

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.

BY REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.
(Continued from our last.)

Let us, however, examine the missionary labors of the Protestant Church during this century, from another point of view. Take the map of the world, look over its continents and islands, and contrast their condition, as to the means of grace, in 1800 and 1862.

In 1800, the only missions east of the Cape of Good Hope were in India. These were confined to the Baptist Mission, protected in the Danish settlement of Serampore, and the missions on Tanjore, in southern India. The former was begun by Carey and Thomas (in 1793), who were joined by a few brethren in 1796. The first convert they made in 1800. The latter mission had existed since 1705, and numbered about nine labourers at the commencement of the century.*

Of the East India Company's chaplains, Claudius Buchanan alone had the courage to advocate in India the missionary cause; and his sermon preached upon the subject in 1800, in Calcutta, was then generally deemed a bold and daring step. Hindustan was closed by the East India Company against the missionaries of the Christian Church. China, too, seemed hermetically sealed against the gospel. The Jesuit mission had failed. Christianity was proscribed by an imperial edict. Protestant missions had not commenced. The language of the nation, like its walls, seemed to forbid all access to the missionary.

In Africa there were but few missionaries, and these had lately arrived at the Cape. In the black midnight which brooded over that miserable land, the cry of tortured slaves alone was heard. New Zealand, Australia, and the scattered islands of the Southern Seas, had not yet been visited by one herald of the gospel. A solitary beacon gleaming on the ocean, from the missionary ship, "Duff," had indeed been seen, but not yet welcomed by the savages of Tahiti. The mission was abandoned in 1809, and not a convert left behind! No Protestant missionary had preached to those Indian tribes beyond the Colonies, who wandered over the interminable plains which stretch from Behring's Straits to Cape Horn. Mahometan States were all shut against the gospel; and to forsake the Crescent for the Cross, was to die. In this thick darkness which covered heathendom, the only light to be seen—except in India—was in the far north, shed by the self-denying Moravians—a light which streamed like a beautiful aurora over the wintry snow and icebound coasts of Greenland. To this gloomy picture we must add the indifference of the Protestant Church to God's ancient people. No society then existed for their conversion; and of them it might indeed be said, "This is Israel whom no man seeketh after."

How changed is the aspect of the world now! There is hardly a spot upon earth (if we except those enslaved by Popery) where the Protestant missionary may not preach the gospel without the fear of persecution. The door of the world has been thrown open, and the world's Lord and Master commands and invites his servants to enter, and in his name, to take possession of the nations. Since 1812, India, chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Wilberforce, has been made accessible to the missionaries of every Church. Christian schools and chapels have been multiplied; colleges have been instituted; thousands have been converted to Christ; and tens of thousands instructed in Christianity. The cruelties of heathenism have been immensely lessened; infanticide prohibited; Sautteeism abolished; and Government support withdrawn from idolatry; and the Hindu law of inheritance has been altered.

*The first Protestant missionary who visited India, was Ziegenbalg, who was sent out by the Halle Danish Missionary Society in 1705, to Tranquebar. He was joined by Pitschow in 1715. The mission was then adopted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Grander followed in 1720, and Schultze in 1729. The mission in 1739, had four stations, one being in Madras; 24 native assistants; and 3511 baptized members. The great Schwartz laboured in, and extended the mission from 1754 to 1785. According to Dr. Carey, 40,000 had been converted to Christianity during the last century through this mission. Dr. Claudius Buchanan reckons the number as high as 80,000!

