

Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

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WHOLE NO. 110.

RELIGIOUS SELECTIONS.

FOREIGN MISSION FIELD.

HEATHENISM.

BY EYE WITNESSES.

Our readers remember the address to the Free Baptist Churches of New Brunswick, in behalf of the Free Will Baptist's Missionary Society of the United States, in the *Religious Intelligencer* of the 4th January; and the allusion to the Rev. J. Phillips, a returned Free Baptist Missionary from India, and DULA, a converted Santal, who is with him. We also in some notices in our columns from time to time have expressed a wish (Mr. P. and this converted heathen) might be induced to visit our Churches next season. We still entertain the hope that this may be the case. Mr. Phillips is laying the subject of Foreign Missions before the people of the United States, and having spent over nineteen years of unremitting toil amidst the darkness and horrors of India, he is well prepared to speak of the wants of that Mission field. We this week present to our readers some extracts from an address delivered by him at an Anniversary Meeting of the Free Will Baptist Missionary Society, held at Hillsdale, Michigan, a few weeks since. Having opened his address by a scriptural defence of Missions founded on the 10th Chapter of Acts and 9th and 10th verses, he proceeded to notice the condition of those among whom he had laboured as follows:

Their Condition.

To fully realize their condition, my hearers, you would need to be transported to the land of heathenism, and move amongst the rudeness and violence of those uncultivated minds, who are the strict adherents of that system. You must see with your own eyes, and feel with your own hands, the sad effects of heathenism, in order to feel, fully, the importance of giving health to such a people. A description of its evils must fall materially here. Even if there were no future existence, it would seem to be a work of genuine benevolence to give them the gospel. An apostle has said that, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Christianity gives us advantage in this life.—After an absence of nineteen years I am pretty well prepared to decide which has the preference between these two systems.

Handicraft and Mechanics.

They have no new improvements. Their most common implements of handicraft know no change. Their plow for tilling the soil is simply a stick of wood extending from a block on the ground to the yoke on the neck of the team. It is held by one handle and it turns no furrow, but simply makes a scratch on the ground. The yoke consists of a flat board or plank fastened on the neck of the bullock with strings. We see no such plows in India as are seen in this country. We see here almost an endless variety of stoves, all indicating some improvement, but none of these are seen there. When among the granite hills of New Hampshire, where the whistle of the steam engine is heard, if not hourly, yet daily, I could not help contrasting Christian improvements with the old stereotyped notions of India. In that heathen country, there is no improvement. Things remain very nearly (according to accounts given of them,) as they were more than 2,000 years ago. It was a land of darkness then, and it is the land of darkness now.—Men feel compelled to follow the same kind of business of their fathers. They are afraid that some evil would befall them if they should vary from them. Hence the blacksmith of two thousand years ago, is completely exemplified in the blacksmith of to-day. The work of the carpenter 2,000 years ago, is the work of the carpenter to-day, differing only in the change of hands. They build the same mud huts, set on their skins, sleep on their mats of straw carpeting, and as for tables, chairs, and other furniture, they have never learned that they needed them.

Social Condition.

A new married couple would be enabled to keep house with no more furniture than would cost four or five cents. They acknowledge no changes for fourteen generations.—In eating their meals, their fingers serve the purpose of knives and forks, and they do not see why they should use them, as their fingers answer every purpose. As to their clothing we can hardly say that they have any; for instead of clothes they wear cloths. A strip of cloth from six to seven yards in length will answer for the whole body. About half of it serves the purpose of pants by being wrapped round the waist and left to swing about the knees. The other half is used as a shawl thrown over the shoulders. The female dress is made of one cloth worn about the waist, coming up over the head, which can easily be moved so as to cover the face and then falling down nearly to their feet.—Females are degraded. A daughter born is the occasion of great sorrow and grief.—There is a look of sadness which gathers on the countenance of the parents, as if some great misfortune had happened. They pass about dejected and forlorn, mourning as if some curse had been inflicted upon them.—Girls are allowed to play about in common with children of the other sex until they are six or seven years of age, and then they are kept secluded until marriage, which takes place at the age of thirteen, fourteen or sixteen years, often at thirteen. Hence a mere child is made a companion (or rather a slave)

by the choice of a parent. The wife is not allowed to take her meals with her husband. In a few instances, my wife and myself have made some families a visit and induced husband and wife to take their meals together, but they soon fell back in their old habits of loneliness. The wife is not allowed to pronounce the name of her husband, nor allowed to pronounce any word commencing with the same letter. A certain woman came to our door to sell vegetables, and we sought to ascertain her husband's name, but she could not be induced to speak it, or by any word which we could ascertain what it was.

