

Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

VOL. III.—NO. 20.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 124

Religious Selections.

The Man that Poo-Poohed the Sabbath-school.

It is perfectly astonishing how much some men are addicted to poo-pooing every thing they cannot argue against or understand. "Poo! poo!" stands with them instead of reasons or trouble; and by the aid of these two words, they contrive to satisfy themselves, although they have not satisfied any one else.

Now, to come straight to our subject, there are many men who poo-poo the Sabbath-school. They never poo-poo a very school. They confess they have not time to say against the Sabbath-school; they poo-poo it, nevertheless; and very often this is mischievous; it is unjust. Perhaps some of our readers will be kind enough to read this paper to any friend who is so ignorant or foolish as to poo-poo the Sabbath-school.

There lived, in a certain crooked little lane in the city of London, a gentleman of the name of Bartlett. He was a man-by no means careless of religion, so far as external went, for he attended his place of worship twice every Sabbath day. He was a man also of strict integrity and punctuality, and one who prided himself not a little upon his being a very matter-of-fact kind of person. "Pay as you go!"—Neither rob nor be robbed!—"Be hard and just;" these were some of the items of Mr. Bartlett's creed; and, indeed, they form a very fair specimen of what it altogether was.

There was one point on which Mr. Bartlett was very decided; and that was, that sentimentality and spirituality, and such like things, had nothing to do with religion at all; he never would hear of them, but put them down at once with a "Poo, poo!" which generally announced that the minister whose place of worship Mr. Bartlett was in the habit of attending, preached one Sabbath for the Sabbath-school. Yes,—will it be credited?—A charity sermon for the Sabbath-school! Had it been for the day schools, Mr. B. would, in all probability, have thought it quite right, and given a sovereign for it; he could give pretty liberally when he approved of any object; but what could the Sabbath-school want with money?

There are many people who look upon the Sabbath-school as a kind of spirit, that can live on air. Mr. Bartlett was one of these individuals. He had never seen roll-books or class-books, or Bibles, or Testaments, or cards, or reward books, in a Sabbath-school; he did not know the cost of a summer treat, or steam-bath, or special train, or van. When the places were held, he put in sixpence. That day, at dinner, Mr. Bartlett had a talk with his wife.

"When I was young, my dear, we heard nothing of these new-fangled notions about religion and education."

"People did not think so much about them then as they do now," answered his wife.

"School, school, Sabbath as well as week day! why, there seems no end of it. I expect that the children of the next generation will all be Methodists. I don't see what people have to do with so much religion. They're beginning to drag it into business and amusement; and by-and-by I expect it will come into what we eat, and drink, and wear."

"Well, I think it should," said Mrs. Bartlett, whose views, under a faithful ministry, had begun to change.

"Poo, poo!" said Mr. Bartlett; and so he finished that.

For a while Mr. Bartlett was silent, and then he said, "Well, Mary, I've made up my mind. I shan't have any of this style about me in the warehouse. If a lad is honest, what more does he want,—except, indeed, to be industrious? As to religion making him any better than that, poo, poo!" and having expelled this sentiment, the gentleman in question took in a glass of claret, and went out for his usual Sabbath walk.

About a month after this conversation, Mr. Bartlett required a lad to run errands in his office; and he inserted in a morning paper an advertisement to that effect. There were, of course, numerous replies, and the difficulty was, not to get a boy, but to get rid of all but one. Some of the lads came alone, and gave very flourishing accounts of themselves; some came attended by their parents, who gave very flourishing accounts also; and at length Mr. Bartlett pitched on three, from which number the new messenger was to be chosen. One was rejected because he had a slight impediment in his speech, and two others remained, who were named John Dowsett and Richard Harmer. Dowsett was possessed of a good character from the master of the National school, and Harmer had one both from the National and Sabbath school, or his teacher had written a few words in his behalf; but this Mr. Bartlett poo-pooed at once, and as Dowsett was a trifle the stronger of the two, he chose him; and, indeed, if the truth were known, the fact of the other boy's having a certificate from the Sabbath school had something to do with his choice.

