

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.

VOL. II.—NO. 15.

SAINT JOHN, NEW

BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 67.

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

TERMS:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
B. J. UNDERHILL,
D. W. CLARK,
WILLIAM PETERS,
JAMES SLIPP, JUNR.,
All Communications and Business Letters should be directed
(post paid) to the Editor.

The object of this paper is to do good. Its price—One Dollar
A YEAR, always in advance—is so low that scarcely a
family in our country need be without it. We will supply (on
proper representation) to the poor, who are unable to pay for
it, a limited number of copies gratis.

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

G. W. DAY, PRINTER.

From the Union S. S. Teacher's Magazine, London.

The Inquisition. No. 1.

The Church of Rome is stained with the blood of bodies as well as souls, and has proved herself the enemy alike of man's temporal and spiritual welfare. The oppressor of improvement, the oppressor of conscience, and the hater alike of civil and religious liberty; she has ever been the sworn enemy of the free dissemination of God's truth, and the persecutor of all such as are engaged in spreading its glorious news abroad. Thus has she shown herself, even of very late years, on the continent, and in Ireland, where the Bible has been burned at the instigation of the priest, and its ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, amidst the yells and execrations of a misguided but infuriated people. Rome is not changed; all that she wants is the power—give her but that, and she will again deluge the world with blood. Rome's great obstacle is the Bible—and the Sunday school teachers of our land, who are Bible teachers, are confronting her like a host prepared for war. May they be faithful to their trust, faithful to their work, and ever act alike upon the offensive and the defensive with the Bible, and the Bible alone. Nor will it be without profit to them to call to mind Rome's former career—her lying wonders—her deeds of blood—her evil influences; the remembrance of these will stimulate them to resist her now. From amongst these we have chosen one of Rome's dark pictures for consideration; it is one well known, in name at least—the dreadful Inquisition.

With regard to the origin of the Inquisition, like the deluge which devastates a country, and can trace its source to some far off mountain stream, the so-called "Holy-office" was not let loose upon mankind all at once, but from a comparatively small beginning, advanced by degrees in its bloody growth. When the Roman empire became Christian, it still appeared to the magistrate, that he was bound to support the religion adopted by the State, consequently, in some of the ancient Roman laws heretics were made liable to certain punishments, such as fines, imprisonment, and banishment, according to the description and measure of their offence, and the only part that the ecclesiastical judge had to determine was whether the opinions professed were heretical or not. At this time almost all who were charged with heresy were charged with sedition also, and when capital condemnation ensued, it was considered to be the result, not merely of perverted theology, but of civil delinquency. This was the law and practice with regard to heresy until about the year 800—the magistrate had the whole management of the case; the church had only power to inflict ecclesiastical censures; and synods and councils could only answer the question, "Is the opinion in question heresy or not?"

But in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries a great change began to appear in the church; the authority of ecclesiastical tribunals began to increase, and the power of the papacy to extend. Fierce and savage crusades were undertaken against infidels abroad and heretics at home; the popish church tasted of the blood of the saint—the spirit of the tiger began to develop itself in the chair of the pope; and beneath the triple crown, his blood-shot eyes strained their gaze over distant lands, to find out all who differed from him and smite them with the sword; and to vex the people of God.

The way was paved for the establishment of the Inquisition by the previous conduct of the pope. In A. D. 1163, at the synods of Tours, all the bishops and priests in the country of Toulouse were commanded to be most strenuous in their exertions against what the pope was pleased to call heresy. The command was couched in the following terms: "They were to take care and forbid, under pain of excommunication, every person from presuming to give reception or the least assistance to the followers of this heresy (which first began in the country of Toulouse), wherever they should be discovered. Neither were they to have any dealings with them in buying or selling, that being thus deprived of the common assistances of life, they might be compelled to repent of the evil of their ways. Whosoever shall dare to contravene this order, let him be excommunicated as a partner with them in their guilt. As many of them as can be found, let them be imprisoned by the Catholic princes, and punished with the forfeiture of all their substance." Their main fury was directed against a people whose names we are all familiar and from whose numbers a multitude have joined the noble army of martyrs in heaven—the Abigines and Waldenses; these are they whose names are associated, not only with the sufferings of the torture and faggot, but also with the patience and heroism of the martyr; these were

the true and mystic church, the seven thousand who bowed not the knee to Baal, in those terrible times when the sun of Christendom appeared eclipsed, and persecution and blood were the portion of every man that dissented from the so-called infallible Church of Rome.

