

and light, and joy, and salvation, back with them, when they return to their respective homes. Many of them have already become enrolled as members of the Protestant community, and we hope they will yet be enrolled as members of the church of Christ, and their names be found written in the Lamb's book of life.

Five weeks since, Sabbath-school for adults was commenced in connection with this service. The first Sabbath there were thirteen, and now there are more than twice that number. The average for the four last Sabbaths is twenty-eight. Sarah Kriker, who is at South Hildesley and Northampton, learning the wash and window trade, has the charge of this Sabbath-school, and he takes hold with all the earnestness and punctuality of a good Sabbath-school teacher. May they all sit at the feet of Christ, and learn of him and thus become wise unto salvation.—Letter of Mr. Goodell to American Missionary Herald.

THINGS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Our New York Correspondent, the Rev. P. M. Graham, is contributing a series of letters to the *Morning Star* published at Dover, New Hampshire, on his visit to St. John. We intend republishing in our columns whatever portion of them we think will be interesting to our readers.—[*Ed. Intelligencer.*]

GASTOWN, N. B., Aug. 31, 1854.

Bra. Burr.—Having spent a week in and about St. John, I commenced my trip Saturday morning last up the river on which the city is situated, and which bears the same name. Mr. Underhill, merchant in the city, of the firm of Hannan & Underhill, was my travelling companion. It is not only a relief to the mind to have company in travelling, but it is a source of great profit by way of obtaining information, to have, as I had in this case, some one familiar with the country, to direct attention to the various objects of interest.

The river, where it widens into the bay which forms the harbor on which the city is built, is very narrow, passing through a rent in the rock, which, to all appearance, but recently opened to let the pent up waters of a long lake into the sea—the lake itself becoming the present river. Through this narrow opening the waters rush with great violence, both to and from the sea, alternately forming a cataract, above and below, as the tide ebb and flows. At this point, on the western side of the river, is situated the provincial Lunatic Asylum, which commands the best view I have found of the city and harbor. The city principally on the opposite side and below. On the same side, however, with the Asylum, is a portion of the city, forming two wards. This portion is called Carleton. From the Asylum the river is spanned by a broad suspension bridge, constructed on the same principle of the bridge at Niagara Falls. It would be difficult to excel this bridge, either in skill or usefulness, by a work of its kind. The building for the Asylum itself is a house to the province, and the affairs of the institution, under the charge of Dr. Wadwell, seem to be conducted in a manner every way praiseworthy.

About a mile above the falls, on the eastern side of the river, is a little village called Indian-town, at the point from which the steamboats going up the river leave, and where they land their passengers and discharge their cargo, on their return. Wood boats, as they are called, and also such new ships as are launched above, seem to pass the falls safely; but they must take advantage of the tide. Between Indian-town and the city proper is Portland, which has suffered so severely from the cholera, as I before mentioned. The portion suffering most is built on low ground, which, if it can be, is not, and the wonder is that the cholera found any victims there, and it would not in a less healthy climate.

On leaving the above named town, you find, as you go up the river, at first, lofty banks, and comparatively a narrow stream. After a mile or two the river opens into a kind of bay, some five miles broad, and seven or eight long. Passing the bay, and another narrow portion of the river, shut up between rocky hills, you come to the Long Reach, as it is called, where the river becomes broader, and stretches away between the hills, which become less and less bold, almost in a straight line, and some eighteen miles. The hills by this time are mellowed down into graceful hills, and the river, now about a half mile in width, receives broader margins. Sometimes it divides into two channels, forming islands from one to five miles long. The islands and the margins are the best kind of meadow lands. Some of them are high enough for grain, but most of them are annually covered with water for weeks in the spring, and sometimes all of them, as was the case last spring. This annual freshet, as in the case of the Nile, preserves the fertility of the intervals, both island and margin. During the frosted frosts are often carried away, and sometimes houses and other buildings. You notice flood wood, logs, and hewn timber, broken from rafts, far up in the fields, where one, if it were not for them, would suppose the water never reaches.

