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E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

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Spiritual Beauty.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

What is beauty? The term primarily belongs to the world of sense, but the quality it expresses pervades the entire domain of nature. Not only is there physical and intellectual beauty, but higher, purer, and more resplendent than these, rises moral or spiritual beauty, which is a reflection of the divine.

The faculty by which beauty is perceived and appreciated, is neither taste, reason, sentiment, nor imagination; yet by the combined exercise of these there is developed in the human soul an idea—a simple, distinct idea of the beautiful, with which we compare all things, and thus pass judgment upon their loveliness. The source of this idea is not found in man; it is a seal of our Maker's image, which He stamped upon his soul at its creation; and hence, "the true and absolute is nothing else than God himself." And He, the source and perfection of all good things—has breathed into every material and spiritual existence a beauty differing in degree with the perfection of those existences, and hence, found in its highest excellence only in the spiritual. In material objects it results from a pleasing combination of unity and variety; it nestles in the rose bud, originating in the harmonious blending of form, colour, and odor; it glows in the summer sunset; shines on "ruin, rock, and river," and rests softly upon the green earth at "calm grey nightfall."

Of the sweet and tranquil delight with which beauty pervades the soul, all are not equally susceptible, for the power to perceive loveliness in nature and art, is not only increased by the culture of the taste, but depends much upon the mental and moral state of the perceiver—upon the cheerfulness and purity of his spirit. Those qualities which deform the intellectual and moral character, will also tarnish the brightness of all its surroundings, withering the bloom of the rose, turning the sunbeam to shadows, and the sweetest melody to discord.

Our beneficent Creator, who, in the infinitude of his love, designed the influence of beauty to purify, enoble and felicitate humanity, has placed us amid a trinity of worlds—the physical, intellectual, and moral—from each of which this sweet influence is constantly emanating, each being adapted to awaken the idea, and ratify the love of the beautiful.

Turn we to the material world, and it greets us with a thousand voices, bidding us be joyful in Him who has made everything lovely in its season. Throughout inanimate nature the spirit of beauty reigns, "shedding graciously around an omnipresent smile." Her signet is seen on all things which remain unmarred by man.

"There is a beauty in the rolling clouds and placid blue sea;
In feathered snows, and whistling winds and dim electric skies."

It sports amid the laughing waters, in the luxuriant forest, and on the billowy hills; it glows in the silver moonlight, and in the golden sunbeam. In each of these we behold an emanation from the mind of the Infinite Designer, an expression of an idea of the great Eternal. The spirit of the Creator shines through all material loveliness, which though it delights the soul, does not fully satisfy its desire, but is adapted to awaken an aspiration after a higher and purer exhibition of beauty such as can be realized only in the spiritual.

We sometimes stand enraptured, too, before the works of art, but in what consists their charm? What is this admired painting or statue? It is the embodiment of a beautiful idea, a mirror reflecting the mind of the artist. Possessing a cultivated taste, vivid imagination, and keen susceptibility to beauty, after patient and enthusiastic labor, he has wrought upon the canvass or marble, a facsimile of an idea of beauty, which existed at first only in his own mind. We appreciate the symbol of his beautiful thought, and our souls are filled with exquisite delight. Thus, "as the mind and nature of God are shadowed in all his creations," so is the artist's spirit revealed by his works.

But in animate nature, in the various tribes of the air, the earth, and the ocean, we discover a higher order of beauty, and which the artist can never rival; inasmuch, as he cannot invest his creations with the mysteries of life and action. Here we find beauty to increase in the ratio of intelligence. Commencing with the Trophites, which, as their

name would seem to indicate, form the connecting link between the vegetable and animal creation, we are struck with a degree of admiration which inanimate nature has failed to awaken. The mystery of life which they exhibit, and the wondrous skill displayed in their structure constitute at first the new charm, which increases in the Testaceans, with their exquisitely wrought, and beautifully variegated shells. Ascending from class to class, with our increasing admiration, we leave in our course the myriad tribes of insects, whose tiny, sparkling bodies seem to our wondering vision quite too small to contain the power and instinct they display.—Reaching the birds, we would fain linger, charmed not so much by their forms or varied and brilliant plumage, as by their sweetly liquid notes, their affection for mates and little ones, and their wonderful instincts.

