

# RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF FREE C. BAPTISTS OF N. BRUNSWICK, AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

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## Religious.

(From the New York Chronicle.)  
CHURCH MUSIC.

Messrs. Editors:—You will much oblige a subscriber and a constant reader, by publishing the accompanying remarks on Church Music. They are well written, and smack considerably, both as to matter and style, of an old book that belonged to my father, called "Dialogues of Devils." The importance of congregational singing in the public worship of Almighty God was acknowledged among the Baptists almost universally, fifty or sixty years ago; but the signs of the times seem to indicate a strong desire, on the part of some, to abandon the principles and usages of our fathers; and I am by no means certain but that choirs and organs, brass viols and flutes, will win the day. Let us try to put off the evil day as long as possible.

AN OLD-FASHIONED BAPTIST PASTOR.

The following letter from one of the missionaries of the Prince of Darkness to his master, upon the subject of Church Music, was intercepted by some contributor to the New York Musical Review, in which it appeared:

In obedience to the commands of your Infernal Highness, I have the honor to report the progress and present state of the important enterprise committed to me, namely, that of obtaining control of the church music in America, and subverting it to the service of your Highness. In performing this duty, I am able to congratulate your Highness on the progress which has already been made, and the bright prospects for the future. It has been necessary to proceed with some caution in this work, in order to avoid, as far as possible, alarming the church members, who, acknowledging no allegiance to your Highness, might otherwise defeat our purpose. It affords me satisfaction to report that these are in a state of entire torpor, with regard to the musical portion of Church service, as could be desired. In order to quiet their consciences I have suggested to them, that as they do not understand music, they have no duty with regard to it; that they must leave it to those who have knowledge. With a little caution, I believe that your Highness has nothing to fear from them. They seem quite willing that you should shape their music as you please. Indeed, a large majority of church-goers, and even members, seem greatly delighted with the changes which have already been effected by the agents of your Highness, and are disposed heartily to second any future efforts.

I have the honor of reporting that the introduction of opera-singers into church choirs, desired by your Highness, has been so well accomplished, that there is even a competition among congregations as to who shall secure them. The secularizing of church music has steadily progressed, with marked effect, in furthering your Highness' ends. Opera arias, dances and negro airs, have from time to time been cautiously introduced with impunity. It was necessary to move with much circumspection at first, and accordingly I attended only some airs whose secular associations were not so unmistakably on your Highness' side as might otherwise have been desirable. Thus the "Auld Lang Syne" was one of the first set to sacred words for use in social religious gatherings, and its success has been complete. Some of those who were confined in their opposition to your Highness, have undoubtedly used this air without much detriment to the worship they were paying your Highness' great Enemy; but it was a step in the right way even with them; while with others, it has served to revive thoughts of convivial gatherings and other associations most favorable to our cause, just at a time when it was most important to your Highness to destroy certain religious impressions which had been made. Other secular airs have from time to time been introduced with entire success. It is true that some stubborn foes have opposed a warning voice, but I have raised against them the cry of "fanaticism," "illiberality," &c. I have asked "if the devil should have all the good music?" and similar questions, which have almost silenced your foes. Your Highness will, I trust, excuse this liberty with your august name, in consideration of my loyal purpose.

The introduction of as much as possible of your Highness' favorite school of music, the theatrical and its adjuncts, has not been lost sight of. I have reported the successful introduction of opera singers in the place of the Asaphs, Hermans, and Jeduthans, as leaders of the worship of those who have withdrawn from the assemblies of your Highness. The consideration of the disapprobation with which your Enemy must regard such worship, cannot fail to be a source of infinite satisfaction to your Highness. As the number of this class of public singers is small, it is of course impossible that many churches should be supplied with them. I am, however, laboring in a similar work, whose results promise to be much more extensive. This is the general introduction of the music of the opera as church music. An important step in this direction has been attained in the insertion in books of psalm-tunes recently published, of various familiar airs, as well as dances, waltzes, &c. I have, for instance, succeeded in getting in Jullien's Prima Donna Waltz, as well as many others.

