surrounded with his sheep and oxen, and asses, and camels, and men-servants and maid-servants—the outward picture of the Father of the Faithful, when he sojourned in the land, under the favor of the king. You will visit the site of On, and will look upon the obelisk that stood before the temple whose priest gave Joseph his daughter to wife, and which still bears the name of his patron-Pharaoh. You will find the same tenure of land that Joseph established, existing at this day, through all the changes of empire; and will see such huge receptacles of grain as he built, now stored with the harvest of the kingdom. As you go through the land of Goshen, you will notice that it is good for cattle, covered with flocks and herds; and about the towns you will see, also, the same exacting soil which the Israelites were burdened, when they here mixed with straw the mud of the Nile, and shaped it into bricks, to be dried in the sun. You will then look with renewed interest upon the river in which the infant Moses was exposed, and from the Arabian mountains will gaze with thrilling emotions toward the Red Sea, and the grand and solemn wilderness of Sinai beyond—the scene of his heroic discipline, his miraculous victories, and his august revelations. In addition to these places and scenes, suggestive of the great characters of Scripture history, you will be continually reminded of the life-scenes of the Old Testament in the manners and customs of a people who, though chiefly of another race, retain the stereotyped usages of the original possessors of the soil. As you trace the imperfect boundaries of Noph, or Memphis—which, having filled a grand history of three thousand years, is now a waste and desolate, without an inhabitant," according to the very letter of Jeremiah's prophecy—and look with unsatisfied wonder upon the stupendous ruins of No Amman, or Thebes, that was a "situate among the waters," "cut off" and "rent asunder," as Ezekiel predicted; as you see the land of the Pharaohs no longer an independent sovereignty, but the base of the kingdoms, you will find, in prophecies fulfilled, another testimony to the truth and divine authority of the Bible. Then will it seem to you more than before, the Book of books, in all things faithful and sure. You will open, as it were, the original pages of inspiration fresh from the hands of Moses and the prophets; and you will wonder, then, that I charged you to hold fast the word of God."

Mr. Thompson then spoke of the corruptions of Christianity with which the missionary would meet, the efforts to supplant the Bible by the Koran, and to overthrow its authority by "arraying mummies" and the uncertain utterings of antiquarians "a-paint Moses;" and concluded the first head by repeating the charge to maintain a reverence for the authority of the Bible, and to hold fast a confidence in the power of the Gospel.

Under a second head, the missionary was charged to cling with all the fervor of his soul to the great doctrine of redemption through Christ. The inhabitants of the land to which he was to go were not idolaters; they were devout, making religion the chief business of life, praying seven times a day, worshipping one Jehovah, abounding in charity, professing repentance, and imploring mercy, but with no knowledge of a doctrine of redemption, or of an atoning Saviour.

In the midst of a population of two millions,

many of them cultivated, refined, amiable, virtuous, and devout, of whom nine-tenths are seeking heaven through faith in Mohammed, and the remainder through faith in St. George and the Virgin, you will need to clasp afresh to your heart that great doctrine of redemption through the cross, which the Ethiopian treasurer once bore rejoicingly through that same land, but which now lies buried under the formalism of the Copt and the fatalism of the Moslem. That one doctrine you are to preach alike against a ceremonial dependence upon names and forms, and a fatalistic resignation to decrees; Christ crucified, the wisdom of God and power of God unto salvation.

