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McLEOD, Editor.

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

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WHOLE NO. 167

The Mind of Jesus—Meekness.

I am meek and lowly in heart."—Matt. 23:12.

There is often a beautiful blending of nature and humility, magnanimity and lowliness, in great minds. The mightiest and holiest of all beings that ever trod our world were the meekest of all. The Ancient of Days was the "infant of days." He who was the Father of all eternity, found, while on earth, a meek and lowly servant in the person of an infant's voice, and in the person of a lamb, as his emblem, or the anointing of a meek and lowly servant. No wonder an innocent lamb was chosen as his emblem, or the anointing of a meek and lowly servant. No wonder an innocent lamb was chosen as his emblem, or the anointing of a meek and lowly servant. No wonder an innocent lamb was chosen as his emblem, or the anointing of a meek and lowly servant.

The Theatre.

We make the following extract from a lecture delivered in Exeter Hall, London, on the evening of January 13th by Mr. Edward Corderoy, before the Young Men's Christian Association, on the subject of Popular Amusements.

The theatre was a most attractive place; the clever impersonations of character, the appropriate dresses, &c., were all calculated to please; but then, if vice were never attractive, where would be the merit of resistance? Ancient Greece first promoted dramatic entertainments, and to Athens belonged the disgrace of first erecting a theatre. Well, what did the stage for Athens? Did it teach the people morals? If so, the Athenians were very slow to learn; for there was no ancient city so effeminate and debased.

(Hear.) Their luxuries and intemperance, though previously excluded by Draco and Solon, became so rampant that Plutarch himself said that the bad citizens of Athens could not be surpassed in any age or country for their perfidy and cruelty. As to Rome, which, by the bye, at first was so jealous of its character that it would not have a permanent theatre, its inhabitants were well characterized by a writer in *Westminster Review* as being full of cruelty and licentiousness. Had the theatre benefited any modern nation—Italy, Spain, France? From the last-named country we had more plays reproduced in one year in England, by men who thus showed their incapacity of invention, than were produced in ten years. He need not name some of these, the plots of which contained deception, dishonesty, revenge, murder, seduction, and adultery, and in which virtue was never exhibited, except to be caricatured, the seducer was represented in false colours and extolled, the rogue was grossly overpraised, and the virtuous was justly provoked, or by a supposed code of honour, the trade of the villain who made virtue bankrupt was so set forth as that his character was totally misunderstood, the punishment given to crime was so shown as to excite sympathy for the offender, and a false estimate of right and wrong produced, and the moral sense of the audience lowered or destroyed.

If the atmosphere of the stage were right, how was it that so many fallen women were among its visitors and votaries? What would be the pecuniary recompense of the managers who should banish every indecent allusion from the pieces performed, for twelve months? How was it that the neighbourhoods of such places were deteriorated in morals? The fathers and founders of the American Republic enacted that "whereas true religion and good morals were the only solid foundations of liberty and happiness, it was recommended to the several States for their several encouragement, and for the suppression of theatrical entertainments, horse-racing, and such other diversions as were promotive of idleness." The Bishop of Carlisle testified that he had examined the books of a Penitentiary, and found the most of its inmates had been first seduced at theatres or at tea-gardens. Was it possible that honesty could be learned from Jack Sheppard? Could purity be learned from *La Traviata*? No; the passions were excited; the morals were endangered; not one single thought, not one soaring of action, not one ray of hope, to guide as in the path of life, not one motive to battle with difficulty, was incited at the theatre; no simple honest purpose would, or ever could, be gathered there. Vain would be the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation; deliver us from evil;" if a young man once gained a foothold as the play-house. There temptation met him on the threshold, in the lobby, on the stage, till he gave his honour to another and his years to the cruel, and he had to exclaim, "How have I lost instruction, and my heart hath despised reproof."

Christian Females.

The finishing stroke which Christianity gives in elevating the condition of women is by inviting and employing their energies and influence in promoting the spread of religion in the world, and thus carrying out through them, also, the great purpose of God in the world's redemption of the world by the mission of his Son. To them, in common with other, the Apostle says, "That ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." The honor so liberally bestowed upon the pious women of antiquity, in ministering to the personal wants of the Saviour, and in being so constantly about his person, was the least of those distinctions designed for them by our holy religion. They bear an exalted place in those acts and offices which were carried on for the setting up of Christ's kingdom in the world. How instructive and impressive it is to hear an Apostle say, "Help these women which have labored with me in the gospel!" What a register of names and office of illustrious females do we find in Romans xvi.—Priscilla, Paul's helper; "Mary who bestowed much labor upon us;" Phoebe, the servant of the church in Cenchreae; "who was sent to the church at Rome;" and entrusted with so momentous a commission as to bear to that community of Christians the Epistle to the Romans; and Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labored in the Lord." In addition to all this there can be but little doubt that in the primitive church not only were women occasionally endowed by the Spirit with the miraculous gift of prophecy, but were also employed in the office of deaconesses. The Christian church in modern times has gone backwards in the honor put on the female character. The primitive age of Christianity was in advance of ours in the respect thus paid to the female sex, by officially employing them in the services of the church, and in the wisdom which made use of such available resources. It has been said that the usages of society have somewhat changed since that time, so as to

Father Look at Me, Your Lost Child.

