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And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

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Religious.

THE LATE REV. J. C. PIKE.

Mr. Pike was born at Edmonton in 1794. His father was the Rev. Dr. Pike. Having had a good classical education his youth was spent as an assistant-teacher in a seminary, where he once had among his pupils the late Rev. John Williams, the martyred missionary of Eromanga. He afterwards studied for the ministry in the Dissenting College at Wymondley, having become a member of the General Baptist Church, in Church-lane, London, under the care of the Rev. Dan Taylor. Some time after the completion of his college course, by what seemed at the time a mere accident, (that of being too late for the coach) he was met by the Rev. John Deacon, of Leicester, who introduced him to the then vacant church in Brook-street, Derby. This was in 1809. In the following year he settled over that church. His ministry was successful from the first, for in the next year galleries were erected in the chapel, and even then it was too small to afford adequate accommodation to the hearers. Efforts were made to procure a new place of worship in a more central situation; but failing in this design, the devoted Pastor prevailed on his people to enlarge and repair the old building. Here he preached three times on the Sabbath for about 30 years, and during the middle part of his life he often delivered a fourth sermon, in the summer season, out of doors. Nor did this satisfy his sense of duty to his Lord and Saviour. The missionary spirit had become widely diffused among the Particular Baptist Churches, and Mr. Pike used means to enlist the sympathies and liberality of his own denomination in the enterprise. He corresponded with the Rev. A. Fuller respecting union of effort on the part of the two bodies; but as this plan was not cordially approved, the General Baptist Missionary Society was formed. Mr. Pike was unanimously chosen its Secretary, and the devotion of the most affectionate parent to the welfare of his natural offspring can scarcely surpass that which he evinced, to the close of his life, for this small but endeared Society. He wrote, travelled, preached, and toiled for the Mission as if its wants were the only claims he had to meet.

Yet his pastoral duties were not neglected. His congregation and church steadily progressed in numbers until the Brook-street Chapel became inconveniently crowded. At length his people purchased the vacant mansion in St. Mary's-gate, and converted it into the largest Nonconformist chapel in the town. Here he laboured till the last Sabbath, and it might be said, till the last day of his life. For, on Monday morning, he attended the monthly prayer-meeting of the Independent and Baptist ministers, by whom he was congratulated on his apparent improvement in health. When the hour of prayer closed, he consulted his brethren on the propriety of uniting in a public thanksgiving for the abundant harvest. In the course of the day he made some calls, and, in the afternoon, retired to his study to attend to his correspondence. Several envelopes were directed, and one note was commenced, but his pen was paralysed by the stroke of death. Not answering to the call to tea, his daughter entered his study, and found him sitting in his chair, pen in hand, with his forehead on his desk, senseless and lifeless! His death is supposed to have been instantaneous, and to have occurred without a struggle, or a pang. He was in his 71st year.

To our brief tribute of respect to a man of this order a few other sentences may be added. As many of our readers may have had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Pike, it may be proper to say, that his physical frame was tall and large, and capable of more than an average amount of labour. His countenance, since his advance in years, wore a somewhat heavy and ungainly aspect; but when approached more closely, and when engaged in conversation, there was a mildness in the beaming of his eyes, and a blandness in the tones of his voice, which rendered his company both agreeable and pleasant.

As a Christian, Mr. Pike was thoroughly Catholic in his spirit; nominally, he belonged to one of the smaller sections of the church of Christ, but his sympathies embraced all who loved the Saviour, irrespective of their denominational distinctions.

As a preacher he was precisely of the kind which the amiable Fenelon avowed his love of—"a serious preacher"—who spoke for others' sake and not for his own—who sought their salvation, not his own vain-glory. He wooed souls, not smiles. In the exposition of his texts—in the illustration of his themes—and in the application he made of those inspired truths which constituted the staple of his preaching, there was no trace of a design to display critical skill, rhetorical adroitness, or any of the captivating arts of the orator. When he selected a passage obscure in its meaning, he did not fail to "give the sense, and cause the people to understand the reading." But while he instructed his hearers, he sought, by an apt iteration of what was most important in the matter of his sermons, to make them impressive. And they were so, in an uncommon degree, to the aged and the young—the sinner and the saint. "He so spoke that great multitudes believed."

