

Religious Intelligence.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

McLEOD, Editor.

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

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WHOLE NO. 197

The Rewards of Drunkenness.

You wish to be always thirsty, be a Drunkard; the oftener and more you drink, the more and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a Drunkard; for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your attempts to do well, be a Drunkard; and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavors of the human race to raise you to character, wealth, and prosperity, be a Drunkard; and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be ragged and wretched.

If you would wish to starve your family, be a Drunkard; for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be imposed on by knaves, be a Drunkard; for that will make their task easy.

If you would wish to be robbed, be a Drunkard; which will enable the thief to do so with more safety.

If you would wish to blunt your senses, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a Drunkard; and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to unfit yourself for rational discourse, be a Drunkard; for that will accomplish your purpose.

If you are resolved to kill yourself, be a Drunkard; that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your weakness, be a Drunkard; and they will soon be made known.

If you think you are too strong, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be subdued by so powerful an enemy.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a Drunkard; and it will be accomplished.

If you would have no resource when past your work, be a Drunkard; and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all comfort from your house, be a Drunkard; and you will soon do it effectually.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a Drunkard; for little as you think all agree that those who steal from their families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a Drunkard; and you will soon have reason to prefer the paths to the public streets.

If you would be a dead weight on the community, and "cumber the ground," be a Drunkard; for that will render you useless, idle, burdensome, and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a Drunkard; for the approach of a Drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

If you would be hated by your family and friends, be a Drunkard; and you will soon be then disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a Drunkard; and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you do not wish to have your faults remarked, continue to be a Drunkard, and you will not care for good advice.

If you would smash windows, break the door, get your bones broken, and be a nuisance, be a Drunkard; and it will be accomplished.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be dark enough, be a Drunkard; and they will soon be so.

If you would destroy your body, be a Drunkard; as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a Drunkard; that you may be excluded from heaven.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly wretched, in estate, body, and soul, be a Drunkard; and you will soon know that it is possible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your purpose.—END

"All the crimes on earth," says Lord Bacon, "do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness."

Drunkenness expels reason—drains the memory—defaces beauty—inflames the passions—diminishes strength—causes a internal, external, and incurable wounds—is a which the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, the beggar's companion, the wife's scourge, and children's sorrow—makes a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool. He is more than a beast, and a self-murderer, he drinks to his own good health, and robs himself of his own. He is worse than a star, for no animal will willingly intoxicate itself; but a drunkard swallows his liquor, knowing the condition to which it will reduce him and his children's draughts will deprive him of the use of his reason, and render him more than a beast. By the effects of liquor, evil passions and tempers are freed from restraint; and, while in a state of intoxication, he commits actions, which, when sober, he would shudder to have thought of. Many evils have been done, many a murder has been committed, when those who did these things were intoxicated.

To be able, then, if ever you use the intoxicating draught. Reflect, before you put the bottle to your lips. Remember that you are drinking a poison which will lead on to the com-

mission of every crime to which the propensities of your nature, rendered violent by indulgence, can urge you. Before you are aware, you may find yourself "awaking from a fit of intoxication, guilty of offences against the laws of your country which will draw down just vengeance upon your head; abhorring yourself, and an abhorrence in the sight of heaven."

Drunkenness, persisted in, will assuredly destroy your soul, and consign you to everlasting misery. Hear what the word of God declares.

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep."—Joel 1: 5.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and singeth like an adder." Prov. 23: 29-32.

"Woe unto them that rise up in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them." Isa. 5: 11.

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." Isa. 5: 22.

"The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: uncleanness, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Gal. 5: 19, 21.

These are awful declarations, and they will certainly be fulfilled upon him who continues to delight in drunkenness; he cannot enjoy the love of God, he will not be received into heaven.

Separate yourself, then, utterly from this ensnaring sin. "Touch not; taste not; handle not." In ENTIRE ABSTINENCE is your only safety. This persevered in, you shall never fall. Wherever and however the temptation is presented, "avoid it"—turn from it, and pass away. Turn also from every sin. "Commit your way unto the Lord," and he will "direct your paths." A glorious provision is made for your salvation, through the atoning blood of Christ. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16. Commit your soul and your all to him. He will guide you through life, enable you to vanquish every foe, and crown you with victory in heaven.—Am. Tract.

The Bible in France.

