

temper; much sweetness has come into my soul. I mean now to press on always.

Providence permitting, this happy Christian, as she now is, will be baptized the last Sabbath in this month.

## Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. DEC. 28, 1855.

### End of Volume Second.

This number of the "Religious Intelligencer" closes the second volume. During the issue of this volume, there have been added to our subscription list about *One Thousand* names; and our whole number of subscribers now exceed *Forty-one Hundred*. The success which has attended the publication of this Paper brings us under a debt of gratitude to God, and inspires us with an intense desire to make it more and more acceptable and useful. For this purpose we have arranged, as already announced, to issue an enlarged, and in some respects, an improved sheet. The first number of this will appear next week; and although we do not know as we can improve the general character of our pages any, yet we purpose making some change in arrangement and variety, which we trust will be acceptable to our readers. The numerous letters which we have received during the year, commending the "Intelligencer," have often cheered us in the very hour when we wanted "a word in season;" but the several instances which have come to our knowledge, in which it has been made a blessing to the conversion of souls, and the restoration of backsliders to God, have particularly encouraged us, while the consciousness of our being in the path of duty, and the assurance of having His approval that we value much more than all the flattery or approbation of men, have sustained us in the labours and anxieties which are always necessarily connected with the publication of a weekly paper. We thank the friends who have given the "Intelligencer" their patronage and support during the past year; and we have a very pleasing reflection in taking leave of the *very few* who are withdrawing their names from our subscription list, and that is—we have not in our weekly visits to their families, contributed to the depraved taste of any, nor sought to please the fancy, or excite the imagination, at the expense of truth. Neither have we tried to build up any one sect or party at the expense of another. Our aim has been to present Christ crucified to all; fully conscious that this is the great fact which must be received and embraced by every one, who will have eternal life. To those friends then, whom we shall greet no more, we bid farewell, earnestly hoping and trusting that the religious influence of our former visits to them may never be lost. We now gird up our loins afresh, intending (if the Lord will) by his grace to enter upon the next year with more faith, more vigor, and a still stronger determination to do battle for God—to spread religious truth and religious influence, and to cast at least a *mite* into the great treasury, which contains the offerings of a sin pardoned people, for the redemption of the world.

### THE YEAR 1855.

It is mete that at the end of another year, we should make some special acknowledgement of God; recurring to the *past*, as well as dwelling upon the *present*, and anticipating the *future*. Twelve months ago this day, we lifted our pen to bid farewell—in our columns to 1854. The year that is now past, was then in the future. To the one then expiring we bid adieu with a sort of melancholy pleasure. It was an eventful one, war had been let loose; disease and pestilence, shipwrecks and fires had done their work of death. There is yet a sadness hangs over the memory of '54, which time cannot annihilate, nor the joys of subsequent days fully cover. Another year is now added to the past. The golden sands of human life have run out another solar season, and we are so much nearer that existence the duration of which is not measured by time. But one thought strikes us forcibly, and that is, 1855 has had its victims, as well as any former time. Many a young and light heart, which launched out, with high hopes, on the tide of this year, has gone from earth; many a prospect bright for the future, has been blasted by the chilling winds of the bye-gone year, and the wreck of expectation is all that remains of the brightest earthly hopes. Many a home has been made sad—many a heart been made to bleed at the loss of loved ones. Neither is this confined to those whose husbands and fathers, whose sons and brothers, have fallen on the battle field—or met the fate of war in storming the heroically defended redoubts, but in the quiet circles of the village homes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the wail of sorrow has been heard, and death has done his work. But how pleasing—how glorious is the reflection—when friends die, and loved ones are forced away to meet their God, that they have loved him in life. This can sweeten the cup of sorrow—can dry up the fountain of bitterness, and pour consolation into the deeply wounded heart. During this year we have lost some of our readers—death has smitten them down; we have one consolation in our reflection on their end—we spoke to them faithfully—we shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God—our aim has been to point our readers to the Lamb of God—we have held up Christ, and earnestly insisted on all men being "born again." Our pages during the year have chronicled some sad incidents, besides those resulting from war, or the fall of Sebastopol. But we have also recorded some joyful news—souls born to God—redeemed by grace—have been noted almost weekly in our columns. But how many of our readers who have been spared with many blessings, but over whose conversion angels have not yet rejoiced. Still they stand—still in dreadful danger—but still indifferent thereto! Reader are you one of them? Are you at the close of this another year, still out of Christ? O could we persuade you to-day of the importance of an interest in the Saviour, how would our heart rejoice. Another year may be your last—another month—another week—another day! But now we must bid adieu to 1855.

