

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

McLEOD, Editor.

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

G. W. DAY, Printer

VOL. II.—NO. 31.

SAINT JOHN, NEW

BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 84

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.
Published at St. John, N. B., every FRIDAY,
for the General Conference of Free C. Baptists
of New Brunswick.

TERMS:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Providence in the Birth of Cyrus.

ISAIAH XLVI. 25.

The Divine appointment, leading, protection, and guidance were never more strongly manifested than in the case of Cyrus, whose career, to fulfill which he was raised up, was marked out for him before he was born. The intention of making him thus the object of a most special providence is continually declared by the Lord himself, through Isaiah, from chap. xli. 25, "I have raised up one from the north, and he shall come," to chap. xlv. 13, where he says of the unborn Cyrus, "I have raised him up in righteousness, and I will direct all his ways."

To contemplate the early life of such a man, therefore, becomes a matter of very peculiar interest, and we may well rejoice in the possession of sufficient materials for this purpose, in going through which we are continually struck by the occurrence not only of many signal providences, but by the repeated and distinct acknowledgments, on his own part and that of his heathen biographers, that a Divine providence watched over his early days, and preserved him from the many dangers to which he was exposed.

To bring out this important point, corroborative of the Divine nomination so emphatically announced by Isaiah, as well as because the story is in itself highly interesting, we shall glance over his early history, chiefly as recorded in the pages of Herodotus. It is not unknown to us that the authority of this account has been considered questionable, not is it for us to maintain its accuracy at all its points. The time of the historian was, however, so remote from that of Cyrus, as that the leading facts of the history, as learned by him in Persia, should have been forgotten or have become obscured; and it is certain that our enlarged acquaintance with the usages of the Eastern courts and with Oriental nations, has rather confirmed than weakened the authority of the narrative, by showing that it is at least truth-like, and hence the more probably true. That also is not at variance with, but rather confirms and illustrates, the Scriptural intimations, is a circumstance greatly in its favor. Besides, it has now ceased to be the fashion to impugn the authority of Herodotus, as all modern discovery and research, in history, antiquities, and local usages, have tended in a remarkable degree, to restore the credit of the much-wronged "father of history."

We shall, therefore, give the substance of this narrative in our own way, and then point out how the Scripture warrants the conclusions which even the heathens were constrained to deduce from it.

Asyages, the reigning king of the Medes, was the son of Cyaxares, by whom the Assyrian empire had been subdued, and the Median power consolidated. He had a daughter called Mandane who had a dream which, as explained by the magi, the interpreters of dreams, filled her father with great alarm. She was then of marriageable age; but Asyages, fearing the presage, instead of uniting her to a Mede of condition suited to her high rank, gave her in marriage to a Persian named Cambyses, a man of quiet temper, and who, although of noble birth, was, as one of the tributary race, regarded by the king as inferior to the lowest of the Medes. All now seemed safe. But in the first year of the marriage, Asyages himself dreamed that a vine sprang from his daughter, which covered all Asia. Having again consulted the interpreter, he sent for his daughter from Persia, that the expected birth of her child might take place at home. When she arrived, the king, her father, kept her strictly guarded, having resolved that her offspring should not live; for the Magian interpreters had declared the dream to portend, that the son of Mandane should displace him from the throne. To prevent this, no sooner was the infant born than the king sent for Harpagus, a nobleman with whom he was intimate, and whom of all the Medes, he deemed trustworthy, and who managed all his affairs.

"Harpagus," said he, "I commit to you an affair in which, if you are remiss, or betray me by employing others, the consequences will inevitably fall upon yourself. Take, then, the infant son of Mandane, carry it home, and destroy and bury it in the way that seems best to you." To hear was to obey, or at least to seem to do so. Harpagus loudly professed his devotedness, and took the child away with him. But in secret his heart revolved at the task imposed upon him, and the tears of deep compassion flowed fast before he reached his home. On his arrival there, he made known to his wife what had passed between him and the king. "And what," asked she, "do you purpose to do?" "Not," he replied, "to execute the command of Asyages. No; were he to become more mad and unreasonable than he is, I am not the man to yield to his will, or to make myself the instrument of such a crime. There are indeed many reasons why I should not destroy this babe, which is, in fact, allied to me; besides, Asyages is old, and has no son; and if, after his death, the sovereign authority should descend to his daughter, whose son he now wishes me to destroy, what can I expect but to incur great danger? Yet for my own safety," he added, after a pause, "it is necessary that the boy should die; but some of the king's own people, and not I or mine, shall perpetrate the murder." He accordingly sent a messenger to bring to him one of the king's herdsmen, whom he knew to