The story of a French colporteur is thus related in last month's Bible Society Reporter:—

"A pleasing circumstance occurred in one of these poor villages. I had just opened the door of a wretched cabin—I held in one hand a Bible, and in the other a Testament. A woman who was there exclaimed with joy, 'Blessed be the ambassador of the Gospel!'

"How do you know that I am one?" With her finger she pointed to a copy of De Sacy's New Testament lying open on a little table, and said to me, 'It is now four years ago since I bought it from an agent of the Society which certainly employs you.' 'You give me great pleasure, Madam, for I see that this book has been well bestowed.' 'Yes, it came just at the right moment to comfort me in my sad sorrow. I lost my poor husband very suddenly; I was left in my grief, with four little children; and without the Gospel, without the knowledge of my Saviour, I should have died of grief. But I prayed, I read, my eyes were opened, and I believed what is written there,' said she, showing me the passage in Hebrews xii. 6: 'For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourge every son whom He receiveth.' 'Never,' the colporteur adds, 'have I met with a more interesting and touching Christian than this poor woman; it was plainly to be seen that no work of man had interfered with the beautiful work which God had wrought in that heart by the sole instrumentality of His word. Observing her cast a glance of peculiar ardor upon the Bible which I held in my hand, I said to her, 'Would you like to have it in your possession?' 'Alas!' she replied, 'that is for the rich, and I am too poor.' 'It is not dear I assure you, only three francs.' 'Impossible!' 'Quite true,' (I was one of Ostervald's large Bibles, very nicely bound.) 'It is indeed for nothing; it is inconvertible—but—but—three francs: that is the support of my little ones for nearly five days. What shall I do? O my God, what shall I do? After reflecting for a considerable time, she exclaimed, 'I don't care; God will help me. He sends me the whole of His word; I ought not to refuse it. Two nights more work, and my little ones will not suffer for it—and we shall all be the richer.'"

"One of our colporteurs in the west was summoned to appear before a tribunal, in consequence of a complaint made by a police-officer that he sold books without being stamped. At the trial, the officer, in reply to a question of our agent, singularly weakened the force of the accusation by admitting that he had only found one copy without the stamp. And here is the defence of the colporteur. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am indeed deserving of blame, and I will explain how it is so well known at the Prefecture that I am incapable of deceiving the authorities, and of selling any other books but those which I am authorized to sell, that the gentlemen there have confidence enough in me to

give me the Government stamp, that I may affix it myself upon my books. Now, you see, gentlemen, that I am a stupid, bungling fellow, to omit stamping the copy which has been brought under your notice by the police officer.' Upon hearing this defence the judges smiled, and dismissed the case."

"The following singular incident occurred to one of our friends. He had sold a large Bible to a workman, who seemed quite content with his bargain; but, on returning to his workshop, all his companions began to make fun of him, and called him 'bigot,' 'Jesus,' and other hard names. The poor fellow was quite frightened, and in order to get rid of all the ridicule, he invented this fine story:—'My friends,' said he, 'I bought this book because it is rare and curious; it belonged to the celebrated Verger, the Abbe who, some months ago, assassinated the Archbishop of Paris. Ah! indeed,' they replied, 'that is a different thing.' And now every body in the workshop wished to have in his hand the property of the great criminal—wished to touch what he had touched, to read what he had read; and when they were told that the person who had sold this book had others of the same kind, and from the same source, they all determined to go in their dinner hour to purchase a copy. In the mean time, the rumour had spread in the little town, that a dealer had for sale, as curiosities, all the books which formed the library of the assassin, the Abbe Verger. This rumour even reached the authorities, who forthwith dispatched a commissary of police, to seize both the dealer and his merchandise. Imagine the surprise of the colporteur when he saw this official arrive at his inn with an order of arrest. The first thing he did was to show his authorisation, all his papers in perfect order, and his books stamped in exact accordance with the regulation. At this sight of the stamps more particularly the commissary appeared greatly astonished. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'does the Government then permit you to sell the library of an assassin?' 'How, an assassin?' 'Yes, certainly,' of Verger, the murdered of Monseigneur.' 'Tell me, I pray you, what connection my books, my vocation, can have with that poor wretch.' 'I don't understand it at all myself; and yet, however, so it is. Then the official related the story told in the workshop. On hearing these things, our friend could not refrain from laughing. 'Very fine, very fine,' replied the commissary; 'there must be something at the bottom of it.' Whereupon he began thoroughly to search the colporteur, and when this unpleasant operation was over, our friend asked to be confronted with his accuser. But this became unnecessary; for, having been conducted to the town-hall, his explanations were so satisfactory, that he was at once released, with the recommendation to forget all these annoyances. But he did more than that; he repaired to the workshop, which was pointed out to him, and there explained matters in the presence of all the workmen; and the final issue of this singular history was, that, after a long and interesting conversation, he sold to each of them a large Bible."