Well, we shall never forget it. We have had joys that the world knows not—we have had sorrows too, which those only know, who fear and love the Lord; and during the running out of the sands of this year, we have "did what we could." And now farewell time past—we forget not thy toils, nor thine unmeasured joys. The future is now before us. How long! That is only known to God. But the present is here, and the future will be consumed, and the past added too, by the present moments. Then the present only is ours. The present hour—the present day, dear reader is all we have! Shall we not improve it? Are we Christians?—let us diffuse our Christianity wherever we go—let us accomplish the great purpose of life in making the world better and happier. Shall we bear the Christian name, and not labour for Christ? Oh! is that Christianity that refuses to aid the wretched—that in this world of more than ten hundred millions of human beings can find nothing to do? Surely not! As well might we expect a day without light—or a heaven without joy, as a heart in which is the element of true religion, without seeking some object upon which to expend its benevolence. Then Christian, during the year that is coming; let us have deeper sympathy with Christ, and be more laborious in his cause. To you who are yet in your sins, we say, rest not—another year may write over all your now cherished earthly hope—"This man, or this woman, is gone;" and O to go with no ray of Christian light to illumine the dark path to the future, will be dreadful indeed!

For ourselves, we wish to live and labour another year for God! We feel our work is not done, and we earnestly pray that we may be able so to improve the time that when the hour of our departure comes, we shall have nothing to do

—But gather up our feet  
And die, our Father's God to meet."

### The King of Sardinia and his Visit to England.

Great are the praises lavished by the British press on the youthful king, Victor Emmanuel, and it is pleasant to think that those praises are well deserved. He is the only constitutional Monarch on the Continent of Europe, and had he been so minded he might have been just as despotic (but perhaps not quite so contemptible) as that miserable thing, the King of Naples. He manfully resisted the claims and spurned the advances of the Church of Rome, reduced her monastic establishment within less formidable bounds, and shrunk not from his duty though the Vatican levelled its fiercest thunderbolts at his head.

Piedmont, his country, has felt his power. Her people have the religious liberty for which they for many ages bravely struggled, and the material prosperity which rewards enlightened enterprise. "The enormous railway works of Piedmont are alike honourable to her enterprise and the skill of her engineers, and the improvements of her capital—the results of free trade, good government, and national spirit—may almost vie with those of Paris itself. While Austria lies grovelling in the dust before the superannuated pageant of a worn-out and degraded Papacy, Piedmont, under the guidance of her King, has known how to vindicate the honour of her Government and the independence of the National Church. The insolent Archbishop of Turin, who dared to set the authority of the Pope over that of the Monarch, had been driven into exile, the land has been cleared of thousands of lazy monks and friars, and the King of Sardinia comes to the shores of heretic Britain, bearing upon his brow not only the laurels of the soldier and the crown of the Sovereign, but the distinguished honour—for such the careful student of history must regard it—of the solemn censure, and even, we believe, the excommunication, of the Church of Rome."

King Victor Emmanuel is yet comparatively young, and it may well be hoped that with the example of his enlightened government before them, the petty States of Italy will throw off their tyrannies and rally round their patriot throne.—*Halifax Presbyterian Witness.*

### Revivals.

We have had great pleasure in chronicling many precious revivals during the year just expiring. But here are some remarks from the "Philadelphia Presbyterian" in relation to the dearth of revivals there, so excellent, that we give them to our readers:—

For many years past we have not known such a dearth of revivals as prevails at present. This distressing state of spiritual desolation is not confined to any section of the Church or country. We listen in vain for the shoutings of joyful harvesters in the Lord's vineyard. The same death-like silence reigns North and South, East and West. Only here and there, after long intervals, tidings come that the sheaves are gathering from a ripe and waiting field.

