The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEV BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,] "THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter. [Editor and Proprietor.

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The Intelligencer.

MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY MRS. G. V. RAMSEY.

THE ENGLISH WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

Lily Fountain became emphatically like "a city set on a hill whose light cannot be hid." The people who sat in darkness beheld with surprise and joy the dawning rays, and soon from many and distant places the cries of anxious inquiring souls were heard saying, "Come over and help us." Mr. Shaw travelled from place to place. He seemed insensible of fatigue, and unmindful of danger. Sometimes his path led over rocky and precipitous mountains, sometimes over burning sandy deserts; sometimes he was exposed to the merciless storms of that region, when it does not seem to rain, but the water descends in a sheet, often accompanied with awful thunder and violent wind, and everywhere he was in constant peril from hunger and thirst—from wild beasts and savage men. His journal contains a record of toils and suffering which have few equals even in missionary life. The native converts, though so young in experience and so immature in knowledge, began to feel the missionary spirit and to travel among their heathen neighbors to tell what Christ had done for them. So great was the eagerness for instruction, that two little girls, who had learned to read and sing, were carried sixty miles, and the people gathered around them and listened with joy and wonder to the great truths which they attempted to explain.

Among the first converts were three brothers named Links, who became very useful to their people. Among these, Jacob Links was much distinguished for knowledge and piety. He was a fluent speaker in the Dutch and Namaqua languages, and he learned English that he might have access to its religious literature. He was shrewd and sensible, and the Dutch farmers who contemptously call the Hottentots dogs, and ridiculed the idea of sending them teachers, often found him more than a match for them. One day he encountered one of them, who stoutly denied that the Gospel or the Bible was intended for the Hottentots, saying their names was not in the Book. Jacob looked him steadily in the face and replied, "You say our name is not in the Book. Will you tell me whether the name of Dutchman or Englishman is found in it." Receiving no answer he went on: "You call us heathen; that is our name. Now I find in the book that Jesus came as a light to lighten the heathen, so we read *our name* in the book.

In the year 1825, a deep feeling of commiseration for the perishing souls beyond the Orange River, took possession of the church at Lily Fountain; and, notwithstanding the distance and the danger, Jacob Links offered, if no European missionary could be obtained to go himself and do what he could. While he was considering this enterprise, the Rev. W. Threlfall joined the mission. This young man had left his home in England, where the advantages of wealth and high social position allured him in vain. He longed to preach Christ to the perishing, and regarded a missionary life, not as a sacrifice, but as a privilege. When he reached Lily Fountain and saw the "Grace of God," he wept for joy. But he was not content to enter into another's labor, and joyfully undertook the projected mission in company with Jacob Links and Jonas Yager. They left Lily Fountain in June, 1825, and proceeded on their perilous journey. Mr. Shaw heard of the party up to August 6th. At that date, they had suffered much from the disturbed state of the country through which they passed, and they had had the usual experience of African travellers in hunger and thirst, and narrow escapes from wild beasts; but they were pressing forward, joyfully trusting in God. Months passed, and no intelligence arriving, fears began to be entertained for their safety, which was soon afterwards confirmed. They had all been murdered in the night by a party of savages who had offered to act as guides; the only motive being the possession of a few trifles they had about them. The death of Mr. Threlfall and his native assistants produced a deep sensation in England as well as Africa. High hopes had been entertained for them. They were all under the age of thirty—all eminently fitted for missionary labor. There was no reserve in the offering which Mr. Threlfall laid upon the altar. His service, his life, his property were all joyfully consecrated to Christ. But the work which the Master had given him to do, was soon completed, and he was called to enter into rest. No man knows the spot where his dust reposes; but the angels know it well, and the sons and daughters of Africa will not forget that he gave his life for their redemption.

The churches in Africa, and the Society in England, in whose service these men had fallen, felt that their martyrdom called on them for renewed exertions. Others sprang up ready to fill their places, and to carry the standard which had fallen from their hands into the region which they designed to occupy. New fields opened in every direction around them, and willing hearts were found for the arduous work. The Wesleyan missionaries, like all others in South Africa, have had many trials and difficulties; but in them all, God has sustained and blessed them, and his work has prospered in their hands. From the beginning, fifty years ago, we have noticed that their stations have extended from the coast of Demarara on the west, to the Amazula district on the east. Civilization as well as Christianity has followed their steps, and now, they preach the gospel and publish the Scriptures in the Kaffre, the Bassa, the Sesuto, the Gredo, and the Sichuana languages. The countries through which they have moved, bear testimony to the blessing of God on their beneficent labors. Fragile huts have given place to comfortable houses. Habits of industry and thrift have been introduced. The land is cultivated; and, by careful irrigation, many a barren spot is made to blossom as the rose.

