

# RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

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## The Young Brahmin Widow.

BY MISS E. F. WHITING.

Last cold season I had the pleasure of accom-  
panying my husband on his second preaching tour  
at Jorhat. We occupied a zayat in the centre  
of the city; and being thus among the people,  
I had visits daily from women of every caste.  
Groups of reapers, on their way to the fields in  
the morning, to satisfy their curiosity, would stop  
and spend a half-hour or more in conversing with  
me; and during the day, a few women from the bar-  
nazar would leave their stalls for a short time, to come  
and tell me, perhaps with a laugh, what those who  
called the day before had heard of the Christian  
religion, and to ask me if it was true. Besides  
these, several high caste Brahmin ladies, living  
near by, accompanied by servants, and closely  
covered from head to foot, ventured to come with  
their daughters, saying, "They had never seen  
in foreign lady, and their daughters were so anx-  
ious to see the Mem Sahib, they hoped their visit  
would not trouble me," &c.

Some of these visits I returned, calling to see  
them at their homes. Late one evening, as I  
was hurrying home from a visit to a Brahmin la-  
dy, I was accosted by a woman saying, "The  
daughter of—(a Brahmin holding a high go-  
vernment office at Jorhat) sends to you her many  
salams, and begs you will kindly call to see her;  
she is a widow, or she would herself have called  
on you." "Where does she live?" "There,"  
pointing with her finger, "in that garden of  
tamar and plain trees; it is only about a mile  
from here." I replied, "It is too late to go to-  
night; if I can I will call to-morrow." The  
next evening, taking my three native girls, I fol-  
lowed the direction given, and, entering the gar-  
den of tamar and plain trees, I came in front  
of a small hut, in the door of which stood a young  
woman poorly clad, with a little child by her side.  
Supposing from her dress and the hut that she was  
a servant, and seeing a large house near by, I  
asked if that was the house of the Brahmin's daughter?  
She replied, "No, this is it, and I am she."  
"Ah," I said, "it is you I have come to see;  
you sent for me yesterday." "Yes, I wanted to  
see you very much, and I heard you had called  
at several houses, so I thought, perhaps, you  
would visit me." Then, offering me a low stool,  
I sat down in yard with her. She had a fair,  
pretty, interesting face; but it wore a very sad  
expression, and her voice was mournful as she  
said, her husband had been dead more than a  
year; the little boy by her side was her only  
child; this house was now her only home, for she  
was a lone widow; few cared for her now. Be-  
fore I had time scarcely to reply, I was surround-  
ed by a group of curious women and girls from  
the large house near by, relatives of the young  
widow's deceased husband. After answering  
their many questions of curiosity in regard to for-  
eign dress or customs, I again endeavoured to  
converse with the widow; but her manner was  
wholly changed. She was reserved and timid,  
and I saw at once that she was not treated with  
the least respect by these relatives, whom she  
evidently feared. So, speaking to all of the soul  
that never dies, and of Christ as the only Saviour,  
I arose to go, when the young widow came quick-  
ly to my side, and in a low voice said, "Do  
come again." But this I could not do. "The next  
day we had the great pleasure of welcoming Rev.  
Dr. Peck to Jorhat, and the day following we left  
for Sibagor. But many times have I thought of  
the sad young widow, and regretted I had not seen  
her in the early part of my visit at the city.

A few days ago, her proud father called with  
his little son to see me at Sibagor. I inquired for  
his widowed daughter, and remarked that I saw  
her while at Jorhat, and that she looked very  
young. "Yes," he replied, "she is young, only  
about twenty years of age." Oh, he added in a  
tone of vexation, "it is very provoking, very  
disagreeable, to have a daughter left a widow."  
"But the Hindus never allow a widow to marry  
again, be she ever so young." "No, that is con-  
trary to our religion; but they used to be burned  
on the funeral pyre, with their deceased husbands."  
"Yes, I know, in Bengal; but not here in Assam,  
I suppose?" "Yes, truly, it was always prac-  
ticed here, and the only reason the custom is now  
discontinued is owing to the very strong efforts of  
the English officers to prevent it. It is only three  
years ago since a pyre was built not far from  
here; but the English magistrate heard of it, and  
sent me quickly with a strong body of police.  
The suttee was all ready when I arrived." "Did  
you save the poor creature?" I asked earnestly.