A congregation, while listening to a discourse from the writer, was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who hastily approached the pulpit, and delivered a note to the minister, and requested him to read it immediately. The pastor having read the note, informed the congregation that Miss— was very ill, and high upon death, and was expected to survive only a few hours; that she had expressed an earnest wish to see him; and that her physician who had written the note, added in a postscript, "Come soon, or it will be too late."

This was sad intelligence to him, who had often sought to lead this young lady to Christ, but as he feared, without success. As quickly as it could be done with propriety, the exercises of the sanctuary were closed, and he with a heavy heart, hastened to her home, six miles distant. No bright smile illumined that face, but its dark, gloomy aspect gave certain signs of a deeper darkness within; she was in a low muttering delirium, unconscious of pain or peril.

That day two weeks she was seen in the sanctuary; and as she departed from the

house of God, she smiled and laughed, as though she had heard not the solemn discourse from the text, "Beware, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets, Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish." Alas, how changed! The pastor spent the whole night by her bedside, hoping for a lucid interval, in which he might again direct her soul to Jesus, but no such interval occurred. Many were the prayers offered, and the tears shed on that sad night.

At length the day dawned; and as the first beams of the sun shone in that dreary chamber, her reason suddenly returned; she looked intently on each person in the room, and then fixing her eyes in a most earnest, solemn gaze on her pastor, she said, "I understand; yes, I know all; I am nearly gone, and I am—undone! I am clear of my blood!" The gospel scheme of salvation was exhibited, and urged upon her acceptance; but her mind declined embracing it; she seemed to be wholly indisposed to make an effort, being under a firm conviction that it was now "too late" to find peace with God.

She was evidently sinking fast, and lay quiet for about twenty minutes, when she asked for her father. He had left the room sometime before this, being unable to repress his agonised feelings in her presence. Poor man; he was not a Christian; not relying himself in this trying hour on the Christian's only support, he could offer no consolation to his dying child.—He returned to her chamber, and stood reclining his head upon one of the foot-posts of her bedstead. After a silence of a few moments, interrupted only by the sound of her quick respiration, she said, in a distinct tone, "Father. After a short pause she again said, "Father, look at me, your lost child, and be warned. That spoken in the prophets has come upon me; I am—perishing!" He could endure no more, and was borne from the room a broken hearted man.

As the end approached, she became more and more alarmed; as her sight began to fail she insisted on having candles lighted and placed near her; and as the chill of death crept over her, she would beg her friends to sit close to her, and hold her hands, and keep her warm, and not let her die. Once she exclaimed, "There! I am—almost—dead!" This will not do; you must not let me die; I can't die." Almost with her last breath, she whispered, "I can't die."

This brief sketch of a scene of agony, I have written as a warning to those who are neglecting the "great salvation." Unconverted readers, will you not take heed? Have you not cause of immediate alarm? How soon and suddenly fear and anguish may come upon you. How soon that may be fulfilled on you which was spoken by the mouth of God: "I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer." Have you no reason to fear the awful judgment of the Spirit's departing from you? And have you one word to say against his justice, if God should, in his holy anger, desert you this very moment? O, poor thoughtless one, despising the Lord that bought you, hasten with deep lamentation to your Saviour's feet; now return—

"Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day."

—An. Messenger.

Overcoming Faith.

In an old city in the old time, when Christianity was a new religion and Heathenism was trying to subdue it, there dwelt a woman named Agatha, with her husband and two children. I don't know whether she was handsome nor whether her children were beautiful; I don't know whether her husband was rich, nor whether their house was a grand place with pictures on the walls, and marble floors, and fine statues, and leaping fountains;—but the beauty of holiness belonged to them all, and the "true riches" were in their dwelling. The mother had heard of Christ, and had believed; she had taught her little ones to trust in him; the husband had been won by the conversation of the wife, and they were all bent on the same journey, that had the golden city in the skies for its end.