This Society has at present, five hundred and forty-three chapels, and other preaching places in South Africa, a seminary for training native preachers, and fifty schools where thousands are gathered for instruction. The intelligence reached us recently, that these churches are enjoying an unusual and glorious outpouring of the Spirit—that the affliction through which they have passed on account of the drought of the last four years, is being followed by spiritual joy and heavenly riches. So the words of the prophet are fulfilled, "The Lord will comfort Zion, he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."—*Star.*

THE PULPIT.

Rev. Mr. Punshon, in his address at the Canada Conference, uttered those pregnant and powerful words on the dignity, topic, aim, and exceeding great reward of preaching:

Take heed to your preaching. This is, after all, the main thing. If you are no preacher, you are nothing. Let the pulpit be your throne. Who says that the pulpit has become effete? or that it has lost its power? God himself has put the pulpit on the throne. The preacher is not the lecturer, nor the philosopher, nor the critic, but the lifter up of the Cross and the Saviour. This is your work. O, if you fail here, you miss your way. If there be anything in our ministry that does not lead to Christ, it is a strange doctrine; God himself will destroy it; it is a blemish which disfigures the whole; it is but as the meteor of the marsh, which may beguile, but cannot dissipate the darkness. It suggests the idea of darkness in the blaze of day, like the glare of the city gaslight kindled in mockery of noon. Then preach Christ. You ask me how to preach Christ? In your own style. If you have the imagination of the poet, use it; if you have the eloquence of a Cicero, use it; if you have a quiet style of your own, then be yourself. If you have the polish in the grain, bring it out; don't let the pine grain sneer at the mahogany grain. Don't let us have the class of revival and non-revival brethren. Be lucid as Matthew, if you can; logical as Paul, poetic as Isaiah, tender and melting as John the beloved, and stern and fiery as Ezekiel, only let us feel the power! You need power—power over the conscience. If you speak to the imagination, the poet will beat you; if you speak to the disputer, you will be worsted; but speak to the conscience, and no man can rival you there. You are a Czar of many lands.

Above all, be in earnest. Preach wisely; aim at the fifth rib; let there be no affectation; not the bursting of a volcano, but the gentle dawning of a light, that, while it would not wake the slumbering babe, would fill the world with glory.

Aim at success. God's word promises it: "As I live, saith the Lord, my word shall not return void unto me." Trust God. The husbandman patiently waiteth, believeth, for the precious fruit of the earth; so may you. Expect success. You have the power, and you have the promise. May God save us from invoking excuses for want of success, when our barrenness should drive us to our knees! Let us dread, above all things, the curse of an unfaithful ministry. Preach the Gospel. Don't fear because of the pride or rank or of wealth; don't be afraid of them, lest you have the guilt of souls on your hands. Let not the blood of souls be on your skirts. "Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation." He who labors for God will get souls. O, that you all may invoke the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon those young brethren!" and let the people say Amen."

DISAPPOINTED OLD AGE.

Rossini, the great French musician, received a short time since, a magnificent ovation on the occasion of the *five hundredth performance* of his great work, William Tell. The greatest artists of Paris assembled at midnight in front of his residence, and performed and sung his renowned compositions, and presented him with a golden laurel crown, inscribed with the dates of the first and last performance of William Tell, nearly forty years apart. This is not the first demonstration of the kind this wonderful composer has received. No doubt he is looked upon by the multitude as the happiest of men. What does he say to a friend who congratulates him on his continued triumphs? "I would give all this glory that the world envies me, all my operas, all that I have done, for some sweet days of *youth* and *love.*"

So would the richest men in our land, the most successful statesmen, orators, poets, artists, who have not laid up treasure in heaven, all say, if they could be met in an honest hour. Early in life the Saviour met them, and whispered by his Spirit: "Come to me, and I will give thee a *crown* of glory when thy work of life is ended—eternal *youth* and everlasting *love.*" But on they pressed saying: "By-and-by, when I have my fill of wealth, fame, and glory, I will listen to thee."

