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

TERMS.—ONE

DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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The Sunday Morning Dream.

We copy the following article from an exchange. It is from a tract now being largely circulated in England. We commend its useful perusal to our readers general; we trust it presents a true picture of Sabbath services in too many churches. [En. Rel. Intelligencer.]

My first day of returning health after many weeks of severe illness, was a bright sunny day in June. I was well enough to sit at my window in my easy chair, and as our house stood in a pleasant garden, in the suburbs of London, the first roses of the year scented the soft breeze that fanned my pale cheek, and revived my languid frame. The bells of our parish church were beginning their chimes, and the familiar sound recalled me in an instant longing to be with my once dear worshippers. I took up my Bible and prayer book, which had been placed ready on the table beside me, intending to begin to read when the hour of the eleven o'clock service should be announced by the ceasing of the bells; and in the mean time, I clasped my hands, and soothed my impatient wishes by turning to my little sketchy avenues of blossoming roses that led to our church, and the song that would now be ringing it for the whole world of the day.

At once I seemed to be walking in the beautiful churchyard, yet even I could from gratifying my eager wish to enter the church, some irreasable, though unshaken hankering of the congregation, in their gay Sunday dress, pass it me by, and went in where I vainly strove to follow. The parson had in two long orderly trains defined his church into a series of galleries, surmounting steps into the galeries, and exalting them, as if leading them far above him. I was far left alone.

Sudden I was conscious of some awful noise, and felt myself addressed by a voice of sweet solemnity in words to this effect: "Not a, who by divine mercy has just been admitted to return from the gates of the grave, pause before thou enterest God's holy place again; reflect now often it has profaned his solemn public worship by irreverence, or by inattention: consider well, the great privilege, the unspeakable benefit and blessing of united prayer, less by again suffering it thou art the patience of thy long suffering God, and tempt him forever to deprive thee of the which hitherto thou hast so little claimed." So I lay me down my eyes and laid with a heavy guilt, the gravity of which increased in a milder tone, "I am one of those angels commissioned to gather the remains of the saint, and form them into wreaths of o'erblown roses that they may rise before the throne of God. Enter thou with me, and thou shalt, for thy warning, be made to discern those among the devotions about us which are acceptable to him, and see how few in number, how weak, and smoky they are."

As he ceased speaking I found myself by the side of the angel still, but within the church, and so placed that I could distinctly every part of the building. "Observe," said the angel, "that thoseayers which come from the heart, and which ascend on high, will seem to be uttered loud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness—when the voices wanter the sounds will grow faint, and cease altogether."

This dashed to me why the organist, though playing with a full might, produced no sound, and why, presently after the service began, though the lips of my friend, and all appeared attentive, a few faint murmurings were heard.

It was a gloomy awful it was to note the sort of devil-like silence that prevailed in the pews, in which, as was the case, the heart was raised in gratitude to heaven. A in the Te Deum and Jubilate, the voices joined in a silence. After the Creed there was a low murmuring of the versicles, and enditons, and clear above all other sounds, sweet child's voice softly and reverently reciting the Lord's prayer. I turned in the direction of the sound, and distinguished the parish children a very little boy. His hands were clasped together, as he knelt in reverence, and as the angel wrote in his tablets the words that fell from the silent lips. His smile, like a sunbeam illuminating the church for a moment, and I remembered the words of the holy David, where he says, "Out of the mouth of babes and of kings hast thou perfected praise."

Pre-early I was again reminded of a Scripture passage—the prayer of the publican. A turned to King man, who swept the cross beneath the church, lounge'd into the centre aisle during the reading of the lessons, his occupation being for the hour suspended. The second lesson was the 24th chapter of St. Matthew's, his verses attracted his attention; he listened with more and more seriousness until he at length put his hands over his face and examined aloud, "What will become of me at the day of judgment? Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!" That prayer was inserted on the angel's tablets. Oh, may it not stand alone, be it an awakening of better things. God indeed have mercy on such poor creatures as we, and raise up some to teach them, and cure for their immortal souls!

After this, growing accustomed to the dark murmurings and interrupted sounds, I followed many a humble Christian through large portions of the Litany; though often, while I was listening with hopeful attention, a sudden and total pause showed but too plainly that the thoughts of the kneeling suppliant had wandered far away, and that he who had appeared so earnest in his devotions had become languid and silent like the rest of the congregation.