As an author his name is one of the most familiar in the religious community of our own land and of other Christian countries. His works, consisting of small portable volumes, are too numerous to be cited here. They relate chiefly to personal religion and practical godliness. If they do not excel in the graces of style, they are entitled to attention as specimens of accurate and forcible composition. But their great praise is their adap-

tion for usefulness; and it is simple truth to say that, as far as man may judge, they have been among the most useful productions of the British and American press. The Tract Societies of both countries long since showed a high estimate of their worth by including many of them in the lists of their publications. The "Persuasive to Early Piety" has been circulated by myriads; and how many hearts, corrupted by "all manner of concupiscence," have been drawn to the divine and the heavenly by the pathos and purgency of its appeals, no mortals may know, but "the day shall declare it." This good and faithful servant of the Lord now rests from his labours, and his works follow him.

THE FUNERAL.

On Saturday, the 9th, the obsequies of this man of God were duly observed. Being a day on which the mills and manufactories are closed early, half-past three o'clock was the time fixed for the funeral service, in St. Mary's Gate Chapel. Long before that time, the spacious area in front of the chapel, and the street leading to it, were full of people; and when the doors were opened, those who could get admission were arranged with as much order as the pressure permitted. The central pews were appropriated to the use of the bereaved family, the Established clergy, the Dissenting Ministers, the members of the medical profession, the Committee of the Auxiliary Bible Society, and others who had previously arranged to be present. The pulpit was occupied by the Revs. J. Gawnthorn, and W. Underwood, the latter of whom began the service by reading select portions of Scripture, and by offering a prayer which carried with it the sympathies of the sorrowing assembly, and which was closed by many fervent audible responses. The venerable Mr. Gawnthorn then delivered a highly appropriate oration, in which he expatiated on the varied excellences of the departed, as a man, a parent, and a pastor. A hymn was sung, and the procession began to form in the adjoining street. The Committee of the Bible Society were at its head, joined by nearly a dozen of the Established clergy, of whom we may mention the Revs. P. Gell, R. Macklin, Foley, Wilkinson, Abney, H. R. Crewe, &c. Then followed a larger body of Dissenting Ministers from the town and neighbourhood, headed by Messrs. Gawnthorn and Underwood, and attended by the Rev. J. Buckley, Missionary from India, and by Robert Pegg, Esq., Treasurer of the General Baptist Missionary Society. Behind the hearse and mourning coaches were the members of the church in St. Mary's-gate, together with numbers from other congregations, amounting to several hundreds. The sides of the way leading to the cemetery were lined with spectators, and it seemed as if the entire town had come forth to pay its tribute to departed worth. The oldest residents have confessed that the spectacle was utterly unprecedented. On arriving at the burial-place the clergy and the Dissenting Ministers, &c., formed a circle round the grave; but, as no voice could reach the ears of the congregated thousands, the body was at once lowered into its resting-place, and the Benediction was pronounced.

On Sunday evening, the funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Goadby, of Loughborough from Matt. xxv. 21. "Well done, good and faithful servant!" &c. But as the chapel could not hold more than half the people who hastened to it, a separate service was conducted in the open ground outside, where many hundreds remained to listen to a discourse from the Rev. W. Underwood, on Psalm cxvi. 15, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The sermon in the chapel, though prepared in haste, was an able production; and that outside, though for the most part unprepared, was listened to with breathless attention; and though the congregation had to stand, and the shades of evening gathered over it, an almost deathlike stillness was maintained to the close.

"How many sleeps who keeps the world awake." Mr. Pike has left behind him four sons, three of whom are in the ministry; and two unmarried daughters.

THE WALDENSES IN 1854.

While at Turin, improving the beautiful June weather which succeeded a somewhat cold and forbidding spring, I resolved to visit the Waldenses in their own homes. Furnished with letters to the pastors in "the valleys," on the last day of June, I took a sort of diligence omnibus for Pinerolo, distant some fifteen miles of Piedmont from Turin. We drove directly towards the Alps. Arriving at Pinerolo at 7 p. m., I was told there was no conveyance to La Torre to-night; but as there was a fine young moon, and the distance was only six or seven miles, I shouldered my little knapsack, and set out on foot. But I was soon overtaken by an extra diligence, going to La Torre to bring the market people to Pinerolo, and we drove on apparently in the heart of the lofty hills. I was welcomed at the hotel in La Torre with an air of home-felt and hearty kindness to which I had for some time been a stranger; but was somewhat surprised to find I was scarcely understood when I addressed the people in Italian. I soon perceived that the Protestant religion and the French language began together, and that I had left Italian and Romanism in the last village. The next morning the cheerful landlady saluted me: "So you have come so far to see the 'Barbetti,' for they call us by that nickname, perhaps on account of the name Barbas, or uncle, which our pastors bore in ancient times. We are not offended by this name, but are rather proud of it, though the Romanists give it to us in derision." "No matter," I replied, "what they call you: you are not persecuted any longer." "No," she re-

