

# 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.

G. W. DAY, Printer

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## The Ladder.

BY AN ARCHDEACON OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

"He dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and  
the top of it reached to heaven." (Gen. xviii. 12).

The voice which cannot err denounces, "Be  
sure your sin will find you out." Thus, by eter-  
nal law, misery stalks in transgression's rear.—  
Out of the gospel-path our feet are in furrows  
sown with woe. Godliness is a quiet haven. De-  
parture from it is a sea of trouble.

This truth is darkly written on many a sigh and  
many a tear. The case of Jacob painfully attests  
it. Behold him a downcast and a lonely wander-  
er. He treads a cheerless, solitary way. A jour-  
ney is before him—long and perilous. He trem-  
bles before the evils of to-morrow. But his  
keenest anguish is an upbraiding conscience.  
He leaves his home, because he first left his God.

O my soul! bear all things, suffer much, suffer  
long; but never venture, by ungodly schemes and  
ungodly guile, to run before the pillar and the  
cloud. The sin of man hastens not the set pur-  
poses of God. Nay, rather it stays the hand up-  
raised to bless, and arms it with a chastening  
scourge.

Perhaps the declining sun never withdrew its  
light from one more deep in gloom than Jacob  
when he paused at Luz. The canopy of heaven  
was his only roof—the bare earth his couch—the  
rugged stone his pillow. Instead of a tender  
mother's tender care, he had hardness in his hard-  
est form.

But Jacob was an heir from everlasting ages of  
an everlasting portion, which is never lost. Hence  
an unchanging friend grieved in his every grief,  
and marked with sympathy his every step. The  
Lord, whose love is wisdom, and whose wisdom is  
love, leads his children into depths of their good;  
but leaves them not in depths to their hurt. It  
was so with Jacob. It will be so while saints on  
earth need to be brought low that they may more  
securely rise.

Sleep closes his eyes. But in the night-watches  
marvellous teachings gladden the unclosed eye of  
faith. "Behold a ladder set up on the earth, and  
the top of it reached to heaven." Here was no  
obscure sign of Him who comforts most by revela-  
tions of Himself. The seed of the woman, the  
blessing of the earth, the covenant of His people  
is unfolded in clearer emblem. The Redeemer is  
displayed, wondrous in His person, His work, His  
grace. Thus the patriarch found, as many find,  
that the absence of man is the nearness of God,  
and that the dark pages of trial are inscribed with  
new lessons of love. He arises and exclaims,  
"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

Reader, this image, so radiant in gospel-truth,  
vanished not when morning came. It has a power  
to teach in every age, and to make each lonely  
spot a Bethel to the pilgrim's heart.

Ponder well this ladder. The like to it earth  
never saw. Mark its extent. It unites the worlds  
of Deity and man. It connects our sin-vile hovels  
with the abode of the Eternal. Resting on the  
ground which our feet defile, it rises, and stretches  
upward, and pierces the skies, and mounts to the  
very throne of God.

As such it pictures Him who is at once the  
highest of the high, and the lowliest of the lowly  
—who, while He thinks it no robbery to be Jeho-  
vah's fellow, counts it all joy to be the poor man's  
kinsman. It shows Jesus in the miracle of His  
person—man, without ceasing to be God—God,  
without ceasing to be man.

Reader, these are blessed tidings. Hold them  
fast as the anchor of all hope—hold them up as  
the beacon of all salvation—hold them forth as  
realities of grandest moment. Our Jesus is the  
mighty God. All that there is in the Godhead, of  
power, and might, and wisdom, and love, and do-  
minion has been His, and must be His for ever.  
Eternity is His birthplace. Heaven is His home.  
His strength is Omnipotence. His arm is Infinity.  
His eye is All-seeing. His ear is All-hearing.—  
His mind is Omniscience. He wills, and it is  
done. He puts on glory for a crown, and the  
brightness of that diadem is the redemption of  
souls. Think for ever, and you reach not the  
threshold of His vastness. Adore for ever, and  
you touch not the skirts of His praises. The sum-  
mit of this ladder is Jesus reigning—the Ever-  
living God.

Observe, too, that a Saviour less than this could  
have been no Saviour for a sin-stained soul. For  
what is sin? It is an infinite evil, because it out-  
rages every infinite attribute of God. Hence it is  
inseparably linked with infinite woe.