At this time of the year the climate is no less inviting than the scenery. It is much like the last of September and first of October at New York city. In a few years, when good hotels shall invite to the quiet and healthy banks of this river, Stratford will be fashionable for Bostonians and New Yorkers, who care to have a reputation for good sense rather than for fashion.

For purposes of navigation the river is as new as when the Indians had known no craft save the Indian canoe. This far up I have not seen one wharf or landing place for steamboats, though it is said there are some. Passengers come from the shore in row-boats, at any point they please; the steamboat stops, either to receive a traveller, or a ship for the market. Whenever a package or passenger is to be landed, the ringing of the steamboat bell brings out a row-boat, for everybody seems to keep one, with which he is apparently willing and at leisure to serve any one who wishes to land. Speaking of row-boats reminds me of one; and such ones as you see on this river are so unlike my friend Page's cars, that should a pair of him from New York stray up this river, they would create a sensation as great as did the Annapolis war, of which our countryman of the quill has doubtless heard. I spoke to a man who was rowing me out to a steamboat with two pieces of hemlock, each of the new kind of row, and he said at first he would like a row, but then added, it might suit him to use the old kind.

About four hours after leaving Indian-town we reached Hamstead, forty miles above St. John. After attending meeting we had a sail across the Otisburg lake, if it can be called a sail to row against a strong wind two miles, with the waves now and then dashing into the boat. When I speak of rowing, waste not your strength; good Bro. M., our bilious friend, for some parting words to me, I have received a present which abundantly protects in spite of this question calls to mind. Arrived on the opposite shore of the lake, we were the guests for the night and most of the day of Mr. S. L. Peters, a most excellent host of an excellent "Pilgrim Tavern."

This country affords many interesting views, but I have seen none that equals the one from the lofty swell of land where Mr. P. resides. Barring the sea-coast, it is worth the journey from New York to enjoy it for an hour. Before you the beautiful Otisburg lies, winding its way between the hills, two or three miles to the left; beyond the lake, and to the right, you see the two channels of the St. John, with its beautiful islands and margins; far before you rises a village with

a single spire; beyond the river, miles away, you catch a glimpse of the Washademoak lake; here and there higher points of the uplands are crowned with forest trees; here the golden wheat field, and there the deep green meadow, interspersed among the silver sheets of water, the dwellings, the flocks and herds, the traveller on shore, and the passing sail, and the enchantment of distance, all help to make up a view which so fills the mind with the gentler and pleasing emotions, one quite forgets he is yet in this harsh world.

Sabbath morning I attended a meeting at Little River, and in the evening at this place.

D. M. G.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

We are very particular in addressing our paper to subscribers according to the instructions given. But should any not be received regularly, they will please notify us at once.

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

NOTICE.—It is hereby requested that all orders for this paper, communications for publication, letters on business connected with the "Religious Intelligencer," or "True Baptist Book Concern," be addressed to the Editor, Elder E. McLeod, St. John, N. B.

R. J. UNDERHILL, Editor and Business Manager.  
D. W. CLARK, J. W. PETERS, Committee.

Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. SEPT. 22, 1854.

MISSION AT ST. HELENA.

During a visit to the United States about two years since we met with the Rev. Mr. Betram, the Missionary at St. Helena, the place of Napoleon's exile and death. Mr. B. was then visiting America in order to recruit his health, and also to raise the means to enable him to erect places of worship on the "rock in the ocean." He seemed to us a very interesting man, and we thought we had never met with one more devoted to his master cause than he, or who possessed more of the spirit of Christ. He soon after returned to his island home, where he continues to labour not only for the salvation of those residing there, but for those also who visit that spot, so singularly located on the track in the ocean. The Rev. Mr. Phillips, an English Missionary recently returned from India, has published an interesting letter in the *London Pilot*, in relation to Mr. Betram and his Missionary labours. Believing it will be interesting to the friends of religion, we subjoin a portion of it:—

Mr. Betram is a Scotchman, who laboured with much zeal and success, with the Rev. R. Aiken, of Liverpool, in promoting revivals in the North of England, especially in Halifax, Doncaster, Stockport, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, North and South Shields, and Holy Island, from 1830 to 1844. On leaving England for the Cape of Good Hope, he received an excellent testimonial from the Edinburgh Christian Missionary Society, whose Secretary was Mr. Richardson, of South Shields.

