

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

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

E. McLEOD, Editor.
GEO. W. DAY, Printer. Office, No. 6, King Street.

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

B. J. UNDERHILL, } Pub. Committee.
D. W. CLARK, }
WILLIAM PETERS, }

NEW SERIES.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1854.

VOL. I.—NO. 1.

Religious.

THE WORTH OF A DOLLAR.

The following narrative is a simple history of facts. It was related to the writer by a mother in Israel, whose veracity is entitled to the most entire confidence. The principal actor in the scene was a brother-in-law of hers, distinguished for his piety while living, but now with God; and it was from his own lips that she had all the particulars. If I may judge from its effect on myself, it will touch in the heart of many a reader, a cord which will vibrate long with tender and delightful emotions.

About the year 1797, Deacon M. was travelling from a town on the eastern border of Vermont to another on the western side of the same state. Passing over the mountainous part of the country between the Connecticut and Ohio rivers, he perceived the heavens to be gathering blackness; the sound of distant thunder was heard, and a heavy shower of rain was seen to be fast approaching. The traveller was then in a forest; no place of shelter appeared, and he hastened on until he arrived at a small cottage on the extreme border of the woods. The rain, just then began to rush down with power. He sprang from his horse, pulled off his saddle, and without ceremony dashed into the house. Surprised to see no family but a single female with an infant child, he began to apologise for his sudden appearance—hoping she would not be alarmed, but permit him to tarry till the rain abated, it was so violent. The woman replied, she was glad that any one had happened to come in, for she was always much terrified by thunder. "But why, madam," said he, "should you be afraid of thunder?" It is the voice of God, and will do no harm to those who love him and commit themselves to his care." After conversing awhile with her on this topic, he inquired whether she had any neighbours who were religious. She told him she had neighbours about two miles off, but whether they were religious she knew not; only she had heard that some man was in the habit of coming there to preach once in a fortnight. Her husband went once, but she had never been to their meetings. In regard to every thing of a religious kind, she appeared to be profoundly ignorant.

The rain had now passed over, and the face of nature smiled. The pious deacon, about to depart, expressed to the woman his thanks for her hospitality, and his earnest desire for the salvation of her soul. He earnestly besought her to read her Bible daily, and to give good heed to it, as to "a light shining in a dark place." She with tears in her eyes, confessed that she had no Bible. They had never been able to buy one. "Could you read one, if you had it?" "Yes, sir, and would be glad to do so." "Poor woman," said he, "I do heartily pity you—farewell." He took his saddle, went to his horse, and was preparing to pursue his journey. But he reflected: "This woman is in perishing need of a Bible. Oh, that I had one to give her! But I have not. As for money to buy one, I have none to spare—I have no more than will be absolutely necessary for my expenses home. I must go; but if I leave this woman without, she means to procure the word of God, she may perhaps perish for lack of knowledge. What shall I do?" A voice whispered, "He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord. Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." His heart responded, "I will trust in the Lord." He took a dollar from his purse, went back, and desired the woman to take it, and as soon as possible procure for herself a Bible. She promised to do so, saying that she knew where one could be obtained.

He again took his leave, and set off. As there were then but few taverns on the road, he asked for lodging at the private house against which he found himself when night overtook him. He had yet a few pieces of change in his pocket; but as a journey of two more days was before him, he purposed to make his supper on a cold morsel which he happened to have with him. But when the family came round their table to take their evening repast, the master of the house very urgently invited the stranger to join with them—not only so, but to crave God's blessing on their meal. He now began to feel himself among friends, and at liberty to speak freely on divine things. The family appeared gratified in listening to his discourse till a late hour: it was a season of refreshing to their thirsty souls. In the morning, the deacon was urged to tarry till breakfast, but declined, the distance he had to travel requiring him to set off early. His benefactor would take no compensation, and he departed, giving him many thanks. He travelled on till late in the morning, when, finding no public-house, he stopped again at a private one for refreshment. While waiting, he lost no time in recommending Christ, and him crucified, to the family. When ready to depart, he offered to pay the mistress of the house, who had waited upon him very kindly, for his repast and the oats for his horse; but she would receive nothing. Thus he went on, calling for entertainment as often as he needed it, and recommending religion wherever he called; and always offering, as another traveller would do, to pay his expenses; but no one would accept his money, although it was not known but he had a good supply, for he told them not, and his appearance was not mean: at home, he was a man of wealth. What, thought he, does this mean? I was never treated in this manner on a journey before. The dollar given to the destitute woman recurred to his mind; and conscience replied, *I have been well paid.* It is, indeed, safe lending to the Lord. On the second day after he left the cottage in the wilderness, he arrived safely at home: and still had money for the poor, having been at no cost whatever.

