

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

TERMS.—ONE

DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 207

A public meeting was recently held at Edinburgh, Scotland, for the purpose of forming in connection with the present crisis in India, an association for the removal of all Government encouragement of caste, connection with idolatry, and opposition to the profession and promulgation of Christianity in the East. The meeting was numerously attended. We regret want of the addresses on the occasion.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander, in the course of his remarks said: The object of the present meeting I understood to be twofold. In the first place, to inaugurate or initiate a protest from the people of this country against the patronage and encouragement, direct or indirectly, of idolatry by British officials in the East; and, secondly, to initiate a demand from the Christian people of this country that in all time coming to discouragement or impediment shall be, directly or indirectly, put by our Government there in the way of the progress of Christianity amongst the people.—With regard to Government encouragement, patronage, and support of idolatry, this glaring fact we have before us, that from the very first the Indian Government had acted on the principle of patronizing and supporting the dilatory delusions of the people of that country; and if of late years they have revealed a very qualifying extent from their former position, it has only been under the force of the constant pressure from the Christian people and Christian feeling in this country.—(Hear, hear.) I believe it is a fact, and a painful fact it is,—that before the British Government took possession of Juggernaut they, through their officials, stopped to ask the permission of the idol that it should be done. The officiating Brahmins returned to answer that the idol was graciously pleased that the British Government should take possession of the place. It may be said, and it has been said, that to impose a tax on the pilgrims a not to encourage idolatry, but to discourage it. At first sight there may seem some probability in that opinion; but let it be observed that the mere fact of Government taxing any sort of traffic is a recognition in the part of Government that it is legitimate traffic. (Hear, hear.) They cannot legislate in the one direction without legitimizing by implication in the other; and, therefore, in levying this tax they did plainly declare to the people of India that they did consider idolatry a very proper and legitimate thing. But they went even farther.—They were to draw a portion of their revenue from this tax, and, therefore, it became very desirable that the tax should be increased; and, consequently, they had persons going about and encouraging pilgrims, recommending it by all means, just like the traders who surround the traveller when he lands at some commercial port recommending their hotel as the best of its kind. Then, at the great festival, the British officer had to accord the crown of the idol, and with his own hands to spread the golden cloth, which was an important part of the ceremonial rites paid to this idol. They think God has passed away. The pilgrimages are no longer levied; but I am afraid practices as bad have been substituted in its place of an annual pension, in lieu of which the Government did for the temple, but paid to the priests and other functionaries, and it will be borne in mind, that of the tax very small portion, after all, found its way into the coffers of the East India Company. I remember a statement made by one of our missionaries, Mr. Campbell, of Bangalore, that on one occasion he preached to a large audience of Hindoos in the vicinity of one of their temple towns. When he had finished a Brahmin rose and said:—“Who are you here to speak to us in language like that? Look at that temple—that temple we created by your own Government—that temple is supported by your Government. Brahmins, the dancing-girls, and the other functionaries of that temple, have much persons from your Government—ladies and gentlemen connect with the British service and pay respect to that temple. On the other day a regiment of sepoys passed by the temple: children were amongst them, and the commanding officer gave them money, and propitiated the idol, so as to remove its anger, and be himself went and bowed its head before it. What right have you to preach against ceremonies and facilities patronized by your countrymen? If these things are false, go and preach to your own people. They encourage them not.” Mr. Campbell said:—“What could I say? what could I do?” I could only hang my head in silence and shame, and retire from the spot.” And this is, and is not a solitary instance of the influence these practices have had in impeding the course of Christian missions in this country. (Hear, hear.) Another great evil has been the undue and undue preference in the British army of the Brahminical caste to elevation—that army which has recently been the cause of so much disaster and suffering. As to the direct discouragement of Christianity, I would just remind the meeting of two facts.—In the first place, how it was before Christian missionaries were permitted to go into the country at all. With the Baptist missionaries were forth, it could not enter our dominions, but had to live in the dominions of the King of Denmark set up a station at Serapong.