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the angel, "I will show thee greater abomination than these. God is strong and patient; he is provoked every day. Listen now and thou shalt hear the thoughts of all these people; so shall thou have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises towards those who draw near to him with their lips, while their hearts are far from him."

As the angel spoke my ears were delighted with a claim which would have been shocking in a public meeting, but which here, in God's holy house, was awfully profane. The unmeasurables remained indeed as composed and serious as before, the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the voices uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes," said one woman, who, looking over the edge of her rays, Book, saw her neighbor and a train of daughters bustle into the next pew. "What an example to set to her family, thank goodness no one can accuse me of that sin." "New houses again already?" exclaimed the old woman, restraining the neighborly gaze from the other seat, she composed herself to the semblance of devotion. "How they can afford it even I know, and their father owing all his Christen bits yet. If my girls look shabby, at least we pay our debts."

"All! there's Tom Scott," nodded a young man to his friend in the opposite gallery, "I declare—He has been at church two Sundays running! How much longer will the devil last?" These were shocking and striking examples of irreverence; there were happily not many such, the involuntary wanderings of thought were more common.

I was much interested in a young couple near me, whose attention for a considerable part of the service had been remarkable. From the dress of the young man I judged him to be a clergyman, the body were deeply mourning: they were evidently betrothed—they read out of one book. Gradually he gave me his presence in which he stood, his eyes wandered from the Bible to her gentle face, and fixing there, called off his thoughts in heaven. "How good she is," he began to say, "I am a creature to her prayers, and she will be a self-serv ing Christian who will get angry at almost every little trifles."

15th. That is rather a queer Christian who never gets happy, only in times of protracted meetings.

16th. That is a very compromising Christian who wants to go to heaven with one arm around the world and the other around Christ.

17th. That must be later day Christians who will wear such tremendous hoops that they can hardly get in between the pews of a church.

18th. That must be an upper ten Christian who is seen walking the streets with a huge cane, standing collars and a goatee.

19th. That must be a little Christian who wears thousands of dollars and will not support the gospel at home; nor give more than a dollar to the missionary cause.

20th. That must be a self-serving Christian who will fly up his own house in the gaudiest style, and let the house of God go dirty, and get all out of order.

21st. That is a singular Christian who will not take, and pay for a religious periodical.

22nd. That is a curious Christian who will wear a sufficient amount of gold and jewelry to buy from fifty to one hundred Bibles to support the heathen, and then say they are too poor to give anything toward benevolent enterprises.

23rd. That must be a kind of dirty Christian who will go into the house of God, and sit on the floor, sets, and sofa, and then leave three or four huge quids for somebody to clean out.

24th. That must be rather a funny Christian who will laugh and talk so that he might be heard almost a quarter of a mile, and that too when he is in company with wicked persons.

25th. That Corazon may have hard times who is always complaining of trials and troubles.

26th. And what kind of a Christian is that who loves God with all his heart, mind, soul, and strength, and loves his neighbor as himself, who walks daily in the fear of the Lord, and lives in peace with all men, does good to all, is full of benevolence and good works; is not puffed up, boasts all things, prays without ceasing, and glories in nothing save the cross of Jesus Christ? I rather guess such an one shall inherit the kingdom of God. —[En. Rel. Intelligencer.]

A frown from the angel, or the waving of his impotent wings, as if about to quit a place so desolate, recalled the wondering thoughts of many a soul, unconscious whence came the breath that revived the dying frame of his devotions. Then self-blame, tears of penitence, and bitter remorse, of which those kneeling nearest knew nothing, wrung the heart, shocking at its own careless ingratitude, wondering at the forbearance of the Almighty while more concentrated thoughts, and I trust more fervent prayer, succeeded to the momentary forgetfulness.

In spite of all these helps, however, the amount of real devotion was small; and when I looked at the angel's tablet I was shocked to see how little was written thereon. Out of three hundred Christians, thought I, assembled after a week of meetings, to praise and bless the Giver of all good, are these few words the sum of what they offer! That prayer was inserted on the angel's tablet. Oh, may it not stand alone, be it an awakening of better things. God indeed have mercy on such poor creatures as we, and raise up some to teach them, and cure for their immortal souls!

