

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

And Bible Society, Miss ionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

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The object of this paper is to do good. Its price—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, always in advance,—is so low that scarcely a family in our country need be without it. We will supply (on proper representation) to the poor, who are unable to pay for it, a limited number of copies gratis.

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The Bible in the South Sea Islands.
SPEECH

Of the Rev. William Gill, in Exeter Hall, London,
at the late Anniversary of the British and
Foreign Bible Society.

The Rev. William Gill, of Raratonga: the blessed volume, my Lord, that this society has had the honour to present to you to-day is the entire Scriptures in the Raratongan language. That volume is the second complete edition of the Scriptures printed by the society in that language. I am sure, my Lord, it must be interesting to you for a few moments to hear a brief detail of the history of the translation of that Bible. Raratonga is the principal island in the group called the Hervey Group in the South Seas. It is 700 miles from the Tahitian group. In the year 1823, thirty-two years ago, the entire inhabitants of that group were among the most degraded savages of the South Sea Islands. One of our missionaries connected with the London Missionary Society that year went out to visit that group, and had the honour to land on Raratonga the first native teacher. That native, my Lord, was born a heathen, and he was educated an idolater, but, converted by the power of the blessed Word of God, preached in the Tahitian language, gave himself to come out to tell the tribes of the Raratongan groups the wonders of that Word. The missionary landed this man on Raratonga, when he could not land himself. Only four years before that an English vessel had gone down to that island from Sydney, for the purpose of seeking sandal wood; some of the crew went on shore; four of them were murdered and eaten by the cannibals of that island. The missionary waited with anxious suspense during the night, until the two native teachers went off to him, and described the reception they had met with. The missionary then said, "Can you say?" One of them, my Lord, had a wife, a Christian woman, that had come out from Tahiti to live and labour with him on the island, if it should be opened; and he said, "It is impossible I can stay in such a land as this; I had supposed the islanders of Tahiti were savage and cannibal men, but these islanders of the Raratongan group are much more degraded and savage than ever I have seen the islanders in my own group."—There was, my Lord, but one young man left that the missionary could avail himself of; and he said to him, "What will you do? Will you return to Tahiti, or are you willing, under the circumstances that you witnessed last night among the savages of the island, to remain?" That young man said: "Live or die, put me on shore." He just gathered a few clothes together, and in his handkerchief he bound up a few extracts of the Tahitian Scriptures, some extracts from the Gospel of St. Mark, St. Peter, and other portions of the New Testament, and descended the side of their little vessel into a boat that was to take him to the shore. The boat took him as near as prudence would dictate to the shore of the island; and then this young Christian native convert jumped into the surf, and swam on shore, and landed in the midst of the then seven or eight thousand savage heathen idolaters of Raratonga—the first man to tell them that Jehovah was the true God, and that Jesus Christ was the true Saviour. (Applause.) Captain Cook, some eighty years ago, discovered the group of islands; he did not, however, visit Raratonga. But, my Lord, if these islands of the Southern Sea had been left as Captain Cook's expedition left them, without the Bible, they would have yet been as ignorant, and as idolatrous, and as cannibal, as they were hundreds of years ago. There were scientific men sent out, to the honour of our country, to make researches in science among these groups of islands—astronomers, and geologists, and botanists—and these men of science landed on many of the groups from the extreme east to the extreme west of those islands; but never have we missionaries been able to ascertain, that the islanders ever learned from that expedition, that Jehovah was the only God, and that idolatry was a lie. But thanks be to God, Captain Cook's expedition was used by the God of providence, and it was made the pioneer and the breaker up of the way. Well, my Lord, it was just thirty-two years ago since that native man landed single-handed and alone to teach those islanders the glorious truths of the Bible. When he first landed those people had no idea of letter, or character, or sign, by which to signify the sounds of their spoken language; and the devoted man had no means, as we should say in this country, to instruct them in the art of writing. But where the heart is warmly engaged, the way is generally devised; and although he had no paper, or pen, or ink, he was yet anxious to communicate to these people a knowledge of letters.