Their religion was not popular; it did not, as old John Bunyan says, walk "in silver slippers." An, no,—it went barefoot for the most part, and was terribly wounded and bruised by the stones of stumbling over which it passed. When Agatha went with her husband and children to worship, it was not in some comfortable chapel or grand old church, but under ground, where slaves were buried, and in the dead of night. They were in danger even there, and worshipped there with the full knowledge that before the last Amen was said, rough soldiers might fall upon them, and that their lives would be in jeopardy. Some holiday fete, and be torn to pieces by wild beasts as a public show.

Well, this did not happen. They sang their hymns in peace, offered up their prayers, and listened,—oh, how devoutly!—to the reader as he unrolled his book and went through some passage in Christ's story. And Agatha rejoiced, with all that were in her house, that the lines still fell to them in pleasant places. But there were betrayers in that little company of Christians with whom they met,—betrayers who did not die with shame and fear when they heard it read how Jesus kissed his Master, and with that kiss betrayed him. The betrayer made it known to

the governor who those Christians were who worshipped in the tombs. None escaped notice; the rich lady, who came veiled; the Ethiopian who came with her—no longer a servant, but a brother beloved in the Lord; the little hump-backed shoemaker; the centurion; the dancing girl, with her light, graceful form; the old gladiator, with his strong limbs; the rough labourer, with his iron hands; the young noble, with his satin skin; all were marked, and all their names written in a book—the governor's criminal list; ay, but in a better and more lasting volume—in the Lamb's Book of Life.

One night there came a messenger to Agatha's house, and a guard, who bore a letter from the governor, commanding the arrest of all the family, and their commitment to the town prison. So they were hurried away; but instead of as they expected, being separated from one another, were all lodged in the same ward. On the morrow there came a messenger, saying that Agatha was to appear before the governor. The hour of trial had come. She had anticipated this. When she became a Christian she knew that a crown of glory would be hers; but a cross and a sepulchre lay between her and its possession. She kissed her children, and embraced her husband, and felt—only as a wife and a mother can feel when separated from all they love; and was sustained only as a Christian can be—by God's grace in the hour of adversity.

Through the gloomy passages, into the presence of the governor, Agatha advanced—the guards leave her at the door. She anticipates her fate; death in some cruel form, in the flames—in the torture room—by the wild beasts on a holiday. And she prays as Hannah prayed,—her lips moving but no sound heard. She is ready to die. "For me to die is gain." She has read those words in a letter from a faithful missionary, and she repeats them now. But she is prepared for the trial. The governor commands obedience—expostulation—threats. But his words move her not. Now comes the test.

"Woman, by this new doctrine you have lost a wife's affections and sacrificed a mother's love. By it you have seduced others into your own error, and made them the sharers of your punishment. It is written in your books that a wise king found out the true mother when he ordered her child to be slain, and that, rather than the child should perish, she would give it up to a strange woman. See; if you do not resign this new faith—the Nazarene doctrine—I will order the execution of your first-born: if you recant, for your sake yours shall be spared."

The Christian woman bowed her head, and was silent. Prayer from her heart went up to God's throne, and strength from God came down to her heart. So she made answer:—

"They who love their children more than Christ are not worthy of him. If God take any children to himself, shall I complain? Unjust judge, I trust in the judge of all." At a motion from the governor, the guards advanced towards her. She fainted, and they carried her back to her husband and children. When she recovered, the guards waited with the order for the death of her youngest born. He was a brave boy, with light hair and blue eyes, and a great heart. He bade his mother and the rest shed no tears for him. He would soon be with Christ, and sing with the children of the Lord. He slew when Christ was a child himself. He hears that they will expose him on the bleak mountains, and that he is to die of hunger and thirst; but he answers, "He has meat to eat they know not of," and that in the land he is going to, "they neither hunger nor thirst." So they led him away to death; and the mother covers her head and wept bitterly. Her first trial is over.

Next day the guards return. Another interview, with a like result, ensues. "It is a girl—a girl just blooming into womanhood. The mother and father tremble and shed tears, but they feel they must not surrender. It is a happiness in their sorrow that their children are brave-hearted. The girl throws her arms about her mother's neck, and whispers that her brothers and herself are but going to heaven first—that they will meet again—that in the world above the wars there are no tears and no more parting. She is to die in what they call the arena, before holiday folks, by wild beasts. So she whispers that God took care of Daniel, and that God will go better still for her; he will take her to himself. And the second trial is past.

Agatha is childless, and she fears that some new terror may come upon her; but her trust is in God. She prays that God would make her strong enough to bear all trials, and her husband joins her. Next day her husband is the victim. "Resign," says the unjust judge, "thine husband or thy faith." And she answers and says, "Christ, the Saviour, will help me; the Lord will enable me to bear it all." The husband comforts his wife with hopeful, happy words, and so they part. And the third trial is over.

