

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E McLEOD, Editor.

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

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Sketches of Foreign Mission-Fields

THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

Continued.

It may serve to give some notion of the extent to which Christian Missions had already extended in Feejee to mention, that to visit all the stations required a voyage of 700 miles. Some of the islands were found to have already become entirely Christian. This was the case with the gentle Oho, in which, with a population of 474 persons, there were 319 church-members, while all the children were under instruction. The earlier history of Christianity in Oho was found to be associated with a fact of singular interest. Above six years before the time of Mr. Lawrie's visit, the few converts who were then on the island were violently persecuted by their heathen neighbors. Their numbers, however, continuing to increase, they at length determined that they would take up arms against their enemies. They did so, and the heathens fled before them to a strong fortress on the mountains. The Christians followed, and, with little bloodshed, took the town. But, instead of putting the vanquished to the sword, they fell on their necks, and wept over them. Affected and subdued by this extraordinary treatment, the heathen warriors fell on their knees and *laid* at once. They knew that avengeance they would have been exacted, instead of being preserved alive and wept over by their conquerors. Thus did Oho become Christian; love bowed the hearts of the people as the heart of our man, and Christ was glorified alike in the conquerors and in the conquered.

In other islands, again, such as *Lakemba*, Mr. Lawrie found the majority of the population still heathen, but the leaves of Christianity quietly and rapidly extending. Amidst a population of 1500, there were already 250 Christians, while, from the summit of a mountain in this island, he could look around him upon clusters of islands with the delightful assurance that there was scarcely one of them in which there was not already some form of Christian agency, and some measure of Christian success. As he steered his way onward in the midst of coral reefs and smitten rocks, which strewed these islands with so many wrecks, he was cheered amid all the thick darkness that hooded over so many parts of Feejee, with the unequivocal signs of evangelic progress, constraining even hostile chiefs and people to acknowledge, "This *lotu* is a great thing." At one place the intelligence reached him of a whole town that had unexpectedly cast off heathenism in a day; at another place, he found a chief complaining that he could no longer send persons to the heathen dances, for nearly all his tribe had become Christian. A school was visited by him in one island, in which the heathen chief and his queen led the procession of the scholars, and repeated along with them the prescribed lessons of the day; while, in other places, his heart was warmed by being present at the prayer meetings, and listening to the simple and often strangely eloquent prayers of the native Christians. "Lord, help us," said one of these worshippers, "help us to bear our cross; and, if it be heavy, help us to move on still, bending slowly." Untie the load of our sins. If this load were laid round our loins, we could take it ourselves; but as it is laid round our hearts, we cannot use it, but Thou canst; Lord, untie the burden now."

But perhaps there was no spectacle that more struck the mind of this enterprising visitor than when he looked up to the fore-top gallant yard of his own ship, and recalled the history of the man who was looking eagerly down among the reefs, and seeking out for the ship a safe entrance as the crew near to some familiar but perilous shore. The name of this man was *Eliakim Varani*. Not long before he had been the chief of *Veani*, an unchained slave for his terrible exploits and for his ferocious cannibalism, the human butcher of *Sora*, the superior chief of *Bea*. *Sora* had been his strength and courage, that he had been known to encounter the shark in his native element, and on many an island his name had borne as great respect with it as that of *Africander* had done in the desert of *Nammasaland*. But the gospel, after many a season of conviction and resistance, had subdued his savage heart, the deadly war-club had been broken; and, when some of the higher chiefs sought to tempt him back to war by the offer of very large gifts, his reply was, "This is not now possible; I am the servant of the King of Peace; besides I love every one, and cannot destroy any more lives." As *Varani* sailed over the scenes of his former murders, many a *Feejean* wondered at the mysterious power of the *lotu*, and professed its final triumph, and the missionaries believed in him an argument against all despair.

On looking at the statistical table appended to Mr. Lawrie's visit, we find that there were already 27 chapels in Feejee, 23 other preaching places, 9 missionaries and assistant missionaries, 29 catechists and other paid agents, 65 local preachers, 117 day school teachers, and nearly 4000 persons in attendance on public worship, including members and scholars. We sympathize with the

reflection with which Mr. Lawrie records these moral triumphs, and gazes on whole islands that have been transformed within twelve years:—"This effect would not have been produced by legislation at home or abroad, nor by any bulls from Rome, nor by all the dancing masters of France, nor by counting of beads and mounting of crucifixes; no, nor even by preaching the necessary efficacy of the sacraments, and the sacredness of those who are said to be the successors of the apostles. But the word of God,—the simple preaching of Christ,—has accomplished this moral miracle,—this mighty revolution in Feejean manners."