It has, of course, been necessary to affix to them sacred words, as yet; but the time may soon come when even these may be dispensed with, and words more congenial to your Highness' taste be introduced. Meanwhile, I have the satisfaction of reporting that even now the words are not very important, from the fact that the majority of church-goers give their chief attention to

the music. This absorbs their attention so completely, that when it is of a sufficiently light and frivolous character, and especially is surrounded with secular associations, your Highness has little to apprehend from words.

In addition to this, I am happy to state that there are some who openly advocate music without any words at all, holding up the idea that art is the principal object of worship, and that perfection in art is the great thing to which all efforts in church-music should be directed. That your Majesty will approve of this sentiment, I do not say, since whatever tends to debase Duty must have a favorable influence on your Highness' cause.

The practical benefits of having the operatic and dance-music and singers in the church, will at once occur to your Highness. Thus, while the first tune is performed, a portion, at least, of the audience will be reminded how gracefully a favorite danseuse turned a pirouette to that particular air the night before. In the second, they may recall how delicately some signor sang the same music to its original amorous song at the opera. It is, however, unnecessary to expatiate, as all this, and much more, has long since occurred to the subtle cunning of your Infernal Highness.

I have the satisfaction of assuring your Highness that I have large expectations of what may yet be accomplished. So indifferent to the whole subject of the singing seem those usually active and watchful enemies of your Highness, the clergymen, that I apprehend you need fear little from them. They may be easily quieted with a mere sensual musical effect, so that if the music goes smoothly, and helps to draw a full house, they are satisfied. Beside, I have been successful in many cases in stirring up the bitter opposition of the people to any interference on the part of the ministers on this subject; so that for their own security, it has become necessary in many places for them to give up the singing exercise entirely into the hands of the occupiers of the organ-loft. Your Highness has well remarked that if you can gain entire ascendancy in the music-gallery, you need not be afraid that you can easily neutralize any efforts against you which are made in the pulpit. If I can now succeed in introducing foreign language, as the Latin or the Italian, I may then soon follow, rendering your success complete. It seems almost too much to hope, but when what has already been done is considered the idea does not, after all, seem so preposterous.

There is one movement which is pregnant with danger to your Highness' interests in respect to this enterprise, and which I have not failed to oppose with all the cunning and falsehood at my command. I allude to the efforts which have recently been made for the revival of congregational singing. Should this style of church music again come in vogue, there is reason to fear your Highness' interests will suffer severely. If the people themselves begin to take an active interest, and indeed, usually to take part in singing the praises of God, efforts to keep out the true spirit of worship will, I fear, be useless, for it is necessary in this manner of singing to use only a few simple tunes, and the exercise becomes one of actual worship, rather than a mere musical performance. When the people take part in the singing themselves, there is little opportunity for the introduction of your Highness' servants from the opera, or of the attractive opera and dance-music. I have, therefore, labored actively in opposition to this measure. I endeavored, first, to enlist choir and organists against it, by persuading them that if this style of music should prevail, their services would be less appreciated. I have also urged, through such mediums as I could command, that the highest form of art should be used in the praise of God, and that in congregational singing this is impossible. I have succeeded in persuading some very good men to use this argument very pertinaciously, and to enlarge upon it extensively. I have urged against those who are most prominent in this movement, interested motives, and in all other ways have endeavored to destroy their influence. In short, I have left no labor unperformed to prevent the success of this measure, which I deem fraught with so much danger, and which might prove as injurious to your Highness' purpose, as was the universal psalm-singer at the time of the so-called Reformation, in the times of the daring and reckless Luther, or at the time of the renegades, who, fleeing your Highness' authority, so effectually renounced the world, the flesh, and your Highness, on the inhospitable shores of New England in 1620.

In a future report, I hope to have the honor of giving a satisfactory view of instrumental music; for I have often found it easy to exert an important influence upon the organist, and to induce him, in voluntaries and interludes, to serve your Highness most effectually by throwing out the most fascinating reminiscences of pleasurable assemblies, most destructive to religious thoughts and emotions.

Assuring your Highness that I shall labor unremittingly in the responsible work committed to my care, and that I shall be wholly devoted to your Highness' service, I have the honor to subscribe myself, &c.

Your Highness' most humble, Loyal Servant,  
HEIGHART.