Thus pass we upward from order to order in the class of mammalia, till we reach man, God's last and crowning work, once the image of himself. All the inferior animals have looked downward to the earth; but he stands erect, his brow raised heavenward.—How noble, symmetrical and beautiful in his form! how delicately moulded! how admirably adapted to be the residence of just such a spirit as his, in just such a world as this! And "on his high, fair forehead glitters the star of mind, in its unearthly lustre; while, forth from his sorrowful eyes there gleams a spark of divinity. Yes, man is not only a physical, but he is an intellectual being; he thinks, imagines, resolves, acquires knowledge of all things around, beneath and above him; searches out the hidden laws of the universe, and aided by revelation, learns the character will and attributes of God. The powers of the mind are various, complicated and wonderful all loveliness of form or face is eclipsed by the symmetrical development of the intellect.

"There is a beauty of the reason, grandly independent of externals.
It looketh from the windows of the soul, shining in the man triumphant."

But we are not all physical and intellectual, there is a trinity in our being; we have a moral nature; it is this which allies us most nearly to God; it is this which is capable of the highest perfection of beauty attainable by created beings.

The estimate of physical loveliness varies with the taste of the beholder, so that what charms one, is to another quite indifferent or ugly. But spiritual beauty, loveliness of character, is absolute, and this, every one, by the necessities of his being, of however rude or cultivated taste, must tacitly acknowledge and admire. A pure, gentle, cheerful spirit, loving all, blessing all, earnest with comprehensive views of life and human duty, tell on—ye who will—what can compare with this?

Such a sweet effluence of the soul and efflorescence of the character beaming upon the countenance, will give to the most imperfect features a charm that shall bless every beholder.

But its influence stops not here, it permeates the whole life; it beams forth daily in little deeds of kindness. It soothes the sorrowing, mildly chides the erring, gently leads on the weak and weary in life's rough journey, and kindly pours into the disheartened breast, the balm of sympathy and encouragement; it never prompts a bitter slanderous word, but throws the mantle of charity over seeming faults; it forgives and benevolently loves the grossly degraded, because they, too, are children of the same All-Father.

Thus will spiritual beauty exhibit itself, in part, through the outward life, but the perfection of its loveliness is not visible to human eye. One day, when the spirit shall have thrown off its "mortal coil" and gone to the assembled multitudes above it shall be seen and perfectly known by all. Now its chief loveliness is cloistered in the inner life, that life which is not known but by the all-seeing The gradual transformation of the soul into the holy image of God; the heroic struggles with temptation, and the joyful victories; the faith that meets God in all events, and relies implicitly upon him "when every dictate of human reason would lead to distrust;" the resignation that bows beneath the rod, adoring cheerfully the hand that chastens; the gentle patience that teaches the heart to "suffer and be strong;" the generous forgiveness, when neglect and abuse are given where sympathy and love were due, the holy affections, and the conscience full of guile;—such, such is the highest loveliness of which mortals can attain, and in heaven it shall bloom eternally.

O thou, who seekest for true loveliness, the

highest beauty is practicable to thee, whatever of distortion pain, disease or sorrow may have brought to thy features or form.

"O God, it were an overwhelming mercy, and magnificent portion, if we might attain to the least" beauty of thine upper kingdom, "but since thou dost invite, yea, command us, to strive for masteries, we will struggle, thy grace being our strength, for the higher and more beautified."

Miscellany.

Religion Kept in its own Place.

BY REV. PIETIE PARTOUT.