feed his flock in a mountainous district infested by wild beasts, and therefore fit for the object he had in view. The man's name was Mithridates, whose wife and fellow-servant was called by the Medes, Spaco, but in the Greek tongue Cyno. This herdsmen kept his flock at the foot of a mountain north of Ecbatana;—this part of Media abounding in lofty mountains covered with forests. The man arrived without delay, and Harpagus said to him, "Asyages commands you to take this infant, and to expose it in the most solitary part of the mountains, where most speedily it may be destroyed; and he enjoins me to tell you, that if you fail to kill the babe, or suffer him to survive, you will subject yourself to the heaviest punishment."—Having heard these commands, and received the child, the herdsmen set forth on his return, and soon reached his cottage. "It happened by a divine providence," says the historian, "that a son was born to the man while absent in the city." His wife and he were both at the same time anxious for each other's fate—he for the safe delivery, and she for her husband's return; for it was then, as now, a serious matter in the East for a peasant or other poor person to be sent for by a great man. When, therefore, beyond her hopes, her husband returned so speedily and uninjured, she eagerly questioned him respecting the business on which he had been so urgently summoned by Harpagus. He answered, "O wife, I have seen and heard in the city, things that ought not to be seen or to take place among our masters. The house of Harpagus was filled with weeping, and I, when I entered, felt my heart sink within me; for I beheld a babe lying on the floor, sobbing and crying, and dressed in many clothes, embroidered with gold; and Harpagus, as soon as he saw me, commanded me instantly to take the infant, and carrying him away, to expose him on some part of the mountains most infested with wild beasts, saying that Asyages laid these commands upon me, and adding many threats if I failed to fulfil them. I therefore took the child, and have brought him, supposing at first that he belonged to one of the servants, for I could not imagine from whence he really came; yet I was amazed at the gold and rich apparel, and in recollecting the grief apparent in the family of Harpagus. When, however, I was upon the road, accompanied by a servant who left the city with me, and who delivered the infant into my arms, I learned the truth; for he told me the child was the son of Mandane, the daughter of Asyages, and of Cambyses, and that Asyages had ordered him to be killed. This, then, is the whole affair."

Having said this, the herdsmen uncovered the infant, and the woman, seeing so fine and lovely a babe, clasped her husband's knees, and with tears implored that it might by no means be slain. But he declared it could not be otherwise, for that persons would come from Harpagus to see the child's corpse, and if he neglected the unpleasant duty which had been imposed upon him, his own life would be forfeited. Seeing that she could not thus prevail, the woman resorted to another argument. "Since I cannot dissuade you from exposing the child, and as one must of necessity be seen laid out, do this: I have this day brought forth a son, but not a living one; expose this, therefore, and the son of the daughter of Asyages we will rear as our own: thus you will neither be caught wronging your masters, nor shall my chief be devised against us; the dead will obtain royal burial, and the living will not perish." The humane herdsmen eagerly caught at this expedient. He gave to his wife the child that was to have died, and, taking his own dead son, he placed it in the basket in which he had brought the other, together with all its rich habiliments. This he conveyed to a desolate part of the mountains, and left it there. Three days after he repaired to the city, leaving one of his servants in charge of the body. Presenting himself to Harpagus, he declared that he was ready to exhibit the dead infant. Harpagus therefore despatched some of his most trusted attendants, and by them saw and interred the son of the herdsmen. The woman therefore nursed him who was afterwards called Cyrus; for that was not the name she gave him.

—Dr. Kitt's Bible Illustrations.