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his concern thinks certainly that he knows that which he hath least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant.—Staphesbury.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but mine if I do not give. To find one grateful man I will oblige a great many that are not so.—Seneca.

## INCIDENTS IN ITALY.

The following letter from "Irenaeus" the Correspondent in Italy to the N. Y. Observer, gives us some interesting incidents, which show the true character of Popery, and also gives additional evidence of its sure decay:—

"In one of these cities, for obvious reasons I do not say which, I was visiting a private gallery of pictures, in company with an Italian lady. She was a woman of great personal accomplishments, of fine education, and commanding manners. As we paused in front of a picture of Christ and the woman taken in adultery, she stopped, and looking at it with a fixed and interested gaze, struck her hand upon her forehead, and said, 'When I look at these pictures, sometimes I think I shall go mad.'"

I was somewhat startled at this sudden announcement, and thought for a moment that there must be something in the peculiar character of this picture, which we were contemplating, that had led to so excited a remark. I looked into her eye, and inquired anxiously what was in the picture, which could so deeply affect her.

She replied, "They tell me that Christ was a man of humility, meek and lowly, and that his disciples, the apostles were humble fishermen. But here, you see the bishops, and cardinals, and the Pope himself in their carriages, clothed in scarlet and fine linen with plenty of women about them, living in pomp and splendor; and we are told that these men are the successors of Christ and his Apostles—do you believe it?"

"Certainly not," I replied; "I am a Protestant, and of course reject the idea, while you have been educated in another faith, and, I suppose, have received the doctrine without hesitation."

"Well," said she, "when you have been here as long as I have, and become as well acquainted with these men and the manner in which they live, you will feel, as I do, that they can have no claim to a succession from such as Christ and his disciples were. Why, a few days ago, my husband and I were riding in our carriage through the streets, and we met a procession of the most, and my husband neglected to take off his hat; whereupon the crowd fell upon him, and threatened his life unless he uncovered, out of respect to the procession which was passing before him. They said they were carrying God through the streets—do you believe it?"

Again I replied that of course it was not part of my faith, but that I supposed she received it with implicit confidence, as the Church had taught her. Excited now by the remarks which I had made, and by an attempt to show the grounds upon which the Catholic Church maintained these doctrines, she became more violent in her denunciations of some of the leading opinions of the church to which she belonged. I said to her, she must recollect that the Pope claimed to be a temporal as well as a spiritual sovereign, and that there was a propriety in his assuming some of the "pomp and circumstance" which belonged to temporal rulers; that we must therefore expect to see, in his style of living, more of splendor than marks the outward appearance of the mild life of other churches, and that perhaps on this ground we might find some apology for those times which appeared particularly to have offended her.

"Yes," said she, "he claims to be not only the prince of the people, but to have divine power; and you remember that a few years ago, in the time of the Revolution of 1848, when he was about to fall into the hands of the republicans, for fear of his life he leaped upon a carriage and fled from the city to Gaeta. He ran away—God run away! Do you think God would run away?"

She looked at me with an arch, sarcastic expression, and repeated the demand, as if she held in utter contempt claims to divine power which could be set up by a man who would thus—in the hour of danger—desert his post and his people, and seek his own safety in ignominious flight.

Pursuing this train of conversation for some time, I thought the time had come for me to make my first attempt in Italy at proselyting. I then said to her mildly, "And would it not be well for you, Madam, to leave a church whose leading doctrines you evidently reject and despise?"

I repeated my inquiry, and went on to observe that I thought no honest person holding in contempt the cardinal features of the system which she professed to adopt, could remain for any length of time in such a connection; and I thought it eminently proper that she should, without hesitation, disavow all adherence to the church of which she was now a member, and take a position more consistent with the noble principles which she did not hesitate to declare.

She turned upon me; and, raising her arm (it was bare from the hand to the shoulder,) with great earnestness she exclaimed, "Sir, I would not leave my church, no, not if they would make me a queen!"

All the mildness which had marked our former conversation was instantly dissipated, and the idea of the abandonment of her church seemed, in an instant, to have roused every energy of her soul. She clung to the idea of union with the church as essential to every hope of salvation, while she rejected with scorn, the most prominent and important doctrines of that same church.

