

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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TERMS:

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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ed (post paid) to the Editor.

The object of this paper is to do good. Its price—ONE DOL-
LAR A YEAR, always in advance—is so low that scarcely a
family in our country need be without it. We will supply (on
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it, a limited number of copies gratis.

All communications for this paper must be accompa-
nied with the real name of the author, in order to receive at-
tention.

G. W. DAY, PRINTER.

The Lady and the Shell-worker.

A small card, a Sunday-school ticket, was drop-
ped by a child. Many persons pass, and it lies
unheeded on the ground. It is presently noticed,
however. A youth stops, and turns it over with
the point of his stick, and reads it; and smiles
sarcastically as he lifts his head again, and goes
on his way.

Now, a grey-headed man perceives it. He is
a merchant; he is hastening to an appointment;
he expects to make money to-day by a good specu-
lation. Nevertheless, he pauses and picks up
the ticket, and reads the printed words. He starts
as if stung by a troublesome insect, throws down
the offensive card, and hurries away more rapidly
than before.

Again it attracts notice. A thoughtful-looking
man bends, and takes it in his hand. He is about
to put it in his pocket; but he does not. After a
moment's reflection, he restores it to its former
place; and, if closely watched, it will be seen
that his lips are in silent motion as he resumes his
course.

A handsome carriage was at the door of a large
house. It had been some time waiting. At length
the hall-door was opened, and a lady entered the
carriage; and giving directions to the servant, was
rapidly driven towards the town.

Mrs. A—was wealthy and worldly. She
was fond of amusement and display. She loved
the world, and the things of the world. She had
many friends, but her friendships were those of
the world. Many envied her fortune and her
enjoyments; but they did not know or believe
how insufficient is wealth to procure heart-ease
and peace. Not that Mrs. A—was more un-
happy than many others of her own rank, position
and character; but her worldly enjoyments and
pleasures had not filled her heart with satisfaction
and peace.

Mrs. A—had business in the town that day,
and also intended to make a round of morning
calls. Being detained longer than she expected
at the houses of her friends, she determined to
alter her plan. The check-string was pulled.—
"As we are in the street, I will alight," she said to
the footman, who ordered the carriage to be drawn
up to the pavement. While descending the steps,
the card attracted the lady's attention. She di-
rected her servant to pick it up. He obeyed, and
placed it in her hand.

It was only a Sunday-school ticket. Mrs.
A—might have cast it away; the probability
was that she would do so, but she did not. An
hour or two later and Mrs. A—was on the road
homewards; and when she re-entered her own
door, the Sunday-school reward-ticket was still in
her hand.

The lady was alone. Had another been there,
she would have hidden behind a veil of smiles the
expression of thought and agitation which her
countenance had assumed; but she was alone,
and while she rested on her soft couch, she cast
her eyes again on the small piece of card she yet
held, and its motto, "What shall it profit a man
if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own
soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for
his soul?"

These questions were not exactly new to Mrs.
A—; that is, she had heard them before. She
remembered to have read them when she was a
child. Perhaps she had read them since then;
but as she saw them on that card, they seemed to
have a personal bearing and a pointed significance.

Strange that the printed ticket should have been
there; that those words should be on it; that she
should have noticed the card at all, as it lay ne-
glected on her path; that she should have had the
curiosity to seek a knowledge of what it contain-
ed! She wished she had let the card remain
where it was; it had made her feel wretched.

"What shall it profit?" The lady was angry
with the silent accuser. Had there been a fire in
the grate she might probably have thrown it into
the flame. A desk was open; she put it into the
desk and locked it out of sight.

It was a most uncomfortable day, for the ques-
tions continually recurred to her mind—"What
shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole
world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a
man give in exchange for his soul?"

