Religious Intelligencer,

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

J. McLEOD, Editor. That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—Peter. TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

VOL. IV—NO. 43. ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1857. WHOLE NO. 199

OPINIONS ON THE MUTINY.

We append some further notices of the opinions of missionaries and men whose acquaintance with Indian affairs makes their testimony valuable as to the causes of the mutiny, the present state of India, and the course hereafter to be pursued.

The Rev. William Butler, an American Wesleyan Missionary, has addressed a long letter to the *Watchman from Nynee Tal*, in which he says:—

"The real reasons were barely concealed by these subterfuges [the greased cartridges, &c.]. The dread of the ascendancy of Christianity in this land, and of the consequent downfall of their unholy systems, is a thought that is entertained more or less by every native mind in India. The Christian labours of fifty years past have begun to bear fruit. They have stamped their impress upon the moral character of the Anglo-Saxons in India, elevating them from secularity and debasement to a position in which the responsibilities of the Christian character are both acknowledged and acted upon. For, I am free to say, after a tolerably wide range of observation, that I am acquainted with no community where, according to their numbers, you will find more of the 'excellent of the earth' than among the civil and military servants of the East India Company. There is something about their Christianity that is masculine and decided, and entirely free from cant and hypocrisy. . . . . Undoubtedly the prime movers in this sanguinary rebellion are the Mohammedans; the Hindoo troops are mere tools in the hands of the latters. And who would ever have thought of such a combination between elements hitherto regarded as so antagonistic? The policy of the past forty years is utterly confounded, and, I presume, there are no persons who feel more at a loss to account for the origin and progress of this terrible train of things than Lord Dalhousie and the Court of Directors. It has upset every calculation of Indian statesmen. For the first time, the Hindoo and the Mohammedan have found a common ground of action and unity. But the Hindoo is evidently, infatuated and confused; and is now guilty of the suicidal folly of helping to elevate to power a bloodthirsty enemy from whom his fathers found no mercy, and at whose hands he himself will find none when that power has been firmly grasped; while, at the same time, a wretched follower of Brahma is trying to trample in the dust the only authority under which he can be safe. The animus of the Mohammedans is sufficiently manifest.—Then, about one year since, at the suggestion of Sir Culling Eardley, Dr. Duff, of Calcutta, instituted direct inquiry as to the real views of the Mussulmans, the Christian world was startled and incredulous at the statement set forth, that Mohammedanism (like Popery) is unchanged, and held it a duty to punish apostacy with death, and exterminate, without mercy, the followers of all other creeds, wherever and wherever they had the power to do so. Who can doubt it now? And these are the men who have had so large share in the Government patronage; who have held so many of the valuable offices under the Company; whose Prince have been munificently endowed (two of them the Kings of Delhi and Oude) have together an annual income nearly equal to that of the British Queen! I am satisfied there has been more treason talked and planned within the walls of the mosques of India, than in all other places put together. The fact is, the Mohammedan pants for supremacy. He has never forgiven the British power for having arrived him of it,—and he never will. His religion makes him a hypocrite and a traitor, and his heart is full of implacable cruelty towards the followers of the hated and blasphemed Son of God.

"An individual remarked here the other day that he considered the present state of things in the light of a judgment upon the British nation. I was shocked at the remark. I believe the sentiment utterly incorrect. When do judgments come? Do not the whole history of the Divine Providence, and the teachings of Scripture show us when nations may expect judgments? If English society in this land were degenerating—if religion were on the decline among them—if the public functionaries and their legislation were dishonouring to Christianity, and paying deference to idolatry, as in the days of yore—if England herself were relaxing her efforts to redeem India, and withholding her sons and daughters from the service,—then, indeed, there would be ground for such an interpretation of current events. The reverse of all this is true. And it is not the method of the Divine Providence to visit with judgment when a people are humbly endeavouring to do His will. Far from it. The whole matter is rather to be considered as one of the mysterious means by which God sees fit to work out His own purposes in the earth. We may say in our haste when we only see a small part of the plan, and feel inconvenienced by its operations, 'All these things are against us.' But time and patience has shown that He 'leads the blind by a way that they know not.'

