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Religious Intelligence.

HORRORS OF HEATHENISM.

The following extracts from letters by persons, one of whom now is, and the other has recently been, an eye witness that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, may interest our readers. The first is from Mrs. Phillips, the wife of one of the Free Will Baptist Missionaries now in India. It is dated JELLASORE, India, May 25, 1852. The second is from Mrs. Bachelier who with her husband recently returned home, on account of ill health. It is dated Nov. 26, 1852. We copy them from the *Morning Star*. What Christian can read them, with the appeal from the *Native Preacher*, which also follows, and not feel that God has claims on him beyond his own neighbourhood. We wish to awaken the sympathies of our readers in behalf of those, whose sorrows are multiplied in *adoring after another god*. Ed.

As many of our readers at home have desired us to give more detailed accounts of the horrors of heathenism, I will give a few incidents that have passed under my own observation, and brought most forcibly to mind the Scripture which says, that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.

Some time since, a poor wayfarer man was taken ill and stopped in the bazar near our place, but the cruel unfeeling people for fear of pollution and the expense of removing the corpse in case of death, drove him from the place, telling him to go to the missionary, he would feed him. Accordingly he came and took shelter in our school house veranda, where he received food and medicine and such care as circumstances would allow. The poor man lingered for several days, and then, while lying in the shade of a tree, his spirit took its flight to that land from whence none return. I soon learned that the poor sufferer was no more, and sent, as is necessary in such cases, to inform the police of the fact, desiring to have the corpse removed. Soon one of those officials appeared, followed by a most loathsome looking being whose office was bazar scavenger. I was informed that I must pay the man for his services, which I readily consented to do, and they took their leave. A few moments after, I looked out to see if the man was attending to his duty, and the sight that met my eyes produced feelings in my heart which surpass description.

The worse than unfeeling being, I had from necessity engaged to perform the last office of humanity for that poor forsaken one, had placed a noose about his neck and was dragging him across the compound in a state of nudity. As I was out with our children in the evening, I found that the corpse had been thrown into a ditch beside the road, but a few rods from our house, and by sunrise the following morning, all that remained of this poor fellow-being was a few bones which had been picked and scattered in various directions by wild dogs, jackalls, &c.

Some time ago we were called to witness a most painful exhibition of that Scripture which declares that, Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god.

A Hindustani pilgrim, with a large basket on his head, followed by his wife, came to our door one morning, and placing his load on the floor began to beg. I asked him what he had in his basket, when he removed a number of the most filthy dirty rags and exhibited a poor helpless infant but a few weeks old, as dirty as its covering, and emaciated to a mere skeleton. On inquiry, the man informed me that himself and wife left home about three months before to visit the lord of the World (Jugernath), and that this little one had been born on the road, and that by carrying it thus exposed to the sun, its eyes had quite run out! I examined the little innocent, as it lay almost motionless in the basket, and found that it was verily so, nor will you, I trust, think strange when I tell you that I felt an inward satisfaction on seeing signs of the early dissolution of this innocent little sufferer.—Hannah C. Phillips.

TO THE SISTERS ENGAGED IN THE MISSION CAUSE.

After an absence of six years from my native land, most of which has been spent among the heathen, I am once

more in a land of Sabbaths and of church going bells; and as I think of the darkness and death, the superstition and cruelty, the unhappy ignorance and abject hopelessness of the poor people among whom I have dwelt, and then of the heavy, fearful debt we owe them, and the utter covetousness (which is idolatry) and heartlessness of many to whom in eternity this uncanceled debt may prove the worm that never dieth; and when I think that the last shadow of an excuse why the men and money should not be sent to distant lands to pay this fearful debt, has been clearly taken away by the California expedition, an expedition which has enlisted the hearts and energies of the ignorant, as well as of the intelligent man, of the female, as well as of the male, which has made so many desolate firesides, so many widows and fatherless children, and may we not safely add, so many wretched victims to America's great idol? And when I know that there is a chord in every human heart, which if but rightly touched by a skilful hand, will feel, and produce action;—I say, when I think of all this, I long for a pen endowed with life and power, which shall also wake to life and power that dormant chord in the heart's deep fount. I long to portray, in living light, the sorrows and wants of those who hasten after other gods, sorrows and wants which most truly concern each and every one of us. But I remember that they have been portrayed by an inspired apostle, with more startling vividness than any living missionary can hope successfully to imitate. And so the most that I can hope to do, will be in my feeble way to illustrate a few points, in this description, from what my own eyes have seen. Among other things, Paul says that the heathen are without natural affection. An instance proving this I will name. On one of our coldest mornings in India, a wild looking woman, with tangled hair hanging over her face, brought a young infant to our house to give away. The poor little thing was destitute of any clothing, and apparently nearly famished. As soon as the mother found that I would take her child, she put it out of her arms with the utmost indifference, and turning round, walked away; and though she lived for nearly four years within a mile and a half of the child, I never knew her to come and see her, or even to inquire for her. She belongs to a class of females very numerous in India, a class bred and appropriated to licentiousness by their parents, and for aught I know, it is considered by the community in general, as respectable a trade as any other. These females are always seen at the corners of streets and buildings, arrayed in gaudy colors, with painted faces and wrists, ankles and toes, covered with ornaments, beckoning to the passers by. Of the various monstrous and abominable systems of licentiousness, woven into the religion of the heathen, and forming an essential part of it, it is impossible to write. The apostle's description comprehends it, "filled with licentiousness." One more instance of the want of natural affection. A family was returning from a pilgrimage to Jugernath, and while passing through our place, an adult daughter was seized with cholera. She was immediately forsaken by the party, among whom was her own mother, and left, stripped of everything, to die alone. Her last dying groan was, "Mother, mother!" Another trait in the description is "unmerciful." One day, not far from our house, we saw a young man lying in great distress, and apparently near death, but alone, on the ground, and without a vestige of property of any kind. While we stood for a moment, a number of idle gazers from the opposite side of the way, came to look at us, but evinced no interest in the sufferer. At eventide, his flesh was furnishing a banquet for the vulture and dog.