O, who can tell the boundlessness of its dread  
results. It scales the heavens and awakens wrath.  
It goes down to hell and kindles unextinguishable  
flames. It rolls on a ceaseless tide throughout

eternity. A moment did it. But no ages can un-  
do. Who, then, can bear it away? The touch  
of man makes it more sinful. Angels' efforts are  
as a straw before a rock. But Jesus comes. His  
blood is sprinkled, and it vanishes. He hurls it  
from Him, and it is no more found. Why? Be-  
cause Jesus is God. If the height of heaven were  
the pulpit—if the pealing thunder were the voice  
—if the universe were the audience—no more  
worthy utterance could sound, than that the blood  
of Jesus blots out sin, because the blood of Jesus  
is the blood of God.

Hence the delights which Jesus gives to the  
awakened heart. It is conscious of iniquities  
lowering to the abyss.—But in the merits of a Sa-  
viour-God a grave is found to bury all. Hence,  
too, we learn why many think so little of this  
great salvation, and are content with a mock shel-  
ter of their own construction. They are dead as  
to what sin is. But when the Spirit once strikes  
the conscience with its sin-discovering rod, there  
can be no peace but in a divine refuge, no rest  
but under infinite covert. Christ, and Christ only,  
is such refuge and such covert.

I fear that to many this is a hidden truth. If  
once men saw it they might dare to sport with the  
lightning, or to wrestle with the whirlwind, but they  
would not dare to trample on a Saviour-God.

But this image proclaims Jesus as invested also  
with our nature. The ladder set upon the earth is  
Jesus, very man, as truly as He is very God.—  
Yes, our Creator is our brother, that he may re-  
deem. Man must die. Jesus hangs on the cross  
—man, that He may represent—God, that He may  
sanctify. His Deity enables. His manhood  
qualifies. The one is all-sufficiency. The other  
is all-fitness. Thus, He cancels every debt, and  
makes all payment, and endures all punishment,  
and exhausts the whole course, and works a glo-  
rious righteousness, and rescues all His sheep from  
the jaws of hell, and exalts His spouse in spotless  
luster to the throne of His glory.

Next, the common uses of the ladder instruct  
much in the Divine art of using Jesus for hourly  
help. By the ladder we leave the lower ground.  
By it we rise to things which are above. Just so  
by Jesus there is open passage for our souls, and  
services from our lowest estate to Zion's goodly  
heights. Sin not only left us prostrate, with no  
means to soar, but it fixed an intervening gulf,  
which unaided man could never pass. But Jesus  
interposed, and distance disappears.

Believer, your heart's desire is that your pray-  
ers and praises may speak to God. Place them  
on Jesus, and they fly aloft. None can check  
their ascending speed. They are breathed below  
and instantly resound on high. You long that  
your tears of penitence and sighs of shame may be  
heeded where mercy reigns. There is no hinder-  
ance. Mourn with godly sorrow, clinging unto  
Jesus, and you melt a heavenly Father's heart.—  
You strive in a word and work to glorify His name.  
Labour with every effort intermixed with Jesus  
and nothing can be done in vain. How sweet is  
it to the eyes of faith to see its every cry and hope,  
and deed, thus carried buoyant to the court of  
God. Soon you must die. Be it so. Commit  
your departing spirit to the care of Jesus, and, re-  
leased from its cage of clay, it will mount with  
eagles wings, and tarry not until the portals of eter-  
nal days are passed.

But the ladder also affords means of descent.—  
We need supplies from above. Through what  
channel can they come? Jesus alone presents  
an open course. Through Him the Spirit is out-  
poured. The light which dispels our darkness—  
all views of saving love—strength to begin and  
persevere the heaven-ward race—the joy which  
makes this wilderness to blossom as the rose—all  
wing their downward flight by this connecting line.  
The believer stands upon this ladder, and voices  
run along it, each assuring him that his iniquities  
are pardoned, his person accepted, his soul saved.  
By this path the promises come down into his  
willing hand, and answers tell him that his prayers  
are heard. By this way ministering angels haste  
to encamp around, and to beat back the host of  
unforgotten foes. O, my soul! can you enough  
bless Jesus, who thus unites a blessed people with  
a blessing God?