A week has passed, and the widowed wife and childless mother sits in the cell alone—And it is night. There comes a visitor; he bears a lamp with him, and is troubled as he enters. It is the unjust judge. The captive lifts her head. "I have no treasure now," she says; "do with me as you will. They are all gone; why should I tarry?" O Lord, send thy chariots,—the chariots of Israel, the horsemen thereof! What does the man mean? He bids her come with him, and she

mechanically follows. He leads her through the passages, ascends stone steps, crosses a garden, and there—What a scene bursts on her sight? Is she in a dream?—is she in heaven? There—here—around her—weeping on her neck, clinging round her waist—are the loved ones—husband, children—alive from the dead! How is this? The unjust judge tells the story. Touched by the constancy of these Christians, he had resolved to test them by the sharpest trials. He wrung the mother's heart,—appealed to her tenderness for her children; and found that her religion enabled her to sustain that trial. He found that her children—her brave boy, her gentle girl—were as immovable as their mother; and he preserved them from the threatened sufferings. He aroused all the wife's affections—tore from her the husband and the child, and found her still faithful. The faithful woman gave up her husband for the Lord's sake, and the husband resigned his wife. He felt that the religion which could so strengthen them to endure all this must be no light matter. He sought to know more. He had been almost—ay, and altogether—persuaded to become a Christian; and his object now was to fly with them from danger, and seek safety on a foreign shore.

So they fled together, and were saved from peril and from persecution, and saved with an everlasting salvation. The noble fortitude of this Christian family had accomplished its work.—Teacher's Offering.

Correspondence.

Boston Correspondence.

Launch of Egyptian Steamer—Raising the Russian Ship in Sebastopol Harbor—Condition of Sebastopol—Ship "Esolote"—Capital Punishment and Crime—The Rev. C. Kincaid and the Karens.

Boston, Feb. 28th, 1857.
DEAR BROTHER:—In the days of Solomon, the manufactures of Egypt supplied the other nations; now the channels of commerce if not reversed, are completely changed, and Egypt imports, not only the manufactures of England and other countries of the old world, but the mechanical skill and the science of our Western continent of America, are laid under contribution to supply the wants of that once celebrated country. Among other things, a beautiful iron war steamer was launched last Wednesday, for the Pacha of Egypt, called "Voyageur de la Mer,"—"Traveller of the Ocean," built by a firm in East Boston.

The Russians, since the war, are conciliating the good will of the United States, from which they now expect to obtain the manufactures and scientific skill which they so much require, to carry forward their ambitious designs.

Mr. John E. Gowen, of Boston, the great submarine operator, has obtained a contract from the Russian Government, to raise as many as possible of the 100 sunken ships in the harbor of Sebastopol. Fifteen of these are line-of-battle ships, some of 5,000 tons, seven are frigates. The machinery of the war steamers was carefully covered with a preparation of tallow before they were sunk, to prevent the water's injuring it. Mr. Gowen proceeded over land from St. Petersburg to Sebastopol, and inspected the ships before completing the contract. The Russian government furnishes from 3,000 to 5,000 men for the work, whose pay is to be a quarter of a dollar per day and "find themselves." Mr. G. says, before the siege, Sebastopol contained 60,000 people, but in November last, it had only 6,000. The fortifications around the city are only about half destroyed; and, though the Russians have gathered over 16,000 tons of shot and shell, yet they are still so thickly scattered around that it is impossible to tread without touching them.

There are no dead bodies to be seen. They have all been carefully buried. In one deep ravine, where a great conflict took place, two thousand Russians, French and English are buried in one spot: a wooden cross with a brief inscription marks the place.

Strangers from France and England are continually arriving to search for the graves of their relatives.

The Arctic ship "Resolute," which was saved from the ice, refitted and sent home by England by the United States, has been since stripped by order of the Lords of the Admiralty and laid by in Ordinary.—The Americans affect to take this as an affront and a slight of their act of courtesy.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has a Bill before it to abolish the present Act for Capital Punishment. The same Law which had been abrogated in Rhode Island, was re-enacted last week by the House of Representatives in this State.

Wherever the experiment of abolishing Capital Punishment has been tried, bad effects have been the result, and the Legislators have been under the necessity of re-enacting the Law.

I see from the returns of the keepers of jails in Massachusetts, that the whole number of prisoners committed to prison in the State during the last year, was 14,353. Of these, 41 were for murder, 100 for highway robbery, and 6,586, nearly half, were for intemperance. The remainder were for other crimes, which were in many cases, the result of intemperance. So we may say that two thirds of the crime in the State was produced by intemperance.

