

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWS PAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS

MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."—Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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THE INTELLIGENCER.

(From Good Words.)

MISSIONS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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The beginning of the nineteenth century marks an epoch of revival in the Protestant Church. It would be going beyond the limits prescribed by our subject to consider the cause of that remarkable reaction into indifference of life, or of positive error in doctrine, which followed more or less rapidly the stirring period of the Reformation. Such tides, indeed, in the affairs of men, now rushing with irresistible waves to the utmost limit of the land; then receding and leaving behind but a few pools to mark where the waters once had been; and again, after a longer or a shorter interval, advancing with a deep flood over the old ground, are among the most striking phenomena in history.

The last century witnessed the Protestant Church at its lowest ebb. We thankfully acknowledge that God did not leave himself without holy men as living witnesses in every branch of that Church. And we record, with deepest gratitude, how, more than in any other country, he preserved in our own country both individual and congregational life, with orthodox standards of faith. Still, taken as a whole, the Protestant Church was in a dead state throughout the world; while, during the same period, infidelity was never more rampant, never more allied with philosophy, politics, science, and literature. It was the age of the acute Hume and learned Gibbon; of the ribald Paine, and of the master of Europe, Voltaire; with a host of *littérateurs* who were beginning to make merry, in the hope that God's prophets were at last to be destroyed from the earth. Rationalism triumphed in all the Continental churches. Puritanism in England became deeply tainted with Unitarianism. The descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers had, to a large extent, embraced the same creed in America. The Established Churches in England and Scotland, though preserving their confessions, and having very many living men in the ministry, suffered, nevertheless, from that wintry cold which had frozen the waters of the great Reformation sea, and which was adding chill to chill. The French Revolution marked the darkest hour of this time; yet it was the hour which preceded the dawn. It was the culminating point of the infidelity of kings, priests, and people;—the visible expression and embodiment of the mind of France, long tutored by falsehood and impiety,—it was Satan let loose on earth, that all might see and wonder at the Beast! That Revolution inscribed lessons in letters of blood for the Church and for the nations of the world to learn. Christians accordingly clung nearer to their Saviour amidst the dreadful storm that shook and destroyed every other resting-place, and were drawn to the throne of mercy and grace, thereby becoming stronger in faith and more zealous in life. The indifferent were aroused to earnest thought by the solemn events which were taking place around them. Speculative infidels even, became alarmed at the practical results of their theories. Mere worldly politicians trembled at the spectacle of unprincipled millions wielding power that affected the destinies of Europe, and recognised the necessity of religion to save the State at least, if not to save the soul. Men of property, from the owner of a few acres to the merchant prince, and from no higher motive than the love of their possessions, acknowledged that religion was the best guarantee for their preservation. In countless ways did this upheaving of society operate in the same direction with those deeper forces which were beginning to stir the churches of Britain, and to quicken them into new life.

The history of Europe during the first part of the present century, is a history written in blood. It is one of war in all its desolating horrors, and also in all its glorious achievements and victories in the cause of European liberty and national independence. Never was war so universal. It raged in every part of the earth. For years, the Peninsula was a great battle-field. Belgium and the plains of Germany were saturated with blood. Allied hosts conquered France. Armies crossed the Alps and ravaged Italy, and were buried beneath the snows of Russia. The contest was waged from the Baltic to the Bosphorus. The old battle-fields of Greece, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Persia, and the Crimea, were again disturbed. War swept the peninsula of India to the confines of Cashmere. It penetrated beyond the walls of China, and visited the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; touched the coasts of Arabia, and swept round Africa, from the Cape to Algiers. It marched through the length and breadth of the great Western Continent, from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and from Central to Southern America. Every kingdom experienced its horrors but our own!—During all this terrible period, our Sabbath services were never broken by the cry of battle. The dreadful hurricane raged without, but never for a single hour disturbed the peace of our beloved island-home. No revolution from within destroyed our institutions, and no power from without prevented us from improving them. The builders of our spiritual temples did not require to hold the sword. Our victories, with their days of national thanksgiving, and our anxieties, with their days of national fasting, tended to deepen a sense of religion in every heart. Men of God, in rapid succession, rose in all the churches. A pious laity began to take the lead in advancing the cause of evangelism. In Parliament there was one man, who, by the purity of his private life, the noble

consistency, uncompromising honesty, and unwearied philanthropy of his public career, along with his faithful published testimony for the truth as it is in Christ, did more, directly and indirectly, than any other of his day for the revival of true religion, especially among the influential classes of our land,—that man was William Wilberforce. But without dwelling upon the fact of the great revival which has occurred in the Protestant Church during the present century, let us notice one of its more prominent results. We mean the increased activity manifested by all its branches in advancing the Redeemer's kingdom.

