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

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NEW SERIES.

SAINT JOHN, NEW

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Religious.

THE KILLING TIME IN SCOTLAND.

No king ever had ministers and servants so ready to sacrifice their lives for him as Jesus Christ had, at that time, (1680,) in Scotland. No crown was ever so steadfastly upheld by its subjects.

The persecution was not confined to the ministers only, but extended also to their hearers, and even to women. Two young persons, Isabel Alison and Marion Harvie, were accused of having been present at Cargill's field preachings. Marion was a young girl of twenty. "At fourteen or fifteen," she said to her judge, "I was a hearer of the curates, and then I was a blasphemer, and a chapter of the Bible was a burden to me." "I bless God, Isabel," she remarked to her friend, "that He has given me life that I may lay it down for His name's sake. If I could live a thousand years by forsaking the truths of the gospel, I would not give up one." When led to the scaffold, these two Christian maidens sang the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and the 84th—

"How lovely is thy dwelling place;
O Lord of Hosts to me;
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O, living God, for thee!"

When about to be executed, Marion Harvie, wishing to testify what was the faith for which she was to lay down her life—the doctrine of the true Head of the Church—exclaimed: "I am brought here this day, for having confessed, as I still do, that Jesus Christ is the King of Zion, and the Head of his people!" After this she died, on the 26th of January, 1681. Thus did country girls in Scotland feel themselves called upon to maintain the same truth as the doctors and leaders of the flocks.

A more noted victim was now to fall by this persecution. Cargill, hunted from place to place, was still preaching in the most secluded districts. For this purpose he often had to take long and painful journeys. One Sunday, having walked all the morning to reach the place where the people were to assemble, at Tinto Hill, he arrived fatigued, thirsty, and almost fainting. An old man, coming from the crowd, offered him, in his blue bonnet, a little cold water from a neighbouring spring. The minister drank it, and without any other refreshment, preached the whole day. On the 10th of July, he preached the Gospel at Dunsyre Common, and slept at Covington Mill. But his enemies were on the watch. At day-break, a troop of dragoons surrounded the mill, seized the preacher, and carried him to Edinburgh, where, being led before the council, he was condemned to death. "I am," said he, "a Christian, a Protestant, a Presbyterian; and I die, testifying against Popery, Prelacy, Erastianism, and all manner of defection from the truth of God." When led to the scaffold, he approached the cord by which he was to be hanged, and declared that he went up to the ladder with less fear and perturbation of mind than ever he entered the pulpit to preach the word of God to sinners. "I am no more terrified at death, nor afraid of hell, because of sin, than if I never had sin; for all my sins are freely pardoned and washed away through the precious blood and intercession of Jesus Christ." Sweet Christian words! It was on the 27th of July, 1681, that he sealed with his blood, the testimony he had borne to Jesus, the only King of the Church.

Cargill was no more. There was now no one left who preached in the fields. "The wise men, had rejected the word of the Lord." Jer. 8:9. The persecution, therefore, ceased for a while, but, in 1684, began the sanguinary period called in Scotland, "the killing time;" and in 1685, the Papist, James the II., having succeeded his brother Charles, the desolation of the people of God increased yet more and more. They were hunted like wild beasts among moors, mountains, and rugged rocks. In vain they passed the night, lying on wild heaths, under the vault of heaven, or cooped up in the natural caverns among the rocks; no retreat was sufficiently secure, sufficiently retired, to shelter them from the cruel search of their enemies. Everywhere they encountered spies, betrayers, and murderers. The enemy said, as once did Pharaoh, "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them." Exod. 15:9.

Driven to the utmost extremity, these unhappy people raised a cry of distress. "Did not the Lord," thought they, "blow his wind against the enemies of his chosen ones, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters?" On the 18th of October, 1684, they posted up in many of the market places in Scotland, a solemn declaration, recounting their sufferings, and expressing their abhorrence of the principle by which it was thought right to put to death those who differed in opinion from their murderers; and declaring, that for the sake of their own defence, they repented as enemies, and would pursue as such, whosoever should proceed against them, especially as spies and informers.