Reader, this subject is personal and practical.—  
Tell me, then, have you found, do you duly prize,  
do you daily use these heaven-wrought steps?—  
The solemn purport of the solemn question is this  
—have you by faith grasped Jesus? Are you by  
faith cleaving unto Him? Faith is the eye which  
sees the ladder—the hand which touches it—the  
hand which holds it—the feet which mount it.—  
Has the Holy Spirit opened to you this figure,  
which was new life to Jacob? There is a ready  
test. Is the world beneath your tread? Do you  
trample on its love, fashion, maxims, principles?—  
Feet set on a ladder, no more rest on earth. The  
man who is in Christ is high above the world.—  
"Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

There is another test. Is yours an ascending  
life? On the ladder there is upward movement.  
So the believer rises, step by step, from grace to  
grace. As there is no progress while one foot  
cleaves to the dust, so there is no growth in grace  
while lingering affections adhere to mire. We  
must be wholly Christ's, or none of His.

Again, are your days all effort? There is no  
mounting without toil. Saints strain every nerve.  
They run an unwearied race. They wrestle in  
prayer. Their praises are as the ceaseless rap-  
ture of angelic choirs. Their zeal flows as the  
ocean's tide. They rest not digging in the mine  
of Truth, and scattering abroad the riches which  
they find. Thus they take heaven by holy vio-  
lence. Reader, if you are some lazy loiterer,

some dreaming slumberer, I tremble for you.—  
Christ works above. As is the Head so are the  
members. As is the Lord, so are the servants.

Take heed, too, of false ladders. Satan has  
forged many. Their form is specious. Their  
heights seem heaven-high. But the summit points  
hell-ward. The steps are rottenness, and soon  
they break. Salvation's ladder is only one—Christ  
Jesus.

Believer you profess to be on his ladder. Hold  
fast. Watch and pray. Some who seemed to  
climb well, have foully fallen. The most perilous  
slip is from the highest round. Perhaps you are  
conscious that your foot has slipped. If so, arise  
and adore God that you live. Arise and pray for  
grace, that you may reascend.

Unbeliever, you know nothing of this approach  
to God. You are afar off now. How will you  
bear to be afar off forever? Hear, then, and may  
the Spirit bless the concluding word. There is a  
ladder from every sin and every sorrow upon earth.  
But there is no ladder of escape from hell's wages  
and from hell's pains. There are no stairs by  
which the rich man may soar to Abraham's bosom.  
There is no up-lift by which Judas can leave "his  
own place."

## The Hindoo Widow.

Christianity seems a strange religion to the  
Hindoo, on many accounts. An intelligent man  
takes up the New Testament; he reads the para-  
ble of the prodigal son; his attention is fixed; he  
is perhaps delighted, till he comes to the part  
of the story where it is said, "Bring hither the fatted  
calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry." At  
his point he will lay down the book; he looks as  
if he were shocked; then he beats his lips with  
his hand and says, "Aba! aba! Dreadful!  
Dreadful!" But why so? you will enquire. I  
will tell you. It is because he has been taught in  
his Shasters that "the mind of him who feasts with  
pleasure on the body of another creature, has no  
care for goodness;" again, that "if a man eats  
flesh, hell will not open its mouth;" to let him es-  
cape out, after he has fallen in.

It is still more strange to the Hindoo, and to all  
his former views, to read of God that "he doth  
execute the judgment of the widow," that he pleads  
for the widow; that "a judge of the fatherless and  
of widows is God." The Hindoo has no care nor  
pity for a widow. In his mind it is a name of re-  
proach only. It is one which he has used himself,  
and which all the people around him have used,  
as a term of abuse. A friend of the writer's was  
one day examining a class of boys upon the seventh  
chapter of Luke, where it is said that the Saviour  
was at meat in a Pharisee's house, and that a wo-  
man who was a sinner anointed his feet. He asked  
the heathen boys, "how she was a sinner?"  
One boy replied, "Perhaps she was a widow."  
This answer, strange as it may seem to us, was  
not at all unnatural from the boy. The Hindoo  
widow is often degraded, and becomes very wicked,  
because everybody despises her; and this makes  
her so miserable, that she often destroys herself,  
though sometimes she dies from want.