†The first missionary to South Africa was George Schmidt, sent by the Moravian Brethren in 1736. He laboured alone with some success till 1743, when he was expelled by the Dutch East India Company to return to Europe. The mission was resumed in 1753, when three additional missionaries sailed for the Cape. A few others joined them in 1756. At the beginning of the century, the converts amounted to 204. The illustrious Dr. Vanderkemp, along with three other missionaries, were sent to South Africa by the London Missionary Society in 1799. The only attempts made to Christianize Western Africa previous to 1800 were by the Moravians in Guinea, in 1737; but all the missionaries, 11 in number, dying, the attempt was abandoned; and by the Scottish Missionary Society in 1797, who sent thirty-six missionaries. One (Greig) was murdered, another (Brunton) returned and went to Tartary, the rest, we believe, went to other spheres of labour. The Church Missionary Society entered upon this field in 1801.

‡In 1812, we find from Mr. Wilberforce's *Life* (vol. iv, p. 10), how he was "busily engaged in reading, thinking, and persuading," on the renewal of the East India Company's Charter. He was fully alive to the importance of the crisis with reference to the interests of Christianity. He thus writes to his friend, Mr. Butterworth—"I have been long looking forward to the period of the renewal of the East India Company's Charter as to a great era, when I hoped that it would please God to enable the friends of Christianity to be the instruments of whipping away what I have long thought, next to the slave-trade, the foulest blot on the moral character of our countrymen—the suffering of our fellow subjects (say, they often stand toward us in the closer relation of our tenants) in the East Indies to remain, without any effort on our part to enlighten and redeem them, under the grossest, the darkest and most degrading system of idolatrous superstition that almost ever existed on earth." The deepest anxiety was felt by all Christians for the issue of the debate. "I heard afterwards," he writes, "that many good men were praying for success; and Mr. Wilberforce, when communicating the joyful news to his wife, writes—'Blessed be God! we carried our question triumphantly, about three or four times the majority!'"

to protect the native convert; while a new era seems to be heralded by the fact that a native Christian Rajah has himself established a mission among his people.

All the islands in the Eastern Archipelago are now accessible to the missionary; most of them have been visited. Ceylon has flourishing congregations and schools; Madagascar has had her martyrs, and has still her indomitable confessors.

China, with its teeming millions, has also been opened to the gospel. The way had been marvellously prepared by Dr. Morrison, who as early as 1807 had commenced the study of the language which he lived to master. Accordingly, when the conquests of Britain had obtained admission for, and secured protection to the missionaries as well as to the merchants of all nations, the previous indefatigable labours of Morrison had provided, for the immediate use of the Church of Christ, a dictionary of the language and a translation of the Word of God. The Christian religion is tolerated by law since 1844, and may be professed freely by the natives! The gospel is now advancing in that thickly-peopled land of patience and industry, and native preachers are already proclaiming to their countrymen the tidings of salvation.

Africa has witnessed changes still more wonderful. The abolition of the British slave-trade in 1807, and of slavery in the British dominions in 1834, having removed immense barriers in the way of the gospel. The whole coasts of Africa are being girdled with the light of truth. It has penetrated throughout the south, where the French* and German Protestant Churches labour side by side with those of Britain to civilize the degraded Bushman, the low Hottentot, and warlike Kafir. The chapel in Sierra Leone, built from the planks of condemned slaves, and containing 1000 worshippers, as a type of the blessings brought through Christianity to injured Africa.

Abyssinia has also been visited with every prospect of success.

And how glorious has been the triumph of the gospel throughout the whole Pacific! In 1837, Williams was able to address royalty in these noble words—"It must impart joy to every benevolent mind to know, that by the efforts of British Christians upwards of three hundred thousand of deplorable ignorant and savage barbarians, inhabiting the beautiful islands of the Pacific, have been delivered from a dark, debasing, and sanguinary idolatry, and are now enjoying the civilizing influence, the domestic happiness, and the spiritual blessings which Christianity imparts. In the island of Rarotonga, which I discovered in 1823, there are upwards of 3000 children under Christian instruction daily; not a vestige of idolatry remains; their language has been reduced to a system and the Scriptures, with other books have been translated. But this is only one of nearly a hundred islands to which similar blessings have been conveyed." Tens of thousands of souls have been added to this number since these words were written! In no part of heathendom has the gospel produced, in so short a time, such wonderful fruit as in Polynesia. The labours and sacrifices of the converted natives are more striking than in any other missions. Many islands have been converted solely by means of a native agency, and are superintended by native teachers only. Let us take the Sandwich Islands as illustrating what has been accomplished for the natives, and by them. The American Mission was commenced in 1824. These islands have been converted long ago to Christianity, so that not a vestige of idolatry remains, and not only do they support their own clergy and schools, but have their own Bible and Foreign Missionary Society. They raise for these objects about £4000 per annum, and support six missionaries to the heathen islands around them. The communicants in the islands amount to upwards of 25,000, and the children who attend the common schools to a still greater number.