turned, "for the last six years we have been made as free as the rest; but until then we were confined within certain limits restricted to certain employments, and our children were obliged to emigrate and go into foreign lands, because we were not permitted to purchase a foot more of the soil, nor to choose a profession or business by which we could live here." My good landlady then went on, in tones of heartfelt satisfaction, to explain that her ancestors for generations had all always been true Waldenses in their religion; she said: "There is, however, a large Romish Church here, and many of the people in the plain are Romanists; while our Church is on the hill almost of the people that live up there are Waldenses. However, we are all living on good terms with one another, and like neighbours together." After breakfast I called upon the pastors, but found that M. Appia had left some days ago for Geneva, and that M. Meille was at a short distance in the country. Madame M—, however, received me with great politeness, and producing a translation of Grimshawe's "Life of Leigh Richmond" listened with great interest to my description of the Isle of Wight, of the church at Brading, and of the present appearance of the Dairyman's Cottage, and of the remaining members of the Wallbridge family. She informed me that the name "Barbetti" or "barbetti," in French and Italian, gave to the Waldenses in contempt by the Roman Catholics, was of uncertain etymology, some supposing it to have been once a name applied hereabouts to brigands, and so transferred to the persecuted Waldenses as an opprobrious epithet; and others, with more justice, deriving it from "Barbas"—the name once given to the ancient pastors. I cannot help believing, notwithstanding this excellent lady's opinion, that the long beards (barbe) once worn by the pastors, have some share, if not the whole of this etymology. With particular satisfaction this lady and her son directed my attention to two portraits of the men whom they seemed to regard almost as the founders of the present prosperity of the Waldenses. One was that of Colonel, now General Charles Beckwith, residing at Turin, inherited with the words, *Bienfateur des Valdois*. The benevolent hero, with his wooden leg, he thus improved his misfortune in the wars which destroyed the human race in active efforts to aid their progress; for in the background was the picture of a small school-house, of which this philanthropist has been the means of erecting some hundred or more in "the valleys." The other was the portrait of the Rev. William Stephen Gilly, known for his history of the Waldenses, and who, said, Madame M—, "visited us with his wife last summer, and said, that he could not forget to cherish with affection the remembrance of the Valdois, for he had owed his happiness in life to the account which he had written of them." This history had first attracted the attention of the Bishop of Durham, and the author was Canon in that cathedral, and the niece of the Bishop, who now leaned upon his arm, was his wife. Under the portrait was the following interesting extract, from a translation of one of the historian's letters, which I here re-translate into English:—"It is now twenty years since I saw, for the first time, the places and the persons who have since so much occupied my thoughts; and the relations which I have always kept up with the Valdois church and people have become such to my heart, that they appear to me inseparable from all that can give value and interest to my existence."

As I wished to visit both of "the valleys"—that of San Martino as well as Loerna—the son of Madame M— kindly offered to accompany me to the house in the country of Pastor Meille; accordingly, we set out early in the afternoon of a lovely day, the beautiful mountains of the valley of Sussera rising majestically almost directly above our heads. M. Meille is pastor of the new church in Turin, and he had chosen his summer residence in so beautiful a spot, that I could not help telling him, in the words of an apostolic bishop of my acquaintance—"You will become too fond of this lovely place to be willing to leave it even for a brighter world." Violets bloom upon the hill-side in the depth of winter. I had a long conversation with the intelligent pastor upon the origin of the Waldenses, and he agreed with all the accounts which I could find upon the spot, viz. there is no record or tradition of these people and valleys before the year 1100; that the publication of the Catechism and "La Nobil Leycon" in the Provencal language preceded Valdo by nearly a century; and therefore they did not derive their name nor their doctrines from him; that they were once in the diocese of Northern Italy, and probably at first belonged to Milan, and afterwards to Turin; that Ambrose and Claude resisted the assumptions of Rome, but succeeding bishops having yielded, the inhabitants of the valleys had still retained the old faith, though they lost the support of the episcopacy; that Rome was at first too much occupied with the subjugation of cities and bishops to attend to these obscure pastors and valleys; that when the Albigenses in Provence excited her alarm she had comprehended their poor people also in her persecutions, and that since that period they had become well known and famous in history. Feeling themselves few and isolated, they had naturally welcomed the appearance of the Albigenses, and at the commencement of the Lutheran Reformation gladly joined the new professors of their old faith. Since the plague of 1680 the preaching had been in the French instead of the Italian language, and the pastors, being educated in Switzerland and France, the churches had now become identical with those in the countries named. This is a brief outline of the belief of the pastors and the people as to their own story. The visit of the moderator, M. Revel, to America, has excited a mutual and new interest in the great Republic and in their lit-

tle valleys, and a church is about to be built in Pinerolo with the funds collected in that mission, and I think a theological seminary also.