During his voyage in the *Lion*, he was made the instrument of the conversion of some of his fellow-passengers, including a Major of the Hon. East India Company's Service, from India. While at the Cape he laboured among the sailors on board their ships, and in the prison with the prisoners. After this he went to the Malagasy Islands, arriving at a time when hundreds of guano diggers were in a state of riot, insubordination, and mutiny. Many vessels were lying at anchor, waiting for their cargoes; but the men refused to work, and kept the island for themselves, threatening to murder any that approached them. The whole account of the mutiny and his mode of quelling it is intensely interesting; but sufficient to say, he by the power of faith and by the preaching of the Gospel alone, conquered their destiny, after a season of war and all the obstacles had failed in their attempts.

On leaving the island, five consular officers of vessels presented him with a paper of gold to purchase a testimonial of their high opinion of his services on that occasion.

About this time, by the instrumentality of a zealous and resourceful converted young man, who had been paying a visit to St. Helena, the place of his birth, the religious community of the Cape were stirred up to send the Gospel to that island.

In their appeal to the public, they say:—

"The Island of St. Helena, though hitherto unoccupied by any Missionary Society, presents a most interesting field for Missionary labour. The population of the island amounts to between five and six thousand, of whom about two-thirds are people of colour. A large proportion of this latter class is sentenced over the island, and left to the destitute of religious instruction; while many who are within reach of the means of grace are living in a state of ignorance and immorality, and need the labours of a zealous Missionary to stir them up to a due concern for the salvation of their souls."

Mr. Betram landed on the island July 14, 1845, having gone forward without his family, to see if there was, indeed, an open door for the Gospel.

"The coming of Mr. Betram was soon made known to the little band of perishing disciples at James's-town, who promptly found him at the house of Mr. Morris, and with tears of joy made him welcome to St. Helena. Among them was an old soldier, who had spent his early life in the service of the East India Company, and for many years, been put on the retired list, and was now living on a pension. Captain D. O'Connor was a godly man of the Congregational denomination, who, for thirty years or more, had laboured for God like a lion in Salem. His name and character were known throughout the tropics. He corresponded with good men abroad, and among others with the Rev. R. Anderson, D. D., of Boston, from whom he used to receive annually a package of religious tracts, which he and his good lady took pleasure in distributing among the Europeans on the island. This valiant old soldier of the Cross, the blessed Samuel of old, was waiting for the consolation of Israel. It was a joyful day to Captain O'Connor when, with his own eyes, he beheld the Missionary of the Cross, who had come to suffer on Christ's scattered sheep, and to make St. Helena his home. He looked on him with a heart that said, 'Lord, now let them go, who serve Thy servant; depart from me, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' Grasping Mr. Betram by the hand, and with 'wondered eyes,' he said, 'I have long been praying, my dear Sir, that some Missionary of the Cross might be sent to preach to this perishing population; and now the day begins to dawn.' During the remaining twelve or fifteen months of his life, he cultivated the devoted field of the Missionary, and died blessing God for all the good that he had lived to see accomplished."

Mr. Betram's first sermon was blessed to some, and soon after Mrs. Jamisch, widow of the late Dutch Consul, opened her parlour, as being one of his largest in the town, for Divine service.

The Word of God prevailed in the town, many respectable people began to attend the services, those of Mrs. Jamisch, a magistrate, was brought to the knowledge of the truth; "three daughters of Captain Pritchard were also brought to believe in Christ, and with many others, to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. A blessed revival of religion had commenced, which resulted, within a few weeks, in the hopeful conversion of about fifty souls."

The results of this mission during the first four and a half years are given in a work by Dr. Hatfield of New York, published during Mr. B's visit to the United States, which we have read, and which is deeply interesting, and instructive:—

"A good and admiring church (numbering at present about two hundred members) have been gathered around him; the Word of God has been preached in every quarter of the island; preaching stations have been established in town and country; weekly meetings for prayer and the study of the Scriptures had been set up; Sunday and day-schools had been gathered, or were soon to be started. The fruitful soil had been plentifully sown with good seed, and a blessed harvest of souls was springing up all around him, portions of which were already ripe for the sickle."