At the commencement of this century, the whole Protestant missionary staff throughout the world amounted to ten societies only. Of these, however, two only had really entered the mission-field with any degree of vigour,—viz, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and, above all, the Society of the Moravian Brethren. The Wesleyan, Baptist, London, and Church Missionary Societies, though nominally in existence, had hardly commenced their operations. There were, besides the above, two small societies on the Continent; two in Scotland; and not one in all America! How stands the case now? The Protestant Church, instead of ten, has fifty-one societies; the great majority of which have each more labourers, and a greater income, than all the societies together of the Protestant Church previous to 1800!

If the last sixty years be divided into three equal periods, nine societies belong to the first, fifteen to the second, and twenty-four to the third. The following facts, collected from statistics of the great missionary societies up to 1861, will afford—as far as mere dry figures can do—a general idea of the present strength of the mission army of the Protestant Church, with some of its results:—

There are now 22 missionary societies in Great Britain; 14 in North America; and 15 on the Continent of Europe; in all, 51. These employ, in round numbers, 12,000 agents, including ordained missionaries, (probably 2000) teachers, catechists, etc.; occupy 1200 stations; have 335,000 communicants from heathendom; 252,000 scholars, 460 students training for the ministry; and are supported by an income of £860,000 per annum.

The greatest results have been attained by England. Connected with her great societies, there are nearly 7000 agencies, 630 stations, 210,000 communicants, 208,000 scholars, with an annual income of £510,000.*

But in order to enable our readers still more clearly to realize the advance which the Church has made during the last half century, let us consider the progress of one of these societies, and take as an illustration the Church Missionary Society. It was founded a few months before 1800. Its income in 1802, was £256. It now amounts to £104,273. In 1804, it had one station abroad, two ordained European missionaries, but no native assistants. It has now 148 stations, 258 ordained clergymen (many of whom have studied in the English Universities), a large staff of native clergy, with 2034 other agents, most of whom are natives. In 1810, it had 25 male, and 14 female scholars in its schools; it has now 31,000 scholars. In 1816, the good Mr. Bickersteth had the privilege of receiving its first converts, amounting to six only, into the communion of the Church. Its communicants now number about 21,000.

(To be Continued.)

* One or two facts in connexion with missionary effort may interest our readers:—

Mr. Miller of Bristol supports, in connection with his famous orphanage, 22 foreign and 50 home missionaries. The Moravian Missionary Society has sent, since 1729, 2000 missionaries, of whom 644 have died in mission service; 99 on mission journeys; 13 on the voyage out or home; 22 by shipwreck; and 12 were murdered.

Gossner of Berlin alone originated and conducted a mission which has sent out 141 missionaries. Pastor Harms of Harmsburg has also, by his own efforts, built a mission ship, and has sent out 150 missionaries, of whom 100 are colonists, and proposes to send 24 every two years.

Ten years ago there was little or no fruit from the *Kols of India*. There are now 30,000 receiving Christ. In India there are 500 missionaries. In Timorally about 70,000 Christians.

The American Board alone has sent out in fifty years 900 missionaries (500 being native) and 400 teachers; 55,000 have been received into church membership, and 175,000 children passed through their schools.

America contributes £180,000 to foreign missions, and 2000 agents.

The Presbyterian churches of the world have come late into the field, but they contribute about 900 agents, and 230 ordained missionaries, with an income of about \$110,000.

One of the oldest Protestant missionary societies in existence (though now confined to home operations), is the Society in connection with the Church of Scotland, "for promoting Christian Knowledge." It supported Brainerd and the Elliotts more than a century ago.

THE GOSPEL PRECIOUS.