"Yes," he replied carelessly, "I was obliged to  
obey orders. But," he added, "it is our religious  
custom, and many widows choose to die with their  
husbands; they know they will receive only  
trouble and sorrow while they live; but if they  
thus immolate themselves, they are sure of heav-  
enly happiness; none are forced to do it." But  
is not something intoxicating given to them, so that  
they do not know what they about?" "No, no,  
nothing of the kind; they do it as a religious act,  
and to be freed from trouble." "Do not their pa-  
rents and relatives try to prevent such a sacrifice?"  
"Oh, they tell them, you must not leave us, we  
shall die if you do; but all know it is only unmean-  
ing words; none wish to prevent the suttee; so  
after such lip-words they say, 'Go, if you wish,  
we will not keep you from your husband and hea-  
ven.'" "It is really true that parents and chil-  
dren will see a daughter and mother thus burned  
alive?" "Yes, truly, and will have music and re-  
joicing around the pyre. I was not very long ago  
that a beautiful young Brahmin, a mere child, mar-  
ried an old man. He was very fond of his young  
wife, and gratified her every wish; therefore she  
loved him much; but he was very old, and died in  
a short time. His young bride mourned greatly,  
declaring she too would die, would be burned on the  
funeral pyre by her husband's side. Her friends  
said, 'No don't leave us; but she exclaimed,  
'I will die with my husband; he always loved me  
here; who will love me now? I will go and be  
with him.' So they built the pyre and laid the  
dead upon it, and friends with music gathered  
around. Then the beautiful bride came, dressed  
in pure white robes, beautiful as the light of heaven,  
and went around to all her friends, and made her  
salams to each, so putting her clasped hands to  
his forehead, and said, 'Father, farewell, I am  
going now; and he said, 'Go, Mother, fare-  
well, I am going now; she said, 'Go,' and thus  
to all. She then walked seven times around the  
pyre, calling on the names of our gods; then laid  
herself upon the pyre—the fire had been kindled  
and she was burned with her husband. And it  
was well," he added, "it was well." I ex-  
claimed with horror, "Oh, think of your own  
widowed daughter. Could you have seen her  
sacrificed in such a way?" "Yes, I could, and  
with the greatest satisfaction, if she had wished it,  
and the law would have allowed. When she was  
married, I spent hundreds of rupees for the wed-  
ding feast and her dowry; great people came from  
far and near to see my daughter married. Then,  
in a little more than a year, she is a widow. Oh,"  
he added bitterly, "it is very disgraceful, very  
provoking to have a daughter a widow." We  
were so shocked that neither of us replied; and  
seeing our looks of disgust, he added with a laugh,  
"All widows are not so religious as to die with  
their husbands. A doonani married a rich man,  
but he soon died. She then gathered all his treas-  
ures into one room, and told her friends to pre-  
pare a pyre large enough for her; she would  
die with her husband. But they must leave her  
there alone till all was ready. Her friends gladly  
built the pyre, and many from the villages around  
gathered to see the suttee. When all was ready,  
they went for the widow, but found she had fled,  
taking all the treasure she could carry with her.  
Ah," he added, laughing heartily, "this was just  
like a doonani. No Brahmin's wife would have  
run away." Still receiving no reply from us, he  
added by way of apology, "The reason parents  
consent to the suttee is, that they believe their  
widowed daughters are freed from trouble and  
disgrace, and enter at once with their husbands  
into the land of the blessed; and, besides, great  
merit is conferred on their families." "Thank  
God!" exclaimed Mr. W.—"such crimes can-  
not be perpetrated here now. And oh, may the  
time soon come, when this people shall know and  
receive the gospel of Jesus Christ. And Babu, I be-  
lieve it will be not many years before the Christian  
religion will spread far and wide over this country;  
yes, when your boy that stands by your side will  
see its triumphs, and perhaps feel its power.  
You, perhaps, will die as you are; but your boy  
will see great changes, if he lives." "Yes, yes,  
it may be so," replied the Brahmin, with a sigh,  
"none of the boys now are as religious as their  
fathers were; and, placing his hand on his son's  
head, he added, "Ah, my boy, you will never  
know your religion as well as I do; for when I  
am dead, who shall teach you?"