Widows.

Widows are often doomed to perpetual widowhood, as they are seldom or never allowed to marry the second time. A married woman is always expected to wear ornaments, and to be without them is a sign of widowhood. Stripped of her ornaments, when her husband dies she is compelled to live the life of an out-cast. I have a few specimens of their ornaments which you see, (the speaker holding them up to be seen by the congregation,) some bracelets, beads, &c. These massive rings of brass are worn on the arms and wrists. (They would weigh I should judge from one half pound to a pound and a half, and perhaps more.) Sometimes they wear from ten to fourteen and fifteen pounds of brass; almost loading down their person with ornaments. [Do not ladies in Christian America resemble them when they get on so much jewelry?] That cruel and barbarous practice of burning widows on the funeral pile is now abolished, being prohibited by the British government. This practice is called, "Suttee," and is regarded as one of the most virtuous acts which a virtuous woman can perform. She must either live an abandoned life or ascend the pile with the corpse of her husband and be bound to it, while her oldest son, or if she has no son, her nearest male relative, must light the fire and burn the dead and living together. These widows have nothing to live for. If they live they must be abandoned to a life of infamy; if they choose not to live such a life, they must take off their ornaments, pass the parting farewell with their children and relatives, place their appointed circuit round the pile, ascend it and be burned. A living life of widowhood is a source of living annoyance and sorrow. But, where the British government extends, the right of suttee is abolished by Christian influence.

Education.

I might refer to the subject of education, and contrast their condition with ours, if it would bear a contrast. And what is the building in which you are now assembled? It indicates taste and convenience for learning. You have books, teachers, Professors, and all the facilities requisite to an education. But how different those of India! Their books are rudely constructed of palm-leaf, written upon by the scratch of a pointed steel, and held together by a single string. [Here Mr. P. exhibited one of their books, accompanied with a pen.] The palm-leaf is trimmed from 12 to 14 inches in length, and about one and a half inch wide, with a piece of wood for the underside and a string passing up through the perforated leaf in the centre. The pen is a pointed steel, or iron at one end and a knife at the other. The knife is designed for cutting and trimming the palm-leaf. Their Schools are taught in the open air; a large tree in many cases answering for a school-house, and the earth made smooth, answering for a black-board; and here, seated on the ground, with a soapstone pencil in hand, they scratch and write, their fingers flying like bird's claws.

I might spend the remaining part of my time in narrating their religious condition. Enough has been said, I trust, already, to show that such a class of beings need help. They are without God and without hope in the world. If to be destitute of religion makes men such barbarians, what a priceless value should we set upon it! When we see them so prostrated to their superstition and so far lost to the elevated stand of civilized human nature, it requires something more than human, to induce men to go to their help. It requires a heart bathed in the gospel spirit, to feel sufficiently the worth of souls to go to their relief. We need to have our souls steeped in Jesus' dying love, to stir our sympathies in such a work, and this alone will do it.

Religion.

They are destitute of correct knowledge and sacred books. Not that they do not have sacred books or shasters; for these they have in abundance, but these give them no correct knowledge. These books are made up of the most fanciful tales and wonderful exploits of the gods, too wild in their imaginations to be believed by any reasonable man. Still, they place the greatest confidence in these fables, and receive as divine those books filled with the most silly tales. Their sacred books do not improve their morals. If, on the whole, they vary either their tendency is downward to a greater depth of degradation. Our Bible reforms men and makes them better. Their religion may be said (notwithstanding that to be very religious; for it is filled with temples erected to their gods. (Here the speaker went on to mention their gods, their works, their incarnations, &c.)