The curates and their vile emissaries then retaliated a little in their proceedings; but the Privy Council, incensed to the last degree, passed, on the 22nd of November, "The Bloody Act," by which, whoever would not disown this declaration should immediately be put to death.

The persecution then raged more violently than ever. One day, two women, Margaret McLauchlan, a widow of sixty-three, and Margaret Wilson, a girl of eighteen, were praying together at Wighton, in Galloway. Margaret Wilson, her brother Thomas, aged sixteen, and her sister Agnes, aged thirteen, had been obliged to leave their father's farm to avoid submission to the prelates, and had

concealed themselves for some time in the moors. They had left these wilds, and taken refuge with the widow McLauchlan, when they were apprehended while committing the crime of praying. The old woman and the young girl were tried and condemned to death, and, for their execution, a torture of a special kind was chosen.—Near Blendnock, two large stakes were driven into the sea, a few paces from the shore; and at low water the two women were tied to them, care being taken to place the young girl higher than the widow, that she might perish the last, and thus witness the death of her aged friend. When this was done, the soldiers stood on the shore, carelessly leaning on their halberds, and surrounded by a great crowd of people, waiting until the rising tide, that new executioner of the vengeance of the prelates and Privy Council, should slowly engulf these sainted victims. Soon, indeed, did the waves roll onwards, and, in the sight of the young girl, slowly but inevitably rose and covered the body of the Christian widow. One after another they covered her limbs, her bosom, her neck, her lips. By this means, it was intended to terrify Margaret Wilson, and subdue her. But, looking serenely upon her venerable friend, she exclaimed, "What do I see but Christ, in one of His members, wrestling there? Think you that we are the sufferers? No; it is Christ in us; for He sends none a warfare on their own charges."—The Christian maiden thus continued praying and witnessing for Christ, while the cold and cruel waves were rising round her own body. She then began to sing the 27th Psalm, "To thee I lift my soul, O Lord;" and afterwards part of the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died;" and some verses following. She thus continued speaking until the ocean covered her head and choked her utterance. Her torturers then ran towards her, and, while she was yet breathing, cut the cords, and drew the young Scotch girl from the waves. They laid her on the shore, and waited till she was restored to consciousness. On being asked if she would not pray for the King, she replied: "I wish the salvation of all men, and the damnation of none." "Dear Margaret," cried one of the spectators with emotion, "only say, God save the King!" she answered as one who neither wished for life, nor feared death: "God bless the King, for he is the true King of Scotland." Her relations and friends, in a transport of joy, turned quickly to Major Windram, who superintended the execution. "O, Sir, she has said it, she has said it!" But the Major required her to take the oath of abjuration, in which the Papist, James the II., was to be acknowledged as head of the Church. Firm in her faith she replied, "I will not. I am one of Christ's children. Let me go!" The soldiers again threw her into the sea, where she perished, to enter at last into the rest that remaineth to the people of God.

But this was not the end. Persecution sought out the most sober Christians. At Priesthill, in Ayrshire, lived a plain and pious man, John Brown by name, who earned his living by the occupation of a carrier. Although he had never openly resisted the State, he was hunted by the Prelate party, on account of his attachment to evangelical principles.—His solitary cottage had sometimes sheltered a persecuted minister; he did not attend the service of the curates, and on Sunday evening, he would assemble a few children to instruct them in the knowledge of the Bible. This school, in that lonely part of Scotland, was the first of the Sunday-schools in Britain, and perhaps in the evangelical world. Brown had preceded Raikes.