have in this country. He had to come to this country to see an idol, in the missionary museum. (Applause.) I have thought that a simple detail of these things might interest you, my Lord, and encourage you to go on in this great cause. I feel pleasure in seconding this resolution, which is a vote of thanks to the committee; but I cannot sit down without again referring, and asking your thanks, my Christian friends, to the gentleman whose name I have mentioned, the Rev. Mr. Melton, who is the responsible agent of this society in these translations. Oh it is a glorious thing, my Lord, to know that since we were born the Bible has been translated into some eight or nine of the languages of the largest groups of those islands. Perhaps I might, without presumption, say that you could not do without the missionary. But no, my Lord, the hand cannot say to the foot "I have no need of thee," and the foot cannot say to the hand "I have no need of thee," but one and all must unite in carrying forward this great work.

Africaner, The African Chief.

The following sketch of the notorious Africaner, a Chief of the Namaqua tribe in Africa, and his conversion to God, show the power of the Gospel, and some of the results of Missionary labour. We select it from "Facts and Reflections," By Mrs. V. G. Ramsev.

Africander and his tribe once roamed on their native hills and dales, within one hundred miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks; killed their own game; drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst over the Witzenberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the strong holds of his clan. As the Dutch settlers increased, the natives were compelled to give place, by removing to distance, or yielding in passive obedience to the farmers. From time to time, he found himself and his people becoming more and more remote from the land of their forefathers, till he became united with, and subject to, a farmer named P—. Here he and his diminished clan, lived for a number of years. In Africnner, P—found a faithful and intrepid shepherd; and had he treated his subjects with common humanity, not to say gratitude, he might have died honorably, and prevented the catastrophe which befell his family, and the crimes and bloodshed which quickly followed that event. We will not enumerate the provocations, and oppressions which roused the energies of the often dejected chieftain, who saw his people dwindling to a mere handful; their wives and daughters abused; their infants murdered; and he himself forced to subsist on a scanty pittance, which in the days of his independence he would have considered as the crumbs of a table fit only for the poorest of the poor. At length fired with indignation at their wrongs, and having reason to fear still greater injuries, he and his brothers murdered their oppressor; and rallying the remnant of their tribe, directed their course to the Orange River. There he fixed his abode, and afterwards a chief ceded to him his dominion in Great Namaqua-land. Thence he carried desolation and terror in every direction, and his name was heard with dismay even in the solitary wastes. He, for some supposed offence, destroyed the mission station at Warm Bath, from which the missionaries fled, under circumstances the most trying and perilous. Mr. Campbell says, in his visit to Africa he found the terror of Africnner's name in every village through which he passed, and trembling lest he should make them a visit. Afterwards, at the suggestion of Mr. Campbell, a mission was established at Africnner's kraal, and this "human lion," as he was called, became a monument of the power of Divine grace.

Not long after his conversion, Rev. Mr. Moffat became his pastor; and he says, "During the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to lean to virtue's side. One day, when seated together, I happened in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. He arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, I was trying to picture to myself, your carrying fire and sword through the country; and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe. He answered not, but shed a flood of tears."

Perhaps the gospel never obtained a more complete and unexpected victory, than in the case of this man; and he will long be remembered by the friends of missions, as a proof that the most hardened and desperate are not beyond the power of Divine grace. He seemed to appreciate the gospel in a manner which was truly astonishing in one who had so lately learned its blessings; and to understand and practice its duties with an humble and willing heart. He was zealous to promote cleanliness, industry, and peace, among his people. I might be said of him, that he wept with those who wept, for wherever he heard of distress, thither his sympathies were directed; and he was ever ready to stretch out a helping hand to the widow and the fatherless.

He, who was formerly like a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity, and war, among the neighbouring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent a collision between contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear, or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and pointing to his past life, he would say, "What have I now of all the battles I have fought, and the cattle I have taken, but shame and remorse?"