There are very many widows in India. They  
form comparatively a large class of the population.  
Nearly every man marries, and some of them  
have many wives. Every bride is a child, whilst  
the husband may be an old man. Again, a woman  
once a widow, can never, according to the custom  
of Hindoos, marry again. Even if she be left a  
widow, as many are, when not more than five or  
six years old, she can never marry. And per-  
haps there is scarcely any human being more to be  
pitied than a poor Indian widow. While yet a  
child, or a merry girl, the man to whom she is  
married, and who perhaps is quite a stranger to  
her, though called her husband, dies; immediately  
she is stripped of her jewels and her tabli, or mar-  
riage ornament; her dress is exchanged for a  
widow's robe; her hair, her chief ornament, is  
shaved off; she begins a life of shame and sor-  
row; her own family cow dislike and avoid her;  
they believe that the God's thought her unworthy  
of the dignity of being a wife. Her husband's  
death is laid to her charge. It is the punishment  
of sins which she is supposed to have committed,  
when her spirit was in a different body in a former  
state of existence; for you know they believe in  
what is called the transmigration of souls. If any  
calamity befalls the family, it is her evil genius  
that brings it. "The house is cursed for her sake."  
She must labor and suffer, do all the hard work,  
and get nothing in return but scorn and abuse.  
All who ought to love and pity her, become her  
enemies. She is cast out and despised; she be-  
comes wicked and miserable, and too often early  
death ends her short and sad history.

But she may come to her end in another way.  
Her religion teaches her that the best and most  
worthy path open to her is to destroy herself; that  
she ought to burn with the dead body of her hus-  
band. It is certain that in the year 1818 alone, in  
one part of India, no less than eight hundred  
widows were burnt on the funeral pile of their  
dead husbands; but in the whole country there  
were at least three thousand destroyed at that time.  
What a dreadful effect of Heathenism in our land!  
Through the blessed influence of the Gospel, this  
crime is now no longer allowed; yet still the mar-  
riage of the poor Hindoo widow is contrary to law,  
and she grows up to a life of shame and sorrow;  
for there is hardly to be found a single Hindoo of  
caste who dares to marry a young person, who  
had lost her husband, however noble her birth, or  
beautiful her person, or excellent her character.

These notices of the condition of millions in one  
heathen land, may serve to show us what a dread-  
ful thing Heathenism is.—London Juvenile Mis-  
sionary Magazine.

## A Sentinel's Voice in the Silent Night.

A thoughtless youth, the son of pious parents,  
who had used all means for his conversion appa-  
rently in vain, at length, tired of all parental ad-  
monition and restraint, enlisted as a common sol-  
dier, and was sent with his regiment to India.  
The day approached when a great and decisive  
battle was expected to be fought; and on the  
night preceding it, his turn was to stand sentry.  
The night was dark, the situation lonely, the  
thought of the approaching battle, probably the  
first he had been engaged in, altogether filled his  
soul with dread. The sins of his past life, and  
especially his ungodly conduct to his parents, all  
seemed to rise in review before him; and the  
errors of a guilty conscience drove him almost to  
despair. But at length these words were power-  
fully applied to his mind: "The precious blood  
of Christ." The merit of that blood he was ena-  
bled to plead, and it was so effectually applied to  
his heart, that his fears were all dispelled. Light  
succeeded to darkness, and peace and joy filled  
his bosom. Such was the state of his feelings,  
that, as he paced backward and forward before  
his sentry-box, he could not help exclaiming  
aloud, "The precious blood of Christ!" "The  
precious blood of Christ!" In the dead of the  
night an officer left his tent, and stole around the  
camp to ascertain that all were at their posts.  
Hearing some one talking, he supposed that the  
sentry had (in a manner contrary to military re-  
gulations) got a companion. He listened some  
time, but found there was only one voice, and a  
repetition of the same words, which at last he dis-  
tinguished, though he could not understand the  
meaning of them. Perceiving, however, that all  
was right, he returned to his tent. The next day  
the battle was fought, and the victory given to the  
British forces, but without a great loss.

While many fell on the right hand and on the  
left, it pleased God to spare both the officer and  
the sentry. Soon after, the former sent for the  
other to his tent, and told him what he had heard,  
and demanded the meaning of the words so often  
repeated. The soldier then faithfully related the  
particulars of the training he had received under  
pious parents; his ungodly returns; the terror  
which a sense of his sins, and the probability of  
approaching death and everlasting destruction,  
had brought upon his mind; and the sweet peace  
which had ensued upon an application to the pre-  
cious blood of Christ. He boldly, though respect-  
fully, told his officer that that blood was needful  
for him too, as there was no other way by which  
pardon and everlasting salvation could be obtain-  
ed. It pleased God to set home, by His own  
Spirit, the discourse of the poor soldier. The  
officer became a true believer; and thenceforth  
he and the private walked together as brethren  
in Christ.