The new boy had been in his situation some months, when Mrs. Bartlett required the assistance of a servant girl in the house. Mrs. Bartlett's religious impressions had been growing religious and sterner; and as Mr. Bartlett did not agree with them, he told her, in a very civil and affectionate kind of way,

that she might enjoy her own opinions, but that she must allow him to enjoy his, and that religion must be a sealed subject henceforth in the house. As Mr. Bartlett did not interfere in any way with the house concerns, and as the new maid was not to come in contact with him in the performance of any of her duties, his wife, instead of advising for a girl, as her husband had done for a boy, called upon Mrs. Hely, the minister's wife, and asked her whether she had any girl in the school likely to suit the place. "You know, my dear madam, I value above all things a true feeling of religion; and I believe I am best consulting my own happiness, and that of my household, by having a girl who has been taught her duty to God, and love to her fellow-creatures, for the sake of Christ."

"There is a girl," answered Mrs. Hely, "who was once one of the worst and wildest girls in the neighbourhood. Oh, what a rough colt she was when she first came to the school! but what she heard there has been the means of her conversion; and I can conscientiously recommend her, so far as Christian principle is concerned."

"This is what I principally want," said Mrs. Bartlett; if she has Christian principle, she will be willing to learn, and I will undertake that she shall be taught."

Thus ended the conversation; and in the course of a few days Anne Goucher, the once rough colt, became an inmate of Mrs. Bartlett's house. Anne had much to learn, and there was much to try her temper. The servants were not good. The footman abused her, and called her a sneaking little thing; the cook gave her many a sly push, and, if she remonstrated in the least, called her an impudent minx; and there seemed to be nothing for it but to go on in the narrow path, and in her patience to possess her soul.

Matters continued thus for about twelve months, when an event occurred which changed the whole aspect of affairs. A violent fever attacked Mrs. Bartlett,—it was typhus of the worst description,—and both cook and footman left the house in alarm, determined, as they said, to take care of their own skin. Mr. Bartlett really loved his wife, and in this dreadful emergency did not know what to do. No nurse could be found to undertake the case, for typhus fever had been notoriously fatal in the neighbourhood; and as to Mr. Bartlett himself, he felt so sure of catching the fever, and was so awe-stricken at the prospect of death, that he could not undertake the task.

In this deplorable state of affairs Anne Goucher volunteered to become Mrs. Bartlett's nurse. True, she was both young and small, and she declared she felt equal for the task; and so she did, for she had undertaken it in prayer. The offer was accepted; and there, day and night, did the girl remain, seeing no one but the doctor and one old nurse, who was sent from an hospital every third night, lest the little watcher should be utterly overpowered.

Often did Mr. Bartlett stand in the hall and listen, while little Anne called out, from the top of the stairs how her mistress was getting on; and many a time did he add a sovereign to the ten he had folded up in a paper for her, the day she first commenced to nurse her mistress. They were to be hers—if she ever lived to have them. At length the turn of the fever came, and by very slow degrees Mrs. Bartlett recovered. She was for a long time scarce anything but a walking skeleton, and her knees trembled under her. And now came Anne Goucher's turn. She had been utterly overdone, and sickened; and no one could tell what turn the symptoms would take. She had not, however, caught the fever. Her whole system was affected with the long strain of watching and anxiety, and she became so debilitated, and so worn out with a hacking cough, that serious fears were entertained lest she should fall into a consumption. Mr. Bartlett, who was grateful for Anne's tenderness and devotion to his wife, and the best advice for her, and so pains or expenses were spared; but the long nights of watching, and the fearful sense of responsibility, had done their work, and unmistakable signs of consumption began to appear. This terrible disease had laid hold of her indeed, and at length the end drew near.

It was altogether a depressing evening for Mr. Bartlett. That day in the city he had discovered that he was a loser of £500 by the lad that he chose, because he had not been at a Sabbath school. While the master had been absent during his wife's illness the boy had plundered him; and it was only to-day that the extent of the mischief was known.

It was hard enough to lose the money; and a thought flashed across Mr. Bartlett's mind, that had he chosen the other lad, he might not have been so badly off;—the teaching of the Sabbath school might have saved him from being robbed. But it was far worse to lose such a servant as Anne Goucher, and that through her devotion to his wife, devotion in which he himself had failed. Mr. Bartlett felt this much; it was greatly on his mind; and when left for a few minutes alone with the dying girl, he took her hand in his, and said, "Anne, you have been a great benefactor to me. You have sacrificed your own life to save my mistress's. How came you to be so generous, so noble, so—"

"Whatever I have done," said the dying girl, "I have done for Christ's sake. I did what the teacher in the Sabbath school taught me I ought to do."

