

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

Rev. E. McLeod, {

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

{ Editor and Proprietor

VOL 8.—NO. 33

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 396

Religious Selections.

An Interesting Service.

The Rev. Elias Hutchins was a pious and devoted Free-Will Baptist Minister. We had the pleasure of a short personal acquaintance with him. He died at Dover, New Hampshire, nearly two years since. The denomination has raised a monument to his memory, upon his grave. The following account of the service on the occasion we copy from the Morning Star:—ED. INTELLIGENCER.

Public Service at the Grave of Rev. E. Hutchins, at the erection of the Stone to his Memory.

The service commenced by raising the staff of the monument and placing it on the pedestal. The inscription was then read in a clear distinct voice by Rev. Mr. Vary, as follows:

Rev. Elias Hutchins.
Born June 5, 1801;
Ordained Feb. 1, 1824;
Cor. Sec. of the F. W. Baptist
For. Miss. Soc. 19 years;
Pastor of the Washington
Street church in this city 13 years
Died Sept. 11, 1859, aged 58 years.

Devout and genial in his piety; earnest and tender in his ministrations; intelligent and sincere in his philanthropy; he died in the faith and peace of a Christian, rich in the love and honor of unnumbered hearts.

The following poem, written on the death of Bro. Hutchins and published in the Star some time since, was read and sung. [We publish it again by request.]

Rev. Elias Hutchins.

A good man has fallen,
A Christian gone home,
Mid life's fitful journey
No longer to roam;
The brave, noble watchman
Has gone to his rest,
In the land of immortals,
The home of the blest.

His mission is over,
His life's labor done!
The battle is ended,
The victory won.
With banners all flying,
He crossed the dark wave,
To meet the reward
Of the faithful and brave.

O, joy to thee, brother!
Thy sufferings are o'er,
The troubles of earth-life
Thou'lt meet nevermore.
The sweet, crystal waters,
Thou'rt bathing in now,
While garlands unfading
Are decking thy brow.

He's sleeping in Jesus,
Our brother and friend!
But will not his mantle
On some one descend?
How white is the harvest,
How broad is the field;
But where are the laborers
The sickle to wield?

Up! up! ye young warriors!
Arm! arm for the fight!
The trumpet is sounding,
The foe is in sight;
Your Master is writing,
He's calling you now,
To place Faith's bright helmet
On each youthful brow.

Ah! noble the calling,
From Zion's fair walls,
To faithfully publish
The Saviour's free calls.
O what are the honors
Which men have e'er given,
Compared to the crown
Of the Christian—in heaven.

Lewiston, Me., Nov. 1859. IOLA.
The 23d chapter of Genesis was next read by Rev. Mr. Rand, and prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Sinclair.

Rev. D. M. Graham then addressed the audience nearly as follows:—

Dear Friends:—The portion of Scripture to which you have just listened is not inappropriate to this deeply interesting occasion. In it is the oldest real estate transaction on record, and that was to secure a grave. How tenderly the patriarch laid in that purchased Machelah the remains of his deceased wife. How characteristic that purchase and burial of the father of the faithful! His very burial place must speak the language of faith; faith in the promise looked forward to the possession of the entire land. When his own cold remains were carried to the same grave it was a fresh proclamation of faith in the great promise. So of the burial of Isaac. So of Jacob, when his sons came from a distant land to bury him. So when, from the same land, the escaped fugitives brought the bones of Joseph.

In the spirit of those who had the promises would we gather around the grave of Hutchins.

*Bro. Graham's speech and those that followed were given impromptu and afterwards briefly written up by the speakers from memory.

Already has the vegetation sprung on this grave, but his dust reposes as lifeless as when we committed here "earth to earth and dust to dust." Doth our faith, therefore, fail in the promise of the resurrection?—With the patriarch's faith we rather come here to feel our nearer communion with that promise by which we look forward to the time of meeting him who sleeps here in the glorified body, whose splendor shall be like that seen by amazed apostles on the mount of transfiguration. We come not with the superstition of saint-worship to gather relics of a perishable nature, but to refresh our minds with the imperishable principles of truth and holiness which so sanctified the life of a fellow mortal as to render his grave more sacred to us than ancient shrines.