Surely it is time that the people of God should bestir themselves, to inquire why God hath thus forsaken his sanctuaries—why the gospel seems to be preached but to be a savour of death unto death—why no genial showers descended to water and gladden the dry and thirsty soil. Undoubtedly our sips have separated between us and God. We have betaken ourselves to this present world, setting our thoughts and affections on its gains, or pleasures, or vain show, and forgetting the imperishable riches lying waste in the gospel field. The professed followers of Christ and watchmen on the walls of Zion, have sunk down in guilty indolence, forgetful of their privileges. Prayer is restrained, secret sins are indulged, covetousness and carnality have run riot, the Holy Spirit has been grieved, and the Saviour wounded in the house of his friends. Well may the Church hang her head in sorrow and shame over so sad a spectacle.

Will Christians remain satisfied with a state of things so lamentable? Are they content that Zion shall languish, that souls shall go down to death with all their sins upon their heads in such numbers, that the cause of the Redeemer should languish? It is to be hoped not. God's chosen ones may be beguiled for a season; the wily adversary may lull them to sleep, or entice them into some crooked way—but as they have the spark of grace within them, they will sooner or later discover their sin, and awake and return to duty. The Master in whose service we pro-

less to have enlisted has need for all his labourers. He calls us to penitence, to earnest, importunate prayer, to large expectations and zealous activities in doing his will among men.

It is earnestly to be hoped that there may be much heart-searching among the professed people of God, as to what keeps back the divine blessing. It is a sorrowful thing for month after month to be passing away, without any cheering indication of a change for the better. Notwithstanding our manifold ill-deserts, our prayers will be heard, if offered in sincerity and importunately in the name of him whom the Father heareth always. Heaven's blessings are not exhausted. "The Son of God has not yet so seen of the travail of his soul that he is satisfied." The residue of the Spirit is still in reserve for Pentecostal outpourings. We trust that there may be such a turning unto God, and such wrestling for a blessing—such prayer in the closet, the social meeting, and the sanctuary—such fervent, direct, and powerful preaching of the gospel to sinners, as that in every quarter there may soon again be heard the anxious cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" and that from multitudes of congregations there may come up the joyful tidings that God has again visited his people.

### Agents.

Mr. Stephen D. Ross of Newcastle, Grand Lake, is authorised to receive subscriptions for the *Religious Intelligencer*; also to collect subscriptions now due at Newcastle, and to continue to act as Agent for this paper at that place until further notice.

Mr. JOHN BYRON, of Tryon, Prince Edward's Island, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the *Intelligencer*. Persons there, who may wish to subscribe can do so through him.

Mr. WM. A. WRIGHT of Sheffield will receive subscriptions for the *Intelligencer* in that place, and in Berton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"J. Thomas," is under consideration.

"NOVA SCOTIA MINUTES."—We send these by mail to-day, in two packages, directed to Elder D. Oran.—They are a few copies short of the number ordered.

### Modern Spiritualism.

MR. EDITOR.—Since my last communication, the Rev. D. M. Graham has delivered two more lectures on this subject, contrasting the miracles of the Bible with those of modern spiritualists.

He showed that every system of religion must have some foundation on which to rest, and give some evidence of its truth. But if spiritualism were to take the place of Christianity, and after existing for centuries, men were to begin to look into the evidence of its system, what foundation would it have but the tipping and rapping of a table? Not so, however, with the evidence of Christianity. We have the fulfillment of innumerable prophecies concerning the condition of many cities and persons. Those of Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, Tyre, Sidon, and the seven cities of Asia; have all been fulfilled, though the prophecies were uttered hundreds of years before every particular concerning these cities was accomplished; and if an infidel traveller could find an Arabian pitching his tent in the vicinity of Babylon, he would raise it abroad for years, that the prophecies were not true; but no such thing can be found.

The prophecies concerning Christ, by those who wrote of him, seven or eight hundred years before he came into the world, were fulfilled to the letter. How could such things be foretold if they were not dictated by the Spirit of God?