I had the pleasure yesterday, of listening

to a sermon by the Rev. Eugenius Kincaid, Missionary at Ava, where he has spent the larger half of his life. He is now visiting America at the request of the King of the Burman Empire.

As spoke from Acts 17: 30, touched upon the nature of conversion or change of heart, and gave a most interesting account of his labours among the Karens and Burmeses.

He said, "When I first landed at Calcutta, among hundreds of Indians, the first white man I met was an Englishman, and one evidently unacquainted with the power of the Gospel of Christ. 'He accosted me, saying, 'you are a stranger, sir, pray where are you from?' I replied, 'America.' 'And may I enquire what business you intend to follow,' said he. And when I told him that I had come as a Missionary to preach to the natives, he held up both his hands, exclaiming: 'Oh! what a hopeless undertaking.'—Soon I proceeded to Rangoon, and there I found a little band of about 200 native Christians. But during our six years since, I have seen over 6,000 converted, and 25 new churches formed. The Karens had no written language previous to 1835. In 1836 they had the Lord's Prayer, sermon on the Mount, and a few other passages in print. But only about half those professing Christianity can read at all, which is a great drawback to them in becoming acquainted with the Scriptures. Their anxiety to hear the Gospel, and learn to read the 'good Book,' he says, was truly astonishing. The continual cry was, we want teachers, send us teachers.' They came to hear me preach in such numbers, that the crowd filled the house, and veranda, and reached out into the street. The 'good tidings' spread east and west from Rangoon, and up the river Irrawaddy. In the Province of Bassee there are now 100 churches, and more than that number of native preachers or pastors, though many of these have not been ordained. Their pay is about seven rupees per month, or \$3.25, in the country. The native churches maintain their own pastors, and contribute something towards the Missionary cause."

The great characteristic of the Karen and Burman Christians is singleness of purpose. As an instance at the close of the late war, the British took possession of the country for 200 miles around Rangoon, and the Governor threw all the civil officers open to be held by Karens and Burmeses. Our preachers being the most intelligent of the natives, the Governor, as well as the native Christians desired them to hold the office of Magistrate under the Government. When the Missionaries said Ministers met in general conference, they searched the New Testament and discussed the propriety of the matter. After reading various passages, such as 'he that goeth a warfare should not entangle himself with the things of this world, &c.,' they unanimously agreed that the office was incompatible with their ministerial calling. Though the Government salary was 100 rupees per month while they were only receiving seven, yet, not a man accepted the office.

The Karens, says Mr. Kincaid, are numerous. When I was many hundred miles north of Ava, on the borders of China, to my question 'what country is this?' I will was answered 'the country of the Karens.' Mr. Kincaid intends returning in the spring so as to be in Burmah in July.

C. F.

Canada Correspondence.

MONTREAL, Feb. 23, 1857.
Canadian Missionary assaulted by a Mob—Floods and Fire—Garroting in Montreal—Trade-Homicide.

Ms. Editor:—My last concluded with the inquiry of what would be the probable result of the acquittal of the murderers of Corrigan, in the face of positive evidence. That mob-murder has received a double sanction in Canada, first, by the discharge of several of the murderers, a considerable time ago, and latterly, by the acquittal to which I alluded last week,—can hardly be denied.

Already, as a kind of first fruits, we have an outburst of fanaticism, which has transpired in the city where the unrighteous verdict was recorded. A French Canadian Missionary, Mr. Pepin, connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Quebec, whose conversion from the errors of Romanism, seven years ago, was marked by a devotion to the work of evangelizing his fellow-countrymen, and whom God has largely blessed in his work of faith and labour of love, was assaulted by a mob, which gradually increased till it numbered many hundreds, and called for the interposition of the authorities to secure its dispersal. Mr. Pepin has escaped with a few severe cuts; and there we presume the matter will end, as nothing has been done to arrest the parties foremost in the attack; and the public see nothing remedial in their arrest and trial. The point is settled by precedent, the law of the land, as executed, declares all attacks by a band of ruffians with intent to kill, offences not involving crime, and therefore not to be punished. Things have come to a "pretty pass" surely! What a glorious preservative of our liberties is trial by jury!—especially a jury of Romanists.

The Upper Canada papers are full of accounts from different parts of the West, giving particulars of disaster, the result of an excessive and prolonged thaw of late. Our own city, in its lowest parts, has been overflowed, for which the water-works are receiving the blame, although this is denied by some of the papers. Whatever may be