The life, great in goodness, in whose honor we assemble here to-day, began with this century. Living in the former half of the century he was identified more with the principles that are to be manifested in the latter half. Already the principles he advocated through opposition and hindrances are beginning to have a resurrection in the stirring events that are now agitating our land. With prophetic eye he saw our times and told us, in words as true as prophecy, what events were at hand, unless by repentance and true Christian testimony it were made possible for the Holy Father to vouchsafe the peace which is the consequence of purity.

But to be more specific. This gentle life beginning with the century in a rural town in Maine, at length, through many tribulations, reached the position of a useful and effective preacher. His personal labors made him known throughout the New England States, in North Carolina, in some portions of Virginia, Kentucky, in Indiana, Ohio and New York, while he was yet an evangelist.

In the South both whites and blacks gathered in great multitudes to receive from him the word of life. The friends there said, "Come, live and preach with us and have this house, this land and slaves." In those times, when the slave question was scarcely mooted, he had the kind of religion that led him to say he would not have a slave for all the wealth ever made by sinews bought and sold. Here we have a characteristic of that noble life that dared to be with God, whether men applauded or opposed. Acquainted as he was with the South, none more than he thoroughly sanctioned the position taken in 1837 by our denomination—no fellowship with slaveholders. Had that position then been taken by the principal denominations of this country, God through our repentance, would have averted the present unhappy war.

Last week I was in Rhode Island, near the scene of his first pastorate. Kind and winning as he was always, the people were soon attached to him in warm friendship. He lifted up his voice against intemperance and slavery, and this, too, though the doors of his own sanctuary were closed against him. How is the scene now changed! The regiments are there mustering for the war; to fight for liberty and not the slave-system, as the South boasted if Sprague should be elected Governor. The preaching of Hutchins now affects the practice of men. Similar work he did on a larger scale in this State, lecturing in many places, indoctrinating the people in the principles of true freedom. The mustard grain was small, and seemed very insignificant. But it fastened its roots in the firm soil, and at length the boughs put forth, forming the goodly shade, in the like of which this nation, disentrained, shall find peace and refreshing rest. Thus in the great events of our day Hutchins, being dead, yet speaketh and acteth.

We do well to gather at this grave to raise this beautiful shaft of marble, to set forth a token of our appreciation of the beautiful work his soul wrought on tablets of mind more enduring than those of marble or metal—monuments the tooth of time can never consume. It is well for us here to consecrate our lives to the same principles of faith and holiness that so exalted and sanctified the life we venerate. As our denomination had its birth in our first revolution, may it move forward one great stage in its development during the present conflict, destined to save that old revolution from failure. To this end may our visit contribute to-day.

The Divine faith of our departed brother enabled him to be felt in his influence for good beyond his native land. In my visit to England last season I found his name there familiar to the lips of the good. His influence and his name are familiar, too, in a distant India, but here I forbear remark, as we have present one from that land to speak in this behalf. Hutchins, by practical beneficence, knew how to bless men of other creeds, exiles from other lands. It is fit that such as are at his grave to-day; it is fit that a representative from distant India is here; it is fit that so many of our brethren and neighbors are here; it is fit that the enlightened statesman, appreciating the greatness of simplicity and genuine goodness, is here. May this scene, which, after all, so feebly symbolizes the omnipotence and ubiquity of the life of God in man, lead us, as we stand here, to the true destiny of human life!

It is almost too delicate a matter to approach in words, but how shall I do justice to the feelings of my heart without indicating some appreciation of that hallowed spirit that induces one who mourn while we forget, to mark so fitly this spot, consecrated by the dust of the departed

husband? Thrice happy is he whose grave and whose good name are to be committed to such tender unfailing vigilance.

But I promised my words should be few, and few they shall be. I must, however, say before giving place to another, that I esteem it one of the peculiar blessings of my life that I was honored with the acquaintance of our departed brother; that since his death I have been permitted to trace with somewhat of carefulness his history, and am now, in company with others, to bear my testimony to the greatness of a life so transparent in its purposes, so unyielding in its faith, so successful in usefulness, so potent to bless coming generations.