* Now called Elburz. * Now called Hamadan.
† This, no doubt, indicated him as a child sabbat, if not really born. The reader will remember how the brethren of Joseph envied him the "coat of many colors," with which his father's partiality distinguished him.

The Zouaves in the Crimea.

FRANCE, JUNE, 1855.

Introductory remarks.—Formation of the Zouaves battalions.—Succeeding changes.—Character of these soldiers.—Virtues and faults.—Services rendered in Algeria.—Conduct of the Zouaves in the Crimea.

Who has not heard of the Zouaves in the Eastern war? Their name has been lauded in the English Parliament. It has figured in all the European journals. They were the first to mount the hill where the Russians were encamped at the battle of Alma. At Inkermann they saved by their impetuous attack the remains of the British brigade which so bravely resisted an enemy six times its superior numbers. Who, then, are these Zouaves, of whom fame speaks so loudly? What are the origin, the good and bad qualities, of these heroic men, who are to-day considered the best soldiers in the world? The answer to these questions shall form the subject of this letter.

France, as you know, conquered Algiers and the neighboring territory in 1830. She expelled the Turks, who were for many ages masters of the country; and then undertook to govern the four million Arabs who form the native population. This was not an easy task. The Arabs are the disciples of Mahomet. Educated with an exalted opinion of their religion and race, ignorant of European civilization, rendered fanatical by their reli-

gious and military chiefs, they hated deeply the Christians. Vainly did the generals of the French army promise to respect their worship, to protect their property and secure their persons against every violence. The Arabs, although defeated repeatedly, renewed perseveringly their rebellion; and our soldiers, who were ignorant of the language, climate and customs of the Mohammedan population, exhausted their forces in these continual struggles.

The project was then conceived of training a few native companies in the French service. In order to oppose Arab to Arab. A royal ordinance issued in March, 1831, created two battalions of Zouaves, in Arabic Zouawes. The Zouaves are a confederacy of the Kabyles, tribes who live on the summit of the Mount Jurjura; laborious, proud, intrepid men, who despise the Arabs of the plain, and were never entirely subject to the Turks. They are warlike and love the camp life. The proposal to fight under the French flag flattered their pride. Many of them laid aside their religious prejudices; and, being well-paid, well-fed, and respectfully treated, they consented to wear arms under the command of skillful French officers, charged to instruct them in our military discipline.

It was important, however, to incorporate French soldiers into these battalions of Arabs, as there was some reason to fear that otherwise there might be desertion or treason upon the battle-field. A number of turbulent young men of Paris, commonly called the *gamins of Paris*, and whom the government desired to send away from the capital, were, therefore, joined to the Kabyles, and adopted the name of Zouaves. It was a singular mixture. Calm, reserved, and taciturn Arabs were joined to passionate, rash, and that this amalgamation would produce incessant quarrels; but experience proved the contrary. Both Kabyles and Parisians were brave. They together received the baptism with fire, as the soldiers call it. After suffering together, and mingling their blood in daily combats, they learned to live in harmony, especially since the daily, unremitted duties of military life left them no time for strife.

The Zouaves were soon summoned to prove their capabilities. Stationed for several months at *Medea*, a small city in the centre of Algeria; surrounded by hostile tribes who did not allow them a moment's rest; deprived often of communication with the rest of the French army, and in need of food and the munitions of war, the Zouaves were obliged to create and supply everything, expending unremitting courage and industry. They did their duty well. They became masons, blacksmiths, and mechanics. The time not thus employed was spent in military instruction, or making excursions into the surrounding plains, and fighting the enemy. This school was rule and severe but good. The Zouaves daily became better disciplined and stronger. They learned to march rapidly, and through long distances, to carry the weight of their provisions in their knapsacks, to manoeuvre skilfully and fight perseveringly.

Their uniform is peculiar. It is half oriental, half French, combining the advantages of both. They wear a turban like the Arabs. This head-dress is very useful in a warm climate. They wear large pantaloons and loose vests, which do not impede respiration or free motion, and protect the soldier against the sudden changes of temperature, because it is easy to add more clothing to their ordinary attire.