He who made them knew they were for love; knew that the soft touch of a child's hand would out-charm the golden laurel crown. He knew that exhaustation and satiety would seize them, and they would cry out for an hour of true happiness and love.

Young man about to sell all for worldly fame; young woman ready to sacrifice eternal joy for an hour of fashion and pleasure; pause and listen to the words of a gifted, venerable man, who has gained all you seek. That "convenient season" to which you look will not come. The still voice you refused to hear will no longer plead. Your desolate heart will cry out from under your purple robe for an hour of youth and love, but cry in vain. Your laurel-crowned head will droop for want of a bosom of affection on which to lean. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, wile the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—*American Messenger.*

A CHRISTIAN AT HOME.

"I find it most difficult to be a Christian at home in my own house," was the remark of an excellent Christian lady, in a religious experience meeting. Her experience, in this respect is, we apprehend, the experience of thousands of others, both men and women. And the remark applies to Christians of every station—to the high and the low, the learned and ignorant, and to the minister as well as the laymen. Many find it comparatively easy to be earnest and even enthusiastic Christians in the public congregation or the prayer or class meeting, who, at home in their own houses, betray weaknesses that are a reproach to their profession, and dishonoring to Christ. Many, too, are very exemplary Christians in their out-door mingling with general society, who, in their own families, are so crooked and perverse as to raise in the minds of other members of the family grave doubts as to the genuineness of their pretensions.

We have, for example, known a minister in the church whose piety abroad was held in some esteem, but, in his own family, at a most positive discount. In his preaching, he was plain, practical, and sound, but his children had but slender faith in him. Such were his frequent outbursts of violent and unchristian temper, and frequently protracted churlishness, that in their judgement the marks of the true Christian were wanting.

Many a mother finds it difficult, amid the perplexities of her family cares, to preserve a proper Christian equanimity. She designs well, but often circumstances prove too much for her, and, before she is aware, she gives way to that which is the very reverse of honoring to her profession as a disciple of Jesus. Baffled in her oft-renewed resolution to lead an exemplary Christian life, she is led to the same reflection with the Christian lady above referred to, that she finds it most difficult to be a Christian at home in her own household.

That perfect freedom and unreserve of family intimacy, which, in its proper sphere, becomes one of the chiefest blessings of the family relation, frequently becomes a source of departure from a proper Christian behaviour. A husband and wife, for example, who, in their general intercourse with society, carefully exhibit a good deportment, will, between themselves, sometimes, take such liberties in expressing sentiments and feelings, and occasionally gave way to such exhibitions of temper as are highly inconsistent with true Christian character, and injurious to Christian enjoyment. Thus, a privilege designed, and in its very nature calculated, to be productive of the purest family happiness, is changed into a source of evil.

We think we say rightly, when we say that there is no other field where the claim of any one to the title of Christians may be so strongly established, and, when established, prove so really beneficial in its influence, as in the family. That man or woman who shall overcome all the little temptations presented in the daily course of family life, exhibits a more real victory, than he who braves peril in defence of his faith, Danger may be met and heroic deeds performed, under the influence of a special stimulus, but to preserve an entire steadiness and propriety amid the petty vexations of daily life, requires the support of a courage and perseverance of the highest order. It was in reference to this fact that the wise man said, that "he that ruleth his own spirit is stronger than he that taketh a city.

If Christians would be uniformly consistent in their own families, the power of Christianity, in its practical workings, would be vastly augmented. Husbands and wives would add much to their mutual strength. The influence of parents over their children, in leading them in the way of Christ, would be greatly increased. No kind of persuasion or argument is so potent as that of a consistent life. And no other means can be used by parents with success, in inducing their children to be religious, as their own sincere and uniformly upright Christian life. And so, also, when Christian families shall be more truly and consistently Christian, will their influence in proportionately greater degree tell in wienning the world to Christ.—*Telescope.*

TRUSTING MAN AND CHRIST.

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the gospel, by writing a note asking him to come to see him at six o'clock, after he left "the work."

He came promptly with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said:

"The letter! *The letter?*"

"O," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely, sir! surely, sir!" replied James.

"Well, see, here is another letter sending for you by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper and began to read slowely—"*Come—unto—Me—all—ye—that—labour,*" &c. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket-pocket, grasping his large, red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired:

"Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "If we recieve the witness of men, the witness of God is greater!" This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be persuaded to believe God when He speaks to you in His Word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honorable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "*He cannot deny Himself.*"

HOW TO MAKE A CONGREGATION DECLINE.