James L. Phillips said: The briefest synopsis of the life of Elias Hutchins would be incomplete if it did not incorporate the sentiment of these words, recorded in marble and already read in our hearing, "For 19 years Cor. Sec. of the Foreign Missionary Society."

It was not alone for the liberation of the captive, the triumph of liberty and the promotion of the cause of Christ in America that this good man labored and prayed. Very early in his Christian career his attention was arrested and his sympathies were awakened in behalf of the benighted of other lands.—While yet many were inattentive, his ear had caught the cry of millions famishing for the bread of life, his heart had welcomed their plea; and to this the remainder of his life was a faithful and hearty response.

It is fitting to speak at this time of the relations he sustained to the missionary enterprise and it is well to recall to our minds the characteristic faithfulness and zeal with which the duties incident to these relations were uniformly discharged. A careful review of the years of service he rendered the Foreign Mission Society as its Corresponding Secretary, discloses very many points of interest which might be dwelt upon with profit, but the occasion will admit of no extended observations: It must suffice to speak briefly of the more prominent ways whereby his deep and firm interest for our foreign field was invariably manifested.

His hearty sympathy for the missionaries themselves, his kindly concern for the members of our native Christian communities, and his intense solicitude for the salvation of the deluded heathen were proverbial. It is cheering to the lonely laborer in a far distant land to know that he is remembered at home—that from the domestic altar where he was wont to kneel in childhood and youth, heartfelt petitions still ascend, craving a benison upon his head. Next only to this is the assurance of the sympathy and love of the friends of the enterprise he is struggling to advance. It is an easy thing to avow an interest in the missionary work abroad; it is an easy thing to preach upon the condition and claims of the heathen world; and indeed, it may be to bestow liberally of the substance God has given, to carry light and hope to the inhabitants of darkness and despair. There are many who do all this. But it is quite another and a vastly different thing to sympathize with the missionary himself; to remember oftentimes and with prayer his solitude and isolation from civilized society; to enter into his labors; and to share in spirit his hardships and trials, and to implore Heaven with faith and importunity that the promised Comforter may abide with him to encourage and support, and that the Divine benediction may quicken into life and ripen into a glorious harvest the seed sown amid appalling difficulties and depressing doubts. The simply romantic notion of missions to the heathen never yet stirred a soul so deeply as this. Such a sympathy is rather the exponent of a soul kindred in its longings and aspirations, and closely allied in its efforts to the missionary himself. It is the offspring of a devotion kindled by the same Divine agency.

None save those who have read his letters to the feeble band toiling across the sea, can fully appreciate the peculiar sympathy and attachment for which this good man was loved and revered by all those connected with our mission. When stout hearts were depressed and superstitious of the benighted Hindoo; when strong hands grew weary of sowing much and reaping none; when weeks and perchance months had passed without one word of cheer from the friends of God and our holy cause across the Atlantic; it was then that with heaving hearts we welcomed the "overland package," and eyes blinded with tears of joy, eagerly perused the communications of the Corresponding Secretary. And now his letters imparted hope to sinking hearts, brought light and joy to drive back the clouds of despondency and sweeten the cup of sorrow; how they gave fresh life and vigor to the missionary's efforts to win the fallen and save the lost; how they visited his arm with re-doubled strength and inspired his soul with ampler and loftier faith, words are inadequate to express. These letters abound with anxious questions concerning the actual progress of the gospel among the heathen, in friendly inquiries about individual members of our native Christian communities, with whom his acquaintance could hardly have seemed more familiar had it been personal.

It will be remembered that an intelligent and enterprising lad from the Santa tribe, and kindred in this respect to Dula, whom many of you know, received the name of Elias Hutchins, and was educated in our mission school. But hardly had he begun his life of labor for the Saviour

who redeemed him from the depths of heathenism at a time when his future seemed most promising, and the hopes of our missionaries were gradually being realized in his consecration to the work of the ministry—when he fell a victim to disease and died in the triumphs of the Christian's hope. The early grave of that converted Santa youth, the simple inscription upon that marble slab, will be only one of the many links which shall bind us with a chain of adamant to the memory of Elias Hutchins of America to the grateful hearts of those who in all future time shall share the labors and hardships of our Orissa mission.