## The work of Missions.

This enterprise of mercy the Son of God came  
down from heaven to commence, and in commencing  
it he laid down his life. To us has he granted  
the high privilege of carrying it forward. The  
legacy which he left us, as he was ascending to his  
Father and our Father, and to his God and to our  
God, was, Go ye into all the world, and preach  
the Gospel to every creature; and, lo, I am with  
you always, even unto the end of the world. With  
such an object before us, under such a Leader, and  
supported by such promises, other motives to ex-  
ertion are unnecessary.

Blessed be God, this is a work in which every  
one of us is permitted to do something. None so  
poor, none so weak, none so insignificant, but a  
place of action is assigned him; and the cause ex-  
pects every man to do his duty.

1. You may assist in it by your prayers. We  
know that everything will be in vain without the  
influence of the Holy Spirit. Paul may plant and  
Apollous water, it is God who giveth the increase.  
And these influences are promised, and promised  
alone in answer to prayer. Ye then who love the  
Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, until  
he establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the  
whole earth.

2. You may persist by your personal exertions.  
This cause requires a vigorous, persevering, uni-  
versal and systematic effort. It requires that a  
spirit should pervade every one of us, which shall  
prompt him to ask himself every morning, What  
can I do for Christ to day? and which would make  
him feel humbled and ashamed, if at evening he  
were obliged to confess he had done nothing.—  
Each one of us is as much obligated as the mission-  
aries themselves, to do all in his power to advance  
the common cause of Christianity. We, equally  
with them, have embraced that Gospel of which  
the fundamental principle is, None of us liveth to  
himself. And not only is every one bound to ex-  
ert himself to the uttermost, the same obligation  
rests upon us to direct our exertions that each of  
them may produce the greatest effect. Each one  
of us may influence others to embark in the un-  
dertaking. Each one of whom we have influenced  
may be induced to enlist that circle of which he is  
the centre, until a self-extending system of intense  
and reverberated action shall embody into one in-  
vincible phalanx, "the sacramental host of God's  
elect." Awake, then, brethren, from your slum-  
bers. Seek, first, the kingdom of God and his  
righteousness. And recollect that what you would  
do, must be done quickly. The day is far spent;  
the night is at hand. Whatsoever thy hand findeth  
to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work,  
nor device, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou  
goest.

3. You may assist by your pecuniary contribu-  
tions. And here, I trust, it is unnecessary to say,

that in such a cause we consider it a privilege to  
give. How so worthily can you appropriate that  
substance which Providence has given you, as in  
sentencing to your fellow men, who set in the region  
and shadow of death, a knowledge of the God who  
made them, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath  
sent? Enthroned in the high and holy place, he  
looks down continually upon the heart of every in-  
dividual, and will accept of your offering, though  
it be but the widow's mite, if it be given with the  
widow's feeling. In the last day of solemn ac-  
count, he will acknowledge it before an assembled  
universe, saying, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one  
of the least of my brethren, ye did it unto me!—  
Dr. Wayland.

## Inhabitants of the Crimea.

About seventy years since Russia compelled the  
Ottoman Porte to surrender the Crimea. A Tartar  
kingdom had existed there for several centuries, gov-  
erned by its own khans, although acknowledging it-  
self a tributary of the Turkish sultan. The treaty,  
by which the Crimea was transferred from the supre-  
macy of the Porte to that of Russia, provided that the  
Tartar population should continue to be ruled by their  
own native princes, chosen by themselves; but no  
sooner had Russia acquired the protectorate than the  
last khan was compelled to resign, and the Crimea was  
annexed to the Russian empire. Immediately many  
thousand Tartars, especially in the parts adjacent to  
the maritime towns, sold their property and goods at  
the lowest price, and retired into the Turkish domi-  
nions.

Still, the Tartar population is numerus in the Cri-  
mea, and, combined with Russians, Jews, &c., forms a  
motley population. Nor do these various classes amal-  
gamate—the contrary, each preserves its national  
distinctiveness. At the great annual fair of Simpher-  
opol the various races and costumes appear in strange  
confusion. There may be seen the red-bearded Rus-  
sian, in jack-boots and sheep-skin; the gayly-dressed  
Tartar, mounted on a little white horse, and wearing a  
large white fur cap, a red-striped embroidered jacket,  
fitted close to his body, with wide open sleeves, loose  
dark blue trousers, with a bright-colored girdle, in  
which is sheathed a heavy-handled dagger, while his  
slippers are thrust into clumsy stirrups. There  
also may be seen Russian Jews, with long black beards,  
and long black cloaks reaching to their ankles; Arme-  
nians, Greeks in gay costume, gipsies, German shop-  
keepers, &c.; while, as it were to render the picture  
still more unlike that of western Europe, enormous  
carts of wicker-work appear, each drawn by two camels,  
of the Bactrian stock, presenting a very singular ap-  
pearance, the two humps being so long that, unable to  
sustain themselves, they fall down on either side of the  
animal's back.