Dr. Hatfield thus speaks of the importance of this island in the midst of the wide waste of waters to those who are going to, or returning from the sunny shores of India. The hospitality of Mr. Betram and his island Church are also alluded to by Dr. H. It is probably almost well known to many of our readers that it was from Mr. Betram and his people that Dr. Jackson received such kindness, when in September 1845 he called at St. Helena to bury his beloved wife.—Mr. R. officiated at the funeral. The following is an extract from Dr. Hatfield's work:—

St. Helena is the half-way house on the high road from the shores of the North Atlantic to the East Indies. The merchants and the missionaries of Great Britain and America find it a most convenient and welcome stopping-place, on their way home from an Indian residence. To those of them whose health has been sacrificed to the purposes of commerce, or of the Gospel, it is indeed most refreshing to find, in the midst of the weary waste of waters, such a convenient haven, and so delightful a climate, where to tarry a few days or weeks, amid beautiful and balmy breezes, on their homeward way. Mr. Betram and his brethren had been so situated, year by year, to extend the hand of fellowship and welcome to the weary, worn-out Missionary, and to cheer him in his feebleness and sorrow, to the following testimonial, from the pen of the Rev. Jonathan Wade, makes abundantly evident:—

"Both the Baptist and Methodist Associations having Missionaries in the East, owe these St. Helena disciples a large debt of gratitude; and this debt will increase every year. Their Missionaries, who are returning home in feeble health, nearly call at the island; and, but for the hospitality of the members of this church, would be obliged to pay a painful day for board. Mrs. Wade and myself should their hospitalities during three months, which enabled us to board there at such expense which our usual salary would cover. Brother Betram and his family vacated their own house for the accommodation of Brother Haswell, Baptist Missionary at Amboyna, in Borneo, and his family, when they were detained some three or four weeks on the island. Other Missionaries, new to this country, have shared their hospitalities for a longer or shorter period."

"THEM THAT HONOUR ME I WILL HONOUR."

Instances are frequently met with illustrating and confirming this passage of holy writ. The sure way to the only pinnacle of fame which is worth reaching is to honour God. Few, however, believe this fact, and too often is honour sought in a way the very reverse of honoring Him. Instances however start up before us at almost every step in human life, which carry with them lessons worth remembering, and afford examples for faith and action. A meeting was recently held in Strand, England, for the purpose of presenting the Rev. Mr. Parsons, who is a minister of a congregation there, with some testimonials of respect, in consequence of his indefatigable labours and self-sacrifice during twenty-five years for the good of his fellow-men in social morals, and religion. The testimonials were 500 guineas. "The Bible in every Land," and his portrait to Mrs. Parsons. From his address, acknowledging these, we make the following extracts:—

"I have cost me a deal of pain and anxiety in looking forward to this evening. I was afraid to approach it. I have been accustomed to frowns, ungratitude, and misrepresentations, but it has not been my lot to have so many smiles as some of my friends, and therefore, this is to me altogether an unusual occasion; and my greatest gratification is in seeing so many made in doing homage to the principles I have advocated, rather than to myself."

I have delivered lectures of an hour and a half's duration, and studied hard for a fortnight to get them ready, and all I have had for the labour. And it is to me an overwhelming consideration to see these principles so I honored as they have been this day. At fifteen I began to be a close student. The death of my pious mother, 42 years ago, made a deep impression on my mind, and I immediately began studying the Bible. I always carried it in my pocket, and some may think it superstitious, but I always slept with it under my pillow. I read it through and through, and so convinced myself that it was the Word of God, and my duty to receive its instructions. And let me tell you that whatever sentiments I have advocated I never have borrowed those sentiments from individuals, but have always looked at them first by the light of the Bible. If they agreed with that book I felt I must advocate them; if I believed they did not, no man ever saw me on a platform saying a word in their behalf. It was the Bible which made me an Anti-Slavery man. I learned there that all men were made of one flesh. I read the text, often only partly quoted, "Fear God and honour the king." I began at the beginning of the verse and not in the middle, and read, "Honour all men;" and so I honored my black brother as well as my white. I looked upon every man as my brother. The Bible delivered me on, as it has in all the lectures I have delivered on the political rights and liberties of man."