Near the same place, on another evening, a poor old woman, in a dying state, lay on the saturated ground, with the rain pouring pitifully into her face and eyes, while her fellow-pilgrims were within a few feet of her, (though under cover,) cooking and eating their evening meals, heeding not, nor caring for their dying companion. But I have not time or room to cite more cases, though volumes might be filled with similar ones.—S. P. Bachelier.

A LETTER FROM A NATIVE PREACHER.

To the General Conference of the F. Baptists in N. America.

WORTHY AND DEAR BRETHREN:—We were not worthy that you should send and cultivate this jungle, i. e. to destroy the kingdom of Satan, where he has ever reigned in the hearts of the people, and establish the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ; nevertheless, you have zealously done so, and for this favor, this great mercy, we confess to you with very tender minds. But you will allow us to entreat further, and make you acquainted with the wants of our needy and destitute countrymen.

From generation to generation the natives of this country, dwelling in great darkness, have worshipped various false gods and goddesses. Not knowing what a true refuge is, they have sought salvation in false refuges. But, now, by the grace of God, and your zeal, the light has begun to shine a little. Those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death, have received the news of the light of life. Many who formerly sought salvation from gods and goddesses, now regard these as false. Hence we bless the Lord. But,

will hearing that the physician has come, cure the sick? Not so; so also, what will it benefit those destitute of salvation simply to hear the gospel? Very little! But if it can be properly divided to each one, then the gain will be great. O, brethren, consider, will hearing of the riches of the rich remove the distress of the destitute? Not so; but they wait in the hope of receiving. O sirs, through the knowledge of the true God, you are very rich. Hearing this, the people of this country, as the thirsty hart panteth for the cooling water, so do they cry out in their distress, and call to you for the water of life. Fastening their eyes, they look steadfastly on you, that they may receive the true light. This must have come to your ears.

But, O sirs, hearing this cry of distress, how long will you delay to satisfy these hungry and thirsty people? O, be entreated to provide for them quickly, for they expect assistance only from you. The rope by which they may be saved, is in your hands. O sirs, they are perishing: quickly throw them the rope! seizing hold of it, we shall live. For preaching the gospel of the Saviour, the life-giver, and for turning the wicked from their wicked ways, O sirs, send more preachers to this land, that the word of life may be divided and planted in the mind of every one. This is our petition.

This country is unknown to you, that is, you do not see it. O could you know the customs of this country, you could not avoid weeping continually. You would walk about and cry daily. As fish without water, so you would be in distress. O sirs, to feed the hungry in this dark land, there are, by the grace of God, and your zeal, three missionaries, and with them three or four native preachers. But in so large a field what can these do? As a straw floating on the ocean, so are they! For sending these we love and praise you. O sirs, we know you greatly desire the salvation of the heathen. But suffer me to plead. The people of this country, like a flowing river, are passing away down to hell! There is no one to turn them, and save them. Therefore, seek continually their rescue, and aid them in that they need. Do not forget us.

The three missionaries, Phillips sahib at Jellalore, and Bachelier sahib at Balasore, labor very diligently to preach the gospel to the Hindoos, and establish the church of Christ in this country; and Cooley sahib is laboring very diligently to learn the language of the people of this country. But as Christ commanded his disciples to pray the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth more laborers, so we pray to Him, and to you, for more laborers for this country. Be pleased to accept this our supplication! From your brother in Christ

MAHESH CHUNDR.

THE BIBLE IN FRANCE.

From Mr. de Pressense, Paris, July 1, 1852.

I will now furnish you with some observations respecting the work of colportage, which are for the most part taken from the recent journals of the Colporteurs.

In several districts the following observations, or others to a similar purport, have been addressed to our Colporteurs, and these have caused me much pleasure:—

"As for you, you are men of the Bible: you never speak of aught else. You certainly are not men of this world. Whether Louis Napoleon or Louis Philippe sits upon the throne, it matters very little to you. You are comical fellows: you seem as if you neither belonged to the Republic, to the empire, or to any thing else: and to look at you, and to listen to you, one might almost say that God is always before you, and that it is he who governs. How comes this? Explain yourselves."

I say that these observations have caused me pleasure, since they apply without distinction to all our agents: and because they prove that they keep themselves carefully aloof from all political discussions, which might be calculated to compromise their work. But they occasion me peculiar pleasure from the fact that they also apply, as this has but quite recently been the case, to five or six of our new Colporteurs, with whose advanced political opinion I was acquainted; and you know by this term *advanced* we have understood Socialists opinions, in however slight a degree. You are well aware that our Colporteurs, with very few exceptions, belong to the labouring classes, among whom these opinions are most prevalent. I will add, that their conversion from Catholicism to Protestantism is a proof that they are men of a decided independence of character who, from their want of education, are, more than others, exposed to fall into extremes.

Oh! I can assure you that the power of the Holy Spirit's operation shows itself in a marvellous manner in the facts which I am now mentioning. Did you but know, as I do, the antecedents of the devoted men whom your Society employs in France; if you could witness, as I do, their utter distaste of all that the world admires, and their devotedness to all that the angels in heaven rejoice over; yes, I repeat, if you could witness all these things, you would more decidedly share with me the conviction, that you are here accomplishing a work, which will, sooner or later, produce a