Even the Tartars themselves are divided into classes  
very distinct in appearance from each other. There  
are the Nogay Tartars, the unmixed descendants of the  
Mongolian tribes who formed the bulk of the hordes  
which, in the time of Zenghis Khan, invaded Russia  
and the Crimea.

Like ourselves, dear children, they had been re-  
sembling to the Turks and Europeans. Many of them  
are handsome, tall, and robust; their complexion is  
fair, with black or dark brown hair.

Among the mountain ranges, and their highland  
glens, are other races of Tartars, differing very widely  
from their brethren of the plains, and who are described  
as a hardy, hospitable people.

One branch of the race occupies one of the Hima-  
laya provinces of British India, on the borders of Tibet.  
They extend across the whole of the vast Asiatic  
continent, and yet they are in total ignorance of the  
gospel. They were once a ruling race. In Russia  
they had a kingdom at Kazan, which held the Musco-  
vites in subjection. From the beginning of the thir-  
teenth to that of the fourteenth century they were the  
scourge of the Russian provinces; nor was it until  
more than two hundred years after that they were sub-  
dued. In the Crimea they ruled for several centuries,  
as tributaries to the Porte. In both these localities  
they are now subdued and broken. In China they  
have been rulers for two hundred years. There, also,  
it would seem as if the term of their dominion were  
near its close. Many of them have already fallen be-  
neath the sword of the Chinese patriots. It may be the  
divine purpose, that in this, the time of their humili-  
ation, opportunities may be afforded of commencing  
among the Tartars a work of evangelization, and, op-  
pressed as large portions of them are, they may be  
found willing to hear. Amid the highland glens and  
pleasant valleys of the Crimea they exist, a hardy, hos-  
pitable race, very simple, but very ignorant.

Their villages are usually built on the steep side of  
a hill. Each builder excavates a spot for himself out  
of the hillside. The perpendicular at the back saves  
on that side the erection of a wall, and the cottage lit-  
erally consists of a roof projecting out of the hill, and  
with a front and side walls. The roof is perfectly flat,  
and, projecting beyond the front wall, is supported by  
posts, and forms a sort of veranda. Whether you pass  
above or below them, they present a very singular ap-  
pearance. If below, no roof at all is visible; if above  
as one writer informs us, "they would have the effect  
of diminutive drying-grounds for grain or coffee, were  
it not for the smoke that issues from the conical mud  
chimneys. These serve not only as apertures for the  
smoke, but also as means of verbal communication with  
the interior of the houses. On a dark night an eque-  
strian might easily mistake his way, and, riding  
straight over one of these roofs, make his appearance  
at the front in a manner too abrupt to be altogether  
consistent with good breeding.

The mountains of the Crimea rise, in their higher  
summits, to an elevation of five thousand feet, remark-  
ably contrasting, in this respect, with the monotonous  
level which generally prevails throughout Russia. The  
Tchatar Dag is one of the highest. In climbing to  
its lofty peak the traveler passes through varied and  
beautiful scenery. Orchards and gardens abounding  
with every kind of fruit-trees, fields of tobacco, Indian  
corn, flax, and millet, with extensive vineyards, are in-  
terspersed with snug-looking Tartar villages, until, as  
the path ascends, the beech-woods succeed the more  
cultivated grounds, above which tower the limestone  
cliffs that form the summit of the mountain.

We cannot be surprised that the Crimea has become  
of late years a favorite resort of the Russian nobility.  
Along the south-eastern shores their castles and cha-  
teaux may be seen. Hedges of cypress and olive,  
pomegranate and laurel, line the road, which, as it  
climbs some lofty range, or drops into the valley be-  
neath, is continually presenting lovely scenes to the  
eye. Would that gospel truth were entrenched in the  
Crimea! It would be a central spot from whence it  
might exercise a commanding influence.