I never got on the platform in my life without praying just as much as I did on entering the pulpit, that God would enable me to speak. I believed in God's assistance, and I always ask for it; and in advocating a principle, I have never asked whether they would agree with my pocket. Tactfulness has been some aid to me in this respect, for I can live upon a little. The question with me has always been—Is the principle I advocate right? and my standard of judging is the Bible. I tell you, further, that for a great many years I have had an affection in my hand, which still haunts me at times, with the idea that I shall die suddenly as most of my friends have. I have thus always spoken with eternity in view. I have always had a peculiar taste for languages, and on this account it is a great gratification to me that these children have presented me with the Bible of every Land. If I had spoken at the time I should have said to these children, if I have done anything for you in the way of education it was the Bible that taught me to do it. I am delighted that you have given me this Book. Language is one of my hobbies, and if I had been at some of the colleges I have no doubt I should have been a professor of languages. I am well pleased with the thought that all the people of the earth are to have this Bible, and as a consequence it will regenerate every land. Your presenting me with the Bible of every Land is a pledge that by and bye as you rise in life you intend to be economical, and spare something from your earnings to be little or much, in order to make it such. One word with respect to the portrait. As far as I am concerned I care little about it; but how much I should value it if I had the portrait of my father. My first serious thought was when he died. He always had family worship; on the morning of his death he had that worship up, and prayed for his children. I was then a little boy six years of age, and deeply impressed. He arose from his knees, walked down stairs, and dropped down dead. Oh! I would give the 300 guineas presented to night to have the portrait of my father; and therefore I am highly gratified to have mine to give to my children. As to my wife, she has not grieved much into public meetings as she should; there was a duty at home, and that she ought to look after her own children; so that all I will say is, that "she has looked well to the ways of her household." I like that old sentiment that there is a greater fortune in a man with a wife, for I know I had a most excellent wife, who has taken care of and well husbanded my little income. I never should have been able to build those schools, or to have labored among you as I have during twenty-eight years. When I was born no one welcomed me, and for this reason, my father had been ruined by his landlady a week or two before my birth, and his bones had been sold off two days before, so that when I entered into the world, my friends prayed (they have since told me) for my death. At six years of age I had a paralytic seizure through sitting down on the damp ground, which produced my lameness; two months after this my father dropped down dead, and every body said all my hopes in the world were gone. But one blessing arose out of this—my mother taught me to live by faith, so that I have always been rich, having plenty in the bank of Heaven.

REVIEWS.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY: A new story for the young. On occasion of the Jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. By L. N. R., with an introductory preface, by the Rev. T. Phillips, Jubilee Secretary. First edition, from an original London Edition. Philadelphia, PARAY & McMillan, successors to J. Hart, John Carey & Co., 1854.

This is the title page of a book of rare excellence, which has been forwarded to us by the publishers. Its appropriate and significant title indicate at once its character, and commend it to the favorable consideration of the lovers of the Bible. But to have a just appreciation of its merits it needs to be read; and we do not see how any one, after having set down to its perusal, could be induced to lay it aside without going through it. The work itself appears to have been an offering to the Jubilee year of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and a more appropriate one could not have been presented. It consists of three parts: first, the Bible in past ages; in this part also is included, the ages without the Bible. It shows to us the manner in which God during this latter period, embracing 2,600 years when the world was without a written revelation, and the wickedness of man, was "great upon the earth" preserved the knowledge of His name. The giving of the divine record, the incidents connected therewith in the several points of its history, which have been preserved, the closing up of the canon of truth, and its subsequent adoption as the rule of Christian faith and practice, form a portion of this deeply interesting narrative. The history of the Bible during its "manuscript ages," which abounds with information and interest, closes the first part of the work. The second part, is the printing of the Bible. In this is not only embraced an account of some of the different early versions, but it shows as the manner in which such great quantities are now issued; and it may be a matter of astonishment to some when they learn that it requires 15 persons to complete a single Bible—that three on an average are issued every minute, and we can purchase one of these in St. John for TWENTY PENCE. Part third, embraces the rise, progress, and present operations of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In this part we are carried to every land, we are shown the struggles of truth against error, and the narrative abounds with incidents of a deeply interesting character, and which are well calculated to impress the mind with the subject of the work. This part is indeed an exhibition of the present state of religion in the world; for the only just criterion of a people's Christianity, is their reception and love of the Bible.