Since the period of Mr. Lawrie's inspiring visit, the word of the Lord has continued to grow and multiply. The vast majority of the population are still heathen, but everywhere the empire of darkness is on the wane, and even the priests own that the God of the Christians is a mighty God, and confess that their time is short. Even where the gospel has not yet achieved its highest and popular triumph, the presence of the missionary and the evangelist act as a powerful check upon self-immolation and cannibalism, and every year saves many lives. It is not the least remarkable fact in the history of missions in Feejee, that, while the missionary has so often stood forth as intercessor and protector between the ferocious pagans and his victim, whose revenge and appetite alike prompted him to destroy, not a hair of the head of a missionary has been injured; and in the unconscious restraint that has held back the hand of the man-eater from these devoted men, while so many whites have during the same period, been mercilessly immolated, it almost seems as if their savage nature, restrained like the lions when the prophet was cast into the midst of them, had heard the command, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm."

Among the latest intelligence, we learn that *Tandou*, the chief town of *Lakemba*, has recently been adorned with a large and beautiful place of worship; that the older stations, such as *Oho*, are in a healthy state; that *Tatoga's* four towns are now wholly Christian; and that the *Moulinas*, as a whole, are now learning the ways of the Lord. In the *Nandy* coast, the people in general maintain their profession, and twenty heathen villages are visited for the purpose of affording Christian instruction, in addition to the eight places which form the circuit. "Religion increases much in Feejee," says a native teacher in a recent letter, "and there are many small islands in the group on which all the people have *lotu*. There are also many chapels and many people who have embraced religion in *Northern Vanuatu*, two large islands." The Old Testament Scriptures have just been translated and sent to press, and an English and Feejean dictionary finished. The picture is studied by the intelligence of the master of *Eliakim Varani*, the Christian chief of whom we have already spoken, with two brothers and four of his people, and of persecution and malignant obstruction to the mission in other parts of Feejee. But scarcely had the missionaries ceased to weep over *Varani's* grave, when they were astonished by the intelligence that the great Feejean king *Thakombua* had publicly embraced the gospel, and that hundreds of the people of *Bua*, the Royal Island, walking in procession, and headed by their priest, had followed the example of their king, and bowed their knees in worship of the true God. *Thakombua* had threatened to kill *Varani* at the time of his late visit; but which *Varani* had meekly replied, "Very well, but you will soon *lotu* yourself; and then will the thought follow you, I killed *Varani* because of his *lotu*." The first part of this prophecy of the *Vewan* chief was now verified, and with this a new day dawned on Christian missions in Feejee. In the presence of his children, wives, sisters, chief women, and numerous male attendants,—in all about three hundred,—*Thakombua* announced his renunciation of heathenism, and his profession of the faith of Christ. "Our hearts were glad," writes the officiating missionary; "I thought I could not have gone through the service. It was like the beginning of good days,—like a dream when one awakes; yet a blessed reality. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be his glorious name for ever." Evil practices, of long standing and terrible magnitude, are done away with a stroke; an efficient hindrance to the spread of the gospel removed! Feejee's brightest, best day! long to be remembered! A foundation of great, extensive, and everlasting good!

Thus is the gospel rapidly extending its triumphs in Feejee, and narrowing the domain of darkness, crime, and death. What it has done for *Oho* it is able to accomplish for the whole island-group, it will yet accomplish for the whole world. It is one of the sublime faculties of geology, that, through the labors of the coral insect, and the outbursts and upheavings of the volcano and the earthquake, vast coral platforms shall rise above the bosom of the Pacific, knitting and cementing those numerous isles into one spacious and blooming continent. But the greatest and best of moral revolutions meanwhile advances at a far more rapid pace. Already, many a serene and smiling *Feejean* lifts his head above the waves, and is the home of those who converse with God, and every year the mission ship is gliding among its islands, and leaving new evangelists to gather new and early triumphs. As cannibalism and infanticide disappear, population will increase, and colonies, attracted from New Zealand, and even Australia, by the fruitful soil and temperate climate, will add their numbers to the native tribes, and, by intermarriage, trade and commerce, elevate and expand their minds. Christianity will edify this is-

land-group to her blessed empire, and enable *Feejee* to add to the scenery much of the sanctity of paradise. "The multitudes of isles shall be glad thereof. They shall lift up their voice, they shall sing for the majesty of the Lord, they shall exult aloud from the sea. They shall glorify the Lord in the valleys, even the name of the Lord God of Israel in the isles of the sea."