I am quite of the opinion that it is the duty of all professing Christians to "keep religion in its own place." It is at once sinful and shameful not to do so. I have very frequently heard worldly professors standing up manfully for this, and they are quite right in doing so. But the question is, What is religion's own place? "The church, of course," exclaim a million of voices. Yes, to be sure, the church is religion's "own place." But though religion is quite at home in the church it is not its only place. It is quite at home in many other places. Religion is in its "own place" when its stands with the open air preacher in "the streets and lanes of the city." It is also in its "own place" when it brings "the Bibles" into a quiet, happy, social evening party, and calls all present to the perusal of the Word of God; and the worship of Jehovah at the throne of grace. It is in its "own place" when circulating tracts or *Intelligencers* to strangers in the crowded thoroughfares, on board steam boats and other vessels, in rail cars and omnibuses, and to all and sundry at their own houses. It is in its "own place" even when in company it endeavours to turn the conversation upon itself, and tries to make social intercourse a profitable thing, and not, as too frequently is, a species of "mental dissipation." It is "at home" wherever there is a human heart, there is religion's "own place;" and no man ought to be in circumstances where religion would feel "out of place." There are, indeed, several places where religion ought not to be taken, for it would not be at all easy; and no person who has any religion would carry it to these places. For example, no body who has any respect for religion would carry it to a ball room, a theatre, a drinking party or a card table. But when a man becomes a religious man, he must carry his religion with him, and of course could not frequent such places; and to go where he would feel uneasy with his religion. And if you can leave your religion at home when you go into doubtful places, be sure of this, that very soon you will seek it, and not find it. But I wish, at present, specially to enforce the duty of taking religion with you daily when you go about your business. Yes, my friend, religion must go with you into every business transaction, for the grace of God teaches us "to live righteously." Religion teaches us "to live well" in the world, as well as to be happy out of it.

"It appears to me," says the venerable author the *Aurora Inquirer*, "that many persons are far too limited in their ideas of the nature, design, and extent of practical religion. An individual, upon being reproached for some dishonourable transaction in business, as inconsistent with religion, 'What has religion to do with business?' The answer demonstrated either his ignorance, or wickedness, or both. But, if we may judge from their conduct, this is the sentiment of many professors, although, perhaps, they would not avow it. Are they not acting as if religion had nothing to do either with business, with temper, or with our domestic or social relations?—as if it were a mere matter of opinion, devotion, or ceremony—a thing of the closet, the closet, or the sanctuary, which is to be confined to its own retreats, and never to be allowed to approach the scenes of worldly business and secular pursuits—a rule to direct us how we are to behave ourselves in the house of God, and to regulate our worship; and which, having done this, has accomplished its object?"

"Is not this, I say, the view which, if we may judge by their behaviour, many take of religion? But can there be anything more inaccurate? Religion is a permanent, all-pervading, unchanging principle, possessing a kind of universality of nature. It must go with us, not only into the sanctuary of God, or into the closet of private devotion, but into all places; it must regulate our conduct, not only toward the church, but to the world; it must operate upon us, and influence us, not only on Sabbath, sacramental, and fast days, but at all times; and must dictate, not only how we pray, and read the Bible, and keep holy the Lord's day, but how we buy and sell, and get gain. Religion has no exclusive time, or place, or sphere of its own, but is matter of all times, places, and scenes. Though heavenly in her origin, her nature, and her destiny, she is not so purely ethereal as to turn away from the scenes of this low diurnal struggle, as beneath her notice, and unworthy of her control."

My friend, religion has to do with business, whether you admit it or not, and if your religion does not go with you to your business or daily labour, you may conclude that it is not a proper kind of religion. Your religion may have nothing to do with business, but be assured God's religion has, and it is only that

religion that sees you do justly now, that will see you presented before the throne of God at last, "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

Swinging Festivals in India.