With a sigh, much to my relief, he took his  
leave. I fully believed what he said, that he  
could, with the greatest satisfaction, in order to  
be freed from the burden and disgrace, gladly have  
seen his daughter sacrificed on the funeral pyre.  
And those who know him better than we do, tell  
how not only is his poor widowed daughter  
abused and degraded by her husband's relatives,  
but that her proud father and his family add great-  
ly to her sorrow by their neglect and reproaches.  
She is even left to suffer hunger.

Well she knows her bigoted father would gladly  
see her die. And yet this man is wealthy, and  
among the most intelligent and influential of the  
Assamese, and with no different feelings from  
hundreds around. Oh, thought I, this is heathen-  
ism; this is the effect of their religion,—parents  
and relatives become enemies. Oh, it is dreadful  
to live here,—to have to be with such a people, to  
see and talk with them. It is distressing to be  
here in a heathen land. Then, in bright contrast,  
come thoughts of a beautiful Christian land far  
away, of a parent's tender love, and childhood's  
happy home, and communion sweet with dear  
Christian friends, and a sigh deep and long arose  
with the thought, "Why are you here?" And an  
inner voice whispered, "Why am I here?" It  
is not to point these very heathen to the Lamb of

God,—to cast into some dark mind the light of  
truth, and to give a ray of cheer and hope to  
some sad heart, perhaps a widow's heart? Sigh  
not, but thank God for the privilege you have; and  
use it carefully, for you must render up account.

## Young Men's Christian Association of London.

The Seventh Lecture was delivered by the Rev.  
Luke Wiseman at Exeter-hall, the subject—"Agents  
of the Revival of the Last Century."