HE MISSED HIS WAY.

It was at that season of the year when the cuckoo, sitting on the branch of a solitary thorn, sings its oft-repeated note; when the black-bird, perched in the willow shade, whistles in varied tones its rich and melodious song, that William was sent on a visit to his grandpa. This was no mean feat, for so sure as he went to the old farm-house, as sure was he to be happy there. Not that his grandpa was more kind to him than his parents or friends at home. Oh, no! a mother's heart feels more fondness for her child than any other heart can feel. You may leave your father's house, and, if you will, may find a home in other dwellings; but mark the words of an old man; you will never find on earth kinder friends, or hearts more true to you, than those you may find in the home circle.

It was the first time that William had gone alone to the farm, which was about four miles from his home, so that his mother was very careful to tell him the way to it. The last words she said to him were, "Mind other little boys would have done, thought more of the flowers in his grandpa's garden, of the apples in his loft, and of the fruit in the orchard, than he thought of what his mother said of the way that he was to go. I am afraid I am afraid that some of you, I will not say all, think about heaven, talk about heaven, and wish to go to heaven, but you don't pay attention to those who are willing to teach you the way to heaven."

The hawthorn was covered with its light and lovely-tinted blossoms; the oak, laden with its glossy leaves, was adorned with its apples; the early fruit of the elder tree was hanging in rich clusters on its slender branches; the fragrant cowslip filled the air with its rich perfume; that sweetly pretty flower, the forget-me-not, with all the modesty of genuine virtue, bloomed in the shade; the birds of summer were caroling forth their morning songs; when William, with a heart in an agony with the scene, at an early hour left his home, intrusted with a small basket containing a birth-day present for his grandpa. His road lay through one of the coppices which abounded in the rich valleys of Hampshire. On entering this copse, the thought of the birds' nests and the wild flowers crossed his mind. He left the high road,—twas then he missed his way, and went *tanquam visus*. He found it easy work to get out of the road, but not so easy to retrace his steps. So you will find in the journey of life, that it is very easy to take a wrong step, or to do a wrong thing, but it will cost you much trouble to recover yourself. A bad habit acquired in youth, is to a man what a loose tooth in a cow-wheel is to a piece of machinery; it is a troublesome thing, and sure to injure the working of the machine.

I don't know that it would serve any useful purpose for me to tell you all the trouble that befell William on that day. Let it be enough to know that he lost his way, and that it was evening, when he, suffering pain from his bruises, weak and tired, reached the end of his journey. His grandpa received him kindly, but expressed the cause of his being so late, when William was obliged to tell him that he had missed his way. "You have passed a way," the warm stars of many a summer, and the cold frosts of as many winters, have trod on the old man's grass. William has long since become a man, but the parting advice of his grandpa has never been forgotten. Still his memory with fondness lingered at the part, and with pleasure he reflects on the time when his feet were turned into that road, the ways of which are "ways of pleasantness," the paths of which are "paths of peace." Have your feet, my dear young friends, been turned into this way? If so, steadily pursue your course, and be very careful that you do not miss your way.

Be careful not to listen to the insinuations of Satan. He may tell you that you are too young to serve the Lord. You are not too young to sin. And as God has declared, he that committeth iniquity or sin, shall *die*. He that doeth thereby, it follows that you are not too young to die. *Ne* are you too young to receive the sanctifying grace of God. The work of sanctification is daily and hourly going on in infantine minds. The soul and who is infancy are taken home to our Father's house above, are saved on earth by an application of the Redeemer's blood. And that God who is able to sanctify and to cleanse the hearts of infants, so that they may glorify him in heaven, is able to cleanse your hearts, that you may glorify him on earth. They that "seek me early shall find me." They who listen to the insinuations of Satan will miss their way to heaven.

Be careful not to follow the advice of evil men. You may be invited to attend places of vain amusement, such as fairs, races, dances, or theatres. You have no business there. If you are a Christian, indeed, you won't go to any of them. At such places they speak a language which a Christian does not know. There's no food for the soul there. If you go to them, your religion will be starved. When invited to attend any place of worldly amusement, solemnly ask God to tell you if you ought to go, and as a rule, you may take the first impression of your mind on rising from your knees. Be careful not to despise the house of God. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jerusalem. You may get good by reading the Bible, or talking with holy men at home, but you will get more good in the house of God. That is the place where God has promised to meet you. If you pass the house of God, you will miss your way.