If we turn our eye to the great Western Continent, we see the gospel preached to its wandering Indian tribes; while the condition of Mexico and of California affords every prospect of the rapid extension of truth through kingdoms long benighted.

Mahometan countries have also been opened to the missionary. Through the influence of Lord Aberdeen and Sir Stratford Canning, the Sultan was induced in 1844 to give religious toleration to his subjects; so that now, for the first time, a Mussulman may change his faith without incurring punishment. Several societies labour in Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, and Constantinople. The Euphrates is being dried up. The Mahometan power is tottering and ready to fall! When it dies and is buried, who will wear mourning at its funeral?

And how strange is the meeting between the distant East and West, the distant past and near present, visible in the fact, that it is missionaries from America who now unveil to the dwellers in the land of the Chaldees, and to the wanderers among the mountains which shadow the birthplace of the human race, that blessed faith and hope which dwelt in Abram, as he journeyed from the dawn of history from that old land, and which has returned thither again in Christian men imbued with Abram's faith after having accompanied civilization round the globe! God's blessing has signally attended the American mission among the Nestorians. The revival of religion

*The missions of the French Protestant Church are situated inland from Port Natal, and along the River Caledon from its junction with the Orange River. It has gathered upwards of 2000 Bechuana into regular church fellowship.

†The first idol which a catechist from Rarotonga, who visited London in 1848, ever beheld was in the Museum of the London Missionary Society.

in their schools and churches has been great and glorious.

To all these facts we must add the labours of the Church, during the last sixty years in the salvation of Israel. Much, very much, has been accomplished, in spite of immense difficulties, by upwards of twenty-six societies; and it has been computed that no fewer than 8000 have, during the above period, been added to the Church of Christ.

May we not exclaim, What hath God wrought! Yet how can any statistics carry to our hearts a sense of what has been done for immortal souls by the gospel during this eventful effort! What homes have been made happy by it; what families united in the bonds of love; what sick-beds soothed; what dying beds cheered; what minds illumined, and what hearts filled with joy unspeakable, and full of glory!

(To be Continued.)

[From the New York Observer.]

SKETCHES OF ELOQUENT PREACHERS.

REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

Among the names of the past which need no monumental pile to perpetuate their memory is that of Richard Baxter. More than a century and a half has rolled away since he fell asleep, and yet the ananath upon his brow is now greener and emits a sweeter fragrance than when it was first wreathed around it.

Baxter lived in stirring times. His heroic bearing, when the Church was in peril—his clarion voice, sounding loud and clear amid the din and strife, made him a rallying point for the persecuted and a terror to the oppressor. He was a man of true courage, fearing only God, and acting only under the high consideration of duty. When the Church demanded what his conscience could not concede, he broke away from her thrall; and when Cromwell succeeded to power, he entered his protest against what he considered a usurpation. And after the restoration, when a wily Government sought to close his mouth by the offer of a bishopric, he, like Owen, refused to accept it. These noble men thought less of their own elevation than of the interests of Zion, and cared more for freedom of speech and freedom of conscience than for the emoluments and honors of a bishopric.