Mr. Bartlett started.

"And what shall I do with this?" said her

master, as he produced the paper full of sovereigns which he had laid by for her.

"Give half to mother, and half to the Sabbath school."

Mr. Bartlett turned pale: he was alone with one at the point of death.

There was a cough, a little noise in the throat,—a movement of the hand,—and the little nurse was dead!

Mr. Bartlett felt a rising in his throat, and a damp chill coming over his forehead;—he looked at the dead Sabbath scholar, and remembered that he had been the man that poo-pooed the Sabbath school.—*Union Magazine.*

Popular Infidelity of the Day.

It is not atheism I fear so much in the present times, as pantheism. It is not the system which says nothing is true, so much as the system which says everything is true. It is not the system which says there is no Saviour, so much as the system that says there are many saviours, and many ways to peace. It is a system which is so liberal that it dare not say anything is false. It is the system which is so charitable that it will allow everything to be true. It is the system which seems ready to honour other religions as well as that of our Lord Jesus Christ; to class them all together, and hope well of all who profess them. It is the system which will smile complacently on all creeds and systems of religion—the Bible and the Koran—the Hindu Vedas and the Persian Zedavesta—the old wives' fables of the rabbinical writers, and the rubbish of patristic traditions—the Raccian catechism and the thirty-nine articles—the revelations of Emanuel Swedenborg and the book of Mormon by Joseph Smith; and all are listened to; none are to be denounced as lies. It is the system which is so scrupulous about the feelings of others, that we are never to say they are wrong. It is the system which is so liberal that it calls a man a bigot if he dare say, "I know my views are right."—This is the system which I desire emphatically to testify against and denounce. What is it but a sacrificing of truth upon the altar of a caricature of charity? Beware of it, ye who believe the Bible! Has the Lord God spoken to us in the Bible, or has he not? Has he declared to us the dangerous state of all out of that way, or has he not? Gird up the loins of your mind and look the questions fairly in the face, and give them an honest answer. Tell us that there is some other inspired book beside the Bible, and then we shall know what you mean. Tell us that the whole Bible is not inspired, and then we shall know where to meet you. But grant, for a moment, that the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is God's truth, and then I know not in what way you can escape the conclusion that sincerity alone will not save you soul. From the liberality which says everybody is right—from the charity which forbids you to say anything is wrong; from the peace which is bought at the expense of truth, may the Lord deliver you!—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

I could not ask God's Blessing.

"I could not ask God's blessing upon it," said a Christian, as he declined engaging in a business transaction which had been proposed to him. He acted on the right principle. We should ask God's blessing to rest upon all that we do. Of course we should avoid doing those things upon which we cannot ask God's blessing. No man could lay a plan to defraud his neighbor, and then go to this closet and pray that God would render his plan successful. No man could be so lost to all sense of propriety and rectitude. But it is certain that we need the blessing of God on all that we do. Hence we should carefully scrutinize all our plans, that we be not guilty of the inconsistency and sin above supposed. Many years ago, a professing Christian was about to engage in the sale of intoxicating drinks. He had deceived himself by the common arguments, that if he did not conduct the business it would fall into the hands of unprincipled men; that it was the abuse and not the proper use of the article that wrought the evil so loudly complained of. A good man said to him, "Brother S. when you roll the rum barrel into the bar can you kneel down beside it and ask God to let his blessing rest upon the work of dealing it out to your customers?" Brother S. thought that would be a hard prayer to offer; so he did not engage in the business. There are other kinds of business which Christians would avoid, if they would, in all honesty, apply the above test.

A Word in the Ear of Professed Christians.

Are you not asleep? What! you cannot be dead! And one or the other must be the fact. If loath to admit the first, how startling must be thought of the last. But try.

You believe there is an eternity; that in it God's justice will display itself in the everlasting punishment of sinners; that there is but one single hope of escape from so tremendous a doom, and it held out to us in the blood of the Son of God. Now, on that blood have you really cast yourself? And is it the hope which springs from this alone that supports you in the view of all that is to come? Oh, then, if it be indeed so, you are not dead?