Oh, precious gospel! Will any merciless hand endeavor to tear away from our hearts this best, this last, and sweetest avenue through which one ray of hope can enter? Would you tear from the aged and infirm poor the only prop on which their souls can rest in peace? Would you deprive the dying of their only source of consolation? Would you rob the world of its richest treasure? Would you let loose the flood-gates of every vice, and bring back upon the earth the horrors of superstition, or the atrocities of atheism? Then endeavor to subvert the gospel, throw around you a mock of futurity, laugh at religion, and make a mockery of God; but be assured that for all these things God will bring you into judgment. I will persuade myself that a regard for the welfare of their country, if no higher motive, will induce men to respect the Christian religion. And every pious heart will say, Rather let the light of the sun be extinguished, than the precious light of the gospel.—*Dr. A. Alexander.*

THE SMITTEN CONSCIENCE.

few duly consider the power of conscience. Ordinary scenes do not reveal it. It must be seen when the slumber of years has been broken, when its long stifled voice is first heard, when its solemn demands are presented with truthful earnestness to the soul. Then is the time to see what conscience is.

Who that has thus seen it but has trembled at the sight? What a solemn hour will that be when the conscience of all will tell the truth! Yet that hour is coming. Oh that it may not arrive before the trembling soul shall be beyond the reach of hope!

A remarkable case of the power of conscience once came under the observation of the writer of this paper. The subject of it was W. B., who resided in a town about forty miles from London. He had been educated in a Sunday-school, which he had honourably left when about in his sixteenth year. W. B. had a good ear for music, and at manhood, self-taught, was able to play several instruments well. Knowing his taste, he was invited by the minister to lead the singing at the Socinian chapel, in his native town. At first W. B. refused. His conscience forbade him, though an unconverted man. Allured by the temptation of the yearly salary, however, he at length consented, and became the leader, and a player on the violoncello. Things went on smoothly for some years. Conscience seldom spoke, and if it did, the yearly salary hushed it to repose. W. B. married, and had a family. The salary brought many little comforts to the journeyman mason, which the trowel alone never could have procured. So calm was his lot, and so happy his home, that he became an object of envy to most of his companions.

At one time W. B. was called to work at a village about ten miles off. While looking at his work one day, he stepped back rather too far, and fell off the scaffold. He would have been dashed to pieces in a moment, had it not been that his fall was broken by poles and scaffolding lower down. As it was, however, he fell about sixteen feet. Unable to rise, he was picked up by his companions and carried home, which he did not reach till nearly dark. A surgeon was soon at his bedside, who found that the mason was unhurt, save a few bruises. He gave the usual directions respecting quiet, and then departed.

Poor W. B., however, could get no repose. He was conscience-smitten. The hand of God was upon him. From the time he fell till he reached home, his thoughts had been turned inward. He saw that there had been but one step between him and death, and for death he was unprepared. There he lay, a fearful spectacle to his friends; tossing about from side to side, his eyes wildly rolling, and exclaiming in the most piercing tones, that he was lost, that he was damned! There was no comfort for him. His wife and friends, like himself, knew nothing of the consolations of the gospel. On being made acquainted with the case late in the evening, an opiate was administered by the surgeon, but instead of calming, it only roused into greater energy his excited feelings; there he lay for hours, a pitiable but fearful spectacle of the power of a smitten conscience.

In the dead of the night, a godly minister in the town was awakened from his sleep, and earnestly sought to come to the unhappy sufferer. It was W. B.'s own urgent request. He did not send for his late minister. No; Socinianism would not do then. W. B. wanted something which that heartless, Christ-dishonouring creed could not give. The minister immediately went. On entering the room, the sufferer exclaimed, "Oh! sir, I am lost—lost for ever! Oh! what shall I do?" Mr. W., the minister, endeavoured to point him to the Lamb of God, and assured him that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." He proceeded to explain how Jesus stood in the room of the sinner, by bearing his punishment, and that God delights to show mercy to the vilest who believe in Christ. For a time this seemed to calm the wretched man; but again he exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. W., I was once in your Sunday school; then I was happy, now I am miserable! I hardened my conscience; I gave my soul for money and music, and I am damned."

Again and again, the godly minister, with an aching heart, endeavoured to point the miserable sufferer to Jesus, dwelling especially on the brazen serpent, as his beautiful type, and remarking, that though a poor Israelite were on the very eve of death, he no sooner believed in, and looked on the serpent, than he lived. After remaining about an hour, the minister returned home. Many times, during the few following days, Mr. W. called on W. B.—without apparently producing any effect. There lay the conscience-smitten sinner, with scarcely any bodily suffering, yet presenting the fearful sight, a man without hope and without God in the world.