Absent yourself from the public ordinances whenever you take a notion. Others will learn from your example that they need not be very conscientious about attending on public worship.

Talk in discouraging terms about the prospects of the congregation. This will make people keep a good distance, for no person wishes to connect himself with a sinking cause.

That you may be able to talk thus, take little or no interest in the welfare of the congregation yourself, excepting as you can find fault with something.

Take care that your church (or lecture-room) be moderately cold and uncomfortable. This will keep you from being crowded out of your seats by strangers, for none will attend but those who have the spirit of martyrdom.

Place your church at the outskirts of the town or village, and let it be accessible only through much mud. Why, if people love the ordinances, this will not keep them away.

When you are asked for a small contribution to put your church in as decent repair as you keep your own private dwelling, be sure to complain that you have always to be giving money.

EVIDENCE OF A GOOD HOPE.

1. An inward and heartfelt satisfaction in contemplating the character, and attributes of God, as revealed in the Scriptures. "A spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth."

2. Delight in God's law, its precepts and penalty.

3. Satisfaction in the worship of God, and in the ordinances of the gospel. Secret prayer; family prayer; the prayer-meeting; public worship; the Lord's Supper.

4. A peculiar love to those who are striving to be like Christ.

5. A benevolent affection and desire for the happiness of all mankind.

6. Cheerfulness in practising self denial for Christ's sake; leaving off bad and expensive habits for Christ's sake, or for the sake of other people, as for our own sake; giving cheerfully to bless the world and spread religion.

7. A mind to forgive and pray for enemies.

8. An habitual mind to consult God in all our ways: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

9. A fixed determination to do every duty to God, to ourselves, to all men.

Remarks. 1. The "assurance of hope" is desirable.

2. Others have obtained it, and why may not we obtain it?

3. The comfort of a good hope will amply compensate for all the effort which attainment costs.—*Christian Secretary*

Acts and their Consequences.—There is something solemn and awful in the thought that there is not an act nor a thought in the life of a human being, but carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. Not one but, to a certain extent, gives a colour to our own life, and insensibly influences the lives of those about us. The good deed or thought will live, even though we may not see it fructify, but so will the bad; and no person is so insignificant as to be sure that his example will not do good on the one hand, nor evil on the other. There is, indeed, an essence of immortality in the life of men even in this world. No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future. The living man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries. Generations six thousand years deep stand behind us, each laying its hands upon its successor's shoulders, and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future. No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing generations of men for all time to come. It is in this momentous and solemn fact that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies.

"Dip it up, Then!"—A ship was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down toward the distressed ship and hailed them.

"What is the matter?"

"We are dying for water," was the response.

"Dip it up, then!" was answered. "You are in the mouth of the Amazon river!"

There those sailors were thirsting, and suffering, and fearing and longing for water, and supposing that there was nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when, in fact, they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe and did not know it. And though to them it seems that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to "dip it up!" Jesus Christ says: "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." Thirsting soul, the flood is all around you; "dip it up, then!" and drink, and thirst no more.

What Must you do.—Reader, do you feel the slightest drawing toward God, the smallest concern about your immortal soul? Does your conscience tell you this day that you are not forgiven, and have not yet felt the Spirit's power, and do you want to know what to do? Listen and I will tell you:

You must *go at once to the Lord Jesus Christ in prayer*, and beseech him to have mercy upon you, and send you the Spirit. You must go direct to that open fountain of living waters, the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost.—(John vii. 39.) Begin at once to pray to Jesus for the Holy Spirit. Think not that you are shut up and cut off from hope. The Holy Ghost is promised to them that ask him. Give the Lord no rest until he comes down and makes you a new heart. Cry mightily unto the Lord; say unto him, bless me, even me also; quicken me, and make me alive."

I dare not, for my part, send anxious souls to *any one but Christ.* I cannot hold with those who tell men to pray for the Holy Spirit in the first place, in order that they may go to Christ in the second place. I see no warrant of Scripture for saying so. I only see that if men feel they are needy, perishing sinners, they ought to apply first and formost, straight and direct to Jesus Christ.—I see that he himself says: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." (John vii. 37.) I know it is his special office to baptize with the Holy Ghost, and that "In him all fulness dwell." I dear not pretend to be more systematic than the Bible. I believe that Christ is the meeting place between God and the soul; and my first advice must always be, *Go to Jesus and tell your wants to Him.*

Reader, remember this. I have told you what to do. You are to *to go to Christ* if you want to be saved.—*J. C. Ryle.*

MISCELLANY.