As Jezebel acted by Naboth, so did this church by these holy men; she aspersed their character before she took away their lives; she charged them with the denial of the resurrection, and of other points of Christian faith in the matter of doctrine; and in the matter of practice with the vilest lust. These imputations were false; it would have been well, however, for the Romish church to have remembered, even had they been true, that the dwellers in glass houses should be careful how they throw stones, when we have such testimony against them as that of Erasmus, who tells us that "there was a certain German bishop, who declared publicly at a feast, that in one year he had brought to him 11,000 priests who lived openly in sin, and paid an annual sum to the bishop therefore." And we may add, that some of the very laws of the Inquisition, ordained against the profligacy of the priests of that time, will show any one who can face so maddly a way by which to come at the truth, what the morality of the Church of Rome was. Whoever wants to ascertain the cause of the persecution of the Waldenses, need only look at their confession of faith, and there he will find it in the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 13th articles. Art. 8 declares, "And we also firmly believe that there is no other mediator or advocate with God the Father, but Jesus Christ. And as to the Virgin Mary, she was holy, humble, and full of grace; and this we believe concerning all other saints, that they are waiting in heaven for the resurrection of their bodies, at the day of judgment. Art. 9. We also believe that after this life there are two places, one for those that are saved, the other for the damned, which [two] we call paradise and hell, wholly denying that imaginary purgatory of Anti-Christ, invented in opposition to the truth. Art. 10. Moreover, we have ever regarded all the inventions of men in the affairs of religion as unspeakable abomination to God; such as the festival days and vigils of the saints, and what is called holy water, the abstaining from flesh on certain days, and such like things, but above all the masses." Art. 11 repudiates human inventions.—Art. 12 considers the sacraments as the signs of holy things. Art. 13. "We acknowledge no sacraments as of divine appointment, but baptism and the Lord's Supper." A man needs but little penetration to discern here quite enough to brand over the believers in such a faith to the tender mercies of the inquisitors of the Church of Rome.

(To be continued.)

Constantinople.

The London Times has lately published the following letter, from Constantinople, giving an awful account of the morality of the capital of Islamism:

"This capital has for some length of time been the scene of many mysteriously perpetrated robberies of houses, and the equally mysterious and sudden disappearance of many an English private or A. B. On the 2d January a gipsy came to the chief cavass, or superintendent of police, and offered to disclose the haunt of a gang of murderers on payment of a reward of one thousand piastres. Though immediately secured, he refused to divulge a single fact without the promise of the above sum. The threat of immediate execution was next tried on him, when the gipsy declared the whole as a got-up story. Hereupon he was sent in the charge of a cavass to the prison, but managed to make his escape. Next morning he was found dead in the open street, with four deep gashes in his breast. It is supposed that the gang got wind of the gipsy's intentions to betray them, and accordingly quietly despatched him. In the evening of the 3d, as some cavasses were making their rounds in one of the streets of Galata, they observed two men carrying a large bag between them, apparently with much difficulty. The policemen suspected them, when they left their bag and took to their heels. The bag was found to contain the body of an English soldier, with a bullet through his head. On the night of the 6th, three French soldiers, walking through one of the streets in Pera, suddenly came upon two Greeks carrying the body of an English sailor. Suspecting the commission of a foul deed, the Frenchmen unsling their rifles, which hung at their sides, and gave chase to the Greeks, who instantly dropped their burden and ran off. The chase continued, up one lane and down another, for some time, when the pursued suddenly halted and gave a loud shrill whistle. Suddenly the previously empty lane was crowded with dark figures, who rushed on the unfortunate Frenchmen. They fired, and made a gallant stand for some time, until the overwhelming numbers bore them down, stabbing and clubbing them without mercy. Soon after, some cavasses passing by, the ruffians disappeared again as quickly as they had come to the rescue of their fellow-murderers, but not without leaving two of the Frenchmen dead. The third lived just long enough to make his statement to the police, who instantly searched all the neighbouring houses, courts, and alleys, but without finding any thing suspicious whatever. A former member of the Baden Volunteer Corps volunteered to find the haunt of this mysterious gang, and as he could generally be depended upon, his tender was accepted, and a dagger and revolver given him for protection. On the morning of the 9th he was found dead outside of Pera. A cavass, who had also volunteered to solve the mystery, likewise fell a victim, and was picked up one