Here, I found, was the secret of the power of this body. Whatever doctrines its members may reject, they believe with implicit confidence that out of the church there is no salvation. They may doubt and deny everything else; but, doubting this, they believe they are damned.

I found the same opinion to prevail among other classes of people, in different parts of Italy, where

ever similar subjects came up for conversation. My servant who was showing me through the ruins of Pompeii, asked me, with great interest, if I believed that the pope would have run away from Rome at the time of the Revolution, if he was able to work miracles, as his church claimed; and when I assured him that of course I did not believe any such doctrine, he expressed great contempt for the man who would thus basely turn his back upon his people, while nevertheless he professed to have the power to save himself and them!

One of the most intelligent gentlemen whom I met in Italy, of his standing, of large correspondence with men of science in different parts of the world, known abroad as well as at home for his attainments and great abilities, and moreover a devout member of the Catholic communion, sought me and laid before me, in frequent and intimate interviews, the state of his mind in reference to the present condition and the future prospects of Italy. He said to me, that it was impossible for him to disclose his feelings to his most intimate personal friends. "I dare trust no one around me," said he, "dare trust me. It may be that those with whom I am associated from day to day have the same sentiments which I have long cherished; but we have no confidence which we can repose in one another. No man knows but he may be denounced to the authorities; and the slightest suspicion of a want of attachment to the 'powers that be' might involve us in most serious difficulties. But it is my firm conviction, there is no hope for Italy but in the prevalence of the Protestant religion. All the foundations of society are out of place; there is scarcely such a thing as virtue among men or women; the power of the priest is supreme in all departments of life; and it is an undoubted fact that if any attempt at revolution should be made, the priests would be the first victims upon whom the wronged and oppressed people would turn with vengeance."

When I was about to leave the city, in which I had such intercourse with this gentleman, he embraced me with great affection, and declared that it was impossible for him to express the emotions of pleasure that filled his mind in having enjoyed, for so many days, the communion of one whose he might safely trust as a friend. "I know," said he, "you will not betray me; you have no motive for so doing; and I have therefore opened my heart to you with all confidence, and have experienced such enjoyment as I have scarcely had for years—even in the bosom of my own family."

How dark and deplorable must be the condition of a people where despotism thus reigns over the lives and limbs of men—where friend is unable to trust friend—where even the confidence of social intercourse is unknown—and where, as in days of the coming of which predicted, those of the same household are foes of each other, and the spy of a man's actions is his nearest friend!

## THE PRAYING COLLIER.

Dr. Joseph Stennet resided in Wales several years, and preached to a congregation in Aber-gavenny. There was a poor man, a regular attendant on his ministry, who was generally known by the name of Caleb; he was a collier, and lived among the hills, between Abergavenny and Hereford; had a wife and several small children, and walked seven or eight miles every Sabbath to hear the doctor. He was a very pious man; his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering his situation and circumstances. Bad weather seldom hindered Caleb's attendance at the house of God, but there was a severe frost one winter, which lasted many weeks, and blocked up his way so that he could not possibly pass without danger, neither could he work for the support of his family. The doctor and others were concerned lest they should perish for want; however, no sooner was the frost broken than Caleb appeared again. Dr. Stennet spied him, and as soon as the service was ended, went to him and said:—

"O Caleb, how glad I am to see you. How have you done during the severity of the weather?"

Caleb cheerfully answered, "Never better in all my life. I not only had necessities, but lived upon dainties the whole of the time, and have some still remaining."

Caleb then told the doctor, that one night soon after the commencement of the frost, they had eaten up all their stock, and not one morsel left for the morning, nor any human possibility of getting any; but to found his mind quite composed, relying on a provident God, who wanted neither power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door; he went, and saw a man standing with a horse loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative; the man desired him to help him to take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, provision. On his inquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God had sent it; no other answer could be obtained. When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles—bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, &c., which served them through the frost, and some remaining to that present time.