Prayer having been offered by the Rev. E. Cornwall,  
Mr. Wiseman then said:—All writers and historians  
concur in representing the state of morals and reli-  
gion in this country at the commencement of the last  
century as being most deplorable. The Court of  
Charles II. was the most profligate and licentious of  
any other Court in Europe. During his long reign of  
thirty-six years, and the short reign of four years of  
James II., liberty, religion, and national honour alto-  
gether declined. The accession of William III. re-  
stored to some extent these important requisites to the  
comfort and well-being of a State; and yet but little  
improvement was discovered in the morals of the peo-  
ple; and during the reigns of George I. and George II.,  
or in the first half of the eighteenth century, Eng-  
land was sunk lower in ignorance and immorality than  
at any period since the Reformation. (Hear, hear.)  
Among the upper classes, scepticism and infidelity  
were almost universal, and the morals of the people  
were no better than their creed. Marriage among the  
gentry and aristocracy was despised, and the highest  
classes openly avowed unblushing licentiousness, while  
oaths and jests were uttered by the titled ladies of  
Court, such as were now only heard among navvies and  
bargemen. On the Bench justice was sacrificed to in-  
terest, and many a magistrate, cursing and intoxicated  
as he sat upon the judgment seat, swore "I never have  
committed a gentleman yet, and I never will." (Hear,  
hear.) If such was the state of the upper classes, it  
could not be expected that the lower would show any  
improvement. On the contrary, they were steeped in  
the dregs of degradation and wickedness. John Wes-  
ley mentioned the pain with which he was afflicted by  
hearing the cursing and swearing of little children of  
the humbler classes. The Sabbath was totally disre-  
garded, and the shop-keepers made a habit of doing  
their ordinary worldly business for three or four hours on  
the morning of that sacred day. It was, indeed, difficult  
to speak candidly of the state of these times, without  
being subject to the charge of exaggeration, and at-  
tempt at effect, so sunk were the people in immorality  
and vice. As to the religious bodies, they were equal-  
ly depraved and secular. As Mr. Jay had put it, "The  
Establishment was asleep in the dark, and the Dissen-  
ters were asleep in the light." About eighty years  
had elapsed since the passing of the Act of Uniformity,  
when we find the best men among the Dissenters  
lamenting the condition into which their body had fal-  
len. A number of influential men among the Dissen-  
ters, however, expressly declined to invite sinners to  
Christ; and this was called the non-invitation scheme.  
At last Dr. Doddridge arose, a charming Christian,  
the father of all that was beautiful and good in reli-  
gion; he deeply lamented the state of things in his own  
land, and said pathetically, in one of his works:—"If  
I err, I would rather err on the side of modesty and  
caution, as doing that is more afraid of doing wrong than  
of not doing right. If it shall please God to bring  
about some remarkable reformation it will be by means  
of some wondrous spirit—men that shall work like  
your London firemen; and I pray that it may not be  
amid smoke, and flames, and ruin. The ground, then,  
then, at this season was dry, very dry; but the light  
that Latimer, and Ridley, and Hooper had kindled was  
not to be suffered to go out in darkness; and by his  
own means and in his own time the Almighty worked  
these changes in society of which the fruits will re-  
main to the latest ages. (Cheers.) At a country inn  
in Gloucestershire, a round-faced, bright-eyed lad, in  
his blue apron, was engaged in sweeping the shop and  
drawing beer for his widowed mother, the landlady.  
The boy had received a good education, since his mo-  
ther's intention was to have placed him in a very dif-  
ferent station to that which he then occupied. At a  
country parsonage in Liverpool a noble hearted couple  
might have been seen struggling with a small income  
to maintain a large family. Often had the children to  
run about without shoes, and sometimes to go to bed  
with a mother's blessing instead of a supper; yet that  
mother managed to give her children the rudiments of  
a first-rate education. Two of her boys she sent to  
Westminster, to be educated like their father had been.  
These three boys were the founders of the great Re-  
ligious Revival—the one was George Whitfield, the  
other two were John and Charles Wesley. (Hear,  
hear.) They met at Oxford; and in their pursuits, habits,  
and tempers of mind, they attracted the universal at-  
tentions of their fellow-colleagues. They never swore,  
never neglected their studies, never were found at the  
gaming tables, or at drinking parties; they spent their  
leisure hours in tending the sick, in praying with poor  
widows, and with the prisoners in the goals. Their  
evenings were passed, not in ordinary recreation, but  
in praying to God, and in reading the Greek Testa-  
ment. They soon obtained the cognomen of "Method-  
ists"—a term at that period applied to any who were  
strictly observant of religious practices, and not, as it  
now did, signifying members of a particular denomina-  
tion. It was not easy, however, to estimate the self-denial  
of these Methodists. Their zeal, their patience, their  
self-knowledge of the truth, was accustomed to inflict  
religious fasts upon himself, which he kept so strictly  
that he was reduced to mere skin and bone. He said  
prayers with all the eagerness of a devoted Papist, and  
lay on the ground for two or three hours during several  
successive nights, with his face to the earth, that he  
might imitate the Lord Jesus in the wilderness. Of  
himself he said:—"My severe trial so ennobled me  
that I could scarce club up stairs." John Wesley  
was a man of a very different character. He did not  
so much mortify his body by outward means, but his  
inward struggles were of longer duration than Whit-  
field's. He was for some years immersed in spiritual  
rhapsody; but at length he saw that it was only by  
faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that he had been so  
long seeking was to be found. In 1738 there were  
about ten Young Men's Christian Associations in Lon-  
don, and John Wesley, having just come from Amer-  
ica, visited one of these institutions in Aldersgate  
street. While there his heart became deeply and pow-  
erfully affected. Of this occasion he had recorded  
thus:—"I felt my heart grow warm, and the conviction  
was in me that the Lord had pardoned my sins and had  
filled me with his Holy Spirit." About this time  
Charles Wesley experienced a similar change of heart,  
and the altered strains in which he afterwards sang,  
clearly exemplified the fact. Now, no person could

