

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

The object of this paper is to do good. Its price—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, *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.

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, &c., should be addressed to the Editor, Elder E. McLeod, St. John, N. B.

D. W. CLARK, Pub. and Business Committee.  
WM. PETERS, Committee.

## Religious Intelligencer.

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

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

We gave notice to our subscribers two weeks since that we intended to continue sending the Intelligencer after the first of January to all subscribers whose term will then expire, unless we are notified to discontinue. We are happy to say that, in view of the very low price of our paper and other causes, we have received during the last few weeks. We now issue over three thousand copies. We particularly call the attention of our Agents and subscribers to the importance of ADVANCE PAYMENT. The very low price of our paper and other causes render this necessary, and although we shall continue sending our paper when the present year shall have expired, yet we expect our Agents and subscribers to forward us as early as possible the amount of subscription for the next year. We will remember our terms—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
December 7th, 1854.

## MISSION FUND.

Our Churches are aware that at our last General Conference, three of our brethren were appointed to labour among them, and in other places where a door might open. The want of proper pastoral care arising from the deficiency of Ministers in our Denomination led to this arrangement. The number of Churches belonging to our Conference being over sixty, while our preachers number less than twenty. The brethren appointed have been labouring, we believe, with good success during the half year that is just expiring. Some notice of their labours has appeared in our columns occasionally, and we learn with pleasure that revivals have followed their ministry in several places. The labours of Brother Hartt, during the summer on the upper part of the St. John River, were blessed with good success; his visit to Nova Scotia, was at a juncture when particularly needed; and his short visit in St. John, was not without its effect; and we expect his return here very shortly. Brother Gunter, whose labours have been, we believe, principally expended above Fredericton a few miles, has witnessed a good work of God. A letter from our Colporteur who has recently visited the place, confirms the reports before received, and a deep inquiry seems to continue in the minds of those who have not yet given their hearts to God. We learn that Brother G's health has prevented him from labouring as much as he otherwise would. Brother Pennington's labours have been successful among our Churches east; over twenty we learn were baptized by him there, and new vigor was imparted to the cause among them. He is to return to continue his labour there in a few weeks.

But we rejoice also that the special blessing of God has attended the ministry of our brethren who have laboured as resident pastors, and others who have visited Churches, not immediately under Conference direction. We hope the time will come when all our Churches will have resident pastors, so that the brethren who labour in the capacity of evangelists or missionaries may take up and occupy new ground, except in cases and at times, when the Scriptural overseer may require their aid for special efforts.

One half of the term having nearly expired, for which our brethren were engaged, we presume we are not exceeding our duty in calling the attention of our Churches and friends to the subject of Funds. Three hundred pounds is necessary for the payment of our missionaries, one-half of which is now due. The Treasurer reports but a small portion of this in his hands; the sums which have been paid by the Churches and individuals to our brethren have not been reported to him, and hence the state of the funds of the Conference is quite unknown. It has been suggested that our missionaries report at the end of the half year to the Treasurer the respective amounts that they have each received, and from whom. This would be a very prudent course, and would lead to the adoption of such measures for the increase of funds as might be necessary. In the mean time, let every Church belonging to our Conference remember that they are in debt, until the whole amount is raised; and we hope that all will move in the matter immediately, and forward to the Treasurer for Missionary purposes, a sum corresponding with their ability, and with the temporal prosperity with which God has crowned them.

We refer our readers to "an appeal" in another column. Their contributions are solicited to a Bazaar, the proceeds of which are to be appropriated to relieve the wants of widows and orphans. We learn that nearly every Protestant congregation in the city, has a number of these at present dependant on them, and whose husbands and fathers fell victims of the Cholera last summer.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, will meet this evening (Friday) at 8 o'clock, at the Wesleyan School room, Horsefield St., for the purpose of electing officers, and other business.

AGENTS.—We hope our Agents who interested themselves so deeply for our Paper this year, will not fail to renew their interest to obtain renewals for the year just commencing. We tender our sincere thanks to the numerous friends who have already subscribed for 1855.