During the first siege of *Constantine* they performed prodigies of valor. They dragged to the top of the neighbouring hills immense pieces of artillery, which the horses were unable to raise out of the breach; they were wounded by the sabres of the Arabs or mutilated by the explosion of the mines; but they did not yield, and the French flag was planted upon the walls of the city.

About the year 1839, however, alarming symptoms appeared among the native Zouaves. The famous *Abd-el-Kader* assumed to be a prophet sent from God, and appealed to their religious antipathies. He proclaimed the *holy war*, branding all Arabs as *infidels*, who would not come to fight the cause of Islamism. Spies were sent among the Zouaves; and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the French officers, many Kabyles attended these passionate conventicles. Finally the storm burst forth. A part of the Zouaves, even some of the most ancient, deserted, in order to obey what they considered a sacred duty, and carried to the enemy's ranks the skill, discipline and military talents which they had acquired under the French banner. This was a grave crisis. It became necessary to transform and renew the whole body of the Zouaves. The proportional number of French was sensibly increased. In the beginning there were but twelve French soldiers beside the officers, in each company. There were afterwards twenty, thirty, fifty, or more, and they gradually became the majority. The natives continued to furnish them only a few recruits. The commanders of the Zouaves were chosen from among the bravest and most experienced officers of the French army, who deemed it an honor to be at the head of so renowned a troop. It will suffice to mention the celebrated names of *Changarnier*, *Lamoriciere*, *Bedeau*,—the African generals as they are called. All these officers of the first rank began by being lieutenants or colonels in the Zouaves battalions. Alas! after the revolution of 1848 they were the victims of our political discords. General Changarnier was dismissed and lives in an obscure country house. The Generals *Bedeau*, *Changarnier* and *Lamoriciere* remained in exile or were banished by Louis Napoleon. How often, doubtless, in reading the brave exploits of the Zouaves, have they regretted to be no more able to lead their intrepid soldiers against the enemy, and serve the cause of civilization in forcing the Russians to flee before them! But their sword is sheathed; and France, deprived of her best military chiefs, is suffering the penalty of her cruel dissensions.

To return to the Zouaves. I shall not describe their several campaigns in Algeria. In could not interest your readers. They formed an entire regiment at that time, of three well-armed, well-trained battalions. The sailors were generally volunteers from the streets and suburbs of Paris, young men of good education, but who through idleness or bad habits, had failed to succeed in their civil careers.

The army was their only refuge. It may be thought that such soldiers must be intractable. And indeed they are predisposed to mutiny; and even in the Crimean expedition, on the arrival of the imperial guard, who assumed the posts of honor, the Zouaves complained and threatened rebellion. It is impossible to obtain from them a blind submission as in the Russian army. They love to do: discuss the plans of the campaign and accuse the unskillful officers of incapacity. In this respect they are sometimes dangerous. But when their chiefs possess the art of uniting affection to firmness, the familiarity of a comrade to the inflexible authority of a general, the Zouaves are the most intrepid and devoted of men. Marshal *Bugeaud* gained their confidence in a high degree. They called him *father Bugeaud*, and even wrote satirical songs about him; but they respected his loyalty, justice and courage, and his assiduous care for the welfare of the troops, and would follow him to the end of the world. It was with them chiefly that the illustrious marshal succeeded in conquering *Abd-el-Kader* and pacifying Algeria.

The Zouaves are very ingenious in finding means of subsistence and every imaginable resource in extreme cases. While other troops perished from want, they provided for their wants by I know not what wonderful means. Thus during the past trying winter, when the English soldiers, destitute of food, fuel or clothing, were dying by hundreds, the Zouaves possessed even more than the necessities of life. They have, moreover, a buoyant, joyous disposition, always looking on the bright side of things, and preserving their natural gaiety amid the saddest circumstances. During a season of leisure at the siege of *Sebastopol*, they erected a tent theatre, decorating it with their garments and spoils of the enemy, and played burlesque satirical pieces. The Parisian is the same everywhere with his proverbial carelessness, taste for pleasure, and his flexible character. And these Zouaves, so eager to divert themselves with fancies, will march heroically, one hour afterward, to the fire of the Cossacks, and look death in the face without faltering.