STATEMENTS IN THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Our readers doubtless remember the paragraph which we copied last week from the *Clarke Witness* and which originally appeared in the *New York Times* in relation to the ravages of the Cholera in this city, the number of orphans left, and the kind offices of the Roman Catholic Bishop toward the destitute poor. We also appended the remarks of the *Witness* on the paragraph referred to. In doing so we had no idea of attaching to Dr. Connolly any odium connected with the publication of such a tissue of misrepresentations beyond what the article warranted; neither do we now wish to detract from the merits of that gentleman, or in any respect deprive him of any honor due him for his assiduity and care in common with other clergymen and citizens, in providing for the sick and destitute during the fearful visitation with which we have been afflicted. So far as the public here is concerned the statements made in the *Times* are worth nothing, and it cannot be supposed that the author, whoever he may be, would for a moment admit the authorship of them in this community. But who does not know that that article was not manufactured for St. John, but New York? A public correction of the statements contained in it is unnecessary here, every one knows they are false; but so long as the object intended is accomplished, where the article was first put forth, it is of little consequence what reception it meets with here. We do not pretend to know that the Bishop was the author of the article; but the article itself tells us that it was founded on statements made by him; and is it not strange that it should lean so much to the side of the Bishop, and close with such a significant reference to his Cathedral? Not only so, but the putting forth of such statements among strangers is calculated to reflect on, to give very wrong impressions in relation to the humanity and benevolence of our citizens. To those however, who believe that "the end justifies the means" the article may contain nothing reprehensible. We have reason to believe that the following statements contained in the *Clarke Witness* of Wednesday and which have been gathered from the most reliable sources, are correct, and we copy them in justice to a misrepresented community:—

"In the paragraph in question it is asserted that 'seventy-nine and fifty' children had become orphans by the pestilence, and been left 'without friends or kindred,' and that these orphans had been taken charge of by the Roman Catholic Bishop. Now it seems from the best information we can obtain that there are not more than one hundred and twenty destitute orphans altogether, and that about one-third of that number are Protestants, who were never taken charge of by any Roman Catholic whatever, or approved Roman aid. In the height of the pestilence a Relief Committee was formed, who obtained contributions from public funds and from private individuals, and administered to all in the city—Romanists and Protestants alike—requiring no fee. The gentlemen composing this committee—who we may state are without exception Protestants—still continue their benevolent labours, and a number of destitute widows and children are sustained by them. In the orphan established by Bishop Connolly, not one hundred orphans, if we are correctly informed, have been maintained, and but a small number of these have remained in it. The variety of the children of St. John

is not therefore all concentrated in the person of Bishop Connolly by any means, and if the bequest of the eminent lawyer, of several thousand dollars, stipulated to the relief of these 'little ones,' as we trust it will, we cannot think the Bishop is greatly overburdened by the efforts he has made. The statements that the city was 'nearly entirely deserted for the suburban districts,' that the poor did not plunder the unprotected houses, that business was suspended, and that the 'first store was opened' just before the Bishop left, are absurd, and, we unhesitatingly affirm, untrue; the city was not 'nearly entirely deserted,' very few if any houses were left unprotected, and business went on as usual, only a few of the smaller establishments being closed.