About one year and a half after this, a stranger called at the house of Deacon M. for some refreshment. In the course of the conversation, he observed that he lived, when at home on the other side of the mountain, near Connecticut river. The deacon inquired for some gentlemen there with whom he was acquainted, and was pleased to find that the stranger knew them well. He then asked whether the people in that vicinity paid much attention to religion. The traveller replied, "Not much but in a town twenty or thirty miles back from the river, where I am acquainted, there has been a powerful revival of religion. The commencement of it was very extraordinary. The first person that was awakened and brought to repentance, was a poor woman who lived in a very retired place. At the time of her baptism, she related that, sometime before a stranger was driven into her house by a thunder-storm, and talked to her so seriously, that she began, while listening to his discourse, to feel concerned about her soul. The man, she said, was much affected when he found that she had no Bible; and after he had left the house to go on his journey, returned again, and gave her a dollar to buy one; and charged her to get it soon, and read it diligently. She did so; and it had been the means, as she believed, of bringing her from darkness into light—from a state of stupidity and sin, to delight in the truth and ways of God. The name of this pious man, or the place of his residence, she knew not. But she believed it was the Lord that sent him. At this relation, and the great change which was so obvious in the woman, her neighbours wondered much. They were led to meditate on the goodness, wisdom, and power of God, displayed in this singular event of his providence. They were led to think of the importance of themselves attending more to their Bibles, and were finally awakened to a deep concern for the salvation of their souls. As many as thirty or forty are already hopefully converted, and rejoicing in God their Saviour."

The deacon who had listened to this ardent relation with a heart swelling more and more with wonder, gratitude, and joy, could refrain no longer; but with hands and eyes upraised to heaven, exclaimed, "My God THOU HAST PAID ME AGAIN!"—*American Tract Society.*

REGARDLESSNESS OF SOULS.

1. How careless are we of our souls! 1. O, how few do believe they are men, having bodies that they must die, but souls that will never die! How few do believe that their bodies were given them to be servicable to their souls! Their hearts, their ears, their eyes, their ears, their hands, their feet, &c., were all to attend upon their souls, and to help them to heaven; but this is not believed by many. As they are ignorant of the blessed God who made them, and of Jesus Christ who came to redeem them, and know not whether there be a holy Ghost or no, so they are ignorant of the preciousness of their souls. (Christ hath not given them eyes to read and understand that a man is not, cannot be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul. Christ's question, "What will it profit a man, &c." What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" put it out of all question. Alas, many who carry the name of Christians, deserve not the name of man. When you begin to value your souls you begin to be men. O that men would realize that, which once they shall, they must value! The damned spirits know now the worth of their souls! How many will not!

2. How few consider the worth and preciousness of their souls? When do such thoughts as these possess you? "Here in this earthly tabernacle in this house of Leath, dwells a thing, that I never saw, that is worth a world; though here I crawl up and down, like a worm of two or three cubits long, and am in danger of being thrown into an hole every day; yet I carry with me a jewel, the loss whereof the whole world cannot repair." How seldom do nominal professors consider, sadly and seriously, what will become of their souls, when "their excellency, which is in them, shall go (or journey) away?" as Eliphaz speaks. Examine your thoughts all the day long, from morning to evening, and few are laid out for the soul.

3. Are not all the thoughts and cares laid out upon the body; though the body be but clay, and the soul is a spirit, the body must die; but the soul shall never die? How frequently do we think of our bodies, what they want, burdens, necessities are? but not so of our souls. How much of every day is spent in providing for thy body, but how little for thy soul? The body should be, but the soul's servant; yet men feed the slave, and starve the child. The body must be fed every day, clad every day, yea, adorned every day, and physicked if disordered; but the soul needs food, raiment, physic continually, yet lieth unregarded; is left miserable, naked, starved, &c. A servant hath two talents to keep, the child and the child's clothes; will the master thank the servant, if he pleads, I have kept the clothes, but I have neglected the life of the child? The body is but thy soul's outward garment. How often have your ministers told you, that the soul was better than the body, and that your souls needed daily care more than your bodies? And yet you look after the one, with the neglect of the other. A day is coming, when thou wilt wish thou hadst been bred in the field among the beasts and worms, for that thou regardest thy soul no more than if thou hadst the life of a beast; thou wilt wish thou hadst been made a toad, a serpent, a worm, a dog, a swine, &c.; for then thou shouldst not have suffered to eternity, as now thou wilt, unless the eyes of thy understanding be opened to see, consider, and make provisions for thy precious but perishing soul. Thy body is perishing every day, and thy soul is upon the bor-

ders of eternity; it must live forever; and yet all thy care is for the body, which likely will not live three score years and ten; but the soul is neglected, that must live three score millions of years in hell, without repentance; and then, when that date is over, thou art as far from the end of thy misery as thou was the first day thou was thrown among the damned.