Before the throne of the Almighty, I, too, would indeed wonder at the condescending mercy

Personal Effort.

You ask, "What can I do?" Study the Christ-like biographies of Harlan Page and Isabella Graham; and find there an answer. Have you not lips to speak for Christ? Have you no hands to work for Christ? Have you no purse on which you can inscribe, "Holiness to the Lord?"

Have you not a heart to pray for dying humanity? Can you not touch in the Sabbath school? Can you not bear a part in the Ragged school? Can you not go out into personal visitation and personal relief of the wretched, and the ignorant, and the friendless? To-night I ask another good office at your hands. I entreat you to give cheerfully and laugherly to the support of our City Missions. This work belongs to us, as the descendants of those who brought the doctrine of the Synod of Dort to the simple and the altars of this young republic. Let us prove that the Dutch Church has not only wealth but works—not only ancestry but activity—not only pudentibus but programs—not only good doctrines but good deeds of philanthropy and love!

But our Master will not let us compound with him by giving of our substance to supporting facts or expressing opinion. Wholly unflattered by selfish considerations,

of course we cannot. You need a noble spirit, which lifts out the material and base elements of life, and leaves only the pure and spiritual, which are the true elements of life.

So much for the present. But the world is full of scenes of suffering, and the heart of man is full of compassion, and the hand of man is full of power.

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WHOLE NO. 193

people, saying they were taken with a panic. Poor fellow! he found too late that his suspicions were ill-founded, and then he bled his brains out. Having disarmed our foes here, we despatched a force against the rebels, the Europeans on elephants; and the account's up to this time are, that 120 have laid down their arms; 100 have been cut up by the cavalry; the rest have retreated into a fort, and the European officers are safe; they did not kill them. This is good news! Perhaps the report of this detachment will reach before post-hour to-morrow, and then I will close. We are all well. We are very fortunate in having such men as Edwards and Nicholson here. "If the Lord had not been on our side!" We are 50,000 Europeans to 186 millions of heathens. Why they could swallow us up quickly. It is quite a miracle from beginning to end. Many chiefs are on our side—many poor."

We have already referred to the missions of the Dantong hordes; and we have now the pleasure of adding extracts from letters of the agents of the Church Missionary Society in the disaffected districts, as set forth in the columns of the "Record" news paper:

AGRA.—The Rev. F. E. Schneider writes,

on June 22:—"I cannot tell you how difficult it is to write this letter.

Round about Agra, plunder, and burning of houses, and murder, is so very frequent that we are not a moment safe. In fact, we bear our life in our hands. Missionary work is, at present, quite impossible. On pray for us, and the Lord's work in India, and that we may be ready to meet the evil day!"

CALCUTTA.—The Rev. G. G. Cuthbert writes, June 5:—"It is pleasant now to be able to state, with thankfulness, that the extreme alarm which kept many persons in a very excited state in particular places—such as Calcutta, Benares, &c.—has in a great degree subsided. . . . It is probably premature, and yet, to theorize on the real original cause of this disastrous outbreak.—The opinion seems gaining strength that it is, in its origin, a Mussulman movement—possibly instigated by some of the disaffected Musulman princes—and that the poor simple Hindus, Sepoys, have been merely made tools of by crafty and hostile disposed Mohammedans. . . . Irrational persons at home will, probably enough, try to raise a cry against missionary work, as if it had given rise to these disturbances. But, as yet, not the slightest symptom has appeared to indicate anything of the kind. Indeed, right-minded men will conclude that the lack of missionary work, leaving men in such dense ignorance of our religion, has had much more to do with the matter. Prayer-meetings have been, and are to be, held here, to implore the Divine interposition in a alarming crisis; and we have no doubt that Christian friends will in this way cordially help us."

THE PUNJAB.—Our missionary, the Rev. A. Strawbridge, has forwarded to us, in a journal form a narrative of the occurrences which took place at Lahore and Amritsar during the eventful days of May 14th, 15th, and 16th.

