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all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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G. W. DAY, PRINTER.

Interesting Letter from South Africa.

We make the following extract from a deeply interesting letter from the Rev. Robert Moffat, the distinguished Missionary from the London Missionary Society to South Africa. It appears from the whole letter (which only comprises a part of the correspondence) that Dr. Moffat visited the interior, in order to aid Dr. Livingstone, the Scottish Missionary, who was on an exploring tour. The following extract relates to an interview with an African Chief, with whom he had formed an acquaintance about twenty years before:

After crossing the Shashe and other rivers, we entered a perfect labyrinth of hills and mountains, without seeing the footstep of a human being. We at last found traces of cultivation and soon after some individuals of the Bamangato tribe, but who were subjects of Moselekate. These, after getting over their terror (for they had first to be caught) conducted us a little farther, when an officer of Moselekate was sent for. He received us most graciously, professing the utmost joy at the prospect of his master seeing me again; but still he doubted whether I were the veritable Moffat, or, as they pronounce it, Moshete.

I pass over a variety of incidents, and some hindrances, during which I underwent something like a continental scrutiny. It was at the peril of their lives that they permitted a stranger to pass, which made them terribly afraid lest they should allow a counterfeit Moffat to approach the person of their sovereign. When we at last reached Matokotoko, we found him sick, and with difficulty brought to the porch leading to his residence. I saw his condition, and, while with one hand he eagerly grasped mine, he appeared deeply affected, and drew his mantle over his face with the other; I suppose unwilling that his vassals, who sat in silence at a distance, should see the hero of a hundred battles weep, even though it were for joy. After becoming composed, he gave full expression to the joy he felt on seeing me once more. Pointing to his feet, he said, "I am very sick, but your God has sent you to heal me." Though we had passed several of his towns, and had been two weeks conversant with his people, no one dared to whisper, "Moselekate is sick." The fact was too sacred to be pronounced by vulgar lips. Though he had not been out of his house for some time before, he sat the live-long day (for it was yet early when we arrived) looking at us getting everything ready for the Sabbath. And a sojourn was indeed most acceptable, after a most harassing month's journey from the Bamangato, during which we were very often obliged to use our axes from the time of inquiring till halting for the night, cutting our way through thickets. As Moselekate very naturally felt anxious to be restored to health I engaged to prepare for him suitable medicine, provided he would, like myself, drink no beer, and eat only the kind of food I prescribed. To this he most willingly assented. The means used were, by God's blessing, successful, and in a couple of weeks he was on his feet again, to his great joy and that of his people. There I remained for more than four weeks, having daily intercourse with the great chief, whose kindness was unbounded. But he would not listen to my plan of going to Skeletue's country in search of Livingstone. He started objections, and raised every bugbear he could think of. Though he had been at war with Sebatone, the father of Skeletue, he had no idea that they would do him harm, but the deadly miasma of the country beyond he thought a sufficient reason for my not attempting the journey, though I assured him that nothing of that kind should deter me from undertaking it.

During the time already elapsed, although I was not idle, I could not prevail on Moselekate to allow me to proclaim to him and his people the truths of the Gospel. As he could refuse me nothing that I thought proper to ask, he would give evasive answers, and endeavored to assure me that he believed the word of God was good for him; but at the same time hinting that his nobles and warriors might not like it, from the principles of peace it inculcated. But I was aware that they were really desirous of hearing those doctrines, which they knew had a salutary influence on the mind of their master ever since my last visit, more than 20 years ago. Though at that time I was only able to reach his understanding, my strong remonstrances with him to modify the severity of his government had produced so thorough a change in his views, that the cruel and revolting forms of execution were nearly obsolete, while a sense of the value of human life, and the guilt of shedding human blood, characterized his measures to an extent his subjects had never before witnessed. They knew nothing about the nature or requirements of the Divine word; for, to harbor the idea that there

was a God greater than Moselekate would be viewed as the veriest madness and expose any one to the danger of being hung. His people, though nearly all youths and children when I last visited him, knew that their yoke had been made lighter in consequence of some influence or charm which I had diffused into the heart of their monarch, and hence the general joy my visit imparted to all ranks.