It is said that these modern spirits can turn tables, and produce musical sounds; granting that this can be done, what a weak and feeble miracle is this to smiting the Red Sea, and the waters divided while the children of Israel passed through; or the waters of Jordan standing still while they passed to the promised land. And how feeble too is their music to that of the trumpets of the Israelites, who, after blowing them, and walking around the city of Jericho, the massive walls fell to the ground. It is said that modern spiritualists can perform miracles. Have they ever opened the eyes of the blind, or made the deaf to hear, or raised the dead to life, as Christ did before the eyes of thousands of spectators?

"The miracles of spiritualists," he said, "reminded of a story he had heard while living in the West, of a white man who bought a deer of an Indian; after receiving the pay, the Indian directed him where to find it; he told him to go to a beach tree, pointing to it, then he must take another turn and he would come to a birch tree, then he must take another turn and he would come to an oak tree, on which hung the deer. The white man went as directed, but found no deer; returning, he told the Indian that he had deceived him. But, he said, did you not find the birch tree? Yes. Did you not find the birch tree? Yes. Did you not find the oak tree? Yes. Did you not find the deer? No! Well, said the Indian, that is very good for an Indian—three truths for one lie. Such was the case with modern spiritualists—there was the beach tree, the birch and the oak trees, but never any deer to be found."

The Subject for his next lecture is—"The doctrines of the Bible contrasted with those of modern spiritualists."

### NEWS ITEMS.

On the morning of the 9th inst., two sons of Mr. John Estabrooks of Canning, were unfortunately drowned while crossing the river on the ice near their residence. Their ages were 18 and 15 years. We learn that the body of only one has been recovered.

On Friday night last a Barn and Bowling Alley, in the rear of the Yorkshire Tavern was consumed by fire, with four horses and two cows.

A young man named Bowes "ravis of Douglasfield, Miramichi, was drowned a few days since while crossing the river on the ice.

Mr. William Dea on of Nova Scotia, who, with Mr. Charles Allen, fell from a building in Waterloo street on Saturday last, died of the wounds received, on Monday morning.

PROHIBITORY LAW.—The last English Mail brought the news of this Law having received Her Majesty's sanction. Certainly no good subject will endeavour to prevent, or in any degree interfere, with its successful operation.

DROWNED.—A melancholy accident occurred at Hampstead, Long Island, in Queen's County, on the 26th of November last. As Mr. Richard Hewitt, and his colored man, Major Estman, aged 21 years, were crossing the river, the ice broke through and both fell into the water, when the latter was unfortunately drowned.

### The War in the Crimea.

CAMP, SEBASTOPOL, NOV. 24, 1855.

Rained as was Sebastopol, when abandoned by the Russians—burned, broken down, and destroyed, as we found it on the morning of the 9th September, its aspect is now more desolate than ever. In the midst of the general overthrow there were still some large edifices entire, which testified to the former splendour of the spot, and spoke of the energy and taste of our enemies. Since then two forces have been at work completing the destruction of those well-fought remains, and, between the pickaxe of the Allies and the cannon of the Russians, the remnants of Sebastopol are fast returning to the dust out of which they were created. The stately edifices, churches, clubs, and barracks, are falling piecemeal before us every day; and the stones or wood no longer grace structures of ambitious elegance, but descend to the more useful erection of huts and stables. The well-known temple in Sebastopol West, the barracks and hospitals round the dockyards, and other large places and houses are unroofed, and partially carried away; whilst the Russians, intent on the death of the spoilers, fire away daily volleys, their shot and shell reverberating amongst the ruins, and casting up volumes of dust and stones wherever they alight. Sebastopol will shortly offer the spectacle of unsightly gables and rugged walls in the whole of its extent; and, through the wreaths of snow which already encircle it, may almost fancy that the gaunt relics around are a wilderness of tombs—the sole memorials of a race now departed. Whilst these changes are daily visible on the shore of the harbour, near which the Russians still linger, with that love of old haunts which characterises almost every animal in the creation—whilst one town is disappearing, another is rising on the hills—a less permanent and solid appearance, it is true, but more vast, and more suited to our present purposes. The elevated plain of the Chersonese is now a perfect wilderness of huts, intersected by broad and well-constructed roads, drained on the most improved principle, and metalled, to meet the exigencies of large traffic during the forthcoming period of winter. Wherever the ground appears to offer the most successful return of stone, large parties may be seen daily delving and blasting, quarrying out the rock, and breaking it into fragments. Strings of carts line the roads, carrying the produce to the site of new erections, whilst others wend their way along from Balaklava to the front with parts of huts sent out from England by the care of Government. The new railways are not alone brought into daily use, but a speedier communication has been established along the line of railway by the working of two new locomotives, whose whistles cheerily and shrilly echo amidst the hills. One of these is "The Victory," a pretty little engine, decorated with the flags of the united nations. A few more days and a force-pump will be in readiness to fill the boilers, which are now laboriously supplied by hand. These preparations, and the activity of officers and men, were luckily made in time for the majority of our troops to be comfortably housed; for already November has given us a foretaste of winter. On Wednesday the hills of the Crimea, which had lain all the morning shrouded in heavy clouds, broke into day, and exposed their sides covered with snow. A high north-east wind began at the same time to blow, and the following night and day were marked by snow and bitter frost throughout the Camp. Ice of two or three inches in thickness coated every pond and pall of water; and those who, like your Correspondent, are still under canvas, suffered much discomfort from the sudden inclemency of the weather. The wind has since shifted, and the days are still warm and cheerful enough.