Claverhouse—whom Walter Scott has transformed into a hero, but who, in history, is nothing but a man of violence and a persecutor—seeing the infidelity of this Christian, vowed his destruction. On the first of May, 1685, Brown, who had just celebrated domestic worship, between six and seven in the morning, was on his way to work, when three troops of dragoons came galloping towards him, with Claverhouse at their head. They brought him back to his house, saying to him, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die." He knelt down upon the heath, and prayed aloud with so much fervor, that the soldiers were quite affected.—Thrice did the impatient Claverhouse interrupt him, saying, "I gave you time to pray, and you have begun to preach." During this interval, Brown's wife, hearing a noise, had come out of her cottage, carrying an infant in her arms, and a little girl, frightened at the sight of the soldiers, clinging to her gown. "Take good night of your wife and children," said Claverhouse. Turning to his wife, he said, "Now, Isabel, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me." "Indeed, John," she answered, "in this cause I am willing to part with you." Brown then kissed his wife and children, and Claverhouse commanded his troopers to fire.—But the martyr's prayers had touched the hard hearts of the soldiers of the Papist James; they refused to act the part of executioners, to which however, they were well accustomed. Walter Scott's hero, enraged at this, took a pistol from his saddle-bow, and at once shot dead the disciple of Jesus. Then turning to her whom he had just made a widow, he said, in a tone of mockery: "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" Isabel replied, "I ever thought much of him, and more now than ever." Claverhouse set spurs to his horse, and the horror-struck dragoons galloped off after him, leaving Isabel alone with the corpse. She laid her infant on the ground, gathered the scattered brains of her beloved husband, and taking the handkerchief from

her neck, bound up the head, which had been shattered to pieces by the Jacobite's pistol. Then laying out his lifeless body, she covered it with her plaid, and sat down beside it, with her baby on her lap; and, clasping in her arms the little girl, who filled the air with her cries, she herself burst into tears. On that desert spot there was not a neighbor to assuage the widow's sorrows. Amidst this desolate years in the college and seminary course. Every seven years, God gives us a whole year of Sablation of the wild heath and of death, she had none with her but her God; but He was a present God, and his might gave strength to her heart.

Claverhouse, yet "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," (Acts 9:1,) overran other counties. Persecution was raging everywhere. If the soldiers saw a man reading the word in the fields; "Thou art a rebel," said they, "thou art reading the Bible!" and thereupon killed him. They threatened little children that they would roast them alive, to make them tell where their parents were concealed. Four hundred and ninety Christians thus perished without the form of law. Eighteen had to endure torture of various kinds. Seventeen hundred were banished. Great numbers were sent to the colonies as slaves, and two hundred of these were drowned. But nothing could subdue the fortitude of the martyrs. One of them, who was shot in the fields, exclaimed, "If I had as many lives as hairs on my head, I would willingly suffer as many deaths for the sake of Christ and his cause." "They were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment; they wandered about, destitute, afflicted, tormented. Yet they ran with patience the race set before them, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."—Heb. 11:35, 36, 12:1, 2.—*D'Aubigne's Recollections.*

A CURE FOR BACKSLIDING.

Let the doctrine once be developed and practiced upon, that the church member no less than the minister, must find a sphere in which to work, and fill it well, and that will put an end to backsliding. You may take this as an illustration. If a minister falls,—a distinguished, faithful minister,—it is trumpeted all over the world. And why? Because it is so rare. And the reason why such an occurrence is so rare is, that the minister has a direct specific work for God before him, which he is to perform. Let private Christians have some particular work for God always before them, and backsliding will be as rare among them.

Now, until we lay hold of this doctrine, of every person having something to do, we shall have backsliding as general as it now is. In the way I have proposed, it is the easiest thing in the world to prevent backsliding.

I wish to say one word more upon this point. There is no reason why the minister should be any better than any body else, or why he should sacrifice more than others. Every man is called upon to bring in the golden sheaves—not the golden harvest; that will be at the end of the world. And all should feel that they are moved by the Spirit to work for the Lord Almighty. When this shall be the case, then shall the church stand upon the rock Christ Jesus, and not till then. The moment she takes that place, if a member is devoted to merchandise or to farming, he will say, "Here, brother, I am called upon with you to build up the cause of God. You go to preach with all your might, and I will work in my store or on my farm, and at the end of the year we will divide." Let Christians be consecrated thus, and Christianity will accomplish something. We shall no longer find Christianity merely a good passport to society; but that it gives life here and in eternity. We shall thus understand the doctrine of God manifest in the flesh. We shall be enabled to build upon the rock of ages.—*Rev. D. M. Graham's Speech before the Freewill Baptist Female Mission Society.*

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

"For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollus, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." This golden chain, together with all things present, and all things to come, is linked to the believer, because he is united unto Christ. The believer hath an interest in Christ; by an interest in Christ, he hath an interest in God; and by an interest in God, he hath an interest in all things.