Mr. PENNINGTON wanted to go to India, but

BY HIS FATHER.

circumstances of his death, and even these dreams of our friends, should tend to console us under our loss, and show us that our son still lives with our heavenly Father.

When I think of this, I am comfortable, yea, happy in God. And I also say that when I leave this body, may I be as fervent in prayer and as strong in the Lord as was my dear, dear son, who has gone before me. The Bible declares our life to be a vapor. May we live to God while we live, and

Whet, Jesus comes for us
We'll joy to die,
And leaning on his breast
Ascend the sky.

LOSING A PRAYER BOOK.

In the year 184—, the Rev. Mr. — entered upon his duties in the large and promising field of —. He was a man well qualified for the work of the ministry. With clear head, a sound judgment, and a warm heart, and above all, taught of the Holy Spirit, nothing was wanting, humanly speaking, so far as he was concerned, to make him eminently useful. There was a power andunction in his ministrations not to be surpassed by any other. For a time all went on well. His preaching was effective. There was quite a waking among the dry bones in the church. The Sunday school flourished as never before. There was a manifest interest among teachers and scholars. There was a zeal and life among the members of the church, very encouraging to the pastor's heart, and very powerful in its influence for good upon those that were without. The preacher's labours were highly acceptable, both in and out of the pulpit, and many inroads were made upon Satan's kingdom.

But after a few years things began to change. The Sunday school ceased to flourish as formerly. Both teachers and scholars became irregular. The weekly gatherings for social prayer were thinly attended. And although there was no very great falling off in the congregation on the Sabbath, it was evident that there was a great lukewarmness reigning throughout the church, and a very decided indifference among unbelievers. The preaching of the Gospel was no longer effective. Souls were no longer converted under it. The power, and zeal, and unction of the minister were all gone. At times there was even an awkwardness in his manner. It had become quite a common remark of the congregation, "I wonder what is the matter with our pastor. What makes him so uninteresting? I wish he would take more interest in his work, and try to preach better sermons."

Under this state of things a few of the fathers in Israel determined that they would spend an evening with their minister; and in a frank yet kind manner, tell him of the feeling in the congregation. They did so. He listened with a sad heart to all they had to say, and thanked them for their openness and candour. He then told them that much of what they had said was no news to him; that he had witnessed with no little pain a sad decline of interest about heavenly things; that it had grieved him beyond measure to see that during the past year not one soul had been converted in his congregation. And as to the dissatisfaction in regard to his sermons, he was not surprised to hear it. He was deeply conscious himself that they were far inferior to what they once were; that his own conscience testified that they were far inferior to what they once were; that his own conscience testified that he studied and laboured in and out of the pulpit with a cold and heavy heart, and that it seemed to him as if he would never be able to shake off his lethargy. "But," continued the minister, "there is mystery in all this. It is easily explained. *I have lost my Prayer Book.*" As both pastor and people were opposed to liturgies and never used them, the old fathers heard this with no little amazement. "I will explain," says the pastor; when I came among you and during the period when the preaching of the Gospel was so effective in our midst, the members of the church were all engaged with one mind and heart in prayer for a blessing upon the word read and spoken. It was then easy and most delightful to study and preach, when my heart and hands were borne up by the sympathy and prayers of God's people. I was always happy, and the word was very effective, because, in answer to prayer, the Holy Ghost sent it home like an arrow to the hearts of the hearers. No things have changed. That warm sympathy has cooled down. Your pastor and his are no longer kept before a throne of grace in the daily and earnest supplication of his people. *I have lost my Prayer Book.*"

Much has been said and well said about the inefficiency of the ministry at the present day. May not the above throw some light upon the subject? May it not have an application to more latitudes than one? And if the avowal of such inefficiency could be brought to the light in every case, how many ministers would be compelled to say, — *"I have lost my Prayer Book!"*

MODEST APPAREL.

A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments, without being proud. "Madam," replied the minister, "when you see the fox tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."