The Russians seem to have been suddenly compelled by the rapid advance of winter to move their quarters. Without sufficient shelter, and suffering, we are told, from shortness of provisions and want of fuel, they began yesterday to move in masses from their camps on the north side to positions inland. I observed six or seven battalions thus in motion cresting the hills and diving into valleys, followed by strings of carts and pack animals, as if a regular retreat were intended. Coup d'oeil with this fact is another which has reached us from Eupatoria, where General d'Almonville has again been successfully beating up a body of the enemy retreating towards Perokop. The difficulties of the Russians in their old positions must have been increased by the capture on the Azoff shores of a convoy of corn two miles long, which was destroyed a few days since by men from one of our ships of war—I believe the *Vesuvius*. It is supposed, not without a good show of foundation, that Prince Gortschakoff has commenced the evacuation of the Crimea. In the mean while, however, the batteries of the north side still continue their daily fire upon us, and they have even extended their batteries and built two new ones at the mouth of the pass leading towards Simpheropol from Inkermann.

It is satisfactory to be able to record the continued healthiness of our forces, which are in the enjoyment of repose and the best spirits. A pause, however, has occurred in the dispatch from hence of the cavalry regiments to the Bosphorus. We hear of a fresh and virulent outbreak of cholera at Scutari, where Dr. McGregor and another medical officer have fallen victims to the prevailing disease. The 6th Inniskillings, under orders to embark on the 21st, were countermanded, and the 4th Dragoon Guards also remain for the present in the Vale of Karavi.—*Correspondent Illustrated News.*

### THE CITY AND THE CAMP.

A telegraphic despatch says that Sir Edmund Lyons continues to cruise near the shore of the Crimea, to survey the point of Kerch, against which the Russians seem to be preparing an attack during the winter. They are fortifying Arabat, and are concentrating in its environs 30,000 men, whilst 15,000 more are sent towards Genitchi, in order to re-establish communications between the mass of the army of Prince Gortschakoff and the interior of Russia by the road over the Spit of Arabat. The guns of the boats and steamers of the Allies, and of their floating batteries, can reach the Russian convoys along the

whole route, and across the whole breadth of the Spit, unless maritime operations are suspended by the freezing of the Sea of Azoff. Rear-Admiral Sir Houston Stewart's divisions will remain in the Mediterranean; and we have a rumour to the effect that the allied ships are attacked by large worms which gnaw the wood, and menace the ships far more than the Russians have done. These worms, it is said, are peculiar to those shores, and this eighth plague of Egypt extends all along the Crimea as far as Nicolaieff.

A letter from Kumesch of the 15th in the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, says that the place was becoming more and more a Gibraltar, the French engineers were executing colossal works. *Per contra* Sebastopol was disappearing piecemeal. The explosion in the siege train, and the hairbreadth escapes connected with it, were still the subject of talk. The *Times* correspondent gives an account of an accident that took place in the Redan on the previous day which was also attended with melancholy results.