All the riches, pleasures, profits, and preferences of the world are but emptiness; your wisdom, your parts, your children, your lands, your revenues, without Christ, are amount to nothing; they are but like cipher without a figure. It is said of believers, (2 Cor. 5:10,) "Having nothing, they possess all things;" because, though they had nothing in the world, yet, having Christ, they have all things; and, on the other hand, it may be truly said of the wicked and unbelieving, that, having all things, they possess nothing; because, though they had all things in the world at their will, yet, being without Christ, they have nothing; all they have is but emptiness; yea, all they have is a curse, because they have not Christ. But all good things in the world are but shadows of what is in Christ! Outward riches are but a shadow of the unsearchable riches of Christ; outward life is but a shadow of him who is the way, the truth, and the life; outward liberty is but a shadow of that freedom that is said to be had in Christ. "If the Son make you free, then you are free indeed." John 8:36; importing, that no freedom is freedom in deed and in truth but this; outward rest is but

a shadow of the rest that is to be had in him. "Come to me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will rest you." The sun in the firmament is but a shadow of the Sun of Righteousness, and of his glory; roses and lilies are but shadows of his beauty, who is the Rose of Sharon, and Lily of the valley; rivers and fountains are but shadows of his fulness, who is the Fountain of living waters; not a fountain closed, but a fountain opened to us; plants and trees are but a shadow of the verdure of him who is the plant of renown, the Tree of Life. All things that have an excellency in them are but shadows of him in whom excellencies do concenter. All the stars of creature-excellencies are but shadows of him who is the bright and Morning Star.

Who is willing to go to the Saviour? He has graciously said, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." May every reader of this article be able to respond to the voice that cries, "Come," in the spirit and resolve of the following lines:—

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me;
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
With fears within and wars without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thou wilt unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yes, thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come!

—Ralph Erskine.

DEGRADATION OF FEMALES IN INDIA.

The following is from an address delivered by the Rev. O. R. Bachelor, before the Freewill Baptist Female Mission Society at its Anniversary in Fareport New York, in October last. Mr. Bachelor was a Freewill Baptist Minister in India for several years.

It has come to the knowledge of all who have been to any extent enlightened, that a great portion of the human family are in darkness, in wretchedness, in misery,—that they are without God and without hope in the world,—and without any religion except in so far as they are under the influence of wicked spirits. And we all, men as well as women, feel to sympathize, to a certain extent, with those of our fellow beings who are thus suffering. But their is one portion of the heathens suffering to a far greater extent than others. It is woman, the heathen woman! It has come to be known that wherever Christianity has not extended its influence, woman is usually degraded. This is particularly the case in India, where I labored for years. There are circumstances in the condition of Indian women which, perhaps, more than anything else, tends to excite in the hearts of Christian women an interest in the heathen's behalf. And what is their condition? Not only are heathen women without God—the same is true of heathen men. But her degradation is deeper, she is lower sunk in misery—in physical and intellectual wretchedness, so to speak, than the man. It is well known that until the cruel sight was prohibited by the British Government, it was a common occurrence in India for women to be burnt on the funeral pile with their husbands. The laws required that she should so burn, or be banished from home and ever after lead a life of infamy. Nothing was left for her but to burn or become a polluted outcast. This is a consideration, in view of which woman is particularly called to feel.