A Calcutta correspondent of the London Times, Mr. James Holmes, writes to that paper as follows:—"The bloody rites of the Churruck Poojish, or swinging festivals, which take place annually and at this time of the year, in honor of the god Shiva, are at present being celebrated in India; and the cruelties then inflicted are voluntarily submitted to on the part of the individuals who undergo them. As a ceremony of this kind was to take place on the eleventh of April, in the Circular road, which is distant from Calcutta about two miles, some other gentlemen and I who were desirous to see it, drove in that direction, and the whole line of road leading to the place was crowded with natives of every caste and shade of colour, wending their way thither to see the degrading spectacle, and dressed up in the most gaudy and fantastic manner possible. Great numbers of the women and children had large brass rings about four inches in diameter through their noses, also rings round their ankles by way of ornament. The spot where the tragic scene was to be enacted, was a large square surrounded with houses, and on the tops of which were seated crowds of Indians of every age, and all more or less excited with an intoxicated compound called 'bhong.' In the centre of this square was erected a long pole, sixty feet high, at top of this was another about forty feet long, placed at right angles to the former working in a socket in the centre, and capable of being whirled round; and to each end was attached a rope. Having waited for ten minutes or so, the infuriated native, who was to be swung, came in amid the beating of Indian drums and the shouts of the people. The man had a wild expression of countenance, with his eyes glaring, being under the influence of bhong, of which he had consumed great quantities during the three previous days to deaden the pain. This unfortunate native had two large iron hooks (not unlike those used by butchers at home for hanging up meat) thrust through his back, three inches apart, and making a wound four inches in length, from which the blood streamed down. This being done the men tied the rope which was fixed to one of the ends of the horizontal pole to the two hooks in the back, and likewise passed it through a cloth, which was tied slackly round his breast to prevent him falling to the ground should the flesh give way, which it sometimes does. They then pulled down the one end of the pole, which, of course, raised the man with the man along with it, and then ran round at great speed for the space of a quarter of an hour. All this time the poor man was suspended in the air by the hooks in his back, and whirling round fifty feet from the ground; and from the manner in which he kicked about his legs he appeared to be suffering great agony. When he was let down, and the hooks taken out of his back, he was more dead than alive, and the laceration caused by them was frightful. Men who undergo the swinging seldom survive it. While Parliament is engaged in making inquiry in reference to the torture employed by the Government officials in the Presidency of Madras, for the purpose of collecting the revenue from the natives, I think they would do well to devise some plan by which they could totally abolish the practice I have been endeavouring to describe, and which could be more easily done now than in previous years. The middle and higher classes of the natives, I understand from good authority, do not approve of it as they did formerly; it is only the lowest class of the natives that take part in the ceremony."

Feel what you Say!

However highly gifted he may otherwise be, it is a valid objection to a preacher, that he does not feel what he says; that spoils more than his oratory. An obscure man rose up to address the French Convention. At the close of his oration, Mirabeau, the giant genius of the revolution turned round to his neighbour and eagerly asked, "Who is that?" The other, who had been in no way interested by the address, wondered at Mirabeau's curiosity. Whereupon the latter said, "That man will yet act a great part; and, asked to explain himself, added, He speaks as one who believes every word he says. Much of pulp power under God depends on that—admits of that explanation, or one allied to it. They make others feel who feel themselves. How can he plead for souls who does not know the value of his own? How can he recommend a Saviour to others who himself personally despises and rejects him? Unhappy, indeed, and doubly blind, those whose leader is as blind as they are, and unhappy of all the blind preacher, for while leader and led shall fall into the ditch, he falls undermost,—his heaviest condemnation, the deepest and most damned perdition. In possession of such a man, of one who has adopted the church as other men the law, or army, or navy, as a mere profession, and goes through the routine of the duties with the coldness of an official,—the pulpit seems filled with the ghastly form of a skeleton, that in its cold and bony fingers hold a burning lamp.—Dr. Guthrie.

"Read your Bible."