3. Once more I charge you to adhere to the simple ordinance of preaching the Gospel as the means of regeneration through the Spirit. Of salvation by ordinances, by rites, by ecclesiastics, the Copts have had ample experience. Their patriarch inherits the chair of St. Mark, the possession of whose head the convent of Alexandria disputes with the cathedral of Venice. Their metropolitan or mutran, is head of the Abyssinian Church. Their bishops are of unmixed descent, and retain the Apostolic number, twelve. Then there are arch-priests, priests, and deacons, each of whom may be the husband of one wife; and monks innumerable, who may not marry, but whose privilege it is to live on lentils, and in the hottest of climates to wear rough woolen next the skin. As for their ritual, Athanasius was of their bishops; and while they scrupulously preserve his creed, they are strict, also, in the use of salt and oil and unleavened bread in their ceremonies; their prayers and chants are no doubt very ancient, being read or sung from time-worn manuscripts; and though their priests do sometimes curse and fight, or as I have seen them laugh jocosely in the midst of the service of the mass, its validity can not be thus impaired, where the "succession" is so good. Then there is their great Lent fast of fifty-five days, and their lesser fasts twenty-eight and fifteen; their pilgrimage to Jerusalem, as sacred as that of the Mohammedan to Mecca; and the bathing in the Jordan where Christ was baptized; also the yearly imitation of Christ's baptism in the Nile. In short, whatever tradition, and authority, and invention, and ritual, and ordinances, and hierarchy, and church can do for salvation, they have of native growth better than can be imported. Your mission is not to fraternize with hierarchs, but to evangelize the people. You have but one ordinance to fulfill—the great ordinance of preaching, which they have not, and which also can renew their souls into the likeness of God. Yours is the simple, grand, blessed, perpetual, Apostolic commission of Christ himself; Go into the world, and preach MY GOSPEL to every creature.

The charge to be diligent and prayerful next followed, after which, in conclusion, the speaker said:—

"Be hopeful in your work. Amid all the darkness and degradation that will surround you in that land of ancient wonders, you will find much to inspire you with hope. These same Copts to whom Mark and Apollon, and Clement, and Origen, and Athanasius preached, the descendants of that old Egyptian stock that was there in the time of Moses and of Abraham, with all their ignorance and superstition, have shown an attachment to the Christian name that commands respect. They have been compelled to wear ignominious colors in their dress and to ride always upon an ass, instead of a horse, and this often backward; to wear about the neck a heavy cross of wood, and to place images of devils before their doors; they have been branded with hot iron, and beaten with heavy blows; yet they would not renounce Christ for Islam though Christ is to many of them but a name. And now, under greater toleration they possess more knowledge, more tact, more enterprise, more thrift, more wealth than the average of their Arab conquerors, though less perhaps than Armenians, Turks, and Jews. Many, too, are seeking light. They are ready to receive missionaries. They several times expressed to me a desire for books and teachers from America. Like the Armenians and the Nestorians, they have been kept a separate people for some wise purpose in the future evangelizing of Egypt, when Mohammedan intolerance shall give place to the freedom of the Gospel. They need the missionary when the vices of travellers are cursing their land, and the Romanist is their denouncing and burning the Bible. You begin your mission at an auspicious time; when the shaking of the nations forbodes the casting of the beast and false prophet into the pit; when Mohammedanism is relaxing its hold, and infidelity and Romanism are watching for the prize of the Orient. Go, then, joyfully to your work; cast your seed upon the waters of that great river that never disappoints the husbandmen. You shall find it, after many days. Our prayers go with you. The Master goes before you, saying, 'Blessed be Egypt, my people.' I charge you, be faithful to Christ Jesus, who shall judge your ministry and mine at his appearing."

DEATH-BED REVELATION.

A large wine dealer, residing in London recently, on his death bed, being in great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the nature of the business he had followed for years. He stated that it had been his habit to purchase all the sour wines he could, and by making use of sugar of lead, and other deleterious substances, to restore the wine to a palatable taste. He said he did not doubt he had destroyed hundreds of lives, as he had from time to time noticed the effects of his mixture on those who drank them. He had seen instances of this kind where the unconscious victims of cupidity, after wasting and declining for years, despite the best medical advice, went to their graves poisoned by the adulterated wines he had sold them.—*Presbyterian*.

DR. DUFF ON AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

In his great speech before the Free Church Assembly, the eloquent Scotch Divine, Dr. Duff, gives the following graphic picture of the Bishop Hughes's crusade against the Bible in Schools:

POPEY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

But here let me advert to the interference of Popery with the common school system. The Americans, some twenty or thirty years ago, thought of Popery that it was an effete, antiquated thing, come over from the old world, that would soon be dissolved and disappear in their free land. It had been found, however, a tougher thing than that, and a harder bone to be digested. They gradually began to find out that, for the Papists began to play a strange game, under the pretence of liberty of conscience, right of citizenship, and all that nomenclature which Papists know so well how to employ when it suits their purpose. (Hear, hear.) But liberty of conscience coming out of Popery, is like the icebergs of the North Pole coming out of the heat of the solar beams, or the flowers, and fruits, and stately palm-trees of the tropics springing out of the ices of the North Pole. (Applause.) The one is as true as the other. The American citizens, however, believed them at first. Practically they said, We won't interfere with another man's conscience, and so on. And by and by the Papists take them in and say, These schools interfere with our consciences; and they did it so slyly, that some of the Directors and Board of Management of these schools so far conceded the point before they were fully aware what they were doing. And I had the curiosity to bring over two old school-books to exemplify the kind of thing they did deliberately before people came to be aware of it. In one of these school-books there was a section upon Martin Luther; and they said, There are things there that are distressing to our consciences; but the book is stereotyped, and great numbers have been thrown off. What shall we do? It would be a terrible loss to sacrifice the thousands of printed volumes and the stereotypes. O, but you can blot out the thing of which we conscientiously complain. Now, just look at the way they have blotted or blackened the obnoxious pages or paragraphs of the books, (holding up a school-book with the page blackened with ink, amid the laughter of the Assembly.) The next chapter he exhibited was a long one, and two opposite pages of it are of such an odious kind to the Papists, that they have pasted them altogether, so as to form one thick leaf, (holding up the pasted leaf to the amusement of the Assembly.) That was on account of the allusions to Cranmer. Then there is the famous speech of Chatham on the American war, in which allusion is made to the Popish atrocities. That sentence is blotted in the same manner. In the poetry, too, the same system is adopted. In Goldsmith's Traveller there is a couplet blotted out, (holding up the book amidst renewed laughter.) People at last began to say, "Our children bring home black-patched books;" and they thought that looked rather odd; but not to break up the stereotype, in the next edition they simply broke up that part of it which contained these sections; so the next edition comes out with a white blank leaf, or white blank spots here and there, in this way. [Here the reverend Doctor held up another specimen with the pages blank, amidst cheers and roars of laughter.] So that with this blank leaf or spot, it was not so odious to the eye as the black patch, as you might think some one had stuck in the page, did the paging not show the real state of matters.

Well, all this was going on, and American citizens began to think there was something under this; and by and by the Papists began to speak of the use of the Bible in the schools as an offence to their consciences. We have no objection to the Bible. You may read it as much as you like, of course. It is the interpretation you put upon it that we object to. Well, so far to meet the humor of the Papists about this, they entered into this arrangement, that henceforth, at the opening of the school, a chapter of the Bible should be simply, but solemnly, and reverently read, without note or comment, by the master or mistress, and the Lord's Prayer rehearsed to them; so that it was agreed there could be no reasonable objection, since the Bible is not a sectarian work, or Protestant work, but a Christian work, designed for the instruction of the world. I allude to these things, because it was in this stealthy manner the Papists came to unmask what was really a religious instruction. Still, the Papists would not be satisfied till the Bible was banished altogether. When it came to that, in some cases the thing was done; but being left by the State to the local Boards to do as they thought proper, they generally said, you Universalists, Unitarians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and all other sects, you all believe in the Bible, and nobody can object the Bible being read in the school without note or comment. And, in fact, nobody did object but the Papists. Even the Infidels and Atheists did not, usually at least, object to it, as they thought it would teach their children good morals. But nothing satisfies the Papists but the Bible must be banished altogether. The Americans, as a body, could not stand that. They said, "If you are so much against the Bible, it must be because the Bible is against you, and we cannot stand that." (Hear, hear.) Even the great statesman Webster comes forward to defend the Bible as a part of unsectarian instruction to be established in the schools. Then he lays it down as a principle that Christianity is an integral, component part of the American Constitution. This flows through the state; and now it is growing up to be the dominant dogma. We do not ask foreigners to come to us—they pitch themselves on us whether we will or no; but if they come and submit to our

laws and become American citizens, they are welcome; if otherwise, we must see to it that they shall not be allowed to subvert those free institutions, set up at the cost of our fathers' blood, and under which we have so flourished.

THE AGED SELF-DECEIVER.