clearly comprehend the full influence of this change  
who had not himself experienced it. It was not merely  
the fact, however, that these great Revivalists were  
conscious of these converting influences over their  
own hearts and minds; in the present instance they  
were to be regarded as representative men; the work  
with which they had been so intimately and  
gloriously associated had extended itself; in hundreds  
and thousands of awakening hearts those very influ-  
ences, of which they were so intimately conscious,  
were working, and would continue to work, until time  
should be no more. (Cheers.) George Whitfield first  
appeared in Bishopsgate-street Church.—Being at  
that time very young, he was regarded with  
contempt, which, however, soon gave way to attention  
and admiration. At last he was invited to preach nearly  
all the charity Sermons in the Metropolis. At this time  
adhered to the use of manuscript, but one day he went  
forth and preached without his book, at Bristol, to up-  
wards of 2,000 people. The experiment, by God's  
help, succeeded, and thus the great revival commenced.  
(Cheers.) George Whitfield was a born orator—the  
most successful preacher that England ever saw.—  
(Hear, hear.) So marvellously modulated was his voice,  
that Garrick said of it, he could either make men  
laugh or cry by the way he pronounced Messopotamia.  
[The lecturer here detailed several striking instances  
of the extraordinary effects of Whitfield's preaching.]  
Lord Bolingbroke said of him, that he was the most  
remarkable man of the time. While he possessed the  
power of a seraph, he had the humility of a little child.  
He had not John Wesley's power of organization, but  
everything seemed to say to him, "Go thou and preach  
the Gospel—be an Evangelist." Whitfield died after  
thirty years of effective labour in the service of his  
Master in America—a land in which his name was held  
in as much respect and veneration as in our own coun-  
try. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) John Wesley was  
essentially a different man from George Whitfield.—  
He was a great scholar, and had a ready wit, a polished  
taste, and a cheerful temper. He was a pattern of  
neatness in his dress and in his various arrangements,  
whether of business or of pleasure; but underneath  
that smooth and polished surface their lay steadiness  
of purpose, uncompromising conscientiousness, un-  
doubted courage, invincible perseverance, and such a  
prodigious power for work as few men in any station  
of life possessed. (Hear, hear.) John Wesley was  
an excellent model to any young man who desired to im-  
prove all things. He was wonderfully industrious—  
would rise at four in the morning, was always in haste,  
but never in a hurry. (Hear, hear.) He was a man  
of large heart and unbounded charity. Although he  
realised £20,000 by his writings, his own expenses did  
not average more than £100 a year, and at his death  
he left nothing. All was given away in his lifetime in  
charitable purposes. (Cheers.) The fame of Charles  
Wesley principally rested upon his beautiful hymns,  
nine-tenths of which were used in the Wesleyan col-  
lections. Mr. Wiseman then proceeded to give a brief  
sketch of Howell Harris, the Welsh schoolmaster;  
and John Nelson the Yorkshire stonemason; he also  
mentioned Thomas Oliver and Christopher Hooper,  
Howell, David and Richard Thibet, as among the great  
Revivalists of the last century. He then referred to  
that admirable lady, the Countess of Huntingdon, and  
her extreme liberality of sentiments in religious mat-  
ters, mentioning several instances of the great good  
which she had been the honoured instrument. He  
then passed on to Charles Simeon, of Cambridge;  
Charles Grimshaw, William Romaine, John Fletcher,  
of Madley; and concluded his lecture by pointing at-  
tention to the wonderful progress which had been  
made in the arts, sciences, humanity, and religion since  
the period to which his observations had been particu-  
larly directed.

The proceedings were then closed in the usual man-  
ner, by singing the Doxology.—London Patriot.

## Foolish Talking and Jesting.

"I was persuaded," said Henry Martyn, after  
reading the last three chapters in Ephesians, "that  
the prohibition of foolish talking and jesting was  
little attended to by modern Christians, and espe-  
cially by myself. A saint, who, like the primitive  
Christians, speaketh the truth in love, i. e. who en-  
joys a serious and happy frame, as every one ought,  
is little disposed to trifle."