Be careful not to trifle away the Sabbaths of God. Not one hour of the Sabbath belongs to you. Keep holy that day. In the year 1822 I visited the country just of Sussex, in which a prisoner was confined. For man? He was sentenced to die. Just before he paid the dreadful penalty of the law, he declared his course of crime to have commenced with Sabbath-breaking. He left his Sabbath school for Sunday walks; there he missed his way.

A few words to those who have missed their way. Where are you going to? So sure as darkness will follow the setting sun, so sure you will find your way to the journey of life! Where do you expect to meet at the end of your journey? Stop, and think.

Hark! there's a voice calling you. Don't you hear that cry? It comes from your grave! 'Tis the voice of that parent, whose heart your evil conduct wounded, it bids you stop. It is the voice of your complaint, it comes from Calvary—it bids you stop. And will you go forward? Nay, for the sake of your own peace, your parents' happiness, your teacher's joy, your Saviour's honor, return, and seek the old paths. He, through whom alone you can be renewed, is waiting to do you good. Fly to his outstretched arms. Fix the eye of your faith on those wounds of his, till hope shall chase away the tears of your sorrow, and brighten into full assurance the trembling confidence of the returning prodigal.—*English Periodist*.

UNEXPECTED USEFULNESS OF AN INFIDEL.

Perhaps very few ministers have ever held much conference with infidels without being taunted with the inconsistency of Christians, and their want of zeal in extending what they profess to believe to be truth. Probably, however, such conversations have seldom had the effect which was produced in the following instance:—

It is well known that the late Rev. Dr. Philip, of the Cape of Good Hope, was for about thirty years the able and devoted superintendent of the London Missionary Society's stations in South Africa; and that he was eminently successful in advancing the civil and religious interests in that part of the world. On the occasion of his last visit to Europe, some years before his death in 1851, he preached a sermon by the side of a wood, in the parish of Calsamand, and county of Aberdeen, from which last-named city he removed to Africa. In the course of his sermon, he stated that one circumstance which powerfully acted on his mind, as an inducement to go to the heathen, was a conversation that he had with an infidel; it is supposed in Aberdeen. The doctor and the gentleman referred to had argued, at great length, the claims of Christianity; when, as might have been expected, the former had the best of the argument. His opponent felt it to be so; and for a few moments was silent. He then resumed, and suddenly said, "Well, Mr. Philip, do you really believe what you preach and teach?" "Most certainly I do," was of course the reply. "Well, then," responded the infidel, "ought you not to be ashamed of yourself? You live in comparative ease and comfort, addressing only a few of your fellow-men; while, on your theory, untold millions are perishing in ignorance of their condition, and of the way of escape. Why, sir, did I believe as you profess to do, and did I act as you act, I should feel ashamed. You profess to believe that the world is lost and going to final perdition, and that you have a remedy that can save it; that it is covered with darkness and ignorance of the way of life, and its vast population perishing, generation after generation! Why do you not go forth, and plead with your perishing fellow-men, with all the earnestness with which a case demands? Why do you not go among the nations that are sitting in darkness, that know not the God of your Bible, and afford them at least a chance of obtaining salvation?—If your creed were mine, I could have no rest till I had warned men of their condition and entreated them to flee from the wrath to come."

In relating this anecdote, Dr. Wardlaw, in preaching the funeral sermon for his intimate and beloved friend, might well add: "You will not wonder that such a rebuke from the lips of an infidel, and having in it so much of sound reason and right feeling, should have taken fast hold of his mind, and contributed to establish it in its previous convictions, and to give increased intensity to its previous predilections."

How Peace was Lost and Regained.