Had Baxter accepted Lort Clarendon's offer of the See of Hereford, we fear that we should never have heard the startling "Call" which has roused thousands from the sleep of death, nor been soothed and comforted by "The Saints' Rest," which for so many ages has proved a guiding angel to the pilgrim in his path to heaven. "The Reformed Pastor," if dictated from an Episcopal palace, would, we fear, have been a less searching appeal than as coming from the humble parsonage of Kidderminster. Ah, who can stand before the corrupting influence of grandeur and of gain! Even Baxter might have found it difficult, beneath the tinsel and the surplice, to maintain the independence and the magnanimity of the true Christian hero. But, God be praised, he said to the tempter offering this specious bait: "Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savorest not of the things of God, but those that be of men."

As an eloquent preacher, Baxter's claim admits not of a doubt. There was no minister of his day superior to him—and it was a day, too, when stars of the first magnitude revolved in the ecclesiastical sphere. Dr. John Owen, the man of immense learning, Vice-Chancellor of the University, yet, in spirit, humble as a child; John Flavel, of burning zeal, and with prayers that seemed to storm the citadel of heaven; Matthew Henry, so pithy and pointed in his interpretations of Scripture, were his contemporaries, and among these Baxter moved as a sort of spiritual Agamemnon. With the learning of Owen, he combined the earnestness of Flavel, and far in advance of both was he in the force and even classic purity of his style. But Baxter regarded style only as a vehicle of thought, and adopted words and sentences best adapted to bring out that thought in the strongest light—just as the artilleryman regards that piece of ordnance the best which carries the ball farthest and sends it the most surely to its mark. He seems never to have studied how he should write, but what. The thought was the great point, and the mode of expressing it was intended, first, to make it clear, and next, to give it point and power.

Read any of his writings, and you will see at once that his grand design was to get the truth vividly before the reader—to make him not only see and acknowledge it, but, better still, to feel it. He wrote at men. Knowing that the heart had more influence for or against religion than the intellect, all his arguments and appeals addressed to the reason were simply with a view of reaching at length the selfish and sin-loving heart. He is, in this respect, a model for all succeeding ministers. Preach at men, as he did; use language, simply to give force to thought; assail the reason, only that you may get deeper down, where lies the demon of selfishness and unbelief; point your artillery in the direction of this mail-coated conscience and heart, as Baxter did; and see if the pastor of Kidderminster will be the only one who converted nearly a whole town to the faith of Jesus!

Baxter was a pulpit orator without any idea of being one. He had no such end in view. He was filled with the love of God and the love of souls, and his only aim was to bring sinners to God and to educate them for the kingdom of heaven. Everything that he did, said, or wrote, has this aim only.

He was, by nature, a man of might, in body as well as in mind. Tall, muscular, and of gigantic strength, he was a match for any bravo. Some,

who feared not his moral power, stood in dread of his strong arm. An anecdote, illustrative of this, is told of him. A swaggering bully, hearing of Baxter's great strength, was disposed to put it to the test. So, leading his horse into the garden where the pastor was at work, he began, in no very respectful way, to banter him. The patience of the good man was at length exhausted, and, dropping his spade, he seized the intruder and pitched him over the fence. The astonished man, picking himself up, simply said: "Sir, I will thank you if you will throw my horse over after me." This anecdote, I think, was related to the class by our venerated instructor, the late Rev. Dr. Miller, of Princeton.

Judging from his writings, Baxter must have had great power in the pulpit. It is impossible that such burning words as gleam in every line of the "Call to the Unconverted" could have been uttered in any other tones than those of the deepest feeling. He seems fairly to clutch the soul in a sort of agony, as if, so far as man's ability could prevent, the sinner should not take another step in the broad road to hell. He expostulates, he weeps, he pleads. Rushing between the precipice and the infuriated sinner who would dare its brink, he cries, in God's name, "Why will ye die?"