The valleys, like many other beautiful narrow dells in Switzerland, are afflicted with cretinism and goitres. I saw several poor half grown idiots, and a great many with the deformed swelling on the neck. The population, too, is not of a noble type, and almost all the men and women are ugly. They work so hard, that when Sunday comes they are scarcely able to keep their attention awake to the teaching and devotions in the church; and, indeed, upon the whole, I doubt if the power of attention has ever been awakened in their minds. They are interesting for their simplicity, and for their ancient history, and great sufferings for the faith; but I cannot say that there is much hope that the religious regeneration of Italy will go out from "the Valleys."

DANCING.

FIFTEEN REASONS AGAINST IT.

1. It tends to expense in dress, to late hours, to the neglect of moral and intellectual culture and to various evil practices.
2. Dancing, more or less, leads to close contact with promiscuous company—an impure atmosphere. "Evil communications corrupt good manners."
3. It marks social intercourse and unfits the mind for real, useful, substantial enjoyment.
4. Dancing unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer.
5. The most wise, considerate, judicious, consistently and devoutly pious, in all ages, have looked upon dancing, as an amusement, not only as useless, but of decidedly evil tendency.
6. Those who delight in the ball room or dancing parties, are generally fond of the wine cup, novel reading and the card table.
7. Dancing is a favorite amusement of the savage nations and usually turns a very important part in the worship of heathen gods.
8. Social dancing, so often advocated by some professing Christians, is a stepping stone to the ball room and theatre—the top rounds of a ladder that leads down, down to the pit! "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, but the simple pass on and are punished."—Proverbs.
9. Dancing masters and dancing mistresses are generally of low standing in society, not even welcome at the homes of their pupils as guests. They are dressed with theatricals of loose habits, whose morals will not bear scrutiny and whose language is often very contaminating and corrupting!
10. The freedom used between the sexes in certain forms of dancing is exceedingly immodest, and often results in the most serious and pernicious consequences.
11. Dancing is a most useless art, none more so.
12. The evils flowing from dancing, and from inspiring children with a dancing mania, may be summed up in pride, folly, irreligion; and excessive love of pleasure; and finally in the loss of the soul.
13. Dancing, as now practised by the sexes as an amusement is unscriptural. Those men who perverted dancing from a sacred use to purposes of amusement, were deemed infamous!
14. No instances of dancing are found upon record, in the Bible, in which the two sexes were engaged in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement. Neither is there any instance on record of social dancing for amusement, except that of the vain fellows devoid of shame, or the irreligious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety, and ended in destruction; and of Herodias, which terminated in the rash vow of Herod, and the murder of John the Baptist.

Who came to Herod's blood-stained throne
To seek forbidden joys:
Was revelled there in crimes unknown,
Bedecked with gaudy toys?
A dancer.

Who taught her laughter wanton ways
To win the praise of fools,
And draw the stupid, silly gaze
Of tyrant and his tools?
A dancer.

Who came in haste to kindly court
To do a murderer's deed,
To lift the Roman axe in sport,
And see a Baptist bleed?
A dancer.

Who bore away the good man's head,
Like vials—on a plate,
Exulting that a saint was dead
To glut her mother's hate?
A dancer.

15. And finally: Let us for a moment look at a dance. We will get off at a distance, and through a telescope whose achromatic is truth, contemplate one of these rigadoons. Some dozen or more ladies and gentlemen, so called, all dressed as splendidly as their purses will allow, and as lasciviously as the modesty of fashion will permit, upon the floor. There they go, in and out, right and left, up and down, cross and back, involuting, hopping, tripping, smiling, smirking, here a skip and there a jump, now a desperate fling and anon a subdued coyness, till panting for breath and tired, they sit down exhausted, and give place to a second round.