I do not know that I ever heard a sermon against  
foolish talking and jesting. Surely the avoidance  
of a sin so "inconvenient" should be urged upon  
Christians from the pulpit.

It may be said that good men are often fond of  
jokes. The natural temperaments of men vary,  
and conversion does not change the natural tem-  
perament. The tendency to levity and jesting  
will in some measure continue, and is one of those  
tendencies of the flesh which progressive sanctifica-  
tion alone can overcome. Certain it is that a  
habit of jesting is never found in connexion with  
a high degree of spirituality. Jest may co-exist  
with piety, but not with eminent spirituality.

Some ministers, it may be said, are fond of  
jesting. That does not alter or lessen the obliga-  
tion of the words of the Holy Spirit, "Avoid fool-  
ish talking and jesting." Speaking of a minister,  
a worldly young person said, "He is good com-  
pany, for he always has a joke ready." The re-  
mark was not an extravagant one, or unjust to the  
person concerned. But his "ready" joke would be  
of little service to him, should a sinner come to  
him and ask what he must do to be saved, or  
should a dark and desponding soul come to him  
for gospel comfort. The ready joke would cer-  
tainly be inconvenient on such occasions.

A careless young man was led, from some mo-  
tive, to enter a certain church. The sermon ar-  
rested his attention, and in some degree aroused  
his conscience. He continued his attendance at  
the church, and the truth took deeper hold on his  
heart. He desired to see the preacher, that he  
might receive advice on the great subject which  
lay with such weight upon his soul. He went to  
his residence, and was shown into the parlor.  
While there he heard the voice of the minister  
uttering in the adjoining parlor, to a friend, some  
of the jokes for which he was somewhat remark-  
able. The burst of laughter which followed did  
not deepen the convictions of sin respecting which  
the young man had come to ask counsel. When  
the minister came in with an air somewhat indi-  
cative of the state of mind he was in, the young

man told him he had come for conversation, but  
had concluded to defer it, begged pardon for the  
liberty he had taken, and withdrew. He did not  
attend church on the next Sabbath, and ere long  
he became as careless as before.

How many serious thoughts may have been  
driven from the minds of anxious sinners by the  
inconvenient jesting of professing Christians and  
ministers, is known only to the Omniscient One.  
It is manifest that such consequences have follow-  
ed, and are ever liable to follow. The foolish ex-  
pression, the mirth-provoking jest, may dispel the  
rising seriousness in a sinner's mind, and be the  
occasion of the ruin of his soul. It is not strange  
that we shall be required at the day of judgement  
to give account of every idle word; for and idle  
word may prove the ruin of a soul.—N. Y. Ob-  
server.

## Warning to Blasphemers.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in  
vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh  
his name in vain."—Exodus 20: 7.

Art thou a swearer? If so, seriously reflect upon  
these words of an omniscient God, and take warning  
lest here thou read thine own untimely end. Perhaps  
thou dost not consider that the road in which thou art  
travelling is a dangerous one, and will finally lead thee  
to a place of eternal torment; and thou knowest not  
how soon thy time may come. A few short days may  
pass, a few more oaths may roll from thy unholloved  
lips, and then thou must bid adieu to all the pleasure  
this world affords, and enter upon a scene of unmiti-  
gated misery. Dreadful, dreadful will be thy situation, if  
death finds thee as thou now art. Thou must lie down  
in sorrow. The time of thy departure will soon arrive.  
Soon will the cold hand of death seize upon thee.—  
And if it be before thou dost repent, thou art irrevoca-  
bly lost. All that thou canst do will soon be done.—  
The time for repentance will soon be passed. The cup  
of thy iniquity will soon be full; and soon wilt thou  
have to reap the fruit of all thy labor, and with trem-  
bling sorrow drink deep thy bitter portion.