Another lady asked the Rev. John Newton what was the best rule for female

and behaviour. "Madam," said he, "so dress and so conduct yourself that persons who have been in your company, shall not recollect what you had on." This will generally be the case when singularity of dress is avoided, and where intelligence of mind and gentleness of manners are cultivated.

A minister calling to visit a lady, was detained a long time while she was dressing. At length she made her appearance, bedizened in all the frippery of fashion and tolly. The minister was in tears. She asked the cause of his grief; when he replied, "Weep, madam, to think that an immortal being should spend so much of that precious time, which was given her to prepare for eternity, in vainly adorning that body which must so soon become a prey to worms."—Half an hour is surely sufficient for dressing. Reader, if you spend hours in furnishing your exterior, your interior must be very poor, furnished indeed. If young ladies would spend the hours they consume in dressing, furnishing their minds with religious information and in the performance of deeds of charity, how much more happy they would be—how much more useful would be their lives.

Mothers, take care how you bring up your daughters. Let them never imagine that they are made to dress well and show off themselves and their finery at balls and public places. Listen to the following death-bed scene of a young lady of twenty, and tremble for your daughters, if you have encouraged them in the follies of life. As she lay on a bed of death, and had heard from a minister who was called in, of death, judgment, and eternity, she trembled; and in her dying hour, she called for some of her fine clothes. When they were brought, she looked up to her mother and said, "These have ruined me." You never told me I must die. You taught me that my errand into this world was to be gay and dressy, and to enjoy the vanities of life. What could you mean? You knew I must die and go to judgment. You never told me to read my Bible, or go to church, unless to make a display of my finery. Mother, you have ruined me. Take them away, and keep them as a remembrance of your sin and my sad end." Oh, mother, if you would not have your daughters hurrying to the grave, consuming thunder-bolts like these upon your guilty heads, teach them to "adorn themselves in modest apparel," and to live for eternity!

But the daughters of industry need also to be warned against extravagance in dress and vanity of mind. Where good wages are received, the wives and daughters of working men are sometimes "tempted to expend large sums in dress quite above their station. This is very unwise. By all means be clean and neat in your dress, but do not spend your money on showy or expensive articles. Let your clothing be substantial and becoming, but rather lay aside your money that spend it on extravagant dress. It may be found of great service at a future day, when work may be scarce, or sickness lays its heavy hand on the "bread winners" of your household.

Young women, servants, factory workers and others, I would beg you to take heed to the word of God, which enjoins you to "adorn yourselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety." Servants, you would be respected by your employers avoiding to dress like ladies. Dress cleanly, modestly, and neatly, as becomes your station, but not "in gay clothing." Some girls spend all their wages in outside show when their interior clothing is quite worn out. Don't you set the vain hypocrite by throwing a showy expensive dress over rags, but be well clothed throughout. Showy dress on your part would be the advertisement of a vanity, which designing men, moving in a sphere above yours, may read and act upon your everlasting disgrace. Therefore take care; don't hang out the colours of vanity, you would not wish to be swathed in the rag of infamy. Dear young friends, I seek your highest welfare, when I thus warn you. Ask that you may have inward principle to guide you, come to Jesus for pardon, and the new heart. Learn of Jesus, and like Him, you will become meek and lowly in heart, and that will preserve you at once from gaudy dress and crooked ways.—*British Messenger*.

A Story of the Battle Field.

A soldier was wounded in one of the battles of the Crimea, and was carried out of the field; he felt that his wound was mortal—that life was quickly ebbing away—and said to his comrades who were carrying him, "Put me down; do not trouble to carry me any further; I am dying." They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man welching his blood, and asked him if he could do anything for him. "Nothing, thank you." "Shall I get you a little water?" asking a kind-hearted officer. "No, thank you, I am dying." "Is there nothing I can do for you? shall I write to your friends?" "I have no friends?" "I have no friends you can write you. But there is one thing which I would be much obliged; in a knapsack you will find a Testament—you open it at the 14th of John, and near the end of that chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace,' will you read it? The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace; I give unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Thank you,"