"God will no doubt bring good out of this evil. The rainbow of promise, and the glorious sunshine, will soon burst from behind these dark clouds. India will be saved, and christ lost. The country will be pacified, and British power as well as Christian influence may five years hence occupy a position of influence and efficiency never before enjoyed.

A few considerations will I think make this apparent.

"First of all, then, a reaction against Mohammedanism will necessarily set in after these evils, which will undoubtedly inflict upon that cursed system a political and a social depression that will sink it lower and faster than ever toward its well-merited doom.

"Again, the terrible lessons of failure and swift punishment they are now receiving, and will continue to receive, (and this, too, from the small English force in the country, weak and scattered as they thought them,) will never be forgotten by them, and will be a guarantee against any repetition of the treason and murders of which they have been guilty.

"In the next place, surely these events will stimulate 'the powers that be' to push forward the construction of telegraphs and railroads, as one of the first means of security. Had we had a railroad through the country, matters would have been now in a different condition. Only think, it took a month to fetch the English army from Umballa to Delhi, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles! The men could not do better in the heat. But had we had a railroad, that force might have been concentrated at the point required in forty-eight hours. And let it be remembered that, it was during that month's delay that nine-tenths of all the mischief was done.

"And lastly, equally evident is it, that the permanent quiet of this country demands a large augmentation of British troops—and we must have them. Had we had even five hundred English soldiers in Bareilly, Rohilcund would have been saved. Even Delhi, with one of the largest magazines in the country, had not a single European company.—But all this must be altered now. The insolence of the Sepoy is at an end; and the time has come when the Government will adopt a tone more in keeping with the convictions of its Christianity and its power.

"This whole affair seems to be one of the last efforts of hell to retain its relaxing grasp on India. Undoubtedly India is the most valuable jewel in the crown of 'the god of this world.' Nor will he tamely surrender it.—Mighty conflicts await those who will wrestle for this noble prize. But it will be worth it all. Beautiful India! May God have mercy upon thee! He will arise, and have mercy upon her. For, not more certain is it, that the Koh-i-noor, which once shone in the crown of the 'Great Mogul,' and ornamented the forehead of 'the Lion of the Punjaub,' now blazes in far greater splendour on the brow of your Christian Queen, than that India, like her brightest gem, shall yet 'rise and shine' with peculiar glory, foremost in the diadem of the Son of God! Amen!"

THE MORMON WAR.