morning covered with dagger wounds, and perfectly dead. On the 11th, however, the mystery was solved. A Pole of the name of Glabacz, and an Italian, Pisani by name, happened to occupy the same room. The Italian led a very free and easy life, was seldom at home, and does not appear to have been a novice in gambling either. After having been out all night, Pisani entered their common dwelling on the morning. The Pole demanded of him what ill-luck he had had. Pisani answered that he had lost all his cash that night at play, and had even to leave his gold watch as security for a borrowed sum, adding, "I shall go and redeem my watch directly, or the rascally host will change it,—and I would not lose that watch for the world. Hang these nameless streets and numberless houses! I should despair of ever finding the cabaret again but for a clever trick of mine. As I left the house I cut a large cross on the house-door with my knife; that is my only guide, but it is a mark which the old rogue cannot easily efface." He took all his money and every every valuable trinket he possessed, and departed, determined to lose all or win his money back. Glabacz had a presentiment that something would go wrong, and determined to go out in search of his friend if he did not make his appearance by next morning. Morning came, but no Pisani; and Glabacz, therefore, set out to carry his resolution into effect. He had wandered fruitlessly for about an hour, when he entered a small cabaret to refresh himself with a glass of rum. He gave the host a piastre, and demanded his change in paras. On one of these paras he had only the day before scratched his name with a nail, and recognized it as belonging to Pisani, who must have given away that para. He therefore entered into conversation with the gin-shop-keeper, asked him whether an Italian had been there lately, and whether he had played at his house? The man evaded the question, and his manner appeared altogether so odd that Glabacz quietly took his departure in order to have a look at the street door. Sure enough there was the cross hurriedly scratched on the outside. Turning into the next street, he met a file of policemen attending on some arabas, which contained the bodies of those who had fallen victims in the past night. There were fourteen corpses; Pisani lay lifeless there too. No doubt could now exist as to who the perpetrators of all these crimes were, and where their den was; and on that same day the premises were surrounded by military, who effected the capture of fifteen men and eight women, all of whom will no doubt meet with the punishment they so richly deserve."

The World.

The world under one form or other has ever been the idol set up against God by the adversary of mankind, like the image erected by the monarch of Babylon, in the plain of Dura, before which "the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, were to fall down and worship." The world with all its fashions and practices, has been proposed in form to Englishmen, as the proper object of their attention and devotion.

"A late celebrated nobleman," has avowed as much with respect to himself, and by his writings said in effect to it. "Save me, for thou art my God!" He has tendered his assistance to act as priest upon the occasion, and conduct the ceremonial. At the close of life, however, his god he found, was about to forsake him, and therefore was forsaken by him. You shall hear some of his last sentiments and expressions, which have not been hitherto (so far as I know) duly noticed and applied to their proper use, that of furnishing an antidote (and they do furnish a very powerful one) to the noxious position contained in his volumes. They are well worthy your strictest attention. "I have run," says this man of the world, "the silly rounds of business and pleasures and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is in truth very low; whereas those that have not experienced, always over-rate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled by their glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulchres and dirty robes which move the gaudy machines; and have seen and smelt the tallow-candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. When I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of that world had any reality; but I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No; for I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I must bear it, whether I will or no. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that he is become mine enemy. It is my resolution to sleep in the carriage during the remainder of my journey."

"When a Christian priest speaks slightly of the world, he is supposed to do it in the way of his profession, and to decry, through envy, the pleasures he is forbidden to taste. But here, I think, you have the testimony of a witness every way competent. No man ever knew the world better, or enjoyed more of its favors, than this nobleman. Yet you see in how poor, abject, and

wretched a condition, at the time when he most wanted help and comfort, the world let him and he left the world. The sentences above cited from him, compose, in my humble opinion, the most striking and affecting sermon upon the subject ever yet preached to mankind. My younger friends, lay them up in your minds, and write on the table of your hearts, take them into life with you; they will prove an excellent preservative against temptation. When you have duly considered them, and the character of him by whom they were uttered, you shall compare them, if you please, with the words of another person, who took his leave of the world in a very different manner—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge will give me at that day." Say, shall your lot be with the Christian or the man of the world with the apostle or the libertine? You will not hesitate a moment, but, in reply to those who attempt to seduce you into the paths of vice and error, honestly and boldly exclaim, every one of you, with Joshua, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; but for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Bp. Horne.

Selected by a Lady.

The Jew.

Travelling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman, give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter having every mark of a Jew on the lineaments of his face; his was well dressed and his face was noble, though it was evident that his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat, and was all attention while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service the clergyman fixed his eye steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare, and the good minister going up to him, said, "sir, am I correct—am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it, that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?" The following narrative was the substance of his reply: He was a very respectable man, of a superior education, who had lately come from London, and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his youth before he left Europe; and he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love—she was surrounded by beauty as a mantle, but her cultivated mind, and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinsel decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education, she could read and speak with fluency several different languages, and her manners charmed every beholder: no wonder then that a dotting father whose head was now sprinkled with grey should place his whole affection on this only child of his love—especially as he knew no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he had educated her in the strictest principles of his religion and he thought he had presented it with an ornament. Not long ago this child was taken sick, the rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, his strength decayed, and it was apparent to all that the worm of disease was rioting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish; he often attempted to converse with her, yet he seldom spoke but in the language of tears; he spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by the dying daughter; with a heavy heart he entered the door of the chamber which he feared was soon to be the entrance of death; he was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter. She extended to her parent her wasted hand,—"My father do you love me?"—"My child, you know that I love you—that you are more dear to me than all the world beside."—"But father—do you love me?"—"Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite—have I never given you any proofs of my love?"—"But, my dearest father, do you love me?" The father could not answer. She added—"I know my dear father that you love me—that you have been the kindest of parents—and I tenderly love you—will you grant me one request—O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?"—"My dearest child, ask what you will—though it take all my property—whatever it may be, it shall be granted—I will grant it."—"My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth!" The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught, but I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick—even for the salvation of my soul—I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him—and now my dear father, do not deny me, I beg that you will never again speak against Jesus of Nazareth—I entreat you to obtain a new Testament that tells of him, and I pray that you may know him, and when I am no more, you may bestow on him that love that was formerly mine." The exertion overcame the weakness of her fee-