But are you not asleep? That question is still to be tried. And if you have fairly passed the trial of the other, you would not, for the world, leave this one settled. Try, then, again.

Just lift up your eyes. Behold the crowds around you, and among which you walk, and sit, and stand every day of your life. How many souls of them, think you, have, like you, cast themselves on the blood of Christ, and are, as you think you are, placed beyond the reach of perdition? Mark them,—not with the dull eye of this world's charity, but as they stand exposed in the light that shines from on high. How many such are there? Now look over the immense remainder, and say, *What are you doing for them?*

Behold the numbers who profess to know the great transforming things of the gospel, and are yet going steadily after their vanities and their lusts, and walking in the ways of the world whose every maxim and passion are in direct hostility to Christ. And then behold here, there, and everywhere, the multitudes who do not even profess subjection to God the Saviour, are at this moment in the open field of rebellion against him; and stand habitually aloof from the temples of his grace, where the offers of reconciliation are held out. Now, ask again, For these perishing creatures, what are you doing? How many of them have you taken hold of, and warned, and besought as for their life? Oh! are you not asleep?

You understand, it is supposed, what is their condition,—how dreadful! You foresee what is to be their lot,—how appalling! And you behold them, all the time, passing in rapid succession from our streets, and going down by scores, every week, to that place where they will realize, for the first time,—when for ever too late,—that a Redeemer has indeed appeared on the earth, and that in Jesus they have rejected him, to their endless undoing. And yet you will not lift a hand, or utter a word to stop them. Oh! are you not asleep?

You believe yourself a firm disciple, and a true follower of Him who wept at the tomb of Lazarus, and shed floods of tears over a whole nation; nay, poured out his life-blood, and sustained the storms of almighty wrath for a whole world of enemies. And here are your countrymen and fellow-citizens, who are all good-will to you, and among their acquaintances and friends, and perhaps your own kindred,—it may be, father and mother, and husband or wife, and children, the "bone of your bones and flesh of your flesh," hastening to their graves, and falling into that eternity from which they shall never be called forth; and you will not give an hour in the day, or a half a day of the week, to avert from them such a destiny, though it be also to bring them to immortal life. Oh! are you not asleep?

Do you think that you pity them and pray for them. But what is that pity that succors not, when it may? And are you to be told that praying and doing, when anything can be done, always go together; and that the earnest desire of the heart ever prompts to the actual effort of the hands? You pity and pray for them, but can you do nothing for them? Have you not a tongue to speak to them? Have you not feet to bear you about among them? And can you not sound the alarm in their houses and walks? Can you not place before their eyes God's own warnings, and circulate through their habitations God's own written offers of mercy; and urge their attention to all that they there read about the coming wrath, and the glorious salvation? Can you not? And if you do not, what is your pity but a mockery of man; and your prayer but a mockery of God? Oh! are you not asleep?

Now, you who will not warn others, at least open your ear to a word of warning to yourself,—which comes from every quarter from which such a word can come; from God on high, who sees all that is going on; from holy angels and glorified saints, who know what heaven is, and what hell is; from your fellow-Christians, who here and elsewhere, are toiling in the work of salvation, and ready to faint with the greatness of it and the fewness of their number; and if you are proof against this, listen, at any rate, to that voice which comes from within yourself,—from the recesses of your own soul, as it cries to you, from mercy to your own undying spirit, to awake and arise; for, in a sleep like this, how can you know, after all, that you are even alive? Is it not, at least, a death-like sleep; and may it not be, in fact, the sleep of death?

Without the vivid and effective sympathies of the Christian, how can you think that you are a Christian indeed? Without the feelings of fear, of horror, of sorrow, and compassion, in the view of perishing immortals of your own race, perishing, as it were, under your own eyes; and without the feelings of joy or hope at the very thought of their rescue, and of confidence in the means divinely appointed for it,—all animating your conduct, and exciting you to action, and sustaining you in ardent endeavours for their salvation,—how can it be otherwise than that, either you see not their danger, and so cannot have any right apprehension of eternal things, and are still yourself in the darkness of nature; or you care not for them, and so are still wrapt in the selfishness of nature's corruption? And in either case, if they are two cases, must you not be dead?