I never could believe that a man who did not find God in other places as well as in the Bible, ever found him there at all. And I always thought that to find God in other books enabled us to see clearly that He was *more* in the Bible than in any other book, or all other books put together.—*G. Macdonald.*

God takes away our friends that we may look to him for sympathy. When our affections were exercised upon objects around us, when we rejoiced in their abundant sympathy, we did not feel the need of Divine sympathy. But when they were taken away we felt our need of God's sympathy and support. We were brought to realize that He alone could give support, and form an adequate portion for the soul. Thus are our earthly props removed that we may rest firmly and wholly upon God.

How to work for Christ.—A clergyman observing a poor man by the road breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling, to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones." The man replied, "Perhaps, master, you do not work *on your knees.*"

Tell-tale Spectacles.—Some gentlemen called upon an old woman, and inquired if she had a Bible. She was very angry at being asked such a question, and replied: "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you ask such a question? Run and fetch the Bible out of the drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." They desired that she would not take the trouble; but she insisted that they should "see she was not a heathen." Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered. On opening it, the old woman exclaimed: "Well, how glad I am that you called and asked about the Bible! Here are my spectacles! I have been looking for them these three years, but I did not know where to find them!"—*Ch. Times.*

How very anxious many are to have ministers preach in the Spirit, so that in hearing they shall feel much and be benefited. Their anxiety is commendable, and ministers are sometimes in fault in not being so in the Spirit as not to fail of preaching "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." But the fault is sometimes with the hearers. They are not in the Spirit, and good sermons do not seem good to them. The word preached does "not profit, not being mixed with faith" in those that hear it. Ministers should preach spiritual discourses, and professing Christians should have the spirit when they hear. Then God's word will have free course, and great good will be done.

Trust in God.—Wesley, in a sermon at Doncaster in 1790, related the following circumstance: "A poor woman, of Romanist persuasion, having had the misfortune to break her china crucifix, immediately went to her priest to inform him, mourning greatly on account of the sad occurrence, and frequently crying out: 'Now I have broken my crucifix, I have nothing to trust in but the great God.'" When Wesley repeated these words, he appeared to feel strongly, and in a manner peculiar to himself, exclaimed: "What a mercy she had a great God to trust in!" A respectable Romanist, who occasionally visited the chapel, was present, and was powerfully affected. "The great God to trust in" touched his heart. He was very deeply convinced of his need of salvation, and joined the Methodist society, became an ornament to religion, and to the day of his death was an ardent admirer of Wesley.

A Timely Sermon on the Snooze.—About the middle of last century, the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, was once crossing the Frith of Forth in one of the large sailing boats then used for passengers as well as goods. On board was a motley crowd of people, going over to a fair in Fife. Their language and conduct were so offensive, that the godly man's heart was deeply grieved, and he wondered how he could do them any good. Midway in the passage a sudden gale arose, and the boat was tossed on the waves. The oaths ceased, and the alarmed people crowded around the servant of Christ, whom they had previously shunned. Mr. Brown offered up a prayer for their safety in which all earnestly joined. On their reaching Burntisland, he called upon them to stay on the shore for a little. Grateful for their deliverance, they did so, while he addressed them on their sins, and Christ as the only hope of sinners. After years proved that souls were gathered into the fold that day.

Business for Christ.—Many years ago happening to be in South Wales, I made the acquaintance of a Welsh gentleman. He was then a landed proprietor, living in his own mansion. He had been before carrying on an extensive business in a large town. By the death of a relative he had unexpectedly come into possession of this property. After considering whether he should retire from business, he made up his mind he should still continue to carry it on, though not for himself, but for Christ. I could not help being struck with the gleesomeness of a holy mind which lighted up his countenance when he said: "I never knew before what real happiness was. Formerly I wrought as a master to earn a livelihood for myself, but now I am carrying on the same work as diligently as if for myself, and even more so, but it is now for Christ, and every half-penny of profits is handed over to the treasury of the Lord, and I feel that the smile of my Saviour rests upon me. I think that is an example worthy of being imitated.—*Dr. Duff.*