ble body, she ceased, and the father's heart was too full even for tears; he left the room in great horror of mind, and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude to return, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust to that Saviour whom she loved and honoured, without seeing or knowing. The first thing the parent did after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a Testament, this he read—and taught by the spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb.—Todd's Simple Sketches.

Correspondence.

Buffalo Correspondence.

The receipt of the following Correspondence from the Rev. G. H. Ball, Pastor of the Free Will Baptist Church, in the City of Buffalo, affords us much pleasure. Though not personally acquainted with Brother B., we hope he will favour us and our readers with frequent letters.—Ed. Intelligencer.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, March 28, 1855.

Brother McLeod,—Your New York Correspondent suggests to me that an occasional letter from this city might be acceptable to you, and hoping to add a trifle to the interest of your useful paper, I venture a few lines, begging pardon for so unceremoniously introducing myself. Buffalo is a commercial city of much importance, a kind of business center for a large and wealthy territory. Situated at the foot of a chain of Lakes stretching to the northward and westward several hundred miles, and bordered by numerous and populous states all seeking ingress and egress to a great extent through her portals, she enjoys advantages for trade and substantial prosperity unequalled by any other inland city. By the Lakes she is connected with the boundless and fruitful West, and by the Erie Canal, and numerous Rail Roads, connected with the sea-board. The population of Buffalo is estimated at 80,000; the valuation of property for 1854 was \$24,397,439, which is an increase of over \$5000,000, in one year. There is a rapid increase of fine, substantial buildings, both for purposes of trade and residence; and in some portions of the city the change for the better during two or three years past is highly gratifying. One large district that for years has been a center of corruption, is now wholly cleared out, and built up with elegant warehouses, stores, hotels, &c.

The value of products received from the west at this port during the summer of 1854, amounts to \$42,207,400. The number of vessels which have entered and cleared during the year foot up 7,405, tons 2,638,879.53, men, 130,638. Eight daily papers, and twelve weeklies, and several monthlies are constantly doing their work upon our own and surrounding population. Two large publishing houses have for several years been driving a profitable business in making books, and no city is better furnished with book stores for the convenience of the reading public. It will be readily perceived that a city with such a commercial position, such elements of prosperity and influence must constitute important force in deciding the moral destiny of millions of souls. From Buffalo will go forth streams of life or death according as christianity or mammon moulds the character, and regulates the lives of her people. When wealth is rapidly accumulated and all the strife, and excitement of commercial life keeps the minds of the people in hot pursuit for worldly success, there is eminent danger of a general recklessness in regard to God and duty, and all the more necessity that christians should toil incessantly for the triumph of truth.

The religious interests of the city have not by any means been wholly neglected. We have ten Presbyterian, eight or nine Methodist, six Baptist, and five Episcopal Churches, besides several other Independent congregations, composed of foreign Protestants. Papists have several large congregations, and one cathedral nearly completed, and several schools in which the superstitious dogmas of the Mother of Harlots are instilled into the minds of the young. The most hopeful feature of religious interests among us, is the Mission Sabbath School. Several thousand children, mostly those of foreigners, are gathered together by members of different Evangelical churches, and taught every Sabbath the unsearchable riches of Christ. These efforts have thus far met with encouraging success. Very many of the children of Papists are constant pupils in these schools, and learn here that christianity consists in justice, temperance, mercy, rather than in refraining from the use of meat on Friday and such foolish observances.

No special revival interest has been enjoyed in the Churches this winter except in the Free Baptist, several have professed faith in Christ in connection with that Church and the interest seems to continue still. Spiritual rappings, and skepticism are perverting the minds of many, and ruining some of whom we had hoped better things; and while the Churches seem to be without that aggressive life which is required to arrest the attention of the sinner, we cannot but expect that men will fall into the snares of the enemy and perish. Yours Truly, G. H. BALL.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

Anti-Tobacco Movement in N. S.

HILLSBURG, N. S., March 21, 1855.

Mr. Editor,—As some of your readers may be anti-tobaccoists, and would like to hear any thing that would favour that cause, I therefore forward you an account of a recent movement in this place.

The evils of tobacco using had been talked of for some