Brigham Young and the President of the United States are now fairly 'pitted' against each other. One or other must 'give in,' and it can scarcely be doubted that the victory, on which side soever declared, must be won by the sword. The struggle will not be so unequal as at first sight might be supposed. There can be little uncertainty as to the final issue, but it will take much more to bring that issue round than might be imagined.—Some idea of the work to be done may be both interesting and important at the present crisis. In 1846 the Mormons were established at Nauvoo, in the easily accessible State of Illinois. There they had their temple, and their leaders had entered decidedly on a career of deplorable iniquity under the name of religion. Their presence had, however, become insupportable to the neighbouring population, and war was the speedy result. Vengeance, raised by the horrid conduct of their high-priest himself, compelled them to capitulate, and agree to leave the precincts of civilisation. Their first companies crossed the Mississippi on their way westward on the 3rd of February in that year. A journey of about 2000 miles would have brought them to the shores of the Pacific, in California or Oregon. At least 1500 miles of this route lay through an almost totally uninhabited wild. The Mormons pushed on till they came to the very centre of this wild, and crossing the Rocky Mountains into the edge of the great basin of Utah, they fixed on that ground for their new city, and the centre of their future abode.—Here they were about 600 miles west from the nearest white settlements, and about the same distance east, and north, and south. It was not possible they could have got a resting-place further from civilised society in pure point of distance, in the entire continent of America, if it could have been found on the face of the earth. Mere distance, however, does not give us an adequate idea of this retreat. The Mormons settled at least 700 miles from the nearest ocean, so that the facility given for transportation by sea is forever excluded from all calculations regarding them. The United States' navy and transport service, were they a thousand times more powerful, are nothing to them. Moreover, the immense river transit of America can scarcely be said to bring any one within practicable reach of their abode. They live not very far from the centre of that strange formation on the earth's surface where, in a circle whose diameter is 500 miles, no river flows towards the sea, or towards any part of the inhabited world. The Great Salt Lake, near which the Mormon city is built, receives all the waters of this immense circle. The most accessible route taken by emigrants going to this fearfully isolated dwelling from Europe is first to New Orleans, than up the Mississippi river by steamer for 1300 miles, then by steamer another 800 miles to Council Bluffs, where about 20,000 of a Mormon population have formed a sort of reception-settlement on the banks of the Missouri, and where new comers generally rest awhile. From this point they have a land journey of above 1000 miles to the great city. Much less distance would require to be traversed in taking the journey from San Francisco, on the Pacific side; but the want of facilities for conveyance, and the nature of the route, render it still more impracticable. Two very serious themes of thought occur to us here. What must it be for even the strongest men once to reach this point of isolation from all but Mormons? Suppose they should discover, when they have got to the head-quarters of their faith, that they have been lured into a den of iniquity and despotism, where all that men usually hold dear is at the mercy of a tyrant, who knows neither remorse nor shame, what are they to do? How are they to retrace their steps? How are they ever to make their case known to the world they have left behind them? Everthing is gone from them in the effort to reach the place, or in the position they occupy when there, and if they make themselves troublesome, the 'destroying angels' will settle the affair. But, if such is the case with the strongest men, what must it be for weaker men, and especially for women to get there? Should some remnant of that virtue and conscious self-respect which they possessed in their native land have gone with them, or should the miserable disappointment, which sooner or later comes in the wake of sin, however it is disguised, lay hold of them, what are they to do? or should they, as mothers, observe that a race of worse than fatherless children are growing up around them, how are they to help either these children or themselves? A thousand miles of land, worse far than a thousand miles of trackless sea, lies between them and all escape or rescue. From what we know of the most heartless cruelty characterising Mormons, and carried out by them even in this country, and from the shocking blasphemy and abominable iniquity of their published writings, it requires no stretch of fancy to picture to our minds the immense accumulation of hidden sorrow and hidden crime, embodied in the fate of men detected in crimes, crimes that have gone to the Salt-Lake Valley; but how could they escape when once there? Beyond all question, this is a most serious point of consideration, and may well make us alive to the terrible curse of fanaticism, not yet extinguished among us. Something more than has yet been done, is loudly called for, in order to put an end to the unrestrained efforts of Mormons, unless we are to leave the credulous and deluded among our countrymen and countrywomen to their fate. *Christian Witness.*

The Scoffer Silenced.

Let me tell you a story. I have told it before; but it is a striking one, and sets out in a true light how easily men will be brought, in times of danger, to believe in a God, and a God of Justice too, though they have denied him before.

In the backwoods of Canada there resided a good minister, who one evening went out to mediate, as Isaac did, in the fields. He soon found himself on the borders of a forest, which he entered, and walked along a track which had been trodden before him: musing, musing, still, until at last the shadows of twilight gathered around him, and he began to think how he should spend a night in the forest. He trembled at the idea of remaining there in the poor shelter of a tree into which he would be compelled to climb.

On a sudden he saw a light in the distance among the trees, and imagining that it might be from the window of some cottage where he would find a hospitable retreat, he hastened to it, and to his surprise saw a space cleared, and trees laid down to make a platform, and upon it a speaker addressing a multitude. He thought to himself, "I have stumbled on a company of people who in this dark forest have assembled to worship God, and some minister is preaching to them at this late hour of the evening, concerning the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" but to his surprise and horror, when he came nearer, he found a young man declaiming against God, daring the Almighty to do his worst upon him, speaking terrible things in wrath against the justice of the Most High, and venturing most bold and awful assertions concerning his own disbelief in a future state. It was altogether a singular scene; it was lighted up by pine knots, which cast a glare here and there, while the thick darkness in other places still reigned. The people were intent on listening to the orator; and when he sat down, thunders of applause were given to him, each one seeming to emulate the other in his praise.