Accurately to describe the place for which thou art  
destined, is beyond the power of mortals. Suffice it  
to say, it is a place the horror and misery of which no  
human tongue can tell, nor heart conceive. There  
thou wilt dwell amidst devouring flames; there thou  
wilt feel the gnawing of the worm which never dies.  
If thou dost feel any solicitude for thy eternal wel-  
fare, if thou dost wish for happiness in the world to  
come, I beseech, I conjure thee, pause, and for a mo-  
ment think of thy awful situation. Thou standest as  
it were on the verge of a slippery precipice. Naught  
but a thin partition separates thee from a never-ending  
eternity. Ask thyself this question, "How would it  
be with my poor soul, should God be pleased to call  
me hence before the rising of another sun?" and let  
conscience give an impartial answer. Perhaps this is  
the last warning thou wilt ever have. The brittle  
thread of life may break before thou art aware of it.—  
One misstep may plunge thee into everlasting misery.  
Consider these things, and break off this wicked habit.  
Repair immediately to the throne of grace, and beg  
for pardon and mercy. Delay not a single moment.—  
"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salva-  
tion." O swearer, if thou couldst realize the torment  
which thou wilt suffer, thou wouldst no longer pursue  
the course so contrary to thy own eternal happiness.—  
But if thou art determined to sin away the remainder  
of thy days, thou must know that thy dreadful sen-  
tence will be, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into ever-  
lasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."—  
Remember, that if thou dost follow the way of sin,  
the sufferer for it will be thy own dear soul.—American  
Tract.

## Religious Intelligence.

MORAVIANS.—The Moravians have at present 60  
missionary stations in 13 different countries. Of these  
stations there are 297 missionaries, and 70,612 in-  
struction, either converted or under the religious in-  
struction of the missionaries. All these stations were  
founded successively, from 1733 to 1853, that is to say,  
in a space of 120 years, during which this little Mor-  
avian Church, has never allowed the missionary spirit  
to abate within her. The last station was established  
in 1853 amongst the Chinese of Mongolia. Two mis-  
sionaries, sent apart for this work, are now on the Hima-  
laya mountains.

CHINA.—Mr. Williams, writing from Canton, Oct.  
25, presents a summary of the wonderful changes  
which have occurred in China within the 21 years dur-  
ing which he has resided in that country. Then the  
whole country was in effect closed against Christian  
labors; there were only three missionaries living in  
China and a seaman's chaplain. These were Dr. Mor-  
rison, Mr. Gutzlaff, Dr. Bridgman, and Rev. Edwin  
Stevens. There were no schools, no printing presses,  
and no hospitals, that were doing anything effective.  
The Bible, indeed, was translated; but it could not be  
printed in the country, nor easily introduced when it  
was printed. It was not altogether safe for a Chinese  
to be seen reading a tract which spoke of Jesus, much  
less for him to undertake to distribute them, and even  
dangerous for him to engage to print them. Now the  
country is open to almost every kind of Christian ef-  
fort. "Instead of the half dozen of whom Dr. Morrison  
assembled in his study that he might discourse to them  
of the things of the kingdom of heaven, there are now  
daily religious services at Hongkong and all the open  
cities, and a score or more in all, upon the Sabbath,  
where thousands hear something of Jesus Christ. The  
aids in learning the language have been enlarged, until  
something is possessed in every dialect to guide and  
assist the learner; and the books for teaching geo-  
graphical, astronomical, physiological, and historical truth,  
as well as religious, have increased many fold.—  
Churches have been erected where nothing but hea-  
thenish temples once attracted worshippers. Converts  
are not so numerous as we wish; but the signs of inter-  
est daily increase. In the region around Amoy these  
are so striking, indeed, that we now look for great tri-  
umphs of redeeming love. A million of Testaments  
are in progress of printing and circulation; and other  
parts of the Scriptures will likewise be multiplied.—  
Finally, the whole mass of Chinese mind is stirred up  
by a body of insurgents, of whom one prominent char-  
acteristic is their rejection of idolatrous worship for  
the worship of the true God. Whether their purpose  
of overthrowing the Manchu sway, and substituting  
therefor a native dynasty, be successful or not, their  
tenets and books have attracted the serious regard of  
all that is learned and influential in the empire, and will  
prepare the way for a purer statement of the doctrines  
of the cross, and identify change with Christianity."