There was an evening party, crowded with the
voluntaries of fashion. Mrs. A—was there, en-
vied and admired. If there were painful sensations on
her mind, they were imperceptible to those around.
Who so gay and happy as she! And who should
be happy if she were dull, with wealth and all its
appliances at her command? It was late when
her carriage rolled away from the dispersing as-
sembly; and Mrs. A—was again alone. An-
noying and perplexing! Why could she not for-
get the words which had that day fastened, like a

barbed arrow, in her mind? "What shall it profit?"
A world gained!—a soul lost! What did it
mean?

And what should such a one as Mrs. A—be
troubled by such questions as these? She was
rich—true; but she was not seeking to monopolize
the world—she was satisfied with what she had.
Even so; but this conviction would not leave her
in quiet. "The whole world," if hers, would it
outweigh her soul's value? She slept restlessly
that night.

Among the arrivals at one of the fashionable
watering-places on the coast was Mrs. A—.
Change of air and scene had been prescribed.
She was not exactly ill. Her physician declared
her to be nervous, and nothing would be so likely
to restore her tone of mind and body as the bracing
influence of sea air, and travelling.

Many weeks had passed away since the sen-
tence on that fugitive reward-ticket had met her
eye and arrested her thoughts; and she had striven
hard to banish the impression which it had pro-
duced, but she had striven in vain. Daily and
nightly the question recurred to her mind, with
unabated sternness and severity—"What shall it
profit you if you gain the whole world, and lose
your own soul?"

Of all the numerous visitors at that water-
ing-place, none were more apparently absorbed in
the chase of gratification than Mrs. A—. She
plunged into the minor dissipations and childish
foibles, the means for which abound in such places
as these. It was in vain. The secret tormentor
followed her to the race-course, the theatre, and
the midnight assembly; and at the card-table the
voice whispered to her heart—"What shall it
profit?"—the gain of a world!—the loss of a soul!

There was a shop in a narrow street in that
town—a small shop in which fancy articles were
sold, delicate shell-work bouquets, grouped with
extreme taste and beauty. These were the main
staple of the stock-in-trade of the little establish-
ment. The shop was kept by a widow, and a
small back room was the workshop in which her
two daughters wrought incessantly to supply the
demand which their skill had created.

A mournful interest was attached to that widow
by some who knew her history. She and her
daughters had known more prosperous days; but
the same stroke which bereaved them of a husband
and father, reduced them to comparative poverty.
Then they turned the art which had formerly been
cultivated for amusement into a means of support,
and some degree of success had attended their ef-
forts. But it was said that one of the daughters,
the more skilful of the two, was slowly sinking in
decline; and that the work of her thin trembling
fingers would, before another season, be over.

Strange that selfish calculation should obtrude
in circumstances such as these; but the know-
ledge of Clara's failing health enhanced the desire
to be possessed of her superior handiwork, and in-
creased the demand for the frail ornaments she
manufactured.

It was on the evening of an autumn day that
Mrs. A—'s carriage drew up to the widow's
door; and that lady, entering the shop, was soon
occupied in an examination of the specimens ar-
ranged on the counter for sale. They were very
common-places, she thought; but on a shelf be-
hind, carefully screened by a glass shade, was a
chef d'œuvre of artistic skill. Mrs. A—would
willingly have paid down a reasonable price for
the beautiful manufacture, but it was not purchas-
able. It had been made to order, and was but
just completed; to-morrow it would be sent home.

"I will have one made also," said the customer;
"and, if possible, more perfectly beautiful and
unique."

The widow shook her head doubtfully and very
mournfully. "I fear to take another order at
present," she said.

"Why, may I ask?" asked Mrs. A—, impa-
tiently.

"My eldest daughter is very ill, madam," said
the widow, falteringly; "and my younger can
scarcely undertake so expensive an order. She
has not her sister's skill, though her taste is good."
"I have heard that your daughter is unwell,"
said the customer, "and I am sorry for it. It
must be a great trial to you. But is she so very
ill that she cannot do anything now?"

"She still works," replied the mother. "She
will work while she can; but I fear it cannot be
for long; and unable longer to restrain her sor-
rows, she wept bitterly."