path by a superstition as old as the days of the Viking, bore down among them, but forty nine of the four hundred were left alive to reward the noble zeal of their saviour. These with the women and children rescued by the brig "Marine," amounting in all to one hundred and forty-nine persons, have been landed in safety on our coasts. Of the rest we shall hear no more, nor of the splendid ship that bore them, nor of the rich treasure hidden in her hold."

CAPTAIN HENDRON'S HEROISM.

That Capt. Hendron behaved throughout with noble devotion and died with the dignity of a hero, no one doubts, nor will any one who knew him be surprised to hear. That the passengers, so far as appears, manifested a most manly temper of self-command and generous courage is equally plain. That the crew were worthy of their gallant commander, and by their conduct redeemed the name of the American sailor from the reproach brought upon it by the story of the *Arctic*, is a fact upon which we may dwell with melancholy pride."

NOBLE CONDUCT OF QUARTER-MASTER RAYMOND.

The rescued passengers from the "Central America" appear unanimous in their opinion as regards the intrepid and noble conduct of David Raymond, Quarter-master of the ill-fated steamer. He made three trips with one of the life-boats between the steamer and the brig "Marine," and tried hard to get some one to accompany him on another trip; and while pleading for assistance in his work of humanity, the boat in which he stood was stove in beneath him."

STATEMENT OF MRS. HARRIS.

During all this time the captain kept coming down into the cabin, and going all around the ship, to cheer up the spirits of the passengers and to quiet their fears. I do not mean that he could quiet our fears, for no one could do that. The water was gaining in the ship, and the men were getting more and more fatigued. He did not try to disguise the danger, but he made us all look more cheerfully at it than some other men might have done. In the afternoon (I am speaking of Saturday) it became necessary for us to leave the ship. The captain came and said that the women and children were to go first. A noise was made on the end of a rope and slipped over me, and I was lowered down. The captain tied a rope around me, and I think he was one of the men that had hold of it when I was lowered down. He was a noble man, and I shall never forget him as long as I live. When I began to slide down, a great wave dashed up between me and the little boat, which threw the boat off from the ship and left me hanging in the air with the rope around my waist. I was swung hither and thither over the waves by the tossing of the ship, until the boat came under me. I was dropped suddenly into the boat when it happened to come directly under me. As soon as I got into the boat, I looked up and saw the captain was fixing a rope around my child, and in a few moments afterward he lowered it down to me. Even before I got into the boat, when I was coming up the cabin stairs with the baby in my arms, Capt. Hendron saw that I could hardly walk from the motion of the ship, and he requested one of the passengers, a gentleman, to come and assist me, which he did. The captain's kindness to me, and to all the ladies, was unending, and in the end he sacrificed his life for us."

MR. THOMAS McNEISH'S STATEMENT.

Thomas McNeish, a California merchant, was on board the steamer when she went down. I was at work, he said, at the pumps all the time. The crew and passengers behaved nobly. I never saw men work with more determination, and under better discipline. I stood at work, with hardly any intermission, from two or three o'clock on Friday, through all that night, and through the next day and evening, till the ship sank under my feet, and I was adrift in the sea. I saved myself by swimming. For a time I had a board on which I floated. I was in the water till three o'clock next morning, and during all that time I felt little or no fatigue. My strength was preserved to me in a wonderful manner. But as soon as I was rescued, I dropped away and was too weak almost to move. I was in company part of the night with a Spaniard, who had sailed from Cuba. We were rescued by the Norwegian bark "Ellen." I saw the Captain of the steamer about five minutes before she went down. At that time nearly all the male passengers were on board, and all the crew, except the boat's crews on duty, and the Chief Engineer. Captain Hendron was standing on the wheel house, and the second officer was with him. They were conversing when I last saw them. The Captain, throughout the whole emergency behaved nobly and bravely. He deserved a better fate. I believe there was not a man left on board the ship but would have given his life if it could have saved the ship. He had inspired everybody not only with confidence and zeal, but also with a personal affection for him. The safety of the women and children is owing altogether to his discipline and influence on board the ship. His officers, too, deserve credit for an equally heroic part. Of the Chief Engineer there are reasons why I shall say nothing."