It was difficult to account for his reluctance to allow me to preach to his people, except it was from the impression that the exhibition of the character of the Divine being, life, death and immortality, would repress the martial spirit of his warriors, whose highest happiness is to fight for, or die for, Moselekate, the son of Machobane. His hand, like that of Ishmael, is against every man, and every man's hand against him; and to his soldiers (and every man of the Matabele is a soldier, ready to grasp his weapon at a moment's notice) he looks for the defence and security of his kingdom.

It was natural for me to feel melancholy, situated as I was, surrounded with multitudes of savages who loved me, and yet I could not instruct them. I tried at times to look morose, while he would try in vain to make me smile. I used to say pleasantly that if he would not hear of my Lord and Master, he should not have me, neither should I receive the shadow of a present from him, but that I should one of these mornings shoulder my gun and march off to Skeletue's country. I cannot now describe the process by which I at last overcame his objections; the incident was unexpected and interesting. He gave full permission for me to preach to him and his warriors the Gospel of Salvation. Daily, at a minute's warning, they were assembled before me, much nearer him who sat at my left hand, than they dared to approach on any other occasion. Never in my life did I witness such riveted attention and astonished countenances whilst I, amid the stillness of the grave, published to them the great doctrines of the Word of God. These were things which never before had entered their ears; but the character of God, His works and providence, redemption through His Son, death, judgment and eternity, were listened to with unflinching attention during the remainder of my sojourn.

Though the people of Moselekate are composed of Matabele or Zulus (the original stock) and of every tribe, from the Bakone tribes to the South, the Mashona to the North, and Batonga, they are transformed by the nature of the government under which they live, and exhibit characteristics of intelligence and prompt attention, compared to which the tribes from which they have been taken possess but a shadow.

Numbers were arriving daily at headquarters, and returning to the different towns of his vast dominions, to bring news, and convey orders and instructions, so that what was preached in the presence of Moselekate was conveyed to the extreme ends of his territories; some who heard it at second hand, published to others at a distance the strange news that Moshete had brought to the ears of the Matabele. The above services were to me, beyond all description, interesting. I felt that my prayers had been answered, and that I had obtained my heart's desire. After concluding the first day's service, I turned to Moselekate, and, laying my hand on his shoulder, said—"You have now made me happy. I want nothing else that you can give; I shall sigh no more." "How," he asked, "can you sigh when I and my kingdom are at your disposal? You must preach daily and receive my present also." But I omitted to state that the permission to preach was only granted on my return journey from the North-west.

It was with a desperate effort that I could get away from my friend Moselekate. He sent an escort to take me beyond the utmost bounds of his country, and to see my wants sufficiently supplied along the road, and also home to the Kuruman, where I arrived among my own people with feelings of lively gratitude to Him who had guided and guarded my seven months' wandering among savage beasts and savage men. During that period I preached the truths of the Gospel to thousands who never heard the name of a Saviour before. I accomplished all that was within my power for Livingstone. I gave Moselekate and his people full proof of the deep interest I felt in their temporal as well as spiritual concerns; and I returned with my health greatly improved, notwithstanding the toil and anxiety connected with such a journey.

I remain, yours in the Gospel,

ROBERT MOFFAT.

Young Men's Christian Association of London.

This meeting was scarcely second in interest to any which has been held. It took place in the large and commodious reading room of the Association, which was crowded with a breakfast party at 6 o'clock in the morning. The company overflowed into other rooms.

J. Hitchcock, Esq., a London merchant, an account of whom might well glorify God presided. The principal speaker was the Rev. F. Close, of Cheltenham, a well-known evangelical clergyman of the Church of England, distinguished for his open stand against the Anglo-Romanism which is eating out the vitality of the Established Church. Mr. Close expressed himself astonished at the success of the Association, having in mind the failure of many not dissimilar. He attributed this success to the reverence for the Scriptures, and the non-sectarian spirit which animated the Associations.

"You have the Scriptures," said Mr. Close, "you have union, you have also a considerable attention to secular knowledge; and you not only have these things, but you have them in their due

proportion and in their proper places. You have not done as some institutions have done in different parts of the country, put forth just so much religion as will make philosophy and science decent in the sight of the world, in this religious age; but you come boldly forward and say, 'We will have nothing at all to say to your science and philosophy, and your secular things, until we have first ascertained that we are Christian men, and are united upon Christian principles.' Thus you seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, you put the Word of God in its right place, you hoist the banner of the Cross, and then you say, 'These things ought we to have done, and not to have left the other undone.' I believe God honors you, and will honor you for this reason; and you cannot but succeed so long as he gives to your managers this simplicity of purpose this integrity of mind, this determination to hold fast the Word of God and the Gospel, of your salvation, and then to add to that those other things which are as important in their way as the former, but which must be kept in the right place."