The doctor was affected with the account, and afterwards mentioned it, in hope of finding out the benevolent donor; but in vain, till about two years afterwards he went to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician in the city of Hereford. This Dr. T. was a man of good moral character and generous disposition, but an infidel in principle. His wife was a generous woman, and a member of the Church. Dr. Stennet used to go and visit her now

and then; and Dr. Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. S. with great politeness. As they were conversing pleasantly one evening, Dr. S. thought it his duty to introduce something that was entertaining and profitable. He spoke of his great testimony of prayer, and in stanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. Dr. Talbot smiled and said:—

"Caleb; I shall never forget him as long as I live."

"What did you know him?" said Dr. S.

"I had but a very little knowledge of him," said Dr. T., "but I know he must be the same man you mean."

Then Dr. Talbot related the following circumstances. He said: The summer before the hard winter above mentioned, he was riding on horseback, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, and generally chose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant and rural. As he was riding along, he observed a number of people assembled in a barn; he rode up to the door to learn the cause, when he found, to his surprise, that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people. He stopped and observed that they were very attentive to what the preacher delivered. One poor man in particular attracted his notice, who had a little Bible in his hand, turning to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted. He wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was in turning to the places. When the service was over, he walked his horse gently along, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed, happened to walk by his side.

The doctor asked him many questions concerning the meeting and minister, and found him very intelligent. He inquired also about himself—his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb. After the doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more about him till the great frost came the following winter. He was one night in bed—he could not tell exactly whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, "Send provision to Caleb." He was a little startled at first, but concluding it to be a dream, he endeavored to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he thought he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger. Then he awoke his wife, and told her what he had heard, but she thought it could be no other than a dream, and she fell asleep again. But the doctor's mind was so impressed, that he could not sleep; at last he imagined he heard the voice so powerful, saying, "Get up, and send provision to Caleb," that he could resist no longer. He got up, and called his man, bid him bring his horse, and he went to his stable, and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he could of whatever he could find, and having assisted the man to load the horse, he bade him take the provision to Caleb.

"Caleb, sir," said the man, "who is Caleb?"

"I know very little of him," said the doctor; "but his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go, and you will be sure to find him."

The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master, which accounts for his telling Caleb, "God sent it, I believe." He fed the hungry with good things.—English Presb. Mess.

## RESISTING THE SPIRIT.

It is a spectacle over which an angel might weep, if there could be tears in heaven; man, feeble man, child of the dust, crushed before the moth, strives with almighty God! Who has not done it? How many are doing it yet? And while man does it in his thoughtfulness, he hears not, or if he hears, he heeds not, the sound which comes from the distance and falls upon the ear in tones so solemn and distinct, and with a cadence so dreadful, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." He heeds it not, but goes on his way resisting the Holy Ghost. Thus he hastens on to a condition of hopelessness and helplessness. Quick as the mind can act, he speeds him onward. Every stifled conviction accelerates his movements. Every Sabbath's light but lights him forward. Every message of the truth, every argument and appeal of the sanctuary, which falls upon his ear, and reaches his spirit, serves but to quicken his progress. Ere long the crisis comes. In an unlooked-for moment, the grieved and insulted Spirit spreads his wings for a final flight, and as he goes, he leaves upon the soul a seal which neither earth, nor heaven, nor hell can break. The die is then cast, the work is done, the decision is recorded. "Let him alone," is the sentence which has gone forth, and the man is lost. Thenceforward his career is one of growing sinfulness. Thenceforward his state is one of spiritual sleep, as profound as that of the grave, undisturbed by any Sabbath argument, unbroken by any threatening omen, unaffected by the approaching realities of another world; and though the refreshing showers of heavenly grace may brighten and give new verdure to the moral landscape around him—there he is—a spot blasted by heaven's fire which can never be cultivated, a tree scathed by heaven's lightning, ready to be cut down as fuel for burning. I may seem to you to speak strongly, but, O how lame and feeble are my words to give expression to the sentiment which God has uttered, "Woe unto them when I depart from them!"—Rev. Erskine Mason.

LAW OF A CHRISTIAN NATION.—The first article of the Constitution of the Sandwich Islands declares, that "no law shall be enacted which is at variance with the work of Jehovah, or at variance with the general spirit of his word. All laws of the islands shall be in consistency with the general spirit of God's law."