THE WORTHLESSNESS OF GOLD.

It is stated by many of the survivors of the Central America's passengers, that there was

seldom so large an amount of money owned

by passengers as was in the case of those who came by the Central America. Many were persons of large means, and there were but very few whose immediate wealth did not amount to hundreds, while numbers reckoned their gold by thousands of dollars. The greater portion of the passengers were returned miners, some coming hither to invest the capital they had realized in hopes to live a life of greater ease as the result of their industry, and others to get their families and go once more to the land of gold. But as the storm continued to rage, less of gold was thought of, and when, on Saturday, it became evident that they were likely at any moment to be buried beneath the waves, wealthy men divested themselves of their treasure belts and scattered the gold upon the cabin floors, telling those to take it who would, lest its weight—a few ounces or pounds—should carry them to their death. Full purses, containing in some instances \$2,000 were laying untouched on sofas. Carpet-bags were opened by men, and the shining metal was poured out on the floor with the prodigality of death's despair. One of the passengers, who has fortunately been rescued, opened a bag and dashed about the cabin \$20,000 in gold dust, and told him who wanted to gratify his greed for gold to take it. But it was passed by untouched as the veriest dross. A few hours before he would have struck down the man who would have attempted to take a grain of that which he now spurned from him."

The brig *Marine* has arrived at Norfolk, and it appears that she rescued one hundred, instead of forty-six, as previously reported. The *Ellen* rescued forty-nine—so that one hundred and forty-nine is the number now known to have been saved. There remain unaccounted for four hundred and seventy-seven, all of them, probably, in "the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

New York, Sept. 24th, 1857.

Mr. Editor.—Long before this reaches you your readers will be informed of the loss of the steamship "Central America," by which nearly 500 men perished, and one million and a half of gold was lost. They have read with pleasure that the women and children were all rescued. They have inquired how this melancholy loss came to pass? The public here are earnestly asking the same question. The owners and surviving officers are doing their best to convince the public that the calamity is one wholly attributable to other than human causes.

In this effort, they are not likely to succeed. First, the ship had just changed its name from "George Law" to "Central America." Why this, except to entrap passengers, who otherwise would not risk their lives on it? It does not help the matter, that two or three other vessels whose names have been recently changed, perished in the same storm. The law which permits so easy a change of name, is now condemned generally by the public, and now that its bearings are understood, will likely be modified or repealed.

Next, the fact that not one of the pumps was in order, the public will not forget. Ships have come into this port, it is said, filling at the rate of four feet an hour, and yet in a comparatively safe condition, owing to the efficiency of pumps. With half of this efficiency, this ship could have made the port of New York, to say nothing of her floating till the passengers and treasures had all been moved to other vessels. In the city papers of to-day, a gentleman publishes a card in which he avers, that from his own knowledge the ship was knowingly sent to sea with every pump out of order. It seems a little too much to believe that owners, who are not insured, especially, could be so reckless; but accustomed success may render them presumptuous.

There are other facts which throw the burden upon those who owned and managed the America. Much blame has been thrown upon the first engineer, who, it is charged, by neglect brought the ship into peril, and then, in a cowardly manner, deserted the passengers to their fate. His answer to this, if he is reliable, is in a manner satisfactory. It may be that there is a tendency in human nature, in times of such calamities, to seek for some "scape goat," and that this tendency has incited some to say things, throwing blame upon this and that one, without proper foundation.

Liberal contributions have been raised in behalf of desolate survivors.

You have heard of our many failures and great panic in money matters. It is still believed by many that we have only seen the mild beginnings of a great crisis which is still to come. Some say '37-'40 is to pass out of mind by reason of a more bitter experience. The suffering of the poor, these same prophecy, is to be more than in the winter so famous for soup-houses. Others say the worst is over. Probably both these are points too extreme for the truth to be with them. No doubt we have been going too fast—have been called to pay our debts in an hour we thought not—that we shall experience considerable more trouble for our folly. On the other hand, it seems to me that eco-

nomy for the last year has been practised

more than for years before, and that the retrenchment will still go on. Besides, the crops generally are very good this year—I believe more than an average. Take these facts, if they are facts, and I think it may be inferred that we may yet recover without the terrible shock so many are expecting. Perhaps the very expectation may prevent in good part the anticipated shock."