There was yet another channel in which the interest this man felt for the heathen was no less marked, and to which all of you can bear hearty testimony. He was untiring in his efforts to stir up a spirit of Christian benevolence in our home churches, and especially to awaken a lively interest in behalf of our feeble mission. With this feature of his life all who know him can perfectly familiar. He felt as only those can feel who are indissolubly identified with this most glorious work of redeeming fallen man and bringing him back to loyalty to God, that the gravest and most potent embarrassment under which a mission can possibly labor, is not the ridicule and imprecations of its avowed enemies, but rather the coldness and apathy of its professed friends.

To his attentive ear and anxious heart, the language of too many a pastor and church in our denomination, in this matter, was the language of the second son in our Lord's parable to the Pharisees, "I go, sir," while the truthful sequel unmasked the falsehood, or they "went not."

He most keenly felt the reflection cast upon us by other religious denominations, who incurred greater sacrifice and were more resolutely engaged in preaching the gospel to the nations sinking from the darkness of paganism into the denser and blacker darkness of endless night and particularly, as he frequently remarked did he feel humbled in view of our faint efforts in India, while a body of Christians in England, with a membership hardly one-third our own, were supporting more than double our foreign force. He remembered, when very near his departure, and the recollection was a pang, that a district numbering its millions of benighted souls, was dependent exclusively upon us, as a people, for the light of life; and when he beheld responding to the imploring cry of that innumerable multitude only six of our brothers and sisters from this entire denomination, his heart sank within him, and with the rewards of his heavenly rest unfolding to his view, he yet expressed an ardent wish that he might live to see the Foreign Mission reinforced.

His lively interest in this enterprise necessarily familiarized him to a great extent with the doings of other religious bodies, and you, who have heard him, will remember how frequently he presented their policy or their successes to stimulate the churches to more vigorous and more systematic effort in this cause. Many of you who are gathered around his grave to-day were the members of his own parish, and attended regularly upon his ministrations. You can testify to the faithfulness and tender earnestness with which your pastor advocated the claims of the heathen, and plead in behalf of the missionary. His disinterested love for man, at home as well as abroad, and especially for the needy and unfortunate, has embalmed his memory in all your hearts.

In the Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, and other religious gatherings no man spoke more willingly, more effectively, and it may be added, more winningly for our Orissa mission, than Elias Hutchins. God had taught him how to reach human hearts, and his plea for India never could be disregarded nor fail of a worthy response. When in person he could not accomplish his desired ends, his pen was made the medium of communicating missionary intelligence and of soliciting aid to render our foreign interests more efficient and successful. An article upon missions carried weight with it when it appeared over the signature of Elias Hutchins, and was sure to be read and remembered.

To us, as a people, he sustained the same relation as did the late Rev. J. G. Pike, of Derby, England to our brethren across the Atlantic. Living upon different continents, they both labored in the same capacity to promote the Christianization of India. No w, welcomed to their mansions above, they enjoy together the fruits of eternity.

My friends, you have come to erect this beautiful monument to mark the resting place of the good man departed. It is well thus to remember and cherish him. But better, far better will it be for us to emulate his consistent and holy life. It is his life that speaks to us to-day, although the lips of clay are sealed in death and in each of our lives, by a faithful cleaving to the right, by a pure and fervent devotion to Truth, by vigorous and persistent efforts to advance fallen man and bring him near to God, may we erect to this good man a monument more imperishable than marble.

Hon. John P. Hale said: Nothing was farther from my thoughts when I came to this ground this afternoon than saying anything upon the occasion which has called us together, but being requested by some of the friends present, I do not feel at liberty altogether to decline.