Thought the minister, "I must not let this pass; I must rise and speak; the honor of my God and his cause demands it." He feared to speak, for he knew not what to say, having come there suddenly; but he would have ventured, had not something else occurred. A man of middle age, hale and strong, rose, and leaning on his staff, he said, "My friends, I have word to speak to you to-night. I am not about to refute any of the arguments of the orator; I shall not criticise his style; I shall say nothing concerning what I believe to be the blasphemies he has uttered; but I shall simply relate to you a fact, and after I have done that, you shall draw your own conclusions. Yesterday I walked by the side of yonder river; I saw on its floods a young man in a boat. The boat was unmanageable; it was going fast towards the rapids; he could not use the oars, and I saw that he was not capable of bringing the boat to the shore. I saw that young man wring his hands in agony; by and by he gave up the attempt to save his life, kneeled down, and cried with desperate earnestness, 'O God, save my soul! If my body cannot be saved, save my soul!' I heard him confess that he had been a blasphemer; I heard him vow that, if his life were spared, he would never be such again; I heard him implore the mercy of heaven for Jesus Christ's sake, and earnestly plead that he might be washed in his blood. These arms saved that young man from the flood; I plunged in, brought the boat to shore, and saved his life. That same young man has just now addressed you, and cursed his Maker. What say you to this, sirs?"

The speaker sat down. You may guess what a shudder ran through the young man himself, and how the audience in one moment changed their notes, and saw that after all, while it was a fine thing to brag and bravado against Almighty God on dry land, and when danger was distant, it was not quite so grand to think ill of him when near the verge of the grave. We believe there is enough conscience in every man to convince him that God must punish him for his sin, and that in every heart the words of Scripture will find an echo, "If he turn not, He will whet His sword."—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

He Could not Die as he had Lived.

In one of our larger New England towns, a deacon of another denomination called upon me early one Saturday morning, "A man in my neighborhood is very near his end, and in the greatest distress of mind. He is prejudiced against my pastor, and you are the only minister whom he is willing to see."

On our way, the deacon gave me the outlines of the dying man's history. "I have known Mr. P——," he said, "some twenty years. He has been industrious, and has provided well for the physical wants of his family. But he refrained from labor on the Sabbath, but has devoted the day to riding, hunting, or sporting. Occasionally he has attended the Universalist meeting to hear some noted preacher, only, he said, for the fun of the thing. Ministers of the gospel he denounced as knaves, and all Christian professors as hypocrites. The Bible he scouted as a volume of lies. He has often been heard to say that, as he knew nothing before he was born, so he should know nothing after his death. His wife is a Christian woman, and from him she has meekly borne much abuse on account of her religion. A few weeks since he severely whipped his only daughter, seventeen years of age, because she attended a prayer meeting. Now he is told that he must soon die, and he is alarmed."

Before we arrived at the house, we could distinctly hear him pleading, "O God, have mercy on my soul! have mercy, have mercy!" When I was introduced as the one whom he wished to see, "Oh, my God," he exclaimed, "it is of no use; you can do me no good. I am lost! I was taught better when I was young; but I resisted all good influences; I associated with freethinkers, and they poisoned my soul. I have hated religion; I have abused Christians; I have ridiculed Christ; I have denied my immortality!" And then, with a piercing shriek, he cried, "I am lost! I am lost! O God, have mercy, have mercy upon a wretch undone!"

Conversation availed nothing. He flung aside all the invitations and promises of the Bible as belonging not to him. With all his appeals to God for mercy, he could not be persuaded that there was mercy for such a sinner. Prayer was offered, but my voice was drowned by his cries of agony. His weeping wife and daughter did their utmost to soothe and quiet him; but their efforts were as oil, not upon the billows, but upon fire. As life ebbed away, the violence of his mental distress increased. A detail of the horrible things which he said of himself and his prospects during the two hours that I was with him, would be too harrowing to the reader's mind. His words, his tones, his looks, are fresh in my recollection. Never had my soul been so torn by a spectacle of human woe.