By a decision of one of the judges here yesterday, there is some hope the law against the Sunday liquor traffic will be more rigidly enforced. Next to prohibition this is desirable.

You know that a legal war was waged by the "Democrats" of this city, against the Metropolitan Police law, and how it was ended by the decision of Judge Demo, a democrat, against his own party. Our city Democrats were greatly incensed and appealed to the people for redress. The Democrat party of the state took their grievance under consideration, and, for their relief, renominated Judge Demo. The last end is worse than the first.

Yours, G.

Canada Correspondence.

CORONATION, C. W. Sept. 25th, 1857.

Mr. Editor.—At home again, as you perceive, I arrived this morning at the early hour of four, but about three hours behind time, by the slow and sure steamer "Maguel," confessed to be the most sea-worthy of an excellent line, the "Canadian Mail Line" so called—a name out of date however since the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway. Although contending with the usual equinoctial gale, we made a very comfortable passage indeed among the many trips your correspondent has had up and down the lake and the St. Lawrence, he remembers none more agreeable. Putting speed out of account altogether, the experienced traveller prefers the steamboat to the railway, and so far as my experience goes, which is by no means far, it corresponds with his. Although the down trip is the more interesting, a sail—wonder when we shall have liberty to use the phrase a steam?—up the St. Lawrence more than repays the delay incurred by passing through so many canal locks. Fortunately the first nine miles above Montreal is canal, and the passengers generally allow the steamer a three hours start, using the Lachine railway to overtake the boat. The voyage proper therefore begins at Lachine, and one has had little more than time enough to exchange his ticket for a chest and secure his stateroom, before the dinner bell summons him to the table. Meals and state-rooms are included in the fare, and thus one has a home-feeling which he misses sadly when away laid at every meal for his half-dollar. Formerly passengers exchanged boats at or near Kingston; now however the same boat runs through to Hamilton, a distance of about four hundred miles. In the upward trip the time occupied is seldom less than forty-six or forty-seven hours—quite a voyage, and being anticipated, less irksome than the passage in the days of the "Memor" from St. John to Fredericton. Among the points of interest one strike me more forcibly than "windmill point," just below Prescott, and some parts of the "Thousand Isles" higher up the river. The former, the scene of a skirmish in the last rebellion between the British troops and the "cynical" men from the American side of the river, has been deserted and ruin, which speak of war and its desolating effects. The latter, fresh from the hands of their maker, with little apparent change, save such as the varying seasons bring with them, challenge the admiration of the voyager, and speak of Him who gave them form and beauty.

Four o'clock this morning saw me standing sentinel over my household stuff, piled—not much of a pile, it is true—upon the wharf. The—I do not know what to call him—the man in charge had retired to his dwelling beneath the light-house, having assured me that my goods were safe—as safe as other things lying about. I cannot say that I disliked his coolness and philosophy. There was something smacking of the olden time about both. Three fellow-travellers seemed amazed, however, and one set off to the hotel at the head of the wharf to rouse the inmates and obtain a porter to take charge of his luggage. But, alas! he returned alone.—"The boat was so irregular at this season of the year, they did not pretend to watch for her," and so the trunks were left to take care of themselves, and I was left "alone in my glory." The stars shone brightly overhead, and despite my unpoetical occupation—just imagine your correspondent star-gazing, and watching his furniture at the same time!—I was struck with the beauty of the heavens, beautiful as the first faint streaks of light appeared, and as the stars began to go out, and the entire East glowed. Much as I desired the broad daylight, I could not have desired the sun's appearance a moment before his time. Leaving the curious to guess the when and the way of my release from the irksome duties of a sentinel, since they savor too much of cars and casters, I pass on—almost too late to add much—to ordinary topics.

Montreal is reviving its former reputation for rowdiness. The old quarter—Griffintown—extensively occupied by Irish Romanists, is looked upon as unsafe to pass through by night, having, in short, a "York Point" character. Not many weeks ago Lieutenant