Then again, it is well known that infanticide prevailed in India. Children are sacrificed there. But these were only females. The circumstance was hardly ever known that a family would sacrifice a male. When this cruel practice became known, all were prepared to feel for the heathen. But when we came to be acquainted with the circumstances of the case, this barbarous act was found to be but a key to a long chapter of misery and wretchedness. Where this all, we should not feel, and our sisters here would not feel, as they now do in view of these poor children that are thus sacrificed, and of their parents. In order to understand this matter, we will examine for a moment the condition of Indian society. Why do they sacrifice their female infants? Go to the Indian family! A son is born. It is an occasion of general rejoicing. The husband rejoices. He has a son that will live after him and bear his name. The wife rejoices. Now her husband will honor her somewhat occasionally for the sake of the child. Now perhaps his heart will glow with sympathy, and sometimes with love, for she is the happy mother of a son. A daughter is born! It is an occasion of general regret. The mother turns away in sorrow. The father turns away in disgust, cursing, perhaps, the mother because she has borne him a daughter. The mother looks upon the little daughter with very different feelings from those with which she would look upon a son. The son she would dandle upon her knees, press to her bosom! O my son, he will be grown up by and by, and go forth and breathe the pure air of heaven, and look upon the beauties of creation. He will go to school by and by, and there he will imbibe the wisdom of the gods, and grow up and be a man! But how different her feelings towards her little daughter, however much it may look like her. If born in the higher ranks of society, it may never see in all its life the sun rise or set. She may never go forth from her own dwelling to breathe the air, or behold the beauties of creation.—She must live in degradation, and in degradation die, for she is born to be a woman. Now my dear sisters, can you not sympathize with that poor mother's feelings in regard to her daughter, knowing that that daughter, if it lives, will be subject to all the reproaches and miseries which she is herself exposed to; that she can know nothing of literature, and never will be looked upon as an associate by her husband? Can you not readily understand how the feelings of the woman can rise above the feelings of the mother,—how she can banish the tender sensibilities from her heart, and calmly determine that that daughter shall die?

But perhaps the family belongs to the lower ranks of society. Then the mother may think of the prospects of the daughter if she lives and goes forth into the world. She must be degraded there. She must go to the fields or the woods and pick up dry branches to feed her own fire, or sell in the bazaar. And when her husband comes home at evening however weary she may be, he curses her because she is a woman. Thus the mother reasons in reference to her new born daughter, and comes to the conclusion that the child shall die, in order that it may be taken away from the evil to come. True, her sacred books, if she knows anything of them, teach her that a child offered in sacrifice shall be received to heaven, and the mother sacrificing it shall be received too, by and by. But their is another motive—her own degradation as the type of her daughter's—that operates more powerfully upon her mind than anything else to induce her to go forth and sacrifice her child. When opportunity offers, she steals away at night and deliberately sacrifices that child, giving it to the gods! When this matter was investigated, it was no matter of astonishment that there were so few girls in India. When the girls were all bro't forth from their hiding places, you would sometimes find eight boys to one girl. And when the parents were asked, where are your girls, the reply would be, "they have been given to the Ganges." Under such circumstances woman has a heart to feel, and a heart to act—and take a conspicuous part in our action too.

THE JUNGLE BOY.

Many years ago, a lady sat in the verandah of her Burmese house, endeavoring to decipher the scarcely legible characters of a palm-leaf book, which lay in all its awkwardness, upon the table before her. As she bent over her book, a little more wearily than in the freshness of the morning, and made a renewed effort to fix her eyes on the dizzying circles, a strange looking figure bounded through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and rushing toward her with great eagerness inquired, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy perhaps twelve years of age; his coarse black hair, unconfined by the usual turban, matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine; and a very dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in the most slovenly manner about his person.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" inquired he, scarcely pausing for breathe, though slackening his pace a little as he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want of Jesus Christ?" inquired the lady.

"I want to see him—I want to confess to him." "Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"Does he live here?"—with great emphasis,—"I want to know that. Doing! Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad—I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loo-gyees say that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ."

"But he does not save people from hell, if they continue to do wickedly." "I want to stop doing wickedly, but I can't stop—I don't know how to stop—the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come out of my mouth. What can I do?"

"Nothing; but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured. But she spoke this last in English, so he only raised his head with a vacant—"B' ha-lai?"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now—"

She was interrupted by a sharp, quick cry of despair.

"But I am his humble friend and follower—"

The face of the listener brightened a little.

"And he has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so."

The joyful eagerness depicted in the poor boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me—oh tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave, for life. Do not be angry! Do not send me away! I want to be saved—saved from hell!"

The lady, you will readily believe, was not, likely to be angry. Even the person who told me the story many years after, was more than once interrupted by his own choking tears.

The next day a new pupil was welcomed to the little bamboo school-house, in the person of the wild Karen boy; for no missionary having yet been sent especially to that people, they received all their religious instructions through the medium of the Burmese language. And oh, such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness! Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more con-