Between thirty and forty years ago, there was a lad who had a sister, and this sister was a missionary's wife. She was ready to leave England and go to Africa, and was on her way to London. She passed through the town where her brother was at school. It was early in the morning, before the boys were up; but she was going to set sail, and she could not think of passing through without seeing her brother. She knocked at the door of the house, and awoke the servants. They called out, "Robert, Robert!" Up he sat in his bed. His sister went to him, and wished him good-bye, and gave him a kiss, and said, "Robert, read your Bible;" and again, as she parted from him, she said very earnestly, "Now, Robert, read your Bible." She sailed for Africa; and in six months more she was in heaven, for God took her. But these words of hers, "Robert, read your Bible," sunk into her brother's heart. He could not shake them off. At last he did read the Bible; and the great change was wrought in him also. And he is now, and has been for some time, a laborious and useful missionary in India.

The Reformation in Ireland.

The Dublin Correspondent to the N. Y. Observer writes as follows in relation to the progress of religious reform among the Catholic population of Ireland:—

For the last half dozen years, the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy of Ireland have been puzzled what to do with this country—and so have the Pope and Propaganda. Education in Scriptural day schools and Sunday schools, and the circulation of the Bible and Bible Tracts, and the preaching of the Gospel, publicly and from house to house—sometimes with controversy, the refutation of error being made the vehicle for the inculcation of truth, and sometimes in its own simplicity and plainness—had been going on for half a century, without attracting much public notoriety. God had raised up many men, and more women, who devoted their time, and property, and influence to bring the Gospel they had known, believed and loved, to the hearts of their tenantry, and other poor neighbors. And humble and holy ministers helped and encouraged their schools. But there was no noise, or stir. Sometimes, injudicious but well-meaning men—like the late Lord Farnham, in Cavan, some years ago,—scolded the priests; and clever, cunning men, like Bishop Doyle, by setting his clergy to attend and oppose Bible meetings, stirred up the Protestants. But these ebullitions, died away, or spent themselves in platform exhibitions, or newspaper and pamphleteering warfare. But the other work went on; nobody thought much of it till the famine time came, which called into energy thousands before unheard of, as agents to embrace the opportunity,—who found multitudes everywhere who gladly received the word. From the Pope, down to the curate, as the work went on, they did not know what to make of it. They tried to laugh it down,—to lie it down. It was only a few of the refuse, who were bribed by "soup, and meal, and cast clothes," The whole Popish press was set to work; it was a vocation to their taste, and right heartily did they labor in it.

Then the matter looked serious,—for the work went on and spread. The Pope interfered with the Constitutionalism of the Irish Church, and instead of any of the three nominated for Archbishop of Dublin, sent Dr. Cullen, who changed the whole tactics,—no public controversy, no united education in school, or college, no social intercourse. And the canon law, with the "Territorial Titles," was introduced,—little, however, it now appears, to the satisfaction of the clergy who must account to him for their incomes, and appropriate the surplus, as he directs, to the church, derived thence, to go thither, and the University was founded, and monks and nuns as educators were introduced, to the knocking up of many private schools and the beggarly of many families, and friars of multiplied orders were sent on "missions" to traverse the land, organized ruffian-mobs, where the magistrates were Popish, abused and beat the readers and missionaries. Still the work goes on, increasingly. Those educated long ago will read the Bible and hear the Gospel, and will have their children educated.

Family Devotion.

Dr. Scott, author of the Commentary, was the father of a numerous family of children. He had the singular happiness of seeing all of them, who lived to adult years, professedly pious. We have the authority of Scott himself for saying, that the piety of his children was, under God, especially owing to the influence of his family devotions. "I look back," said this excellent man, a short time before his death, "upon my conduct in this respect with peculiar gratitude, as one grand means of my uncommon measure of domestic comfort, and of bringing down on my children the blessings which God has graciously bestowed upon them." Nor was this all. The benefit was not confined to his own children. Every one who had the privilege of being for any considerable time a member of his family, was a sharer in it. "In very few instances," says the biographer, "did a servant or young person, or indeed any person, pass any length of time under his roof, without appearing to be brought permanently under the influence of religious principle."