Mrs. A—attempted some common-place con-
solation. She hoped, she said, that the case was
not so desperate, and reminded the widow that there
had been sometimes extraordinary recoveries,
even when physicians had despaired of life; and
then she reverted to the order she was so desirous
of having executed. "Your daughter is able to
work, you say. She might as well work for me
as for another."

Clara had other orders yet unexecuted, the moth-
er said, which would take much time; but she
would speak to her, or would the lady be so kind
as to step into the back room? Clara was there
and she would answer for herself.

Mrs. A—was not particularly fond of seeing
sick people. She would willingly have excused
herself from an interview with one who was said
to be dying with consumption; but the door was
already open, and there was no retreating.

Clara and her sister were both busily employed,
and there was nothing in the looks of the invalid
to alarm. A difficulty of breathing—a constant
wasting away—a pallidness of the cheek, except
when fever-flushed—an excessive languor of body,
corrected and kept in subjection by constant and
unfailing energy and activity of mind—there were

the chief visible symptoms of the disease which
had baffled medical skill. The visitor was re-as-
sured when she looked—there was nothing alarm-
ing, at least there was nothing repulsive there.

The customer's eagerness prevailed. If she
would wait till earlier orders were disposed of, the
sisters would gladly try to meet her wishes. But
it was uncertain, for Clara felt, she said, that her
work for livelihood was nearly completed.

"Oh, you frighten yourself unnecessarily," said
Mrs. A—. "It is a pity to let such gloomy
thoughts enter the mind. You will soon be better."
"Gloomy thoughts! Do you mean the thoughts
of dying?" Clara asked, with a peaceful smile.

"Yes; of dying. Such thoughts were very
gloomy, of course—they must be." So Mrs.
A—declared, with a shudder.

"Not when the sting of death is removed," said
the invalid, in a low voice, and a countenance
lighted up with the peace which passeth under-
standing—"Mrs. A—never forgot that voice
and look!"—and when we can say, "Thanks be
to God, which giveth us the victory through our
Lord Jesus Christ."

"I do not understand this," said the lady, coldly;
"but it is a good thing you can think so calmly of
dying, though I cannot see why you should think
about it at all just at present." And she rose and
left the room.

The next day Mrs. A—was again in the
small parlour of the shell-worker. It was early in
the day, and she had made her way thither on
foot.

"I am not come to speak about these matters,"
she said, in reply to Clara's inquiring look, and
pointing to the materials which strewed the table.
"I am wretched; I have long, long been misera-
ble. There was something you said yesterday
that I do not understand, and yet I feel that it has
a meaning. Tell me what you mean by 'victory
through our Lord Jesus Christ;' by the 'sting of
death being removed.' How is it that you can
think of dying without dread? I have heard of
such words before now; but I have thought they
were only words. Tell me how it can be." And
she cast an appealing look on the young invalid,
as she seated herself by her side.

"Have you never thought of these things be-
fore, madam?" Clara gently asked.

"Yes, sometimes; and lately much. I will tell
you how it began. It was a small card which
came accidentally into my hand; here it is." And
she laid the reward-ticket on the table.

"You are aware that these are the words of the
Lord Jesus, and you know where they are to be
found?" said Clara.

"Yes; and I have found them, and read them
there, again and again. But lately I have not
dared to open the Bible—it has only made me
more miserable."

"Dear madam," said the invalid, "is not that
because you will not submit to the Saviour?
When he was on earth, he said to many who
heard him—"Ye will not come unto me, that ye
might have life." He says so now to those who
read his gracious invitations, and reject them."

"I do not understand you. If you mean that I
have rejected his invitations—what are they,
where are they?"

"It is not for me," said Clara, after a momentary
pause, "who know so little myself, to presume to
teach others; but, madam, has not the Saviour
said—does he not say—"Come unto me, all ye
that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?"
Dear madam," she added, with so much unaffected
simplicity and earnestness, and sympathy, while
her cheek was flushed and her eye lighted up with
holy unction, that the familiarity of the address
was lost, "I know that these words are true. I ha-
boured and was heavy laden—oh, how heavy la-
den! I went to him, and I found rest. And this
is why death is not terrible, nor the grave gloomy;
and why I can speak of victory through Jesus
Christ."