Idol Worship.

The image of Jagannath, which I held in my hand, (holding the rudely constructed image up before the congregation,) the great

lord of the world, as his name indicates. It has been remarked of him, that he is not like anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath; and I do not know as he is. It is merely a block of peculiar kind of wood, carved and painted in a frightful looking manner. I have, during my residence in Orissa nearly 20 years, seen many pilgrims going to this idol, measuring their lengths on the sand, as they travelled on their way. They lay down on their face, reach forward their hands as far as they can, mark with their fingers, roll over, get up, bow to their god, place the palm of their hands together, and bringing their finger to their forehead make a flitting motion, and then prostrate themselves on the sandy earth and mark as before. Thus they measure their lengths hundreds of miles to pay their devotions to Jagannath, while three thousand priests are in attendance at the idle to wait on them when they shall arrive. Thousands and thousands of such miserable objects go on pilgrimage every year. One season, (for they go on pilgrimage during some seasons of the year more than others,) I employed a man to count the pilgrims that should pass, and 17,000 passed in one day. Sometimes sickness strews their carcasses along by the sides of the way. They will crawl along as far as they can and when they can go no farther, they crawl up by the side of the way and lie down to die. When night shuts in, the hyenas, wolves, jackals, vultures, and wild dogs sweep the place, so that when day light dawns, it is seldom that a single carcass is to be seen. When I was riding home one time, I saw an animal apparently feeding on some dead carcass, and I turned aside in the twilight to see what it was doing, and I found that it was a vulture feeding on a human being. I turned my horse and rode hastily from the sight.

Swinging Festivals.

You have heard of the swinging festivals, where men are suspended in the air on hooks. I have a set of hooks with me, (the speaker exhibiting them.) They consist simply of a hook and a rope or cord attached to it. The skin is pulled up on the back just below the shoulders and perforated with an awl and the hook is thrust in, one on each side of the vertebral column, while the other end of the rope is fastened to a pole, balanced on a post erected for the purpose. This post is from 20 to 25 feet high, and this, together with the pole on top, resembles an old fashioned well-sweep. The pole is managed by men who have a rope attached to the other end. When the poor, deluded victim is hooked up, the men at the other end run round the post, while he goes swinging, balancing and shouting, with exultation in the air. He swings from five to ten minutes and is let down, when another takes his place, and perhaps as is sometimes the case, carries a child in his arms. Another instrument of torture, is a piece of iron pointed at one end and three-forked at the other, used for running through their will of their gods, is dancing with shovels. The handles are thrust through the skin under each arm, and the shovel-part suspended in front by strings from the neck and head. Being prepared, old rags saturated in oil, are laid on them and set on fire, and they dance around with the rags blazing and smoking in their faces. Supposing that such acts of worship would be pleasing to their gods, they perform them with the most scrupulous exactness. It is easy for us to see, that any people who suppose that such acts of worship are true and acceptable in the eyes of an intelligent God, must have lost all correct ideas of God. They do not know him, and as long as they are left in their ignorance to practice such inhuman worship they never will know God.

Their Teachers.

Their teachers are as deep in the theory of these things as the people are in the practice. Brethren, did you ever think of the privileges which you enjoy, besides all the conveniences of civilization, having every Sabbath day, religious services and true doctrine taught, with the ordinances administered as Christ delivered them unto you? Here you can depend upon your teachers as the exponents of the truth as it is in Jesus. But in India their teachers are as deceitful, selfish, intriguing and lying a class of men as the most abandoned villains; and the people often concede this in every thing but their religion. They acknowledge that they are a lying class of persons and undeserving of their confidence, and still they will take their word as law on all spiritual things. Although they count them erring and deceiving in every thing but their religion, they will treat their word as if it were naturally impossible for them to err or deceive in that. Their teachers being aware of this take advantage of their confidence and make them pay well for their support. The Brahmins are exceedingly well skilled in taking contributions for this purpose. They can use both their blessings and their curses. If their long list of blessings pronounced upon them do not make their money rattle in the contribution box, they have the ability to send forth the most unheard of curses, which generally secure the object. Hence, between both their blessing and their curses, they have an ample support. The people are very ignorant of what should constitute religion, and we see their ignorance in view of the nature of sin. Sin they suppose is some external act without any regard to the motives with which it was put forth.