Evening had arrived. The surgeon declared, that unless sleep could be induced, madness would speedily follow. Very earnest prayer was made to God on the patient's behalf, not only by the minister, but by many who knew the case. After a few days of excitement, the man obtained a brief repose. The sleep, though short, produced a happy effect upon his frame. On awaking, he was equally alive to his melancholy position, felt the same gloomy foreboding of soul, but was considerably less excited. The next time the minister called, W. B. was sitting up in bed. After some minutes' conversation with Mr. W., he begged his wife to fetch the violoncello, being bent on its destruction. He exclaimed, that it had been his temptation, and

the cause of the ruin of his soul. Mr. W. expostulated with him, told him that the instrument was not in fault; besides, the proceeds of its sale might be of use to him in his affliction. He persisted, however, in destroying it, and accordingly broke it, and had the pieces burned before him.

After some weeks W. B. gradually became calm, and listened more intently to the sweet promises presented to his notice. Mr. W. used to dwell much on the loving character of God. He pointed out how that love was developed in the death of his Son, and the freeness with which he promised the blessings of his death to all who believed. Then he reminded W. B. that what he had to do was to believe in Christ for pardon. Jesus had done all that was needed for the salvation of sinners. He bore the curse, and thus cancelled for ever for all believers the debt which they owed to God. All that was needed was to believe in Jesus as having done this; and whosoever believed should be saved. Under God's blessing, these visits were happy in their result. After being so tempest-tossed, and driven about by dread of eternal ruin, poor B., with a repentant and believing heart, found a haven in Jesus. He not only felt that he was a lost, ruined sinner, but that Christ was "mighty to save," for "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." After this he joyfully attended the ministry of Mr. W., and became a godly and devoted member of the church of Christ, walking consistently for many years.

Is it not evident that the Socinian creed did not suit the circumstances of B.'s troubled conscience? To point the drowning mariner to the heroism of a Nelson as a source of comfort in his death would be a mockery to his woes. It would not be example, but help that he would need. So to tell a sinner, whose feelings conscience had raised into a storm, that Christ was only an example, is a miserable thing. He wants a Saviour who has borne the curse of those sins which fill his soul with horror. This was the want that drove B. to Mr. W. In the Christ-exalting doctrine of the Bible, his soul found perfect peace.

What a fearful thing it is to trifle with the convictions of conscience! Because its voice is sometimes easily drowned, some seem to think that conscience is powerless. That it is not always so the case of B. proves. Little did he think one moment before his fall what conscience was. He was dreaming of nothing but ease; but in a moment it was as if the sorrows of death compassed him, and the pains of hell gat hold on him. Many, like this man, sear their conscience, in the hope that its voice will be obeyed at a future time. Oh! reader, if such should be your thought, remember that every case of a smitten conscience does not end like the one you have just read of. How many, alas! have slumbered on till they have awakened in eternal despair.

Besides, a death-bed is not the place to seek salvation. The body too often is racked with pain. The mind becomes enfeebled by disease; and if excited at all, frequently the feelings of terror resemble those of B.; but the calm confidence of him who sees that the curse is laid on Jesus, is not often met with when salvation is neglected till the approach of the dying hour.

Flee, then, to Jesus the Refuge. Here is the remedy of a smitten conscience, and the only preparation for the last hour. When Christ has taken away your sins, then you are safe, and will be kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto salvation.—*Tract Magazine.*

THE SUICIDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. MONOD.

What darker abyss of anguish can be found in this world than the heart of the suicide? When a man's misery is the result of some accident of life, there still remains to him the hope of deliverance from it by a change in his position. But when that misery proceeds from the man's own heart, when the very soul itself becomes the tormenter of the soul, and life itself is the grand burden of life, what can he do? Like the prisoner who in the extremity of his hunger feeds upon his own flesh, this man, in the horror of his despair, devours the very substance of his own soul. How can he escape when himself is his own most cruel foe?

I do not ask, how shall he get beyond the reach of the Spirit of God, or how escape from God's presence? But I ask, how shall he get beyond the reach of his own spirit, or how escape from his own presence? Is there a spot to which he may fly, where himself cannot follow? or a region so dark that he may hide in it, and himself not find him? Insensate man! thy folly equals thy misery; for when the fatal deed is done, it will indeed be said, "he is dead," but these words will be uttered not by thee, but by others. Thou wilt be indeed dead to thy country, thy town, thy family; but thyself, that nature of thine which thinks and suffers, will live forever more. Strange is it that you do not see that if you would cease to be wretched, you must change not your habitation but your heart! You may throw yourself into the sea, the murderous bullet may go crushing into your brain, the subtle poison may permeate through your veins, but do what you like and go where you please, you must carry with you yourself, your heart, your wretchedness.—What do I say? You go into the presence of the Great God, your judge, to render a fearful account. You shorten the space allowed you for repentance and salvation, you go all the sooner to endure an eternity of woe.