Mr. Close presented very earnestly the idea of *Consecration*, not with respect to Sabbath duties and the inner temple of the heart, but generally, and with respect to the business of life:

"You go into your counting-houses or warehouses in the morning, surrounded by many men of different ways of thinking, ungodly men some of them, and, perhaps, looking rather 'seedy' after a night's amusement. What are you to do? Are you to pull a long face, and look very forbidding and serious? Or are you to assume an important air, as much as to say, 'Ah, I am not as other men are; I am not like you?' No; you are to throw yourself into the business of life; that is, I would humbly suggest, the first act of consecration; to throw your whole body and soul into the business of life. He, who, when he is at his business, is thinking about his religion, his religious duties, and his religious societies, is as much doing wrong as he who is thinking about his business on the Lord's day, or when he is engaged in his spiritual duties; we are not to be slothful in business but to be diligent."

The limitation to this devotion to business and the interest of employers was stated and illustrated. The speaker, though not living in a commercial town, "had been strangely admitted into some of the secrets of business," and was depressed and afraid of God's judgments being brought down upon this country by practices in mercantile and manufacturing transactions.

"I knew an instance in which it pleased God to pour out His Spirit upon the majority of young men and women in a large house of business, and so conscientious had they become, that there was some danger of a part of the business of the house standing still. They were continually asked to do things which they could not and would not do. For instance, if they were asked across the counter, 'Is this a fast color?' they were to say 'Fast, ma'am, I assure you.' No doubt, very fast; it would go immediately. (Laughter.) Well, in that house they were obliged to engage two or three worldly young men and women for the purpose of doing the part of the business which Christian men and women would not do. My dear Sir, what an awful thing this reveals! I determined to mention it here, because, while on the one hand I would go to the utmost extremity in encouraging a young man to dedicate himself to the interests of his master, at the same time I would say that there are things which you must not do for any man living, (applause,) and though you lose a situation, or half-a-dozen situations, the most ungodly master will, in his conscience approve you, sooner or later, and you shall be justified before God and man."

Concluding, Mr. Close quoted his tutor and friend, the late Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge: "Don't think (as Mr. Simeon once said to me) that you are to do all the good there is to be done in the world; but seek to accomplish the particular good for which you are fitted; and that is to exercise a salutary influence over the young men of your own class and situation in life, so as to prepare them for the reception of the blessings which you yourself have received."

The Rev. W. Brock spoke to the young men in his own earnest and direct manner, with the eloquence of common sense deep feeling, which elevates a style which appears simple and colloquial. The opening reference depicts the life and labors of a prominent London minister at this season:

"I wonder whether you young men have any idea of what kind of life we lead. Here was I at this place at six o'clock this morning. At ten o'clock I shall be in another place, and have two or three hours hard work in connection with missions to the heathen; at three o'clock I shall be elsewhere assisting in the examination of young men for the ministry, and shall have two or three hours work there; at six o'clock I shall have a dedication service in a family to which God has been pleased to make an addition in the person of a little boy. (N. B.—This dedicating brother is a Baptist.) And then, to close the day, I shall have something to do with about 10 reformed thieves. Now, I don't think you work harder than that. (Cheers.)"

Mr. Brock then addressed counsel to any of the young men who were anxious about their souls:

"I do not think the operations of this institution can have failed to produce on the minds of some of you a deep concern on this subject; and it is a question with you, as it was with the gaoler, 'What must I do to be saved?' If there be but a single person here, and that person the youngest of you

all, whose heart is distressed with that solicitude; I say to you for one thing, don't trust in that solicitude; do not think because you are anxious that therefore you are safe. I have known multitudes of people in a perfect tumult of spiritual distress who have subsided altogether, and there have been no 'fruits meet for repentance,' no evidence of a change of heart; so then; if any of you, by any sermon last Sunday, or by any kindly advice from this Association, are really and truly wanting to know whether you are or are not safe, you must not conclude that you are safe because you are anxious; you may have that solicitude and perish for all. Then I ask you not to trust in any circumstances here are certainly most propitious, and I should be a most ungrateful man if I said a word that should lower your estimate of the religious advantages by which you are surrounded; but woe betide you if you ever make those circumstances your confidence, if, because you have the opportunity of prayer-meetings and Christian ordinances, you settle down in your own heart at peace and think that all is well. The old Jews had as many privileges as we have—large, rich, and precious privileges; and what do we read of them? They did not find salvation, because they sought it, not by faith, but by the works of the law. They had anxiety, they had a zeal, but not according to knowledge; and if you have the same it will land you in no place of safety, and you will still be the enemy of God."