It was very unaccountable, the gay visitors of
that watering-place said, the strange interest which
the fashionable Mrs. A—took in Clara the shell-
worker. Day after day she was known to enter
the little shop, and passing into the back parlour,
to sit talking with the young invalid. More as-
tonished still were they when it was known that
Mrs. A—'s carriage was placed at her disposal,
and that on warm, sunny days, with that lady by
her side, the poor girl was taking short excursions
into the country. Yet more extraordinary was it,
that Mrs. A—was no longer to be met in parties
and midnight assemblies. But when it was first
whispered, and then loudly spoken, that Clara's re-
ligion—suitable for one in her circumstances, per-
haps, but very preposterous in persons of fashion,
who were not dying, as Clara was—had infected
Mrs. A—, who shall describe the sensation it
produced!

It mattered little. Roused, at length, to a sense
of the transcendent value of the soul—her own
soul—and to a just appreciation of a Saviour's love
and sacrifice; conscience-smitten by the remem-
brance of her past neglect and folly; what signified
the laugh of the careless, or the sneer of the pro-
fane?

Weeks passed away. The season was over, and
the gay, dissipated watering-place became dull.
Lodging-house keepers counted their gains, or be-
moaned their disappointments, and prepared for
the next year's campaign, while their temporary
tenants were dispersed far and wide to their homes.
One remained, however—it was Mrs. A—. Her
carriage no longer bore the light burden of the
young invalid, for she was fast sinking—too feeble
and fragile to bear exposure to the winter blasts.
But by the side of her couch the owner of the car-
riage was often to be found, listening to her words

of love, and hope, and peace; and ministering to
her wants.

A few more weeks and Mrs. A—returned
to her home. It was said that she had lost a
friend, and by some it was discovered that this
friend was none other than a poor work-girl, as
they said, whom she had patronized. She was
strangely altered, moreover. By a way that she
knew not she had been led to a knowledge of the
Saviour. She had fled for refuge to lay hold of
the hope set before her in the gospel; and what
things had once been gain to her she had learned
joyfully to count but loss, for the excellency of
the knowledge of Christ Jesus her Lord, by whom
the world was crucified unto her, and she unto the
world.—*London Tract Magazine.*

The King of Prussia and the Bap- tists.

The German Baptists held at Hamburg, last Sep-
tember, a general conference, in which they invited
the executive committee of the Union to adopt proper
measures for obtaining more liberty. Consequently,
the Secretary of the Union, resolved to demand a pri-
vate interview with the king of Prussia, who had al-
ready given encouragement respecting this object, to
the minister plenipotentiary of the United States.
They therefore went to Potsdam—the royal residence,
—in the month of January; and after some delay
were admitted to a private audience.

"What do you wish, Gentlemen?" said the king.

"The gracious assurances," replied Mr. Lehmann,
"given by your majesty to the American ambassador,
the honorable Mr. Barnard, have been communicated
to us, and we are filled with hope and joy. We de-
sire that our churches shall receive the concession so
graciously promised. The scruples raised against such
a concession, on the plea that we had no fixed or ir-
revocable constitution, with a representative committee, can no
more be urged. The corporation bears the name of *Execu-
tive Brethren of the United Baptist Churches in Germa-
ny, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland*, and it is in their
behalf that we now present our humble petitions to
your majesty. The painful and doubtful position of
our churches in Prussia occasions many abuses. We
have been too often obliged to trouble your majesty
by complaints of judicial sentences, penalties, &c. Some
of our petitions have been well received by your ma-
jesty, others not. The grievances of which we com-
plain are a necessary consequence of our indefinite po-
sition in the State; for we are exposed to every acci-
dental disfavor, while our security should be the re-
sult of a positive recognition of our churches on the
part of your majesty."