Would you escape so frightful a view of your condition and prospects? There is but one way! Would you know that you are indeed a living soul, and not buried yourself in the death around you? Once more. Hear! Awake! Arise! Walk abroad in the spirit of life; and do the works of a living man. Go forth, and take your stand and your rounds among the dead of your own flesh, and show and prove yourself a living soul, by calling on them, in the name of the Lord of life, to live also. Behold! eternity is at hand,—and what a transient moment separates you from it! The judgement is before you, and that day of transport and of terror,—'tis but as to-morrow, when every man shall be judged according to his works! Death beckons! Should you be presently in his hand, how would you wish you had received this appeal!—*Am. Tract.*

LOVE TO THE WORD.—Shall God leave but one book to his church's care and study, and shall it not be read? Shall we be told there is so rich a treasure laid up in this mine, and we continue so beggarly in our knowledge, rather than take a little pains by digging in it to come by it? The canker and rust of our gold and silver, got with harder labour than is required here, will rise up in judgement against many, and say, You could dredge and dredge for us, that are now turned to rust and dust, but could walk over the field of the Word, where on incorruptible treasure lay, and would lose it rather than your sloth! Oh, in what breast doth the ancient zeal of former saints to the Word lodge? Have they not counted it above rubies? Have they not travelled over sea and land to get the sight of it? Given the money out of their purse, the coat off their backs to purchase a few leaves of it; and parted with their blood out of their veins, rather than forego the treasure which they found in it? And is the market now fallen so low, that thou desirest not acquaintance with it, when it is offered at a far lower rate? Either they must be charged for fools, to buy the knowledge of it so dear, or you that refuse it, who may have it so cheap?

Several months pass away and the time of the wedding is fixed, and the ceremony continues four days and nights, all the time eating, drinking, and making merry. On the fourth night the bride and the bridegroom pass through all the streets in the village separate, the bride being veiled that no one can see her. When they leave the house the bridegroom gives to each of his most intimate friends a lamp or taper, those alone can see the bride after marriage.

When twelve o'clock at night arrives, both parties meet opposite the house and a cry is raised, "Behold the bridegroom cometh." Immediately the doors and windows of the house are thrown open and hundreds of lights are seen burning inside. Those persons having lamps are admitted, but the door is closed against all others. The bride and young ladies are all in one room separate from the men. The time is now arrived when he for the first time must see the bride; he chooses two friends to accompany him to the room where the bride is decorated richly, and a veil over her face; he walks up and takes it from her face, and for the first time beholds her who is to be his companion for life.

His description of this ceremony created much amusement, and served at the same time to illustrate and prove the truth of the Scriptures.

He concluded in a very eloquent manner, showing the progress Christianity has made there the last twenty years, it has overcome Popery with all its wealth, and the schools are turning out able scholars, many of them can speak several languages, and churches are being raised in every direction; the inhabitants are infinitely superior to what they were previous to the Missionaries going there. It has changed their clothing and their furniture. Now they are clothed as we are, and have their houses furnished as we furnish ours. It has made them industrious and enterprising; twenty years ago, and English, French, and Scotchmen were their merchants, but now they are able and active merchants. It has changed their customs, their parents no longer find wives for their sons but they look for them themselves.

It has made them cleanly, he slept at a Government officer's house, and he was almost devoured by fleas, the next night he slept at a poor Christian's house and had perfect rest. It had made them rich and increased their commerce. Large steamers were now plying from Beyrout and other places to London and France, and the prospect there was of those cities, which were once the greatest seaports in the world, of becoming raised to their former glory. The fields are now white there unto harvest and now they want laborers unto the harvest. If Missionaries were plentifully supplied he said the whole of that country would soon be filled with devoted followers of Him, who offered himself for the sins of the world, in that beautiful land.

G. T.

NEW YORK, April 28, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—There is a discussion going on in some of the papers relative to Polygamy in the Mission Church in India.