On the 14th, Samuel Goodram, No. 6 Company, Coldstreams, another old soldier of the same regiment, named Betts, and a sergeant were on duty in the Redan, and two men went into one of the casemates to remove some powder and rubbish while the sergeant remained outside. Scarcely had the men entered before an explosion took place which blew up the magazine and covered the men and sergeant with earth and sand. Goodram was blown into the air and was then thrown down amid fragments of gabions and falling earth, which buried him to the depth of five or six feet, and Betts was so terribly burnt that he died within an hour after the explosion. Goodram was dug out quite dead, and both men were buried in the Guard's cemetery next day. Thus were two excellent soldiers lost to the country, and I am the more particular in giving the names, in order that I may relate an anecdote of poor Goodram at the attack on the Redan which I heard at the time, but forgot to mention till this moment. The night before the attack the Coldstreams were on duty in the trenches, and were relieved some hours before the assault took place. On arriving at camp it was found that a private, named Samuel Goodram a butcher by trade, was missing; and it was feared that he had gone away to some canteen to indulge in unfathomable potatoes, or had been hit in some mysterious way as he came from the trenches. But great wrong had been done to this gallant soldier, who had remained behind from a pure love of fighting and from a desire "to have a go in at the Russians." Knowing that the assault would take place in a few hours, Goodram had secreted himself in the trenches as the regiment mustered and marched off, and employed his leisure time before his comrades left in filling the breast of his coat and every available place about his person with cartridges from their boxes, fearing that his private supply of fifty rounds would fail him before he had got his fill of fighting. When the storming party was advancing from the fifth parallel Goodram appeared rifle in hand and joined it as a volunteer, and his regiment claim as being the first private soldier in the Redan on that memorable day. He was twice driven out of the Redan, and was over and over again engaged individually with the Russians, and in these two encounters he received two wounds—one in the side and one in the arm—but still kept up a fire when driven back by the last rush of the enemy's infantry and forced over the parapet with the rest of our men into the ditch. Instead however, of retiring with the others, as opportunity offered, and keeping in the ditch or getting under cover in the parallels, Goodram made an impromptu pit on the broken glacis outside the ditch, and there he maintained his fire on the enemy till his ammunition became exhausted, and his wounds so painful that he could no longer use his rifle. Then he shouldered his arms and marched stiffly up through the trenches and across the open till he reported himself to his regiment. He was I believe, tried for being absent without leave and for stealing his comrades' cartridges, but Mimos himself could not have condemned a soldier like this to any severe punishment, for a crime which Mimos's jury men would have called heroic.

The spoils of Sebastopol have materially contributed to the general comfort:—

Kitchen-ranges, boilers, iron bars, Stourbridge bricks—I have some in a chimney built into the side of my hut, and marked "Harpers, Stourbridge"—ovens, brass, iron, and copper stoves, pots and pans, flues, kettles, and hundreds of similar articles, have been seized and utilised with wonderful tact. Fine well-built cookhouses are constructed from the cut stone of Sebastopol, which lies in large blocks around unfinished houses, or is taken from the ruined edifices and walls about the place. Mechanical ingenuity has been largely developed in the use of resources. One officer converts the funnel of a small steamer into a chimney—another uses one of the pipes of an engine as a hot-air apparatus to heat his hut—a third has arranged a portion of machinery so that he can communicate from his salon, sleeping-room, and dining-room (three single gentlemen rolled into one) with his cook in the adjacent kitchen, and dinner is handed through direct from the fire to the table, after the fashion of those mysterious apparatus which obey the behests of London waiters in the matter of roast meats, boiled beefs, and their satellites. Many officers have distinguished themselves by the trouble they have taken in showing men how to make themselves comfortable. The number of those employed on the roads and in various other ways has rendered it difficult to get on with these works, and in many cases the officers are unable to complete their huts for want of wood and labour, and the unfinished walls stand in grim ruin here and there about the camp. Wood, canvas, little bits of wood, tar and pitch, and, above all, nails and tacks, are eagerly sought after. At the headquarters' sale on General Simpson's departure the other day, a hammer, hatchet, and saw sold for 2/ 15s. A bag of nails was disposed of by auction the same week for 40s., and on counting the contents it was found there were only 130 nails in the bag. Friendly little felonies of planking and such things are not unheard of, and the greatest favour you can do a friend is "to let him have a piece of board about six feet long by a foot