Several years ago, I was called to visit an aged man; and was told to come early, for he was very ill. He had once been in more prosperous worldly circumstances; and had always been upright, moral, and exemplary in his conduct. As I approached his door, I remembered the solemn impression it had made upon my mind when quite a boy, to see him sitting there perusing the Sacred Volume, apparently with all the quietude and serenity of one who prized that priceless Book. It was a cold, frosty December day when I went to see him on his death-bed. A fire was burning in the small apartment into which I was ushered, and the sick man lay upon a bed directly opposite. On entering, I asked for him. He heard my voice, and with considerable effort moved himself round in the bed, and looked wildly towards me. I approached him, and he grasped my hand with an expression never to be forgotten. His countenance was ghastly in the extreme. His cheeks were hollow and withered! His beard unshorn for many days. His eyes were sunken, fixed, and glaring! His breathing was intensely difficult and asthmatical, and came up from his chest in hoarse sepulchral moans! His face was covered with perspiration, notwithstanding that the room felt chilly; and on his furrowed brow, even on the outside of his thick night-cap, stood the beads of the death-sweat! And as this cold moisture fell from his hunk and silvery hairs, and trickled over his shrunken features, it read us the impressive lesson of our mortality, and told that the life of this gray-haired man was now but an agony! Beside me stood a sorrowing wife and a weeping daughter, as I addressed the dying man on preparation for a near eternity. And O, it was a sad thing to discover at such a crisis that he was building on the sand! The pangs of death were taking hold of him, yet he had no hold of Him who died, the just for the unjust. How melancholy! All that we could say appeared but to make him utterly impatient. He seemed determined to live in the past, and to banish the circumstances of the present. He could not die! He spoke with much earnestness of his past life, and endeavored to establish its blamelessness and happiness. "I never lived a sinful life. I sought always to do that which was right, and was always aiming at bringing up my family well, and making them comfortable and happy." And as he thought on the past, he burst out into the bitter cry—"O! for these happy days again." And as he thought of his present condition and realized his danger, he seemed to make a desperate effort to get away from himself as he then was, and as he had been; and he cried out, "O God have mercy on me! O for happiness! O what will I do!" He seemed almost frantic at the thought of death. I tried to calm his troubled spirit by telling him of the Lamb of God. I showed his willingness to receive him, and his all-sufficiency to save him. I also spoke of the mal-efactor obtaining mercy at the eleventh hour. I showed him that all his former happiness was founded on the sand—not on the rock, and therefore could afford him no comfort now. I told him of a real happiness in Christ, which he might yet enjoy before he died, and for evermore, since through Christ he might, on exercising faith through Him, obtain immediate pardon of all his sins. This only made him the more impatient; and as he tossed upon his bed of death, he exclaimed, "O! I know all that, but it does me no good. O for happiness!" It was not "O for Christ!" How sad! As I saw it was apparently useless to speak longer to him about God, I purposed speaking to God about him. I arose, and announced my intention. He grasped my hand, and said, "O, bring down happiness from heaven!" I told him that that was not in my power; but said that God would certainly send it if he would receive Jesus as His Saviour, and rest on His finished work. Otherwise there can be no happiness living or dying. We prayed; and ever as we uttered another and another petition, we were interrupted by the dying man's exclamations, "O God, send that! O for happiness! O for God's mercy!" The prayer ended, we left the agonizing sufferer on the brink of the vast eternity unswayed and hopeless as we found him! To-morrow came; and the hoary self-deceiver breathed no more!

Reader! Are you a self-deceiver? If so, the above is just a picture of what your case will be when you come to die! How dreadful—because so true! The grim King of Terrors will one day unceremoniously strip you of all your self-deception, and leave you in all your native worthlessness upon the dreary shores of the great Invisible! Awake, arise and flee to the cliffs of the Smitten Rock, for there only are you safe for time and eternity!—*British Messenger*.

A SOUL LED FROM SINAI TO CALVARY.

In the year —, an aged pilgrim of eighty entered into rest in the county of Essex. She said on her death-bed, "I have now comfort that surpasseth all my former experience, from these words—Heb. vii. 25, 'able to save to the uttermost.' O that word 'uttermost' is gone into heaven before me. I remember the day of my espousal, when I followed him in the wilderness, being banished from my father's house; then my God saved me to the uttermost. He saved me to the uttermost in all his providence, when in a

ruined state. He saved me to the uttermost in all my children. He saved me to the uttermost in all my afflictions. And now he saves me to the uttermost in my sickness. Yet the High Priest saves my faith against all the assaults of Satan on my death-bed, for as man he suffered, and as God he saves to the uttermost."