But they have also their faults. They do not respect the laws of property. They have, as Doctor *Gall* would say, the bomb of robbery or rapacity strongly developed, and unscrupulously mingle the property of a friend with that of an enemy. The Zouaves have an instinctive taste for robbery. When they find a well-furnished dwelling they fall upon it and spoil it of everything. They must be rigorously watched by their chiefs, and punishment is often necessary. *Father Bugeaud* did not spare them, and they esteemed him more for it.

In Algeria the Zouaves held the Arabs in abeyance by their address as well as by their bravery. They can, like the natives, pass whole days and nights lying upon the ground, their finger on their gun, listening for the lightest sound, ready to fight at a minute's warning. They are alive and cunning as the Indians so admirably described by your novelist, Fenimore Cooper. Adding European discipline to these qualities of the savage, they have forced the tribes of Algeria into submission. Their conduct in the Crimea has procured for them the praises of enemies as well as allies. The Russian commanders have more than once paid just homage to their invincible courage. The Zouaves suffered less than the Anglo-French divisions, because they were inured to the hardships of a winter campaign, and their jovial temper preserved them from that despondency which destroys men more than the cannon. They are now impatiently waiting for the storming of *Sebastopol*. They will certainly display wonderful courage, but how many of them will survive the collision?—*New York Observer*.

Romanism Renounced.

We copy the following interesting correspondence from the *Church Witness* of last week.

To the Editor of the *Church Witness*.
SIR,—It gives me joy to hear of the conversion of sinners, to whatever denomination they may have professed to belong. But when the Lord Spirit visits with his convincing and converting influences the souls of members of the Romish Church, then indeed, there is cause for very great joy. Yesterday I had the pleasure of reading in a French Canadian paper, a letter written by two brothers to their cure, announcing to him their conviction of the errors of their Church, and their intention to abandon her for ever, for the pure gospel. That letter, which is written in French, I send to you in a literal English garb, with a desire that you may insert it in your valuable evangelical paper. And my wish is that Masters may read it to their servants, and Christians lend it to their Roman Catholic acquaintances. May the Lord of his great mercy multiply examples of this kind in Canada, and every other land, for his own name's sake.

Your truly,
A FRIEND OF TRUTH.

The following is the letter:—
St. Philomene, St. Marguerite Row,
10th July, 1855.

SIR,—In His compassion to us and to our families, God, not having permitted us to hear the prohibition made by the Roman clergy against reading the Holy Scriptures and receiving into our house the evangelical men who preach the "good news" in our country, we have had the happiness to receive them into our houses and to read and meditate on the words of eternal life. Ah, Sir, how much we feel in every line, by the Divineunction which prevades them, that it is God who speaks in them! Ah! why hide that book from the people! we said to ourselves.

We continued then to read. But the more we read the less we found there confession in the ear of a priest, purgatory, indulgences, mass, prayers for the dead, worship of images, invocation of Saints, celibacy of the clergy, abstinence from meats, salvation by works, divine service in an unknown tongue, the scapular, medals called miraculous, the rosary, &c. On the greater part of these points we found even teachings quite opposite. And we know perfectly that if the Romish Church forbid the reading of the Bible—a thing which no other church does—it is because her corruption

and her love of riches and power, have blinded her and caused her to abandon the Divine teachings of the Word of God to follow its own vain imaginations. This book condemning her, because she was too hardened to reform her errors, she found no other expedient, but in her turn to condemn virtually the Word of God by forbidding the reading of it.

We have understood also why the Romish Church, in opposition to Protestant Churches, which do every thing to instruct the people, keep the masses in ignorance, and that in this country it would have been so, but for the intervention of Government to initiate the people into the benefits of reading. It is not enough for her to prohibit the reading of the Bible, she must also keep these who submit to her in a state of incapacity to read it.