LETTERS Number 2, on the Common Schools of New Brunswick, unavoidably deferred until next week.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Dec. 15, 1854.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—It is now about a year since I wrote my first note for your valuable paper, and now it is so near New Year's day that we begin to look at the new year as one already present, so that we feel very little obligation to do anything in the fragment of the old year yet remaining; still I propose to send you this and perhaps another note this year, at least to make excuses and apologise for past deficiencies, so as to begin the new year even if possible. But why speak of apologies, when perhaps not a single reader would have noticed my absence but for my own bluster about it; or if there are any who noticed it, they, perhaps, gladly welcomed the better reading in the space I am wont to occupy. I must confess then it is only self-gratification that leads me to say I have regretted to be away, and the more so, because I was permitted to see so many of your readers when I visited your province. Whether they care for me or not, I confess to an increasing care for them, and however they regard my hasty notes, either as a pleasure or pain, I do not wish them to think of me as one who is not prompt to his post under all reasonable conditions. There has been enough of late to provoke comment, the loss of the Arctic, the Yankee Blade, the New Era, and especially Bancroft's speech, in which the great historian, (I believe the son of a Unitarian minister and himself educated for the ministry among the Unitarians) announces his conversion to Trinitarianism, and many other events of interest; but my duties have been such, that I could not for a moment turn aside from them to the pleasure of writing; and now I have a moment I have no joyous thing to write about, if I write what is in my heart, for if I regard that at all, I must tell you about.

## THE DEATH OF ORLINDA.

You are not curious, I hope, to inquire her whether she were cousin, sister, sister-in-law, or simply friend to your humble friend. Suffice it to say, she was very dear to me. From a child six or eight years of age, I can remember her. The image of the delicate, blue-eyed, timid but cheerful child, is distinctly before me in the light, clear happy light, of early memory. My acquaintance continued till the seventh of last month, when she left my sight to go whence she will not return, but whether ere long I must follow. Repeatedly she has been a member of my own family. From time to time have I seen her under the strains of the spirit. Nearly four years ago under those strains she came many hundred miles to join our family again, hoping as it were in the bosom of my church to receive new spiritual aid. On her death bed she recurred to two conversations I had with her on her souls welfare, as being periods distinctly marked in her religious experience. These occurred, one soon after her arrival, and the other a few months later, not long preceding her baptism. It is nearly three years since one Sabbath morning I buried her in that ordinance that commemorates the death and resurrection of our blessed Lord, whose foot steps she only needed to see to follow. In the evening of the same day I gave her the bread and wine in commemoration of the broken body and shed blood of the Redeemer, whose sacrament set her soul at liberty. The next Sabbath in the same church, and in presence of the same witnesses when she espoused Christ as her Redeemer, I was administrator in her marriage. The change of residence consequent upon the last event and other calls upon her time render it certain now, that had her baptism been postponed one week longer she never would have confessed Christ in his appointed ordinances. How many let slip the accepted time! How many despise the day of salvation!

Long was her sickness, and extreme her sufferings, but she bore all, looking to Jesus. Through all she had her consolation. About a week before her death, her emaciated frame gave token of its approaching dissolution, but still the consolation through Christ so abounded in her soul that she was raised quite above her sufferings. In her most intense sufferings she was patient, and never but once expressed any desire for her change to come, and that she soon after repeated in tenor, and commanded strength to pray "Thy will be done."

The Friday morning before her death, she distributed presents to her friends, and made arrangements for her funeral and burial. The next day she spent in silence only giving the briefest answers possible when spoken to; on being asked the occasion of her silence, she replied, "I am spending the day with God." It is not strange that one who could enter into such conscious communion with the Father of Spirits, should leave it as a request that her pastor should speak on the occasion of her funeral from the beautiful words—  
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

From this to the last she enjoyed the family devotions (which she insisted should always be in her room) in an unusual degree.