I remained with him till his agonized spirit took its departure. Almost the last breath, he continued saying, "God have mercy; I am lost, I am lost!"

I can remember no other event that has had so powerful an influence upon my ministry. In that death chamber some truths were driven deeply into my inmost spirit, and I have preached them with some realization of their importance.—*Messenger.*

Books and Papers.

Parents, when you place a book or periodical on your centre table, do you consider its influence for good or evil?

Every book, every paper, has a soul, breathing a spirit good or bad. It is the soul of its author: and, when spread over the pages of the book, that soul sets upon its reader, as truly as when acting directly. The person who touches the book comes in contact with that soul, and is, *nolens volens*, affected by it. And no contact with it is more influential. In reading an author's book, you are conversing with him under circumstances very favorable to you becoming like him; for in the book everything is generally deeply thought out, in shape to convince, or carefully dressed up in a manner to bewitch. And all this only indicates the necessity of reading with care and caution.

Would you, when purchasing books or papers for your children, have their minds contaminated with vicious principles, let them read everything that pours forth, like a torrent, from the press of the day. Remember, while extolling the value of the press, that it is powerful for evil as it is great for good.

Remember that the enemy of souls employs it to disseminate his destructive doctrines, and he has even more laborers, probably, in his employ than the Captain of our salvation.

Why should we be so careful in regard to the food with which our bodies are nourished, while we pay so little attention to mental pabulum which our minds receive? Remember, we can as easily plant the seeds of disease in the mind as in the body, and that disease implanted in the mind is eradicated with more difficulty than that of the body.

A book or a paper exerts an influence, not only in time, but as eternity rolls on! Oh how infinitely, momentously, important that a wise, judicious selection of reading be made for all, especially for the rising age!

Plain and Searching Thoughts.

Reader, this is an unspeakably important chapter for you to ponder. You must take up the candle of the Lord, as I have said, and go down into the depths of the soul to search its hidden recesses. Nor, should you trust to your own inspection and scrutiny. Like David, you should earnestly pray to God to search you. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24. He knew how prone we are to self love and self-deception; how sin lies hidden in the folds of the heart's deceit, and therefore he begged the trial of the scrutiny of eyes more piercing and less partial than his own. So must you. We are all liable to judge too favorably of our own selves. There is no time to trifle with dreadful, the eternal consequences for a careless take on the subject. O, the idea of imagining we are going on to heaven, when, step by step, we are advancing to hell! Is this possible? It is; and the very possibility should awaken our alarm. Is it probable? It is; and this should increase our alarm. Is it certain? It is; and this should raise still higher our anxiety. Is it common? It is.—And this should carry our solicitude to the highest pitch. What said Christ? Read with awe and trembling, Matt. vii: 21, 53. Read I say this passage in which the Lord with his own hand rings the tocsin and sounds the alarm through the whole of the Church Ought you not to examine? Is not there need of it? Is it not all but madness to go on without it? Mistake! What, in such a matter as salvation? Mistake!

What in a matter in which an error will require, as I have often said, an eternity to deplore it?

Are you quite sure this is not your case? Take up the subject then, and put the following questions to your soul:

Am I right, and have I good evidence that I am truly converted to God—a real Christian?

If I am a *true* Christian, am I really an advancing one, or am I mistaking a declining state for an advancing one?

Am I mistaking a lengthened *term* of profession for a genuine improvement?

Am I putting an increase of knowledge, and ability to talk about religion, in place of an increase of holiness?

Does it satisfy me to grow in knowledge and lamentation of my corruptions, without mortifying them?

Am I confounding sectarianism with true piety; attachment to some preacher, with love for the truth; and zeal for some favorite theory with regard for the gospel?

Is my mortification of sin confined to some one corruption, which interest, ease or reputation may require me to surrender; or is it directed against all sin?