We have understood, at the same time, that if she prohibits free inquiry, mixed schools, connections of Roman Catholics, with Protestants, it is because she fears that light will spread, and its own perversion be discovered.

God having thus enlightened our mind and touched our heart, you perceive, Sir, that we cannot any longer belong to a Church, whose errors we have discovered. After then having prayed to God to enlighten us, and to bless to the salvation of our soul the step we were about to take, we declare to you to-day, solemnly, that we abandon for ever the Romish Church to follow the pure Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. You will be pleased then to regard this letter as being our "Demission."

We have very great pleasure to announce to you, at the same time, on the part of our wives, that they also abandon the laws of Rome to follow to the grave, with the grace of God, those of the Gospel.

In taking leave of you, Sir, we ought to tell you that we are not actuated by any bad feeling or ill-will towards you. We even pray to God, and will continue to pray to him, that he may call you, you and your fellow countrymen, to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Praying that you may forgive the wrongs of which we may have been guilty towards you, as we, on our part, from the bottom of our heart, forgive you those which you might have intended towards us.

We have the honour of being, Sir,
Your very humble and very obedient servants.
CHARLES COUSINEAU.
JOSEPH COUSINEAU.
Messire L. Turcot, Cure de Sainte-Philomene.

ATONEMENT.

Is sin the cause of all suffering? Did its entrance into our world blight all man's fairest prospects. Was it the source of all our woe? May we trace to the poisonous fountain of sin, all the mischiefs of our world—and of all worlds (if there are others) where suffering is found? Is sin the parent of sorrow, disease, the horrors of war, the terrors of conscience? Does death reign over man through sin—and even over those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression? But what a climax does the evil of sin present, when the astonishing tidings are announced to man—that in order to its pardon and its cure the Son of God must die! How malignant that evil which demands such a sacrifice! Three several times did Jesus exclaim, in the recesses of Gethsemane, "Oh my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." Could He not, then, be spared drinking of this cup of bitterness? "All things are possible with Thee." God is almighty—what limits, then, are there to His Omnipotence? None that can derogate from the Divine Majesty and perfection. The great truth which formed the Saviour's plea, in this hour of woe—the Father's Omnipotence—was uttered with great appropriateness—it was the most striking form in which the mortal agony of that hour could be expressed; but it did not mean that there was not a moral necessity in the awful tragedy that was going on. Had it been possible for the cup to have passed away, it only would have been offered, surely, as a trial of obedience—as in the history of Abraham, when his faith was put to so severe a test on Mount Moriah. Could the sacrifice of the Son of God have been spared, the cup of sorrow, even unto death, would, doubtless, at the moment of extremity, have been dashed away untasted from the lip of the Holy One and the Just. No—the cup must not pass away—it is the price of man's redemption—the price of sin's pardon and cure! It was necessary that He should, according to the prediction of Isaiah, be "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted, wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities," that by His stripes we may be healed, that on Him might be laid the iniquity of us all. Who, then, shall presume to reject the doctrine of Atonement? Grant that man's wisdom, which is too often folly, cannot see all the bearing of such a method of pardon and restoration—let it be even supposed that no glimpse whatever could be obtained of its propriety and fitness, and that nothing could be discerned in the method which the atonement displays of rising sinful creatures to eternal happiness, but a sovereign and arbitrary procedure of the great Sovereign of the Universe—what then?—can any reasonable being consistently impugn a doctrine which, if human language have any meaning, and if we have a revelation at all, can only be explained away from its prominent place in Holy Scripture, by the greatest ingenuity, and the most violent and far-fetched criticism?—*Dr. John Hoppin*.

ON APPROPRIATING CHRIST.—"I hope," said Dr. Chalmers to a friend, "you find no difficulty in appropriating Christ. If I were to come as an accredited agent to you from the upper sanctuary, with a letter of invitation to you, with your name and address on it, you would not doubt your warrant to accept it. Well, then, is the Bible, your invitation to come to Christ. It does not bear your name and address, but it says 'Whoever'—that takes you in; it says 'all'—that takes you in; it says 'any'—that takes you in. What can be sinner or freer than that?"