Perhaps you imagine that, because the eye of man cannot discern anything beyond the present

state of being, there is no future life. But no, you cannot persuade yourself of this. Men in this world may believe that the soul dies with the body, but you have in yourself a proof of immortality. The anguish which consumes you is too deep-seated, too profound to be dissolved with your bodily organs; that which is capable of suffering so intensely as your spirit, cannot turn to dust. The worms are the heirs of your earthly tabernacle, but the bitterness of your soul—who shall inherit it? No, you can never persuade yourself that you shall cease to exist; if you could, it will only be to make you more insensate and more miserable than ever.

BURDEN-BEARERS.—Some years since, a gentleman was invited by a friend to make a speech at the anniversary of one of our great benevolent societies. When the time arrived, the speaker looked around the platform for the face of his friend, whom he had regarded as the leader in the enterprise; but he was nowhere to be seen. During the exercises, however, he cast his eyes up to the multitude which thronged the gallery of the largest building in the great city, and there, in an obscure corner, sat his noble friend. When the meeting was over, the hidden man came forth with joy in his face, thanking one and another for their efforts, and expressing great pleasure in the prosperity exhibited by the report and attendance.

"But," asked the speaker already alluded to, "I thought you were the President of this society?"

"O, no I am not," replied the modest man. "Then you are one of the Vice Presidents, surely," returned the gentleman.

"No, I am not."

"Are you the Secretary then, or the Treasurer?"

"No, neither of these."

"Then what are you? What office do you fill in the Board?"

"None, sir; I have no office, and never had, unless, if you choose, you may call me the pack-horse of the enterprise!"

That was just the worthy man's office—the pack-horse or burden-bearer.

Now this eccentric but godly man was one of a very valuable class of laborers in God's work on earth. His whole soul was absorbed in doing the work which his Father had given him to do. He cared not what post he filled; he never sought, and could rarely be induced to accept an office; but that part of the work which was too humble for any one else to perform, he considered, and assumed as especially his. Now the cause of God on earth requires laborers of many grades and names; prophets, apostles, writers, exhorters, and last, but by no means least—*givers*.

In all ages of the church, God has had, besides his more public servants, a strong relay of these hidden ones, the burden-bearers of his precious cause and wherever, in our own day, we see any enterprise for the good of man and the glory of God advancing prosperously, we may be sure that He has appointed there a band of burden-bearers, although they may be at times so far under the load as to be out of sight.—*Macedonian.*

THERE IS BLAME SOMEWHERE.—"Never, from the beginning, has any one been here before to tell of these things." Such was the exclamation of a Hindoo when he first heard from the lips of a missionary that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Generation after generation had gone since the Saviour died, but never before had such a truth been announced in that village. They had heard of a prophet who had lived long after the Messiah. Their country had become subject to his followers, but whilst Mohammed was well known and believed on by millions, Jesus Christ was unknown. Never, no, never, from the beginning had any been there to tell of the love of Jesus, and the true way of salvation.

But though that man and village have now heard of Jesus, yet how many millions and how many towns are there where the story of the cross has never been proclaimed! Take the map of the world, and see how many places are still darkened by error and superstition, and, like Carey, you will have to say, "This is heathen; here the missionary has never been." Why is this?

There is blame somewhere. Reader! does any lie with you? Think of it, that hundreds of millions are like that Hindoo, going down to woe unacquainted with Him who came to seek and to save the lost. Think of it, that at the present day many cities, towns, and villages can take up that mournful cry, "Never, from the beginning, has any one been here before to tell of these things." Think of it, that the heathen will perish without the gospel, and that Christians are under obligation to send it; and as ye think, pray and act, that Christ may see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.—During a recent revival on Long Island, a little girl, less than three years of age, accosted her impenitent father, as he came in from his work, with the salutation, "Mother's been on her knees praying, since you've been gone." "She has!" exclaimed the man, "well, what has she been praying about?" "Why, she has been praying for you, father," artlessly replied the child. He was completely overcome. Soon it was said of him by his neighbors, "Behold he prayeth!" His pride was abased, his sinful habits were abandoned, he became a consistent follower of Christ, and is now a candidate for admission into the bosom of the Church.—*N. Y. Observer.*