His "Saints' Rest" was written with the heavenly inheritance almost in sight. He was himself just about, as he supposed, to enter upon it. The dividing line seemed to him but a breath. He lay panting on the brink of the cold river, directing his eyes towards the celestial landscape, which his faith descried and for which his heart so ardently longed! Forgetting the things which were behind,—the dreary way over which his feet had toiled, and the sharp conflicts which had left their scars on his bruised soul—he now concentrates all his interest on the glory that was to be revealed. In a strain, seemingly almost inspired, he paints, in glowing but truthful colors, the celestial Paradise. He makes us see, as it were, into heaven. He asks us to accompany him where the echo of the angel harps may be heard, and the white robes of the Redeemer are seen to glimmer. So far as language can express, or the imagination picture the glorified state, he has embodied its most striking features, whilst every line and lineament is in accordance with the simple revelations of the Bible. By his luminous and penetrating genius, however, he has placed in new and attractive lights truths which had been familiar, and the scenes which, to our weaker faith, had been but dimly discerned, are rendered more vivid and more distinct through the medium of his superior spiritual vision. As no man, after Bunyan, can venture to write another Pilgrim's Progress, and no poet, after Milton, can hope to sing of Paradise lost, so no author can expect to treat of the saints' everlasting rest, since this ecstatic divine has written out the impressions which his dying vision caught of its attractions and its glories. In truth, so far as language can go in defining and a sanctified imagination in conceiving "the rest that remaineth," Baxter may be said to have exhausted the subject. He has left nothing more to be said. All that remains is to see and to realize, and that can be done only when language has ceased to be a medium of thought and the visions of eternity are brought into direct contact with the conscious soul. But let us thank Baxter for strewn our path to heaven with flowers so fragrant, and for gilding "the Valley of the Shadow of Death" with so much of the radiance of "the bright and Morning Star." Long familiar with this world and experimentally ignorant of the dark future, few can look upon death without some conscious dread. But how much more fearful would be the recoil if no such compensations and hopes and prospects had been suggested and promised! Praise be God, for revealing the antidote to death, and thanks to Richard Baxter, under God, for making its gateway ring with the notes of anticipated triumph!

To give the reader an idea of the style and tone of this testamentary and spiritual work—the "Saints' Rest"—listen to one or two sentences: "For the eye of flesh is not capable of seeing them (heavenly glories), nor this ear of hearing them, nor this heart of understanding them. But there the eye, and ear, and heart, are made capable; else how do they enjoy them? The more perfect the sight is, the more delightful the beautiful object. The more perfect the appetite, the sweeter the food. The more musical the ear, the more joyous those joys, and the more glorious to us is that glory."

Baxter was not only a champion of moral truth—a sort of *Cœur de Lion* in the field of theological warfare, wielding the battle-axe of argument with an irresistible arm—but he was equally distinguished in the home field of peaceful culture. He was the model pastor, as well as the model preacher. He took a field—the most hopeless—and made it as the garden of God. What our engineers and landscape gardeners have done for our Central Park—namely, converted barren rocks and unhealthy ravines into a paradise of beauty, Baxter did for Kidderminster. If Augustus Caesar made it his boast that, having found Rome brick, he had left it marble, Baxter, we think, might have spoken of a far more noble achievement, when, by heaven's blessing on his spiritual labors, he had transformed Kidderminster from a heap of rubbish and ruins to a living temple, radiant with the indwelling presence of God. "Before his coming thither," says one, "the place was overrun with ignorance and profaneness; but, by the Divine blessing on his wise and faithful cultivation, the fruits of righteousness sprang up in rich abundance. He, at first, found but a single street, and, at his going away, but one family or two

could be found in some streets that continued to neglect it. And, on Lord's days, instead of the open profanation to which they had been so long accustomed, a person, in passing through the town, in the intervals of public worship, might even hear hundreds of families engaged in singing Psalms, reading the Scriptures and other good books, or such sermons as they had written down while they heard them from the pulpit. His care of the souls committed to his charge and the success of his labors among them were truly remarkable, for the number of his stated communicants rose to six hundred, of whom he himself declared there were not twelve concerning whose sincere piety he had not reason to entertain good hopes."