4. How many will not speak with their souls; they are greater strangers to them than the Londoners are to their next neighbors. Didst thou ever ask thy soul such questions as these? O my soul, how is it, how will it be with thee? O my soul, in what a state art thou? O my soul, what will become of thee? O what will become of thee in the next world?

5. At what cost were we at any time for our jeopardred souls. The physician is consulted, if there be an ache upon the body; we will, with the woman, part with all, beggar ourselves, to recover health of body. When did you know a man starve himself, if he could have bread and water, whatever it cost? We will be at any expense of time, labor and charges, to keep our bodies from starving; but how are the ordinances of God, the word and sacrament (the spiritual food of the soul), neglected. The flesh must be satisfied; as for the soul, there is little regard to its well-being. We cannot endure to see a cat, a dog, a beast want meat, but how easily do many digest the want of that milk, whereby they should be maintained and grow? "God," saith one, "gives to these their requests, he gives them quails, but sends leanness into their souls."

6. How fearless are many of soul-losses? How common is it for people to draw back from the service of Christ. Oh! what is the matter? I shall lose my estate, liberty, pay such a fine, &c. They little consider what their souls will lose if they do not preserve, if they live not up to their light. Professors (pardon me that I miscel you), though you are blind and mad, and see not the worth of your souls, yet know that your souls are the most considerable jewels you stand possessed of. "All the world will not weigh with one soul." Thy money may ransom thy body; nothing, save Christ's blood, thy soul. Pause awhile, reader, and reflect on all thy sinful neglects of thy immortal soul, lest on thy death-bed thou shriek and cry, "O my soul, whither art thou going?"

11. How little are the souls of others valued and cared for? How many masters are there that care no more for their servants' souls than for the dogs? nay, not so much? Perhaps some of you are careful that the bodies of your families be clothed, be fed, &c., but the souls lie unprovided for; more care is taken for the pig than for the souls.

1. How do we justly censure them as worthy of capital punishment, that murder the bodies or men; but not so others, who poison and destroy thousands of souls.

How do you hate to have an hand in murdering the bodies of any; to lay poison for the destruction of any? and yet how commonly do men lay the poison of ill counsel and ill example before others to cause them to fall into the pit of hell, and are not effected with this great evil?

2. How troubled are we at any that kill bodies, or that murder others, but not so at the millions that destroy their own and others' souls, that have an hand in raising and damning themselves and others?

3. If any neglect means that might have continued the life of their husbands, children, &c., how are they dejected? How do they wring their hands and beat their breasts? Whereas, if by carelessness, if by the neglect of their duties, if by evil example they have destroyed their souls, they are not troubled about these matters.

4. How do you account meanly of all that take pains for their souls? that wait at the pool of Bethesda, that consult ministers and books, and attend on the ordinances for their souls, whilst you account in your wisdom to lay out the most, if not all of your time for your bodies? Hast thou the name of a Christian? I pray God to let one word sink into thine heart; "thou hast not Christ, thou hast not the Spirit of Christ in thee;" he knows how to value souls, and therefore shed blood for them, and sends his Spirit in the Gospel to be importunate for their salvation.—*Gospel Glass, by Lewis Stuckley, first published 1667.*

THE FORM AND SUBSTANCE OF RELIGION.—There is one Holy Catholic church, but it is, as the apostle says, the general assembly of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven. Unity, as well as holiness, appertains to the invisible church. It behooves us, without doubt, to pray that the visible church should advance daily in the possession of these heavenly attributes; but neither rigour nor universal holiness, is a perfection essential to its existence, or a *sine qua non*. To say that the visible church must absolutely be composed of saints only, is the error of the Donatists and fanatics of all ages. So also to say that the visible church must of necessity be externally one, is the corresponding error of Rome, of Oxford, and of formalists of all times. Let us guard against preferring the external hierarchy, which consists in certain human forms, to that internal hierarchy, which is the kingdom of God, itself. Let us not suffer the form, which passes away, to determine the essence of the Church; but let us, on the contrary, make the essence of the church, to wit, the Christian life, which emanates from the word and Spirit of God, change and renew the form. The form has killed the substance—here is the whole history of the Papacy and of false Catholicism. The substance verifies the form—here is the whole history of evangelical Christianity, and of the true Catholic church of Jesus Christ.—*D'Aubigne.*