You come here, my friends, most of you, to do honor to the memory of Elder Hutchins as a member of your religious association as a Free-Will Baptist. I knew him in no such relation; it was only as a member of a larger church and a wider communion that I knew him, and that was as a man, an earnest, benevolent, philanthropic man, and a Christian. He was a brave man. There can be no doubt that many bold, brave men will go out and bare their breasts to the shock of battle on either side of the unhappy contest which now divides this country, but no braver man than Elder Hutchins will go to this war. He had a courage not common, indeed, which few of us possess; and that was the courage to act up unhesitatingly to the performance of what his conscientious convictions of duty required of him, no matter at what sacrifice. He was the most eloquent man that ever lived in Dover, but his eloquence was not chiefly in the pulpit, it was in the utterances of his daily walk and life among us.

He was a liberal man. Although I did not ordinarily attend his church I occasionally heard him preach. I remember one occasion when I attended his preaching, and he was about to administer the Lord's supper. After he had invited the members of his own church and other churches, I do not remember his precise phraseology in doing it, but I remember that he added an invitation to all those who felt in their hearts a love of Christ and were determined to obey God, to come forward and commune with them, whether they were members of any visible church or not. I confess I was rejoiced to hear him, for I sympathized with a late judge of England, who, when he was refused the privilege of partaking the supper with a church, who did not admit to their table any who were not members of their body, withdrew, remarking that he had mistaken the matter altogether, he had supposed it was the Lord's supper they were about to celebrate, but if it was a little private supper of their own he would not obtrude himself upon them. Elder Hutchins believed in the denomination with which he was associated because he thought it was best calculated to aid in the formation and development of the Christian character, but whenever the demands of any sect or association did not accord with the higher claims of Christianity, he was ready to leave seat and order behind that he might be a Christian.

I will tell you one thing more of Elder Hutchins which, perhaps, all of you may not know, and that is that he was a man of most diffuse benevolence. He gave in money more to objects of charity, probably, than any man within the sound of my voice. Ministers, you know, are not the best paid men in the community, and I know not where Elder Hutchins got his means, but I do know he got what he gave honestly, and he gave frequently and liberally. I almost feel ashamed to mention it, but it is a fact that I have sent those who have called on me when I did not know what else to do, to Elder Hutchins and he never sent any away empty handed.

In fine, I say of him that I never knew a better man. In the graveyard of the town of Exeter, in this State, is a simple monument to the memory of the late John Phillips, the founder of Phillips' Exeter Academy, and the patron of other institutions for education, and at the end of the inscription on the tablet it is said: "His appropriate monument are the institutions which bear his name." What, then, is the appropriate monument of Elder Hutchins? To my mind, the growth of Christian sentiments, the advancement of liberty, humanity and Christianity, as they build up higher and higher among us all the institutions which elevate and ameliorate the character and condition of man, build an expressive monument to the memory of him whose honor this stone to-day is erected.

At the close of the addresses the 1107th hymn of Psalmody was sung, and the service was closed by a benediction from Rev. E. Place.

The Young Husband and Wife.

A few years since, a young merchant with his accomplished and beautiful wife, located himself on one of the frontiers of our country. He was educated for a Catholic priest, but the providence of God hedged up his way to that profession, and he entered on mercantile business, in which he was very successful.—His wife also had lived with Roman Catholics, and though her friends mingled in the higher classes of society, and had free intercourse with Protestants, yet in their religious views they were bigoted.

The lot of this young and interesting couple in their new location, was cast in the vicinity of a missionary station, and their politeness and acquaintance with the forms of society led them to treat the missionaries with kindness and attention. Thus they lived for some time, each enjoying their own religious views. The system of colportage was not then known in name, but the missionaries were tract distributors, and scattered the precious messages of love and mercy wherever they went.

One of them was returning a call to these Catholic friends, and left on the table the tract of Baxter, entitled, "Heaven lost."—It lay some time untouched, but at last, to while away a lonely hour, this young and interesting woman took it up and the perusal awakened a new train of reflection. She saw and felt that the course she was pursuing endangered her eternal happiness, and this led to a conviction that she was a sinner in the sight of God, and needed something more

than the forms of Catholic worship to change her vile nature, and fit her to dwell in the presence of infinite purity.