He spoke of a young man who was with him the previous evening who was "waiting for some strong overwhelming impression on his heart that he was a child of God." This Mr. Brock characterized as a delusion of the devil if ever there was one.

The Rev. W. Gill, of Raratonga, who was present, with a young native, expressed the special pleasure he had in such a meeting after sixteen years of comparative isolation in the South seas; remembering, too, that the Chairman had relatives engaged in the missionary work.

This large and pleasant breakfast party broke up at half-past eight.—Cor. to N. Y. Indpt.

Story of an Italian Boy.

There was for some time a nice school in London for poor Italian boys, which was not without its fruits. I will give you an instance. One Sunday, a boy was led by curiosity to attend public worship. The words which he heard there struck him to the quick. God touched his heart, and he not only gave up the errors of popery, but he embraced with all his heart the blessed truths of the Gospel.

The Roman Catholics, and, above all, the Jesuits, did what they could to get him back. At first, they tried all sorts of promises; then threats. They sent to Italy for his father and uncle, but in vain; the lad was firm, and not to be moved. They went so far as one night to try to take him off, but the police prevented this.

After two years' instruction Costa was sent into France, to be prepared in a mission house there for the work of an evangelist. He was quiet there for a year, when the Jesuits found out his new retreat; who so well knew how to manage these things, that they got an order issued one day for the youth to be placed in the hands of the police, in order to be sent to his own country. Not knowing what to do, Costa was allowed to escape by the garden, in order to get out of France as fast as he could, and back to England, the only land of true liberty. The poor youth had scarcely got to Paris when he was arrested; for the authorities at Montebellard had given orders for this purpose to the Police at Paris by means of the electric telegraph. He was conducted to Italy, where he was thrown into prison, guarded day and night by a priest, in order to be forced to recant; which, however, was impossible. He was then put into a convent of Jesuits, where he suffered much. He contrived to make his escape, and without money he left Genoa, and travelled on foot through Italy, Switzerland, and France, till he reached Calais, scarcely ever sleeping on a bed, but passing two nights in the fields. He arrived safely in London, content and happy that he could worship God accordingly to the Holy Scriptures, and at having escaped from so many dangers.

I wonder if every young reader would have that real love for truth which would lead him, like the poor Italian boy, to go through such hardships for the sake of it. Oh, dear reader, ask yourself what you are ready to suffer for the sake of Christ and his Gospel!

J. B. Gough's Farewell Address in Edinburgh, May 7th.

The subject was the 'traffic and the traffickers.' The humour displayed while he spoke of 'their honesty' was exciting in the extreme—and the audience overwhelmed him with applause when he used the language of the moderationists to him when urging them to total abstinence:—*Go home with you! Home!—I am at home.* My father was an Englishman—a soldier—a man in the best sense of the word. My mother was an English schoolmistress—a Christian. And I suppose I am not to be deemed an alien in my fatherland! I am at home! When charging any of the traffickers in liquid poison with killing any of her Majesty's loyal subjects, they invariably denied the charge; neither he who gave the first glass, nor he or she who presented the last—the finishing dose,—would admit of guilt in the matter. We could no more counteract the ruinous effects of the traffic, than we could of a fire. The slave is sold by another; the drunkard sells himself. The slave is not responsible; the drunkard is, both to God and man. When is a man considered drunk? Not while he can walk

straight or talk straight. One man is not drunk with his ten glasses a-day; another is blind fold with two glasses. The moderate drinkers are like barrel organs—they play the same ditty for years, and are not out of tune till they break down with gridding. It does not say much for the morality of Auld Reekie, or Modern Athens, as it is sometimes called, that certain gentlemen connected with this honourable traffic are looking out for a new site to erect—not a church, but—another distillery! Another distillery! Do the interests of the church of Christ need the aid of another distillery? Do the happiness of families—the welfare of Caledonia—need another distillery? We will gain the victory by the truth. Public sentiment is coming after us. Drink is no temptation to me—I loathe it. The grace of God will not prevent a man becoming a drunkard if he use intoxicants, no more than it would prevent his being injured by using laudanum. Grace is in the heart. Whisky goes down the throat, injures the stomach, and disorders the brain, and turns the lamb into a lion. Eternity will reveal the sufferings produced by drink!—A very considerable number came forward at the close of the meeting and took the pledge.