Monday evening as family devotions were about to be engaged in, she had a severe paroxysm of pain from which she did not recover till a little after midnight, as she was then free from suffering, she engaged in prayer. Soon after, while her husband supported her, mother, sister and niece by her side, she fell asleep in Jesus. God grant us, and each of your readers, that Christ await us for the great change and we be permitted to undergo it with our friends about us, in a calm hour, when we are in our full consciousness, that even while passing it, we may hear the victor's song of the Redeemed on the other side: "O death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory?"

## LETTER FROM ELDER S. HARTT.

The following letter from Brother Hartt, dated at his residence in Jacksonville, Dec. 12th, will be read with interest by his numerous friends:—

DEAR BROTHER McLEOD.—I have not found it in my power with propriety, to write to you since my return as I intended, until this morning. I arrived at home on the 4th inst., after an absence of three months, lacking two days, and found my family in better health than when I left them, and generally endeavouring to serve the Lord, which to me is a matter of great consolation. During my absence, I travelled upwards

of eleven hundred and thirty miles. It has been my lot to enter into the troubles of Israel in some places, and in the other Province which I have visited, as well as in this; I hope I have not been injurious to the cause of God—if I have done any good, it has been through his grace. In Baring and Machias, where I spent a few days, I think some may not be sorry that I visited them. I have discovered great need of care and Gospel labour in many places where I have been, and the importance of preachers being governed by the Spirit of God in their labors, as otherwise they will see very little good accomplished. Since my return home, I see a wide door open in this country as well as in other parts for Gospel labors. "Truly the harvest is great, but the labourers are few." The church in this place, that occupied the Meeting House which was destroyed by fire in September last, is in good union, and engaged in erecting a new house. The frame is now enclosed, and if the Lord will, we expect to have it ready to convene our next Annual Conference, according to appointment.

On my return home I was very unexpectedly saluted with the news of the death of two of the members of this church. One was Brother Solomon Tracy, who lived in the faith, walked like a Christian for many years, and died happy in the Lord. He was the contractor for the first meeting house, and he fulfilled his engagements not as an hireling, merely, but as one who was interested in the house of his God. He saw it finished (nearly), and enjoyed in it, with others, during last winter a season of revival, and a little previous to his death witnessed its destruction, while the same language that sustained the prophet, also comforted him—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall. Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." (Hab. 3: 17, 18.)

The other one, to whose death I referred, was the wife of Mr. Benjamin Thomas, formerly the widow of the late Bedford Tracy. To brother Thomas she had not been married quite one year. Several children by her first husband, and one by the last, as well as numerous friends, and the church of God mourned her loss.

Elder Pennington, with whom I spent last evening, informs me that he expects to leave home for the field of his labour in about two weeks.

## EDITORIAL CLIPPINGS AND REMARKS.

## RIGHT KIND OF CONSECRATION.

At the last Anniversary Meeting of the Free Will Baptist Education Society, Mr. Joshua Parsons, of N. York, made the following remarks. Mr. P. is a member of the Rev. D. M. Graham's Church, has been a Christian for many years, and has the advantage of long experience and observation. We would to God that all our Churches had members like Mr. Parsons, and if unable to consecrate so largely, would at least as freely, and in the same spirit:—

The venerable Joshua Parsons of Brooklyn, New York, said, Brother President, I am not in the habit of public speaking. If you are able to understand what I have to say I shall think it well; I suppose there is no one here who questions that we need an educated ministry. But if we would have an educated ministry, we must have schools in which to educate them. And the only question is, where we shall get the means of supporting them.

I wish to say a word about consecration. How was it with you when you were converted? Did you not then feel willing to consecrate all you were and all you had to God? If you were called to be ministers, you would be ministers. You would do, and be, what God required. How long did you continue in it a state of feeling? How long before you took yourselves back again? Do now devote yourselves and your property to God? How much do you spend every month, and how much every week that you could do good with? How quickly might this denomination raise fifty thousand dollars, if all would take hold of the matter.