"Last month," said Ginga Dohr, at an experience meeting at *Cuttack*, "I said something about the state of my mind at the experience meeting, and then in the afternoon I met with the church around the table of our Lord, to remember the Saviour's death. On that occasion I was much comforted, instructed, and edified. I went from the Lord's table with my good resolutions and vows renewed, and my inward joy was very great. I took my Lord home with me to my house, and there, in the citadel of my heart, I had sweet communion with him. O, I was fed! I was fed! I was filled with joy! I was glorified! Well, so I remained for fifteen or sixteen days. I placed my watchman at every door; a watchman at the door of my lips, a watchman at the door of my eyes, a watchman at the door of my ears; a watchman at every door. And all my watchmen were wakeful and vigilant; and Satan could find no entrance into the citadel of my heart. O how happily my days passed! I went to the bazaar to preach, and I spoke with affection, freedom, and boldness. I attended the preaching of the word, and it did me good, and fed me. I attended to my domestic engagements with great delight. Thus for sixteen days did I enjoy uninterrupted pleasure with the Lord, in the citadel of my heart, while my watchmen, with sleepless vigilance, guarded all the avenues of my soul. Thus passed the first half of the past month. Well, at the expiration of sixteen days, why I know not, but at the expiration of sixteen days, the enemy made a sudden and vigorous attack upon me, and this attack was by means of a word of angry abuse from a certain person. O, this word was one of his fiery darts! This fiery arrow fell into and burned in my ear. This arrow was so fiery and dreadful, that my watchman became afraid and fled from his post. This fiery arrow burned its way to my heart, and set me all on fire. Immediately I snatched up similar arrows, and returned arrow for arrow, word for word, till I became so bad as the aggressor, till I became defiled with sin, and filled with burning rage, and was on fire of the devil. And now I lost my peace. My Lord was gone from the citadel of my heart, and I went and sat me under the lime tree in my garden, and there I mourned. So soon as the heat of the contest was over, alas! what a miserable condition I was reduced. I looked here, and I

looked there, but could find no rest; my pleasure and my Lord were gone! My sweet experience was turned to ashes. For several days I was very sorrowful and wept much, and I went into my garden, and sat down under my lime tree, and there I tried to pray. The enemy now came to me and said, What are you weeping about? you sob and cry like a child; you are utterly fallen, you are gone—give it up, and cease to weep. I now went heavily about all that I did, and I staid in the bazaar for three days. I was overwhelmed with gloom and dejection. At length my Saviour sent me a promise by a special messenger, and this promise struck light into my dark mind, and in part I recovered my comfort. Yet it was not till a few days ago that I recovered my comfort of mind. I sought pardon of the Lord with diligence and importunity; and that pardon I at length obtained. My Saviour has now fully restored my peace; I am to-day very happy. I am glad to be here. To-day I shall appear around the Lord's table with my Christian friends, and remember my Lord's love. Thus I have told you my experience through the past month, and I close by telling the Church that my Lord is again in the citadel of my heart, and that my watchmen are again at their posts. When my Lord came back, he said to me, Why did you allow the watchman at your ear to run away? God has forgiven me, let all my brethren forgive me."—*Missionary Journal*.

An Unexpected Gift.

A young man of eighteen or twenty years of age, a student in the university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men it was his office to instruct. While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work close by, and who had nearly finished his day's task.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch his perplexity when he cannot find them." "My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his shoes and shoes. While he put on the shoes, he stepped one foot into one of his shoes, but feeling something hard, he stooped, and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. He gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides, but could see no one.

He put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but he great was his surprise when he found the other dollar. His feelings overcame him; he saw that the money was a present; and he fell on his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervid thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand, would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "you do not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget! I feel now the truth of the words, which I never before understood. It is better to give than to receive."

Truth is Power.

Some assert that "knowledge is power," some that talent—some that *scullia* is. But as an apothegm far above them all, I would assert that "truth is power." Wealth cannot purchase, talent cannot overreach, authority cannot silence her; they all, like Felix, tremble before her. Crush her to the earth, and she rises again with renewed vigor. Throw her into the most furious billows of popular contention, and she mounts aloft, like the ark on the summit of its waves. Cast her into the seven-fold heated furnace of persecution by human wrath, and she walks, (the Son of God beside her,) like the prophet of old unburned by the flame. She is the brightest of earth's ministering spirits, sent to shed upon our path the light of life and glory; sent to animate and illumine and inspire our souls while in this childhood of being; sent to guide us safely to the world of light and blessedness. When the grave shall have blighted all the pride of wealth and talent and knowledge and authority; when earth and heaven shall have passed away, truth shall rise like the phoenix, like the angel on Manoah's sacrifice, upon the flames of nature's funeral pyre, and ascend to her source, her heaven, her home, the bosom of the holy and ever-living God!

A JEWISH PARABLE.—A poor man was traveling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man, passing by in his chariot, took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked why he did not lay it on the chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he had been allowed to be himself carried in the chariot, and he could not presume to ask for more. "O foolish man!" was the reply, "if I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able also to carry your burden?"

Oppressed and anxious Christian, do you not see in this man your own unbelief and folly? He who has accepted your person, and is your reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, expects you to cast upon him all your burden of cares too; and he is able to sustain it.