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK CITY, July 14, 1856.

Mr. Editor.—On Friday last, the same day I wrote you from New Hampton, I started home, and when as far as Concord, I delayed several hours by invitation of bro. E. Hill of that place to have a look in upon the Legislature of New Hampshire. The lower house is composed of representatives, one from each town in the state, numbering I believe about three hundred, full as many as there are members in the lower house in Congress. It seemed to me that this is representative government carried to an extreme. In another part of the same building where I saw this overgrown legislative body I looked in upon the senate and found more fault with this than the other, for behold only twelve. There were so few that the grave body appeared as lifeless as a law court where only points of law constitute the business. There was nothing of any interest before either branch to interest a stranger so after an agreeable conversation with several brethren whom I found there, I adjourned to the more agreeable quarters which I found at bro. Hill's where I fared agreeably, despite our sharp difference in politics which I could easily forgive in that state where his side is so utterly in the minority as to be beyond the hope of a resurrection. Concord is the residence of President Pierce and our good bro. Hill one of his warm friends, but the Legislature and the state of New Hampshire are safe for freedom and Fremont.

Leaving Concord at half past three in the afternoon, I reached New York early Saturday morning after a good night's rest on the noble steam boat Commonwealth, which I reached at Norwich in Connecticut about half past nine o'clock on Friday evening. I speak of this route particularly, for the reason I hope some time you may pass over it as you take New Hampton in your way to this great city.

The weather is becoming very oppressive here, and families are leaving for their summer's sojourn in the various places of resort. In two sabbaths more at least one half of the churches will be closed till the first of September. It once seemed a strange, not to say wicked proceeding, this matter of closing churches during the hot season, but as I become more familiar with it I see more reason for it. So many people leave that one half the churches more than accommodate all who are disposed to attend church during the hot seasons, and the ministers who go abroad usually go every where preaching the word. All that is lacking in the present way is want of some definite arrangement by which the different localities shall be supplied. Two or three churches in a given locality to make an arrangement by which one shall be open one season, and another the next.

The city so far remains very healthy, though the general expectation is that we are to have a very sickly season. Some fear that, as the yellow fever has yearly, for some time past come northward, we shall have it among us this season. This together with the neglect of our streets and the intensity of the heat at this early period of the season is the principal ground of the apprehension concerning sickness of which I have spoken; but sickness like death, usually comes when least expected.

There is much sport here relative to the mysterious personage who on a recent occasion in company with Mr. Dallas, refused after the manner of the fox in the fable, who refused the grapes, to call upon your Queen; we do not expect a war however from this great affair. We think the master of the ceremonies was right; we think the Queen polite whom report says to have been gracious enough to receive Jonathan in his Yankee dress. After all we suspect it was some snob who has got no more than his due as the matter turned out, and we presume his name will be carefully concealed, or hereafter become the subject of ridicule.

July 16.—On Monday last a vote was recorded in the case of Brooks, the man who attempted to kill Senator Sumner, and the result is that of a majority of twenty-six for his expulsion. It requires a two-third vote to expel a member. Still a vote so decided is more than Brooks can brook, and so he has resigned. Keil, the bully who stood brandishing his cane to prevent any one to come to the rescue of Sumner, was yesterday censured by a strong majority vote, and the report is that he will resign to day. Thus has ended one of the most disgraceful affairs that has ever disgraced our history, and the greater shame that Brooks could not have been expelled by the constitutional two-third vote, and that Edmundson, one of the two, in planning the attack on Sumner, has escaped without censure. But as it is a hopeful sign that a salutary change is going on, which is destined to drive ruffianism from the hall of Congress.