An interesting circumstance occurred,

which served to encourage and cheer the hearts of the missionaries. There is at Amritsar a small congregation of native Christians, of which the Christian Sikkh, Daud, ordained by Mr. Stratford, is the pastor. Speaking of him, Mr. Stratford says:—

Last evening our native pastor, Daud, came to say that the people of the city were abusing the native Christians, and warning them that their days were numbered. Upon his being asked whether he would like to move into the fort, he emphatically said no; but that he would rather die in his house than flee.—He gave us his reason the fact that he daily preached in the city, and exhorted the people not to fear them who can't kill the body, but fear God. Should he then leave, his conduct would be opposed to his teaching, and of course would be without effect. We really felt much strengthened by the words of our dear brother."

Lieut. Col. Martin, at Peshawar writes, May 25:

"On hearing of the massacre at Delhi, Col. Edwards and Col. Nicholson, with their officers, held a council of war, and raised a movable column of troops, on whose fidelity they could depend on such a trying crisis—This was for the Punjab. In consequence of this, less disaster has occurred here than in other places, where energy is dormant.

We waited here in some trepidation, having so large a force of native troops. Not one seemed to know the extent of the conspiracy, but several little signs were visible.

The reader, whoever you are, regard your every promise as sacred as life itself. Do anything and everything that an honest man may do, rather than forfeit your word.—N. Y. Independent.

Breaking Promises.

It is hard work to make even honest men keep their promises, when either their interest or convenience is promoted by doing otherwise.

Call on your tailor, for instance, and order a new coat, and he will say in answer to your most serious inquiry, "It shall be done, sir, sure, next Saturday night."—Well, if you get it a week after that, you may consider yourself fortunate. We need hardly mention book-makers, for they tell—break their promises—as part of their trade.

Untrustworthy folks like wax to the whole profession, and no reform is anticipated except at the last end of mighty conflict with their bound consciousness. But tailors and book-makers are not the only persons who break their promises. Merchants, bankers, and others are strongly addicted to this wrong doing.

A point is made to perform a certain work at a specified time, and if the same may be in writing, yet, if not re-pudiated, it is often entirely neglected or forgotten. This soon becomes a bribe, so as to "do agreed" is an exception to a general rule.

A merchant buys a bale of goods, and promises to pay at a specified time. He doesn't keep his promise, or he is unwilling to make a sacrifice, or it is not quite convenient.

Poor fellow! he has lost his character, injured his credit, and enrolled his name among the ranks of No. 2 merchants. He has lost, therefore, more than he has gained. He comes to New York and says, "It is true I allowed my note to be protested, but"—nonsense. He puts on airs, stops at a first class hotel, and tries to make a sensation—but it is a failure.

His reception is less cordial, he pays more for credit than before, and after making a few more such experiments, is announced as "suspended."

Having now time for reflection, thinks it hard thus to suffer, and perhaps finally settles himself down, for life, a ruined man.

Who ever thought of tracing their downfall to such a cause?

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The Revolt and Indian Missions.

It is now settled, beyond the possibility of dispute, that the missionaries have had nothing whatever to do in exciting the mutiny.—

Those best benefactors of the native population have kept carefully and conscientiously within the limits of their own peculiar province. It may, nevertheless, be supposed, that they are most deeply interested in passing events. Indeed, their lives have been in jeopardy every hour! Each successive day reminded them that it might, by possibility, be their last. Hitherto, however, as far as we can learn, they have been safe.

Prisoners by the mutineers were released

as soon as they laid down their arms; but we are strong here, and it is easy for the Sepoys to get out of the village. That night, the 22nd, 520 men deserted; several were downed in the Indus, and numbers brought back

prisoners by the country people. Strange to say they did not understand them. The 55th Native Infantry, not far from this, rose in rebellion, seized the fort of Murdar; and the commanding officer was so certain that they

were not mutineers, that he wrote to a ver

several like finds them human creatures. It is with the greatest difficulty that the English soldiers can be prevented from laying violent hands on every native they meet. A Highland regiment landed at Calcutta, and one of the soldiers was seen immediately to rush straight to a native and pull him to the earth with his fist in an instant.

A letter dated Cawnpore, June 8, narrates the following atrocities:—On Saturday evening last the 3d Oudh cavalry and 6th native infantry rose, and destroyed every European they could find. Out of seventeen officers at mess at 9:30, fourteen of them were butchered.

At Lucknow the artillery were on the qui vive day and night; and hearing that the 21st May would be the day for the sepoys to rise here, the author has made the history

so large a force of native troops. Not one seemed to know the extent of the conspiracy, but several little signs were visible.

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A BEAUTIFUL TH