Some years ago I made up my mind, that if I should be prospered, I would give ten thousand dollars to the cause of ministerial education. A year ago, I learned that the five thousand dollar subscription as a fund for the aid of indigent students was half filled up. I subscribed the rest. I believe the Society has given that fund to the West. I think we should have some more help for the East. I now propose to give seven thousand five hundred dollars more, upon condition that the Society raise as much, and that the whole of the ten thousand which I give, be applied to endow a professorship in the Theological school. (A voice.—The best speech made yet.)

Rev. Silas Curtis moved a vote of thanks to brother Parsons, and a resolution to raise the other seven thousand five hundred dollars.

## IGNORANCE OF RAGGED SCHOOL CHILDREN.

There are said to be eighteen hundred ragged Schools in the United Kingdom. A gentleman who has visited some of these recently delivered an address before the Children's Aid Society, in New York, in the course of which he made the following remarks:—

"The great obstacle in the teaching of poor British boys was the *clowny* of their ignorance. They puzzle the instructor with the strangest questions. One would ask whether Egypt was standing; another protested that the story of Joseph was all 'fame.' They were perfectly incredulous as to the 'Prodigal Son's' consciousness in not taking the hanks which the swine did eat without asking. In regard to the treatment of the returned prodigal by his elder brother, they declared they liked the 'other brother best.' All however, agreed in admiring the hospitality of the forgiving father, and all admired the golden rule, and said, 'What a different time we should have!'"

## REASONS FOR ATTENDING SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We cut the following paragraph from the annual report of the Free Will Baptist Sunday School Union, and commend it to the consideration of all Christians:

It is difficult to tell on what grounds a Christian, so situated as to be able to write in the B. S. cause, can satisfy his conscience for neglecting this institution, and thus practically giving his influence against it. If he be ignorant of the Bible, that ought to be the chief reason why he should attend that he may become familiar with it; if he regards it a great condemnation to stop in his high attainments, to the work of teaching children, it is his superior knowledge that is especially wanted to draw others upward his pinnacle of

Christian wisdom; if he is disinclined to spend the time and patience and effort because it is more laborious than to stay at home in idleness, that shows that he specially needs to study his Bible, that he may learn what are the first principles of the religion he professes—that without ready self-denial, and active toilsome love, a profession of discipleship is either hypocrisy, or self-deception. Failure to search the Scriptures is the grand reason why the prevalent type of piety is so low, and why there are so many unstable souls whose spiritual life is a perpetual vacillation. We fear that neglected books will read off sorry sentences to those who thus leave it unopened.

NEWS.—The N. Y. Observer, in referring to the escape of a young lady recently from a nunnery in Maryland, says: "We must have laws in our several States by which the practice may be broken up of confining young women in Nunneries against their will. The Maryland case is but one of many that are constantly coming to light, and we presume it is safe to say that at this moment there are scores of young ladies in conventual establishments in this country, who are prisoners in peril of body and soul, whose parents do not know of their situation, or they would break down the walls of their prisons and give them deliverance. If these establishments are not full of abuses, why are they so scrupulously concealed from public observation?"

MONROVIA.—The United States Government is likely to have some difficulty with the Mormon Territory of Utah. The commission of Brigham Young, the husband of forty wives, as Governor, expired in September, and he holds office until his successor is appointed by the U. S. Senate; but according to his proclamation no body has a right to appoint a successor but God. Here what the impious Polygamist says to the deluded victims of Mormon abominations:—  
"I am and will be Governor of this Territory, and no power on earth can hinder it, until the Lord Almighty says 'Brigham, you need not be Governor any longer, and then I am willing to yield to another.'"  
"Every man that comes to impose upon this people, no matter by whom he is sent, or who they are that are sent, they lay the ax at the root of the tree to kill themselves—they had better be careful how they come here lest I should bend my little finger."