Mrs. Mary Churchman, who so spoke thus triumphantly as she departed, lived in days of trials. When about eighteen she was seized with sickness; and, on recovering, went to oblige a neighbor who had been kind to her to hear Mr. Holcroft, one of the ejected ministers in the days of Charles II. She had hitherto so hated the truth, that she used to set her father's dog on a poor godly woman who passed by their door on her way to the meeting. But the minister that day was sent, by God, with a message to her. He preached powerfully of hell and judgment, "which," says she, "made me tremble, and secretly wish I had never come there. Every time he named the name of Christ it was terrible as the thunder and lightning upon mount Sinai. I wished myself covered with the mountains, and looked upon Christ as my terrible judge and enemy. This trouble I vented in floods of tears, and in many wishes that I never had been born, and that I had never come here. For now, thought I, they will think me one of themselves, which I at that time was fully resolved against. I seemed now to like their persons worse than ever. Satan also suggested, What would my relations say? They must never know that I had been at a meeting, and the like. After sermon the minister spoke to me, and asked me if I knew anything of Jesus. Such was my hurry and confusion of mind that I answered him, 'I believed the world was at an end!' Home I came, and not one word did I speak to my neighbor.

"The next opportunity which presented I had an inclination to go to the meeting again, which I did, but very privately. My mother began to mistrust me, and repeated her charge, warning me not to go among such sort of creatures as sinners; for I believe, said she, they bewitch people into their persuasions. However, I went on a week day, and the same minister preached. He was a good Samaritan to me that day. The spirit of the Lord shone round about me. O! then I saw the Lord Jesus become my husband. He was to me a hiding-place from the storm and tempest, to which I saw my guilty and polluted nature had exposed me. O! happy day, indeed, I found him who, a little before, appeared as a terrible Judge, was become my beloved; and I knew that I was his!

"O inexpressible joy! He was as a bundle of myrrh to my soul! I had not only here a little, and there a little, but I had everywhere much. I had everything I wanted for my depressed spirit. I well knew I should meet hard things from my relations, but I could now pray, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'—*British Messenger*.

BEGINNING FAMILY PRAYER.

The commencement of this sacred and delightful duty must be attended by difficulties, where the head of the family has for years neglected it. A man of respectability says—"I have never done anything since I became a Christian which required so much self-denial, and which was so truly a bearing of the cross, as beginning family worship. I felt that it was a duty, from the time I devoted myself to the service of Christ, but I shrunk from its performance so painfully, that day after day, and week after week passed away without my attempting it. At length conscience remonstrated so loudly, and my conviction that it was right so strong, I determined to make the effort to perform it the next morning, cost what it would. It occasioned me a wakeful night; again and again I imported strength from on high. I was constitutionally timid, and when the morning came was much agitated.

Before breakfast I said to my wife, I feel, C—, as if he ought to have prayer in the family. We have all souls to be saved, and need God's blessing. I am sure you will not object to it. No, she replied; but the tone in which she said it was not encouraging. When she arose from the breakfast table, it seemed to me the children had never been so noisy before, and it required an effort to request them to keep silence and be seated. They did so, but I felt that their eyes were fixed wonderingly upon me. I took the large Bible from the shelf and sat down. I wished to preface the service with some remarks, but I could not trust my voice, and I opened the book and read the first chapter that presented itself. I then knelt, and with faltering voice began to address the Creator. But my hesitation soon passed off. I knew not why it was, but during the performance of this service my soul was filled with thoughts of God's great goodness in permitting me to approach him, and to place myself and those dear to me under the shelter of his protecting love, that I forgot the presence of others, and poured out my heart in supplications for his blessing with as much freedom and fervor as I had ever done in secret. When I arose, I perceived my wife's eyes were moistened with tears.

"The conflict was over—the duty was entered on—and the peace which follows the consciousness of having done right, came into my heart. Prayer with my beloved ones was no longer a burden, but a delightful privilege; and ere long I had the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of my companion ascended in full union with my own to the throne of grace. I can now speak freely in my family of the value and sweetness of this service; and to many of them, I believe, the hour of prayer has become one of the most highly prized of all the day brings us."—*American Messenger*.