'Out of Christ.'

'It is an awful thing to die out of Christ,' this was the remark of a Christian friend on her dying bed. She had looked into eternity. She felt the solemnity of appearing before God, of standing before the great white throne. She felt the power of religion herself. She experienced its supports. But she was thinking of others—of others whom she knew and pitied. And in reference to them she said, 'It is an awful thing to die out of Christ.' Yet how many do? How many do so daily? Friend, if you were to die now, should you 'die in the Lord,' or should you 'die out of Christ?' If you are not in Christ, that is, united to his person by faith and love, you cannot die in him. Union to Christ is of the greatest importance. It is the chief thing in religion. If we are in Christ, we receive from Christ, we are represented by Christ, we are entitled to all Jesus did and deserved. His blood atoned for our sin. His righteousness justifies our persons. His name perfumes our prayers. His intercession procures for us innumerable and invaluable blessings. To be in Christ is to be safe, as Noah was in the ark, or the man-slaver in the city of refuge. If we are in Christ, we possess his spirit, we rely on his merit, we copy his example, and we long to be perfectly like him, and eternally with him. If we are not in Christ, we are in the flesh; and 'they that are in the flesh cannot please God.' If we are not in Christ, we are in friendship with the world; and if any man is the friend of the world, he is the enemy of God. If we are not in Christ, we are walking according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. If we are not in Christ, we are exposed to the wrath of God, we are influenced by the prince of darkness, we are under the curse of the righteous law, and our end will be, to be 'punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.'—Rev. J. Smith, Cheltenham.

What have you done?

About fifteen years ago, a Baptist minister, now labouring successfully abroad, was the zealous and laborious secretary of one of our public societies in England. Considering the whole world as his parish, wherever he went in his almost incessant travels, he found something to do for his great Master, and was not unfrequently in the habit of making direct inquiries of Christians as to the extent of their personal exertions for the advancement of the divine glory. He one day called on an old lady, who had been a member of a church of Christ for fifty years, and asked her if she could recollect how many persons she had brought into the Christian church. She looked at him with astonishment, as if she thought he had placed her in the situation of a minister of the gospel, and at length said she did not recollect that she had introduced any one individual into the church. Could she, reader, think you, have been a very active or a very happy Christian? Yet how many, alas, are just like her! Now let us look at a contrast. A member of the church but a very few years, and proposed to her the same question. With great diffidence and modesty, she replied that she hoped she had been useful in bringing many to the knowledge of the truth. She said that she had at present in her class four children, two boys, and two girls. One Sabbath morning she missed them from school, and on Monday she went in pursuit of the fugitives. On arriving at their home, she found that their mother had been ill, and had died during the past week, which had prevented the children from attending the school on the Sabbath day.—She also found their father sitting by the fireside, and when he found that she was the teacher of his children, he rose and thanked her for having imparted to them the lesson they had brought home and taught to their dying mother, and which had been the means of sustaining her mind in her departing moments. The young lady then said to the father, 'How is it that I never see you in a place of worship?' To which he replied, that he was very deaf, and could not hear the preacher. The fact was, the man's heart was wrong, so that he did not love the truth, and was therefore unwilling to hear it.

The young lady promised him that if he would come the following Sabbath, she would ask the minister to speak loud, and would place him in a situation where he would be sure to hear. He promised to be there, but failed in keeping his word. On the following morning, our young teacher went in pursuit of her aged scholar. The same excuse would not do. She told him she had at home a hearing trumpet, which she would lend him if he would come to hear the gospel. The old man caught at the idea, because he thought that if he had the trumpet, he could hear other things as well as the gospel! He adjusted the instrument till it exactly fitted his ear; and, blessed be God, the gospel through it exactly fitted his heart.