They think that there is no connection of religion with the heart; and hence their numerous penances, sacrifices and bodily tortures to get rid of sin. They do not think that it lies deep into that heart which is deceitful and desperately wicked. They do not get the idea that religion was designed to make them any better. A few days before I left India, I was conversing with one on this point, and the question arose, What good does your religion do? Do you make men any better by your penances and self-tortures? Well, he could not see that the people were improved any and probably had not been for hundreds of years; but still their fathers had done so and it would be a great crime to change.

Thus in blindness they live, floating on with the superstitious herd to perdition. They look up for help, but not where Jesus dwells or where mercy can flow to their believing hearts. They call for help, but it is with eyes turned to carved blocks of wood or molten images of brass. Poor deluded men! living without God and without hope. And when the poor heathen is brought down to take his leave of timely things and pass off into the future, he looks around for help, calling on his gods to render assistance; but no god appears, and he sinks away without the Christian's God to give comfort or the Christian's Savior to save his soul. O, my brethren, think of the poor heathen as he comes to this dark, dark distressing hour. His wail comes up from his dying couch, shouting, "Jag-nath! Jag-nath!! hear me and save me!" Their delusion goes with them down to death, and a fatal delusion it is too. They go on deceiving and being deceived. I said that they were a lying people, priest and all; and I would here say, that, during my residence of more than nineteen years amongst them, I have not found one individual whose word is reliable.

The Help Needed.—The Santal.

Mr. Phillips here spoke at length on the kind of help that was needed in India to carry forward the work of Christian Missions. Want of space compels us omit this. At the close of these remarks the Santal was introduced to the meeting, and sang a hymn in his native tongue. He then went on to give an account of his former condition and conversion to God, and Mr. P. interpreted.

Dalath's Speech.

He stated that formerly he had no knowledge of God, and was perfectly ignorant of his greatness and goodness. I had no knowledge of the Saviour, and of his coming into the world to die for me, and I lived, as did all of my countrymen, without God. (Deep sensation.) At length, missionaries came among us, and set up their schools, and talked to us. I had a great desire to learn at the schools, and I attended with others. I learned to read, and read in the Bible, which soon commenced itself to me as a book of truth, and sometimes I tried to pray, but I found no peace. (Great sensation.) During the time of sickness in the schools, when the cholera struck down two young men at my side, I was led to think more seriously than ever before. Sister Crawford went out to superintend the digging of the graves and their burial, at which I wept. The next evening we went to Bro. Phillips's room, and he talked to us for a long time on the subject of dying, and I felt then if God could have mercy on me, I would seek it with all my heart. My mind was made up at that time to become a Christian. (A general weeping.) I went away and prayed, but at first I gained no light; I could not see God; but I continued to seek after him until he opened the way to me, and I found peace and was happy. Jesus came into my heart and removed the wicked burden, and made me feel that all was right. And now my great desire is, that my country people should enjoy the same.

Mrs. Noyes.

Here Dula resumed his seat, and Mr. Phillips continued his remarks. I have been there (in India) from the commencement of the mission, and have known what it was to labor in a lonely country for the dark and benighted heathen. I went out under the Board of the Free Will Baptist Foreign Mission Society, accompanied with my wife, Rev. Eli Noyes, and wife, in Sept., 1835, and have continued there until the past ten months. You cannot tell how it affects my heart to see sister Noyes here to-day. It refreshed my mind with the distressing sickness to which we four missionaries, in a strange land, and without friends to administer to our wants, fell victims a few months after we arrived in India. But my feelings will not let me dwell upon those suffering hours.

Mrs. Noyes's Speech.