Missionary.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The London Missionary Society was formed in September 1795, with the design of uniting Christians of all evangelical denominations in one great enterprise for the diffusion of religious truth among heathen nations. The resolution adopted by this Society from its commencement, to secure agreement and harmony in all its operations, declared it to be a fundamental principle of the Society "not to send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of Church order and Government (about which there may be a difference of opinion among serious persons,) but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to the heathen" and the form of Church Government adopted by the Missionaries whom they have sent out, has been that which appeared unto themselves most agreeable to the word of God. How far this is right, we are not prepared to say. The first operations of the Society was in Tahiti, one of the Georgian Islands in the Pacific; and since then they have established Missions in various parts of the world. They have nearly 200 Missions and about 700 assistants in their employ. The Mission in China was commenced in 1807. The Rev. Robert Morrison (once the ragged and intractable Sabbath School scholar, but afterwards the devoted man of God, was their first missionary to the Celestial Empire. He applied himself to the study of their language, but with the greatest secrecy, lest he should be considered as plotting the overthrow of the Government. He completed the translating and printing of the New Testament in the Chinese language in 1814, and it was not until 1815,—after eight years of missionary labour—that the first Chinese convert, Loong-ah was baptized on the profession of his faith in Jesus Christ. It is now in contemplation by the Society to send out ten additional missionaries to that country—God has made room for them. We regret that we cannot publish all the speeches delivered at the last meeting of the Society—we hope the following extracts will be carefully read.

ADDITIONAL MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA.

A meeting of the subscribers and friends to the London Missionary Society was held at the Exeter Hall, Nov. 30th, with a view of considering the present and prospective claims of China specially upon this society for the enlargement of its operations in that empire. The Earl of Shaftesbury occupied the chair.

The Rev. Dr. Tidman read a statement in reference to the claims of China, at the present time, upon the sympathies of the Christian world, and giving an outline of the proceedings of the society in connexion with that empire.

Forty-six years ago, Robert Morrison went forth under its auspices; six years later he was followed by William Milne; and, by the joint labours of these holy and devoted translators, the entire Scriptures were rendered into a language confessedly the most difficult to acquire, and spoken or understood by more than three hundred millions of mankind. For thirty years following, China continued imperiously closed against the efforts of Christian mercy, but the directors, during that period, sent forth a succession of devoted missionaries, who took possession of Java, Penang, and Singapore, and Malacca, as the nearest accessible outpost, waiting for the day when the hand of Omnipotence should give access to that long-sealed territory of idolatry and superstition. During these six and thirty years the agents of this society thus laboured in faith and hope, unaided and uncheered by any other messengers from the Churches of Britain.

At length, in the year 1842, when, by the triumphs of British arms, the providence of God threw down the mighty barrier that had for ages separated China from all the nations of the earth, and security and freedom were obtained for foreigners in five of her commercial cities, our missionaries instantly advanced, and strengthened by additional fellow-labourers from Britain, they commenced efforts in Canton, Amoy, and Shanghai, and transferred the Missionary College and printing establishment from Malacca to the newly-acquired British colony of Hong-Kong. From that period to the present they have been diligently and variously employed in making known the way of salvation to benighted and perishing multitudes, and the sure tokens of Divine approval have been graciously vouchsafed to their diversified labours. At each of the four stations, a Church of native converts has been formed; over one of these an intelligent and devoted Chinese pastor presides; the venerable Leang Afah still proclaims the Gospel to his countrymen, and several valuable native assistants are employed in various labours under the guidance of the missionaries. The translation of the Scriptures by Morrison and Milne, considered as a first attempt, effected in a short period, with few aids, and amidst many difficulties, would obviously need revision. None felt the importance of this so strongly as the faithful translators; and Dr. Morrison was meditating such a revision of his own labours as the occupation of future years, when, while yet in the vigour of age and strength, the voice of God called him to his rest.

On the establishment of the society's missions in China, the missionaries felt the necessity, without further delay, of prosecuting this important object; and Dr. Medhurst—whose accurate and unvalued Chinese scholarship, the fruit of thirty years' laborious study, admirably fitted him for such a task—was specially appointed, together with Messrs. John Stenach and William Milne, to undertake a careful revision of the Chinese Scriptures. For six years they devoted, most exclu-

sively, their time and energies, sanctified by unceasing prayer, to this great work, and, at the close of 1851, with thankful hearts to the God of all grace, they witnessed the completion of their arduous undertaking.