It is, moreover, rather obscurely stated by the same informant of the *New York Times*, that 'a difficulty was found, from the fear of contagion, of getting sufficient aid to wait on the sick and dying, and country clergymen had to come up from country districts for the purpose.' The country clergymen here alluded to must have been exclusively of the Roman communion; in the Protestant churches no such necessity existed. Undoubtedly, there were difficulties in getting other attendants to wait on the sick and dying, but a gentleman, whose visits among such were of the most unassuming kind, has affirmed that by using very largely he could sometimes obtain the aid of a few Protestant women, but that in no single case could he obtain the assistance of a Roman Catholic; and as to the Protestant ministers of the city and vicinity, their services, be they more or less, are well known, not only to their respective congregations, but also to the inhabitants generally; and they have no wish to lay claim to the least merit or praise for doing what was simply their duty—much less to magnify their services by depreciating the labors of others; and they are thankful notwithstanding the fear of contagion, which it appears, prevailed, that through Divine assistance, they were not only enabled to meet the emergency without any great apprehension of the consequences, but also, that their health and their lives have been by a precious Providence, preserved. They who endeavor by the help of God, to do their duty, need 'not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon day.'—*Church Witness.*

REVIEWS.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY: A new story for the young. On occasion of the Jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. By L. N. R., with an introductory preface, by the Rev. T. Phillips, Jubilee Secretary. First edition, from an original London Edition. Philadelphia, PARAY & McMillan, successors to J. Hart, John Carey & Co., 1854.

This is the title page of a book of rare excellence, which has been forwarded to us by the publishers. Its appropriate and significant title indicate at once its character, and commend it to the favorable consideration of the lovers of the Bible. But to have a just appreciation of its merits it needs to be read; and we do not see how any one, after having set down to its perusal, could be induced to lay it aside without going through it. The work itself appears to have been an offering to the Jubilee year of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and a more appropriate one could not have been presented. It consists of three parts: first, the Bible in past ages; in this part also is included, the ages without the Bible. It shows to us the manner in which God during this latter period, embracing 2,600 years when the world was without a written revelation, and the wickedness of man, was "great upon the earth" preserved the knowledge of His name. The giving of the divine record, the incidents connected therewith in the several points of its history, which have been preserved, the closing up of the canon of truth, and its subsequent adoption as the rule of Christian faith and practice, form a portion of this deeply interesting narrative. The history of the Bible during its "manuscript ages," which abounds with information and interest, closes the first part of the work. The second part, is the printing of the Bible. In this is not only embraced an account of some of the different early versions, but it shows as the manner in which such great quantities are now issued; and it may be a matter of astonishment to some when they learn that it requires 15 persons to complete a single Bible—that three on an average are issued every minute, and we can purchase one of these in St. John for TWENTY PENCE. Part third, embraces the rise, progress, and present operations of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In this part we are carried to every land, we are shown the struggles of truth against error, and the narrative abounds with incidents of a deeply interesting character, and which are well calculated to impress the mind with the subject of the work. This part is indeed an exhibition of the present state of religion in the world; for the only just criterion of a people's Christianity, is their reception and love of the Bible.

This book we understand has already passed through fifteen editions in England; a copy of one of these, we had the pleasure of reading several weeks since.—It has now commenced its American career, and we think the firm of Messrs. Paray & McMillan (the latter a native of our own city) has been particularly judicious in selecting for their "first contribution to Christian literature" a work of so much excellence, and which was so much needed to fill up the desideratum which was felt in religious and useful knowledge. Though the work was written expressly for the young, the old may be profited thereby; and no family should be without it. Its mechanical execution is of the first class—good paper, plain and excellent type, and binding to correspond. It contains over 400 pages. We sincerely recommend it, and hope for the sake of religion that it will have a rapid sale. It can be had at the store of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, Prince William Street, wholesale and retail, as well as at the retail price one dollar. It can also be had at our office.

COLPORTAGE AND AGENCY.—Our Colporteur and Agent for the *Intelligencer*,—Bro. Thomas O'Donnell—has entered upon his work. He purposes visiting Queen's County and places adjacent immediately. He will probably attend the District Meeting at Rosinagh in October. He is authorized to receive subscriptions and payment for our paper, and local agents who have money on hand for us, can pay it over to him, whose receipt will be our acknowledgment. We trust our brethren and friends will aid Bro. O'Donnell in this good work in which he has engaged, and that Christian sympathy and hospitality will be shown to him, in the various places he may visit. We shall repeat his success as we hear from him.