Africaner had been the terror and scourge of the border colonists : and the report of his conversion

was received with incredulity ; and when, at a subsequent period, he visited Cape Town, they beheld with astonishment his gentle and Christian-like deportment. The Rev. Mr. Moffat, who accompanied him in this journey, relates the following incident, which shows the feelings of the colonists towards him. He says, "As we approached the house of a farmer, with whom I had been acquainted, I directed my men to take the wagon to the valley below, while I walked on to the house. The farmer seeing a stranger, came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards, I addressed him in the usual way, and stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me rather wildly, who I was. I replied that I was Moffat, and expressed my wonder that he had forgotten me. "Moffat!" he rejoined, in a faltering voice; "it is you *ghost*!" and moved some steps backward. I assured him that I was no ghost. "Don't come near me!" he exclaimed, "you have been long murdered by Afrikaner." "I am no ghost," I replied, rubbing my hands as if to convince him of my materiality ; but his alarm only increased. "Every body says you were murdered, and a man told me he had seen your bones ;" and he continued to gaze at me, to the no small astonishment of his wife and children, who were standing at the door. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead ?" After he became sufficiently assured to do so, we bent our steps to the wagon, and Afrikaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his character, saying, "he is a truly good man." To which he replied, "I can believe almost anything you say, but that I cannot believe." I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Marnesch, and referred to his own experience. He replied, "These were another description of men; but that Afrikaner is one of the accursed sons of Ham," and he began to enumerate the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Afrikaner at our feet. The farmer closed his remarks by saying with much earnestness, "Well, if what you assert be true, respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you return, as true as the sun is over our heads, I will go to see him, though he killed my own uncle." I said, "This, then, is Afrikaner." He started back, as if one had dropped from the clouds. "Are you Afrikaner?" he exclaimed. He rose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, "I am." The farmer seemed thunder-struck ; but, when by a few questions, he had assured himself that the former bug-bear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes and exclaimed, "O God ! what a miracle of thy power ! What can thy grace accomplish !"

The kind farmer and his hospitable wife abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors."

Several other chiefs were converted about the same time, and those men who had often joined in desperate combat, seeking each other's destruction, now met, bearing the olive branch of peace, and enjoying the sweets of Christian fellowship and communion.

When this redeemed sinner—this brand plucked from the burning—passed through the valley and the shadow of death, he feared no evil. Like Jacob, he called his family together and delivered to them his dying charge. He entrusted them to remember, that they were no longer *savages*, but men, professing to be taught according to the gospel; therefore they should live peaceable and holy lives. Thus he fell asleep, and we doubt not when the trump of God shall summon the redeemed from the four quarters of the earth, that this sable son of the desert will come forth from the burning sands of Africa, clothed with immortality and eternal life.

Selected for the Intelligencer, by C.

God having been pleased to reveal himself to us under this name or title, 'I AM THAT I AM,' he thereby suggests to us, that he would not have us apprehend of him, as of any particular or limited being, but as a being in general, or the Being of all beings; who giveth being to, and therefore exerciseth authority over, all things in the world. He did not answer Moses, 'I am the great, the living, the true, the everlasting God.' He did not say, 'I am the Almighty Creator, Preserver, and Governor, of the whole world,' but 'I am that I am': intimating, that if Moses desired such a name of God as might fully describe his nature in itself, that is a thing impossible, there being no words to be found in any language, whereby to express the glory of an infinite Being, especially so as the finite creatures should be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however, in these words he is pleased to acquaint us what kind of thoughts he would have us entertain of him: inasmuch, that could we but rightly apprehend what is couched under and intended by them, we should doubtless have as high and true conceptions of God as it is possible for creatures to have.

The answer given suggests further to us these following notions of the most high God: first, that he is one being, existing in and of himself; his unity is implied in that he saith 'I'; his existence in that he saith, 'I am'; his existence in and of himself, in that he saith, 'I am that I am,' that is I am in and of myself, not receiving anything from nor depending upon, any other.