Is my religion a mere excitement of the emotions, and my growth only a greater excitability; or is my will more and more determined for God, my conscience more tender and my life more holy

Inquire I beseech you, into these things.—Be determined, by God's grace, to know the real state of the case, and to be under no mistake. Be this your prayer: O God of truth, thou that searchest the hearts and triest the reins of the children of men, thou knowest that I would not for ten thousand worlds be deceived about my spiritual state. Do thou, who knowest me altogether, make known to me what I really am in thy sight. Painful as it would be to find out that I had been deceiving myself, thus were infinitely better than for me to go on in error till the mistake is past being rectified. I want to know my real state. Even if I am a Christian, and yet mistaking declension for progress, I wish to know this also. Let my spiritual insight be clear, my self acquaintance be accurate. Suffer me on no account to deceive myself, even as regards my progress or decline.

Good News.

No poverty there! Millions of good men have left the earth poor! but never has one entered heaven poor. Lazarus, the moment before he died, was a beggar at the gate, but in a moment after his death his estate had grown so fast that the haughty worldling, still surviving in all his influence, in comparison with him was a penniless pauper. O, poor believer! rejoice in the prospect of your grand inheritance! It is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away. It is really immense, inestimable, unspeakable. Has it not been your endeavour to "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven? Why not oftener think of results there? Fear not.—There is good news from that 'far country.' Unsuccessful as you may have seemed on earth, your heavenly schemes have all prospered.

The treasury of God overflows with your wealth. And it is safe—perfectly safe. Neither 'moth nor rust' corrupts it; nor can 'thieves' break through to steal it. Moreover, it shall increase—forever increase.—As long as ye live on earth, you may add to the principal, and its interest will multiply beyond all compulation, to all eternity.—Crœsus was rich, Solomon was rich, Lucullus was rich, and the Rothschilds are rich; but the humblest heir of God is richer far than all. It may be that the stores you have already accumulated in heaven would buy this town, buy the world—and still be comparatively untouched. Nay, think not this extravagant! I would not barter the heritage of the most destitute of christians for the whole globe and all its improvements. Lift up your heart; let it expand, and overflow with bliss. At the close of the short journey through time, you will see eternity open before you, all radiant with the variety of your boundless and endless possesions. Be not proud, indeed—alas, for the folly of all pride!—but be grateful, thankful, hopeful and happy.—*Stockton's Sermons.*

REASONS FOR PROHIBITION.

The sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage should be prohibited by law, because—

1. They deprive men of their reason, for the time being.
2. They destroy men of the greatest intellectual strength.
3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality.
4. They destroy the peace and happiness of millions of families.
5. They destroy the peace and happiness of millions of families.
6. They reduce many virtuous wives and children to beggary.
7. They cause thousands of murders.
8. They prevent all reformation of character.
9. They render abortive the strongest resolutions.
10. The millions of property expended in them are lost
11. They cause the majority of cases of insanity.
12. They destroy both the body and the soul.
13. They burden sober people with millions of paupers.
14. They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime.
15. They cost sober people immense sums in charity.
16. They burden the country with enormous taxes.
17. Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed.
18. Drunkards want the opportunity removed.
19. Sober people want the nuisance removed.
20. Tax-payers want the burden removed.
21. The prohibition would save thousands, now falling.
22. The sale exposes our families to insult.
23. The sale exposes our families to destruction.
24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle, at the expense of the virtuous and industrious.
25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression.
26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard.
27. It subjects numberless wives to untold sufferings.
28. It is contrary to the Bible.
29. It is contrary to common sense.
30. We have a right to rid ourselves of the burden.—*David Paul Brown.*

Has any man got *half* that many good reasons, why the liquor traffic should *continue?* If he has, let him bring them forward. We should like to see them and *print* them too.—[Tennesse Bapt.

What are You Living for?—A pastor walking out recently, met a little girl belonging to his flock. As they walked on together he spoke to her of her studies, and was pleased to find her manifest an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm, in the cultivation of her mind. "But why, Ellie," asked the pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed in your studies? What do you mean to do with your education after it is finished?

"Oh, sir," said the little girl, "I want to learn, that *I may do some good* in the world. I don't want to die without ever having been of use in the world, by living in it."

Noble purpose! who of our young friends are studying and living to so good an end? Who of us are making an every day impress for good on the hearts and lives of those among whom we move?