A little fanning and reviving salts, spiced with equal portions of nonsense; a few words of small talk, and it may be, a glass of hock, or sherry, or champagne, fill up the circle of folly, and complete the bill of fare of a convivial dance, till supper time. The first question we ask ourselves is, what does all this mean? for what purpose is all this labor, not of love, but of legs; all this outward adorning, not of good works, but of costly apparel; all this display, not of a meek and quiet spirit, but of pride and tumultuous vanity? Is it for the glory of God? No. Is it to feed the hungry? No. To clothe the naked? To visit the

widow and orphan in their affliction? No. Is it to prepare us for the house of God? It is to teach self-denial, or lead to the foot of the cross? There was no dancing there. Is it to prepare us for family worship? It will be too late, and worship too dull and serious an exercise, to break in upon the "voluptuous swell" of music, and stay the rapture of scenes where "all go merrily as the marriage bell."

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Is it to prepare to meet the king of terrors; to remind them that it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment? Ah no! This is no place to meet thee, death; for

"Come, when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible!"

No thought like these is in all their hearts; God nor Christ, heaven nor hell, judgment or death, ever enter there; but light of heart and vain of head as ever child, in the butterfly sport of spring; they frolic upon the brink of eternity, not know that beneath every spring in the giddy dance it is fearfully crumbling. These are solemn thoughts; and with them we should pause and consider.
"For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

In a quiet village, situated on the shores of a beautiful lake, lived a man of some wealth and independent manners. He disregarded the Sabbath entirely, and pursued his business as best suited his taste or convenience. He commenced building a boat, principally for pleasure excursions on the lake. While he was proceeding with the enterprise, which it was whispered abroad would afford opportunity for Sunday sailing, he was called on by a minister, who inquired about the boat, and expostulated with him, as the enterprise would increase the wildness and immorality of their village. "I am afraid," said the minister, "your boat will prove a Sabbath-breaker." The man looked him in the face, and with much assurance said, "Yes, it will—that's just what I'll name my boat. I have been thinking some time what to call her, and you have just hit it. I thank you for the suggestion. The boat shall be called the Sabbath-Breaker." As he said this he hid the minister good day with a chuckle at his evident surprise and mortification. The building went on, and especially on Sunday. She was soon ready to launch, and was launched on Sunday, and named the "Sabbath-Breaker," amid the cheers of some twenty or thirty half-intoxicated men. An old sailor or two shook their heads at the manner she struck the water, but the folly usual to such an owner hides his eye to the truth. She was rigged and fitted for an excursion. She must go out on Sunday. A general invitation was given, and numbers crowded on board. On the steamer was floating the name in large black letters, "Sabbath-Breaker." She put out; several, seized by indefinable dread as they read the name over them, sprang on shore; others would have done so, but she was off. She sailed well enough for a while. The timid felt reassured, and music and mirth began. But scarcely four hours had passed, when the boat was struck by a flaw of wind which came very suddenly upon her. Confusion reigned on board. Scarcely an effort was made. She heeled almost instantly over, and went to the bottom. Now what an outcry! But soon all was over. Forty souls, mostly youths, had found a watery grave, and just above the surface of the lake floated the flag bearing the inscription "Sabbath-Breaker," proclaiming to all the passers-by that there is a God in heaven who judgeth righteously.—*Californian Christian Advocate.*

When Xerxes cast his eye over the millions he had assembled on the banks of the Hellespont, he wept—wept at the thought that at the expiration of a century not one of all that mighty multitude would be alive. And well Xerxes might weep. Tears befitted that occasion; but tears befit not this. To Xerxes death was the extinction of life itself. To us, it is the transition merely from a lower to a higher life. He had visited the tomb of Adam only,—a tomb after the lapse of so many ages still dark and silent. We have visited the tomb of Jesus,—a tomb radiant with light, and vocal with the song of triumph.

He had been taught by the providence of God that this dust must return to the earth as it was, and only that it must so return. We, by his gospel, that "when this dust returns to the earth, as it was, the spirit ascends to God who gave it."

He was aware of that announcement from the judgment seat of God, "Dust thou art, sinner, and to dust shalt thou return." But he was not aware of that subsequent announcement from his mercy seat, "Behold the hour is coming in which all they that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth." He, wildering amid the darkness, and impelled by the selfishness of nature, was sure of a present life only, and only solicited, therefore, about a present and personal enjoyment. We, guided by the light, and imbued with the spirit of the gospel, become heirs to a glorious future, and partakers in a double blessedness, by partaking in the blessedness of others.—*D. C. Nott.*

Watchfulness is like a sentinel to the heart: it keeps out thieves and enemies, and admits none but friends to God and our souls, such as promote his glory and our good. Hear our Lord's words: I say unto all, WATCH. MARK 13: 37.