The Rev. Dr. Leifchild moved the first resolution—

That this meeting, devoutly acknowledging Jehovah the most High over all the earth, contemplates with wonder and awe the present operations of His providence in China, by which the animating hope is encouraged, that the system of idolatry which with deadly force has prevailed for many centuries throughout that vast empire, is about to be overthrown, and the millions of its inhabitants, hitherto shut up in Pagan darkness, to become accessible to the ministers of Christ and the power of His Gospel.

The Rev. W. W. Champneys, Rector of White-chapel, and one of the Canons of St. Paul's, in seconding the resolution, said:—

It is a most joyful thing to me to think that all things serve God; that the whole world may be divided into two classes—God's conscious and God's willing servants, and God's unconscious and unwilling ones. There are some men like the milch kine that drew the cart, which, while they labored for their calves, were forced to draw the ark to the place where God would have it. So there are politicians of the land who, not meaning it, are made to drag on unconsciously the wheels of that mighty car which carries with it the ark of the living God. (Loud applause.) It is a goodly thing to think that the very war to which I have referred was made the instrument of partially breaking open that mighty country; and your English guns—may the day soon come when they shall be altogether buried in the earth—when they blow open some of the ports in China, gave access to the missionaries to a greater extent than they enjoyed it before. Still it was China even then.

Let us remember, for it is a subject for congratulation, that though the religious aspect of the revolution is always a painful one, yet it is so far right. When these men go and find the statue of the Triad and the statue of the Mother of God, but whom the Scripture has simply designated the Mother of Our Lord—when we see these men unsparringly smashing both, and reducing both to dust, and putting down together the real Pagan and the partial Pagan temple with equal hand, then we shall rejoice, and see so far they are right. (Cheers.) Though we mourn, as Christians, over the desolations; though we mourn when we read the missionary's letter, where he says, one week ago, he visited four smiling villages; the children rejoicing, the parents about their work, every symptom of activity, and all the energies of life; and when he returned at the end of another week he could see nothing left but smoking rafters and blackened bones, and here and there the widow weeping over what she believed, though, as he mentioned, she could hardly know, to be the corpse of her husband. I say, though we mourn, as Christians, over these desolations, yet we should rejoice that God has, by those ways which He permits, evil in themselves, worked out good. This state of death has been broken up, and that mighty people laid cheerfully and willingly open to the influence of the Gospel. Now we are called on, as Christians and Englishmen, to pour into that land simultaneously the Bible, that they may read it, and ministers that they may teach it.

The Rev. J. A. James moved the next resolution—

That this meeting renders its grateful praise to the God of all grace for the honour He has conferred on the London Missionary Society, in making it instrumental during the last forty-six years in sending forth upwards of thirty faithful and laborious missionaries with a view to the salvation of China—for the invaluable services which He has enabled them to render, especially in the translation of the Holy Scriptures, and for the success with which He has crowned their efforts in the formation of Christian Churches, and the preparation of Christian agents for the extension of the Gospel among their countrymen.

In the course of an eloquent speech, Mr. James said:—

I think it very likely that our imaginations may be a little too much inflamed by what is going on in China, though I hold it to be the most wonderful Revolution that has taken place in the modern history of the world. Still, it becomes us, I think, to speak with caution about this great matter. In the religious element there is, unquestionably, absurdity, impiety, and blasphemy; in the political, despotism, massacre, and outrage of every kind. We must, therefore, wait to see the denouement of this great transaction upon the theatre of the world. But, my lord, the man must be stone blind, deaf, dumb, and dead, who can see nothing of God's hand in it. (Hear, hear.) Behind those clouds of human wickedness, there is, depend upon it, if we may judge from the religious principles that are mixed up with it, a luminous now and then throwing out glimpses of his glory through openings in those clouds—a luminary, struggling to emerge from the gloom that surrounds it. My lord, I expect confidently that the whole of China will be one vast chaos of political, social, and moral desolation for a while; but is not that the very reason why we should send out the volume, which, with emic voice, will say, "Let there be light," and light will come—which shall bring order out of confusion, and harmony out of discord, and beauty out of deformity?" (Applause.) God is raising to his work. It is a work that He could do, but which He will not do without us; and He is calling us forward to engage in the mighty enterprise. What can be done! The cry has gone out, and a proposal has been made, the echoes of which are reverberating from the Orkneys to the Land's End—"Send a million of Testaments to China." Never was there such a response re-