At the close of these remarks, there was a call made for pledges for the cause, but the pledges were delayed for a few moments to hear from a returned sister missionary. The Moderator introduced Mrs. Noyes, the widow of Rev. Eli Noyes, deceased. Mrs. Noyes observed, My Christian friends, I had not expected to have been called upon to speak at this meeting, and I have been taken by surprise. Still I would not excuse

myself. My heart has been full while Mr. Phillips has been going through with his remarks. (Great sensation.) I am reminded of our laboring and suffering while in India. I am reminded of our parting with him fourteen years ago, and the sickness which we suffered during our tarry there, soon after we arrived in that land. The Indian fever set in, and we were all sick and without a physician. I am reminded of the time when my two children were consigned to the tomb, and none were present to bury them but the missionary with his own hand. My husband and myself were taken sick, and for a time both were prostrated together, and while we were confined many long and wearisome nights and days, this dear brother Phillips visited us, and took it upon himself to watch over us in our sickness. When he was not present, we were compelled to be our own physicians and nurses, and our distresses were expressed to each by groans, which responded to groans. In our distress we thought of home, and what a privilege it would be to be surrounded with kind and old neighbors, such as we enjoyed in America, instead of meeting with all strange faces in a heathenish land. When we revived and became a little better, we remembered the heathen for whose sakes we had left the conveniences of civilized lands, and gone forth to meet with privation and want. But God was with us and took care of us. I have learned what heathenism is. I have seen the poor heathen in his blindness make his offerings to his dumb idols. I have seen them travelling on pilgrimage to visit that god of the world, Jagannath. I have seen their corpses strewn along the way, and the jackals tearing them in pieces, and devouring them like so many dogs. I have seen the poor sinner, without knowledge, coming to Christ, confessing his sins, his need of a Saviour, and inquiring what he must do to be saved. I have seen them, like the damaged man in the gospel, become clothed and in their right mind. It is the gospel, my brethren, that the heathen want; and they can never be very highly benefited without it. The gospel leads the way to civilization and eternal life. I am reminded of my departure from India with my partner and companion in labor, who, it pains me to say, (a flow of tears with choked utterance,) is now dead. It was hard, sometimes, to make smooth life's rough paths with one to help me, but how much more difficult to do it when left alone!

I know what it is to lose friends when in a land far from friends, and I know what it is to lose friends in a land surrounded with friends. I buried two of my children in India, and I have buried two in this country, and I have four children left. My great desire is, that those who still remain might be converted and go to India as missionaries. I could willingly part with them, or any of them, for this object. I think I feel willing that all I have and all I am should be given to this cause, which lies so near my heart. I love the work of missions. Had I millions of gold I would sacrifice it all for this precious cause! Sacrifice it! did I say? Sacrifice! to give to such a cause? No; I could not! I could not give to such a cause; it is the Christian's cause; it is my cause; it is the heathen's cause, and it should be the world's cause.

At the close of these remarks, there probably was not an eye which did not weep, nor a cheek unbedewed with a tear. It seemed as if many hearts were just ready to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

A Few Questions for those who call themselves Christians.

1. Do you call yourself a Christian?
2. Do you, as a co-sistent professor, believe every text of God's word?
3. Do you believe these texts? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John iii: 3. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned." Mark xvi: 16. "Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." Mark ix: 48.
4. Do you verily believe that God will be true to these declarations?
5. Have you an unregenerate, unbelieving father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or husband, or wife, or friend, whom you tenderly love?
6. Do they plainly see by your daily holy manner of living, that you regard them as beings exposed every moment to everlasting torments in the quenchless fires of hell? Do you conduct yourself in their presence so as to let them see that you really believe this concerning them?
7. How often have you told them of their infinite danger, and with a bleeding heart warned them to flee from it, and besought them to repent without delay? If you saw an unknown person asleep in a burning house, you would try to arouse him; and will you let your dearest connections sleep on undisturbed, while the eternal burnings of hell are ready to kindle upon them every instant?
8. Do you believe this text also? "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James v: 16.
9. How often during the twenty-four hours do you groan and weep out effectual fervent prayer, that the Holy Spirit would convert the souls of your dear perishing connections?
10. If you are guilty in regard to these things, have you not reason to doubt whether, with all your professions, you are yourself a real Christian?—American Tract Society.

CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

New York Correspondence.

Trouble and Loss of Life in Kansas—Lecture Season—Mr. J. B. Gough—"Old England and Young America"—Schools in Greece—Irish Schools—Future Prospects—A Useful Season—"The Wakenites."