It seems Dr. Allen, a Missionary in some work of his on Missions, has taken the ground of Polygamy in the Mission Churches; that persons who are Polygamists may be members but not officers in those Churches. The *Tribune* commented upon Dr. Allen's remarks in an article entitled "Free love in the Church." It seems that Dr. Allen had stated also that the practice of the Churches in India accorded with the views above stated by implication, including the Baptist Churches. In consequence of these statements going abroad, it seems that some Pastor who found he could not collect money for Missions until the matter is better understood, addressed a note of inquiry to the *Examiner*, a Baptist paper in this City. "In common," he says, with many others who feel a deep interest in the cause of Missions, I have been hoping to see some explanation of this matter in the *Examiner*. But having been disappointed in this, I think it due to the cause, to request, if the charge referred to be correct, that a correction be given to the public at an early date, through the columns of the *Examiner*. I think this will save the Union, [not the Union our patriots are saving, but a Missionary Society]; and the denomination from reproach, and the Treasury of the Union from additional embarrassments.

The *Examiner's* reply is of a nature to give pain and mortification to many Christians. The reply is evasive and ambiguous, it is true, but it goes far enough to admit in substance the charge that some, at least, of the Baptist Missionaries are in favor of admitting Polygamists to the Church; and it goes far enough to admit the Union has not forbidden the revolting practice, and it is doubtful whether it will forbid it.

It would seem from such occurrences and such teachings that, the first principles of Christianity are misunderstood, and that too with reference to the only Institution of Eden that has descended to us; that missionaries in heathen countries have been able in the light of heathen practices to discover the too strict construction of all Christendom of the teaching of Jesus Christ in relation to Christ. It seems utterly amazing that a Doctor of Divinity in an Evangelical denomination, should utter or sanction the sentiments of the following extract from Dr. Alley's work on India:

"Now what shall be done in respect to such persons (polygamists) when they give credible evidence of personal piety, and seek

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, April 26, 1856.

Lectures on Syria and the Holy Land.

MR. EDITOR.—Mr. Wartabet gave the third and last lecture of the present course on Thursday evening to a very large and delighted audience; he spoke for one hour and twenty minutes with much energy and good humour. The subject of his lecture was, "The Manners and Customs of Syria, illustrative of the Bible." He said Syria was a Bible land, no person acquainted with the customs of that country could doubt, for a moment, its genuineness, for the manners and customs were the same now as in the days of Abraham. The Bible must have been written there, and the events it describes occurred there. There is no book, ancient or modern, that so accurately illustrates Syrian life as the Bible.

The Syrians are the descendants of Ishmael, and divided into two races, one is called the Bedouin, the other the Townsman. The former dwell in tents, and wander from place to place, and make a living by robbery, as was prophesied of him. "His hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him." When he sees a stranger he commands him to stop, and undress, and leave everything behind him. If he obeys, he can go unmolested, but if he demurs, he is told that death awaits him. If he can put his hand on the Bedouin's test before he is caught, then he is safe, and he feels bound to protect him. The Indians of this country, from the experience he had had, he thought were the same race. The Townsman dwelt in towns and villages, and were occupied in trade. The lecturer could not tell to which tribe he belonged; as whether he were a descendant of Ishmael or not, as many foreigners had settled there and become mixed with the old inhabitants. The hospitality was as great now as in the days of Abraham. It is common for men to stand at the doors of their houses, with their pipes, and inviting every stranger that passes by to stay with them three days, when those three days have expired, they invite them to stay three days more, and treat them in a kind warm-hearted manner. He described the manner in which the houses were constructed, having flat roofs, the weather being so warm part of the year, that they were compelled to sleep on the roof, hence we read in Scripture, of persons going on the tops of the houses to pray.

It is quite customary for women to go to wells and draw water and carry it to some distance, and if asked to draw for the strangers who are passing by, or their camels, they do so with as much politeness as in the days of old.

The marriage ceremony is performed as it is described in the scriptures. Parents get husbands for their daughters, and wives for their sons. Just as Abraham sent his steward to get a wife for his son Isaac. When a young man arrives at the age of fifteen or sixteen, his mother tells her husband that it is time for their son to get married, and she has seen a girl that will make him a good wife. If it meet with his approbation, he goes to the girl's father and commences pulling his beard until he has informed him of his errand; her father consenting, a minister is sent for by the young man's parents, who give him a bracelet, neckbeads, and diamond to put on the forehead. The minister goes to the girl's house, and puts on the bracelet, neckbeads, and diamond; she then is aware that she is betrothed to some one, but to whom, it is to her a mystery. The young man is not at all aware to whom he is going to be married.