## FEMALE MISSIONARY SHOT BY INDIANS.

The American Missionary for December published by the American Missionary Association, contains the following extract from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Spencer, who is a missionary to the Ojibwe Indians near the sources of the Mississippi. The Ojibwe is we believe another name for the Sioux or Dahcotahs. Mrs. Spencer has fallen a victim to the barbarity of those whose welfare she was seeking. The perils of missionary life are not yet all past. Mr. S. in giving the particulars of this melancholy tragedy writes:—

"The news of this terrible stroke which, in the providence of God, has rendered desolate my once peaceful and happy home, has no doubt already reached you by the way of Red Lake. The circumstances are briefly these: On the morning of August 30, between 1 and 2 o'clock, myself and wife arose to attend to the children, the two eldest of whom were in a trundle-bed at the side of our own. We were up but a short time, and were preparing again to retire, when the fatal shot came. I heard but one report, but it is supposed that two bullets were fired simultaneously—the two bullets passing through the same pane of glass and curtain, and one of them passing through the breast of my dear wife, and came out on the back, one of them taking a downward direction through the lungs. Supposing it was but the prelude to a more general attack, my first impulse was to bar the windows, but the boards which I had been accustomed to use were not at hand. As I turned toward the bed, I saw, for the first time, that my dear wife was shot, and was falling upon the bed. She said no thing, except to utter an exclamation at first. At a glance, I perceived that the wound was fatal, and I ran for my gun as the only means at command to call for help. I fired several times, but failed of the intended effect. Our nearest neighbor lived at the distance of about twenty-five rods, but however welcome some assistance would have been in such trying circumstances, the risk was too great to venture out in person.

"But what a scene was that for a husband and a father! His beloved companion weltering in her gore, and his children—one of them an infant at the breast—crying with terror, and covered with their mother's blood. I hardly know how I lived through the remainder of that awful night; it certainly was not in my own strength. My first effort was to compose the other two children. In this I was happily successful, so far as to attend to my poor dying wife. She lived for nearly three hours after she was shot, perhaps half of the time in a state of consciousness, and in great bodily suffering. She frequently called for water, which I gave her from a sponge, and she as often spoke of its being very grateful. At times she would remark, 'I feel so strangely.' 'What is the matter?' 'Have I been shot?' 'Can you put a plaster upon the wound?' This was the first, but I feared, as she fully comprehended that she had long to live, her thoughts were more directed to the Savior, whose name in ejaculatory prayer was often upon her lips. At one time she said, 'Tell Anna to love the Savior.' At another, she asked to pray. Once when when I opened the outside door, she spoke very earnestly, 'Oh! don't go out; don't go out.' I asked her if the Savior was precious to her, I think her reply was, 'He is my only hope.' Toward the close, she remarked several times, 'I can not die.' At first I did not know but that it might be an unwillingness to die, but my mind was soon after relieved by her saying, 'O Jesus, if it be thy will, let me die; but oh! grant me patience.' She was now in great agony, rolling from side to side, and attempting to rise, while every breath was a groan. For an hour before she breathed her last, she suffered much also from the cold, caused by the loss of blood. At every breath the gurgling sound of the air, escaping from the wound, showed that it communicated with the lungs. For a while before the closing scene, she was more composed, and seemed engaged in prayer and communion with the things of another world.

Once I thought I distinguished the words, 'Precious Jesus.' This was the last I heard, and soon after her ransomed spirit, as we have reason to trust, was in that 'happy land,' about which she has so often sung with the children.

"The latter part of the time the two youngest children were asleep, and the eldest comparatively quiet, so that I was enabled, undisturbed to attend to my poor dying wife, and to close her eyes. For this melancholy privilege I was very grateful to my heavenly Father, whose grace was sufficient for me in this my hour of sorest need.

"Some little time elapsed before the day was sufficiently advanced to render it safe to venture out. I then locked the door, and went for assistance. It must have been about this time, as I afterward learned, that an Indian was seen running into the woods, not far from the mission, and the supposition is, that he had waited until that time in the hope of securing a scalp. The neighbors soon collected, and were very kind in their attentions, doing every thing necessary to be done. Toward the close of the day, all things in readiness, we committed the dear remains to the final resting-place, by the side of sister Barnard's grave. Before night a large number of citizens, who went out in the morning to scour the country around, returned, and reported that a party of about thirty-five Sioux were in and about the village the night previously, and that most of them must have started off soon after the attack, as they were unable to overtake them, though they followed their trail some fifteen or twenty miles.