NEW YORK, Jan. 21, 1856.

Mr. Editor.—Not long since, I observed "No Speaker yet!" had taken the place of "Sevastopol not taken." Another fixture among us in the line of news, is the disagreeable one, "More Trouble in Kansas." On the 15th or 16th of this month, on the occasion of an election I believe, there seems to have been more bloodshed; some four or five men, it is said, were killed. The elements of war are fast gathering in that quarter, and unless the general government interpose, we shall have sad news, and I fear, another proslavery triumph. The intelligence of this last affair is neither full nor definite. "No speaker yet."

The weather has been uncommonly severe, and the sleighing is abundant.

This is the height of the lecture season with us. Mr. Gough is attracting large houses to his temperance lectures, which are useful almost beyond example. Mr. George Sumner, brother of the distinguished Senator Sumner, has repeated two or three times, a lecture among us, of much more than ordinary interest. His subject is "Old England and Young America." As Mr. Sumner has spent a number of years in Europe, he has peculiar qualifications on his theme. He gave the descriptions of the schools, and all pertaining to educational interests in Holland, Greece, France, and Ireland. What he says of Greece and Ireland is peculiarly surprising to us. Greece, with a population of only about 800,000, has done more during the last twenty years for education, than any state in our Union; her University and Library excel any in our country. He related the circumstances of a very singular college rebellion in that country. The rebellion was caused by the professors failing to give all the lessons of the course, and because they dismissed their classes at half-past eleven instead of at twelve. The students, after kicking three of the professors, sent a request to the Superintendent of Instruction, for "three honest professors, who would keep up to the time and lessons." Our college rebellions usually have the pretext of the students being over taxed, not of having too little to do. Mr. S. thinks there is a bright future for Greece, despite her many hindrances.

He gave an elaborate description of what are called the mixed schools of Ireland, their obstacles, and their wonderful success, which is great, that, in his opinion, in ten years, nothing interrupting their progress, there will be an entire change in emigration from that country. On this part of his lecture, Mr. Sumner expressed great hope, and spoke in strong terms of commendation of the change already introduced. This favorable change, he says, is greatly enhanced also, by the sale of encumbered estates, in small parcels, which results in introducing a middle class—farmers owning small homesteads—into that country.

He observed that the Bishop (Catholic) of Tuam had been the strongest opponent to these schools. He spoke of the lesson of charity, written by Archbishop Wately, (Episcopate) adopted by unanimity by the Catholic members of the Board, under whose directions these schools were established. He said, also, that there is a collection of Bible extracts read in these schools, amounting to more than the usual Bible reading in the common school in this country. After showing the influence of schools upon all the interests of civilization, he observed that one of the lessons which he hoped his auditors would deduce, might be "Pay school-bills without grumbling." Another, which he said is peculiarly worthy of the attention of "Young America," in view of the progress of education in Greece and Ireland "Brag less and work more." "Young America," par excellence, makes itself known by its whisky-drinking and "filibustering propensities, and it does the Christian's heart good to hear the lesson Mr. Sumner reads this "young man." He proposes he should fight himself, at least, till he can conquer himself—till he can put the reins on himself.

"The Wakenites" is just now attracting such attention, that a word in regard to them may be acceptable. Mrs. Rhoda Wakeman, in New Haven, Conn., quarrelled with her husband, and, I believe, deserted him thirty years ago. About the same time, she alleges, she died, went to heaven, got a commission as prophetess, and returned to the earth to save. She taught the unlawfulness of marriage; that she is the Lord's prophetess; that she receives frequent revelations; that when she dies the world will come to an end. One of her followers, to satisfy himself thoroughly in one article of her faith, gave poison to the prophetess, and came near killing her, since which time he has backslidden from the faith, and has ever since been called the man of sin by the prophetess and her followers. A few weeks ago she was ill, and accused one Matthews, a disciple of hers, of causing the affliction, by lying in league with Hunt, the man of sin, whereupon her brother Sly, upon her suggestion, undertook to cast out the evil spirit by giving Matthews tea, made