Hence, therefore, as when he speaks of himself

as his own eternal essence, he saith, 'I am that I am'; so when he speaks of himself with reference to his creatures, and especially to his people he saith, 'I am.' He doth not say, 'I am their light, their life, their strength, or tower, but only, 'I am.' He sets, as it were, his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he should say, 'Are they weak? I am strength. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they sick? I am health. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things. I am wisdom and power, I am justice and mercy, I am grace and goodness, I am glory and beauty, holiness, eminency, super-eminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatsoever is suitable to their natural, or convenient for them in their several conditions, that I am. Whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that I am. Whatsoever is pure and holy; whatsoever is great or pleasant; whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy; that I am. So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as a universal good, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires, by saying only in general, 'I Am.'

BISHOP BEVERIDGE

Romanism in the United States.

Much has also been said and written of late of the Catholic controversy. We have little to remark now upon the political agitation growing out of it, or of the wisdom or folly of the measures of late employed. Persons have a right to their own views on this subject. But that danger is to be apprehended to our country, to its institutions and religion, from the Papacy, no candid, well informed mind can doubt. To deny the corrupt character and fatal tendency of Roman Catholicism is to set aside the history of the last thousand years. To what purpose is it to proclaim the temporal imbecility of the Roman Pontiff, when it is known that more than *one hundred and twenty millions* of people are papists, acknowledging the Pope as God's viceregent on earth? It is of no consequence that the West is rapidly filling up with Catholics, who are multiplying their colleges, monasteries, nunneries and similar appliances to an unprecedented degree, already claiming to hold the balance of power in the nation, and as such courted and cajoled by scheming politicians. We would employ no means but those sanctioned by truth and love. But we would not be blind to our rights, and our duties. If some adopt a questionable policy, this is no excuse for us to set still and do nothing. We have much to fear from Romanism, and the more because of other great and abounding sins and evils. Our hope is in God, in the Gospel. Let pure religion be revived, spread, and prevail, and we have little to fear from any of these alarming evils: but without this gospel in its spirit and power, parties, and agitations, and enactments will be of little avail.—*Morning Star.*

A Voice from Hell.

BY REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.

"Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house." (Luke xvi. 27.)

Jesus takes off the covering from the bottomless pit, and gives us a bird's-eye view of hell. There is a young man there. He was rich. He was surrounded by a multitude of mercies. He had forfeited them all, and he is in hell. His doom is fixed, and fixed for ever. He can not obtain one drop of water to cool his parched tongue. He finds it is now no use asking favours for himself. But he has brothers—five brothers. Can he prevent their coming to hell?—he will try. He therefore prays that Lazarus may become a missionary and be sent on a mission of mercy to his father's house. Hear him:—*"I pray thee, father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house."* Who would expect to find mercy in hell? Pity in hell? Prayer in hell! But here it is. Can earth be worse than hell? Can professed Christians be worse than a lost soul? Reader, what relatives have you? In what state are they? Are they on the road to hell? How do you act toward them? This poor wretch could not go to his brethren *you can*. Do you go to them on purpose to testify to them, lest they go to that place of torment? When did you visit them expressly for this purpose? *You can send to them—do you?* When did you write a loving letter, well steeped in prayers and tears, to them, to endeavor to bring them to Jesus? When did you send them a pointed, plain, powerful tract, accompanied with strong crying and tearing to Him who is able to save them from death? When did you send them *The British Messenger*, beseeching God, as for your life, to make it a blessing to them? Shall lost souls in hell wish to send to their ungodly relatives—if possible to prevent their damnation, and will you neglect? Has the love of Christ in your heart no power? Has pity for souls no influence? Is hell a fable? Is eternal hell a trifle? How can you love your neighbours as yourself, and not put forth direct, personal and frequent efforts for his salvation? How can you make Christ your example, when He came from Heaven on purpose to save sinners—and suffered, bled and died to prevent their damnation, if you let them go to hell without pity or concern? Alas! alas! Where is zeal for God died? Where is love to souls to be found? Paul could that when at Ephesus, for three years, he ceased not to warn every one day and night with tears; but were they now that are kept awake at night by love to souls? Where is he that daily weeps over careless souls, while he warns them to flee from the wrath to come? *How four—how very few—do*