But what could she do? She feared to tell her husband her feelings, for he had ridiculed the practice of the missionaries in thus scattering their books. She dared not go to the missionaries for instruction, for that would expose her not only to the disapprobation of her husband but also to the anathemas of her own and this she considered an evil next to that of the displeasure of God. Struggling with these feelings, and her heart ready to burst with a sense of its own vileness, she one night retired to bed before her husband came in from business.

After a while he entered the house, and going into the room where she was tossing on her sleepless pillow, he opened the bookcase, and that same tract fell from off one of the shelves. He had before several times thrown it aside, and now taking it up, vexatiously remarked: "I can go nowhere but what I must be tormented with this tract; but I'll be troubled with it no longer—I'll burn it." He caught it up impatiently, and was about putting his threat into execution, when his wife ventured to say, "I would read it first, Samuel." Influenced partly by politeness to the friend who had left it, and partly by compliance to the wife whom he loved as his own soul, he turned, seated himself at his desk, and began to peruse it. Although his position at his desk was such that his wife could not see his countenance, yet she watched his movements with almost breathless anxiety, and soon perceived he was devoting himself with earnestness to its contents.

He soon inquired, "Have you read this, Maria?" She tremblingly answered that she had. He became more and more absorbed, and at last said, with much apparent solemnity, "Maria, I don't believe you have read this attentively; shall I read it to you?" She assented; and he, changing his position, turned to the commencement of the tract, and began reading it aloud. As he proceeded, anxiety was manifest in his countenance, his voice grew tremulous, and as the fear of his disapprobation was swept from her mind, her own bursting heart found vent in sobs and tears. Thus they proceeded through the whole tract, and when the last page was finished, he was not only convinced of sin, but of the inefficacy of his false hopes to relieve his burdened soul; and was ready to unite with her in inquiring the way of deliverance.

But they knew not what to do. Neither of them had ever offered a prayer to God through the Saviour, who died for sinners.—Neither of them knew anything about the Bible, which will direct the inquiring soul aright; and that night was spent in such agony as can scarcely be conceived by a mind which has been instructed in the way of salvation. The morning dawned, but thick darkness reigned in that dwelling; and before the middle of the day their inward agony had so conquered not only their pride, but their fear of Catholic anathemas, that they unitedly ordered their carriage, and were taken to the mission house. The scene of that interview will long be remembered by all who were present. The husband, who carried there a rebellious heart, returned with a broken one, pleading with his still agonized wife to yield herself into the hands of the Saviour, whom he had found willing to receive him. A few hours only intervened before she could rejoice with him, and unite in heart at the family altar he had established. From that time their efforts in the cause of Christ were progressive, and many were led by their spirit and conversation to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

Years have since passed, and the beloved Maria, has, we trust, received from her Saviour her everlasting crown, and is now praising him in the heaven she did not lose; while her husband still lingers on the shores of time, to glorify God by an active Christian course, and to train their babes for immortality.—Pres Rec.

The spread of the Gospel.

We are only living, we believe, at the dawn of a most wonderful day.

Wonderful is even now the spread of the gospel. Steam and the electric telegraph, with other modern inventions, are helping to make their "line go out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

Greenland has been thawing under the genial rays of the Son of Righteousness. India has in whole districts, become as the "garden of the Lord." The Sandwich Islands have not only received the gospel, but are sending missionaries to bless and save other islands.

Whole groups of the South Sea Islands have forever "cast the idols to the moles and the bats," and worship the Triune god. New Zealand has given up her cannibalism, and other of her worst heathen rites.

Africa, West and South, is visited by scores of devoted men of God. These go forth and preach Jesus and the resurrection without let or hindrance among fifty tribes. Churches and schools like moral light-houses, ever hold forth the light of truth, to guide thousands of heathen souls to Christ and heaven.

China is no longer shut up to the heralds of Jesus. They can go without opposition to every city and town in all that densely populated empire. Already a number of churches have been gathered, and a multitude saved.