We are happy to learn that the collections taken up in St. John Church, on Sunday, in behalf of the Sunday School recently erected, adjoining that Church, amounting to the handsome sum of \$266 88. 6d. An excellent sermon was preached in the morning, by Rev. G. M. Armstrong, the Rector of the Parish, pointing out the relative duties of the Minister and his people; and also in the afternoon showing the importance of a religious education of the young. The collection at the morning service was \$29 18. at the afternoon, \$23 28. 1d.; and from children attending the Sunday School, \$4 58. 4d. Total, \$56 88. 6d.—Ch. Witness.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Yesterday the semi-annual examination of this long established seminary took place. Several members of the Board were present. The classes in Latin, Greek, French, and Euclid, were first examined, and then those under the English Teacher, in Elocution, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, and History. In all the departments the pupils acquitted themselves well; and at the close, the Rev. Mr. Donald, at some length, gave utterance to expressions of the highest satisfaction with all the classes, in which the other gentlemen who were present most cordially concurred. The duties of the school will be resumed on Thursday, the 4th day of January next.—Id.

## General Intelligence.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

No later news is received from the Seat of War than that brought by the "Pacific," whose arrival at New York, we announced last week. English news by her are up to the 25th November. The Battle of Inkerman, fought on Sunday the 5th ult., is the last general action reported. It appears to have been a most sanguinary and bloody conflict, commencing at an early hour in the morning, and lasting to the close of the day. The Russians, estimated at from 45,000 to 60,000 having under cover of fog, obtained the heights commanding a post of the British position, attacked about 8,000 British troops. These latter fought with desperate energy and boldness, and for the space of three or four hours resisted the enemy alone, until the Allies, numbering some 5,000 or 6,000, came to their aid, which decided the fortunes of the day against the Russians, with a loss of from 15,000 to 30,000 killed and wounded. All accounts of this battle represent it as the most bloody and dreadful yet fought, and indeed unsurpassed in modern warfare.

A London paper refers to this fearful conflict in the following manner:—

"It was not what scientific strategists call a battle—it was a hand-to-hand struggle for life and death. It was fought by our troops with volleys fired at ten paces length—with bayonets fixed—with muskets used as clubs. It was fought in hollows and ravines—on the hill side and the rocky crag—it was fought beneath a hail of grape-shot, with the enemy in front, behind, around us. It was won by a succession of victories, gained by each regiment fighting where it stood. From the mist and the broken character of the ground, none could tell how the battle was going—our troops only knew the enemy was there. For hours the battle raged unabated in its fury. Our ranks remained unbroken, but the odds against us were still fearful. The day was drawing on. It was at the hour when, throughout the length and breadth of the land, prayers were being offered up in our churches for the success of our arms—when fond hearts were heaving in those prayers the names of many who were fighting and dying on that fearful field—that the French Zouaves appeared in sight on the heights above. This was the turning point. We were out by their unaided onslaught on our lines, the enemy could not withstand the charge of these fresh assailants. With a common cheer, the French and English charged together on the left flank of the Russians, and forced them down the hill into the valley of Chernaya. This was the main point of the Russian attack, and on their repulse in this quarter, they gradually retired with their artillery from the positions they had occupied, and the dark columns of the defeated army recrossed the bridge of the Infernal."

An officer writing from the Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 8, says:—

"I received your letter of the 15th about an hour after the termination of one of the hottest engagements of this or any other age, which took place on our regular Gunpowder day, the 5th of November. I will not enter into particulars, as you will gather everything from the despatches, and our 'correspondent's' account; but I will tell you that with the numbers we had opposed to the Russian force, nothing but British energy could have held the position we did for hours without the slightest assistance. The enemy was supposed to be above 40,000; whereas our number during that time did not amount to more than 6,000, or 7,000 at the outside.