Such a man was authorized to speak to ministers of their duty and to the saints of their everlasting rest. The reformed pastor is, after all, but the real pastor, going up and down the streets of Kidderminster, warning every man and teaching every man, that he might present every man, perfect in Christ Jesus. He who, for thirty years, lay, as it were, on the borders of eternity, expecting every day to receive his summons to depart—who went each Sabbath into the pulpit, and preached as though it were his last sermon, might well expatiate on the mansions of eternal rest, and invoke the lagging disciple to rouse up and renew the race for immortality. Everything about Baxter wears the aspect of a heavenly nobility. Great by nature, he was greater still by grace. The masculine strength of character which he originally possessed was softened into almost angelic sweetness by the sanctifying power of religion. Among the great lights of the Reformation, or rather Vindication—for he contended for principles which Luther had inaugurated and Calvin defended—he may, in the language of another, "be regarded as a standard bearer. He laboured much, as well in preaching as in writing, and with an abundant blessing on both. He had all the high mental qualities of his class in perfection. His mind is inexhaustible, and vigorous, and vivacious to an extraordinary degree. He seizes irresistibly on the attention, and carries it along with him, and we assuredly do not know any author who can be compared with him for the power with which he brings his reader directly face to face with death, judgment and eternity, and compels him to look upon them and converse with them. He is himself most deeply serious, and the holy solemnity of his own soul seems to envelop the reader as with the air of a temple."

J. B. W.

WINNING SOULS.

It is wonderful how simple a thing is often the immediate occasion of bringing about that amazing inward revolution which we call the conversion of a soul to God, as if God still vindicated his sovereignty in this greatest of his works, to show his servants that the excellency of the power was altogether of God, and not of men.

Dr. J. W. Alexander once related to the writer the following incident:—He had been doing some business in a store, and as he was passing out, a youth, whom he knew—one of the clerks, if we remember aright—was standing in the door. Dr. Alexander, as he passed out, touched him on the shoulder and said, "My dear—, you ought to be with us." The "winged word" found its way to the heart of the youth, and he was soon after "with them" who are on their way to the better country.

A venerable pastor was once lying on his death-bed. A boy of his congregation happening to pass by his house, stopped to inquire how he was. The dying man saw him through the half-open door of the room in which he lay, and beckoned him to his bedside. "David," said he, "did you ever close with the Lord Jesus by faith as your Saviour? Many a time I've done it in that little room," pointing to his study opposite. That circumstance happened more than sixty years ago. The "boy" spoken of recently died, at a good old age, after a Christian life of no common spirituality and devotedness, protracted through that long period. We have now before us a letter, written shortly before his death, warm with expressions of Christian faith and hope. He is now, we doubt not, with that Saviour to whom those few words of his dying pastor directed him so long ago.

We once knew of a man who had joined the church during his pastor's absence in Europe. He had been before a very hardened and careless man. The first time his pastor met him, after returning, he congratulated him on the happy change. "Shall I tell you," said the man, "what was the means of it? The last time you met me in the street before you went away, you spoke some earnest words to me on the subject of religion. They did not make much impression on me, as nothing ever had done. But as we parted you took my hand and said, 'My dear sir, you have a soul that is worth saving.' That word left me no rest within till I felt that my soul was saved through faith in Jesus. The course of my life, and the objects that interested me most, have been wholly changed from that day to this."

The bow that is "drawn at a venture" sometimes sends the shaft of truth through "joints of the sinner's harness," when our most elaborate attempts have missed their mark, or recoiled without impression.

Let us be "instant in season, out of season," for we "know not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

Let us not forget that, in first conquering the world to Christ, God "chose the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

Let us ply the lighter missiles, as well as the heavy artillery of truth, to conquer the fortress of the human heart.