"I am astonished that this has not yet taken place,"
replied the king; "I believed this affair to have been
long since regulated. Religious persecution is con-
trary to my convictions, and independently of these, I
consider it unwise."

The conversation then turned upon chapels, the col-
portage of religious tracts, and other similar topics.
The king asked if the Baptists could not identify them-
selves with the *Manuensis*, who are legally recognized
in Prussia. The delegates replied that this was in-
practicable, because of the wide differences between
them.

Mr. Lehmann presented to the monarch a pamphlet
containing the authentic narrative of the persecutions
which Baptists had suffered in Germany and the North
of Europe. The king terminated the audience by
saying: "I repeat my regrets at the course pursued
until now. I was first informed of these things by my
ambassador at London, Mr. Bunsen, as well as of the
surprise and indignation they excited in England. I am
harassed by proceedings so opposed to my convictions.
I am indifferent to the opinions entertained of my ac-
tions, but I do not like to be considered responsible for
what is so entirely contrary to my principles. It is
well; I have heard your petition, and will attend to it.
I am surprised that nothing further has been arranged
in regard to this; but I shall make it my own busi-
ness."

These words appear very encouraging. But the
king Frederick-William has a feeble and vacillating
character. Some of his most intimate advisers are
opposed to religious liberty, and it is to be feared that
the Baptists may yet have many difficulties to over-
come, and much persecution to suffer, before their
just rights are recognized.—*Cor. to N. Y. Observer.*

What Poland Was, and Is.

The following extract from an article in the
January number of the Westminster Review shows
what were the ancient limits of Poland when in
the fulness of her power, and how she has been
swallowed up by the greedy vultures of Russia,
Austria and Prussia—all three of whom were once
dependent upon Poland for their own existence:

"If we take up a map of Europe published be-
fore 1772—not an easy thing to be got now-a-days
—we find the central space of that map occupied
by a country called Poland, considerably larger in
appearance than either France or Spain, and not
much less than the whole of Germany; ex-
tending in fact, from the Baltic to the Carpathians
in one direction, and from the Oder to Dnieper in
another.

Statistical authorities estimate the area of this
country at 180,000 square miles, and its popula-
tion at about 15,000,000. France at the same time,
having about 20,000,000 of inhabitants to an area
of 208,000 square miles, and Russia herself not
more than 25,000,000 to her already disproportion-
ately large area. If we lay down this old
map and take up another published after 1795 and
before 1815, we shall find that this Poland has
wholly disappeared from among the states of Eu-
rope, and that the central space which it occu-
pied has been appropriated in different propor-
tions, by its former neighbors, Prussia, Austria
and Russia. Again, taking up another map pub-
lished after 1815 and before 1831, we find a new
or second Poland figuring as a distinct European
state, within the limits of the same central
space, but equal in extent only to one-sixth of
the original Poland and without any seaboard.

This second Poland, called in the maps the King-
dom of Poland, contained according to the au-
thorities, an area of about 47,000 square miles,

and a population of about four millions. Finally,
if we look at any of the present maps of Europe
published since 1831, we find this second Poland
also obliterated, and the part of the map which it
filled, included without distinction, in the yellow
expanse of Russia.

From the above description, an idea may be
formed of the magnificent proportions of Poland
proper. Poland could, if restored and enleagu-
ed with her gallant Slavonian neighbor and relation
Hungary, put an effectual check to the encroach-
ments of the Czar. Thus far shalt thou go and
no farther; here shall thy Cossack legions be
stayed.

The necessity for Crimea expeditions and Bal-
tic and Black Sea blockades would be entirely
done away with, if only Hungary, and Poland oc-
cupied such positions as of right belonged to them
if they only wielded their ancient and appropriate
influence in the confederacy of European nations.
Time, the stern and impartial Nemesis, is evi-
dently on the point of lifting these two prostrate
nationalities from the earth.—*Boston Chronicle.*

A Terrible Illustration.

"Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their
days."

In the ruin of the house of Valois, who sat on
the throne of France, this is strikingly exhibited.
The following extract from Sir James Stephens'
lectures attests it:—"The house of Valois was
now extinct. More bloody and deceitful men had
not lived out half their days. Henry II. perished
in the prime of life by the lance of Montgomery.
His eldest son, Francis II., did not complete his
nineteenth year. The unhappy Charles IX., his
second son, had not reached the age of twenty-
four, when he died in strange and fearful torments.
At the same early period, the Duke d'Alençon,
the fourth son of Henry, fell a victim to impen-
etrance. Henry III., his only other son, was as-
sassinated in his thirty-eighth year. Francis of
Guise met the same fate, while in the full vigour
of his manhood; and Henry of Guise had not ac-
complished his thirty-seventh year, when he also
was struck down by the daggers of hired assas-
sins. It was not without an intelligible and an
awful purpose, that a retributive providence thus
openly rebuked the persecutors of their brethren;
and yet the condemnation which impartial history
must pronounce on all the later sovereigns of the
house of Valois may, perhaps, be justly mitigated
by the belief that the madness of their prede-
cessor, Charles VI., was to some extent, hereditary
in his race. It is a welcome escape from conclu-
sions hardly otherwise to be avoided, but which
the reverence due to our common humanity must
make every one anxious to avoid."—Vol. ii. p.
141.

Again, of Henry IV., who apostatized from the
Reformation which he had sworn to uphold, and
who became the enemy of those he had vowed to
defend, Sir J. Stephens writes that his act trans-
mitted the crown, indeed, to seven in succession of
the posterity of Henry; but of them one died on
the scaffold, three were deposed by insurrections
of their subjects, one has left a name pursued by
unmitigated and undying infamy, and another lived
and died in a monastic melancholy, the feeble
slave of his own minister. The grandson of Henry,
Louis XIV., amidst the splendours which sur-
rounded him, may appear to have a brilliant excep-
tion from the dark fatality which waited on the
sovereigns of the house of Bourbon; but even he,
by the licentiousness of his personal habits, by the
arbitrary system of his government, by his iniqui-
tous wars, and by his remorseless persecutions,
paved the downward path to the ruin of his name,
of his dynasty, and of his race. If any prophetic
voice could have disclosed to Henry the events
really depending on his purchase of his crown by
apostasy, would that purchase have been made?
If he had sought for guidance in the Sacred Book,
which was the corner-stone of the faith he abandon-
ed, would it not have reminded him, that "the lip
of truth shall be established for ever, but that a
lying tongue is but for a moment!"

Political Chronicles of Europe.

The Crimea and the Emperor Napoleon III.—Switzerland.
—Belgium.—Piedmont.—Spain.

You have probably learned through the English
press, that Louis Napoleon has resolved to em-
bark for the Crimea, in order personally to take
command of the French army till the end of the
siege of Sebastopol. This design is entirely con-
sistent with the bold, adventurous character of the
emperor. His friends and advisers, however,
have represented to him that his absence from
France might seriously compromise public tran-
quility;—that it would be imprudent to go to the
East, especially in the unhealthy season;—that the
siege of Sebastopol, notwithstanding its im-
portance, is not worth the dangers to which the
person of the Chief of the State might be ex-
posed;—that this measure will render peace diffi-
cult, and constrain the free movement of the En-
glish army,—that it would be wiser to await
events, which may lead to a universal war upon
the continent of Europe, &c. &c. All these re-
presentations have not altered the determination
of Napoleon III. He is a man who believes in
his star, or destiny; and when once he has re-
solved on a course of conduct, nothing can deter
him from pursuing it.

The sudden death of the czar Nicholas gave
rise to a hope that Napoleon III. would give up
his voyage to the Crimea, since there are now
fewer obstacles to peace; and the emperor has
indeed postponed his departure, but he has not
abandoned his intention. All the preparations
are made; and if the conference of Vienna