

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.

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Religious Intelligencer.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Aug. 27, 1858.

In the political world little has occurred in the last fortnight deserving amplified discussion or comment. The representatives of the five powers have signed a diplomatic arrangement providing for the government of the Danubian principalities; the substance being that Moldavia and Wallachia are not to be united under one province, but that their administration is to be conjointly conducted. For a time this will exclude Russia from playing her old game of "protection," but the complication of the new system, when it gets to work, may eventually lead to a union such as Russia and France have desired to effect.

The Queen returns from Germany in a few days, and is meanwhile enjoying the comforts of domestic life with her daughter, and the popularity of public appearances whenever she pleases to make them. How the poor young princess's heart will sink when the inevitable last word has to be spoken, and the last kiss to be exchanged!

Count Persigny, the Emperor's friend in adversity, has just been pronouncing a speech, in which he tries to make out that the English are very desirous of the friendship of France. He puts a varnish on an unpleasant fact. The old national acrimony has departed, but there is no great cordiality felt by our people for the French; their talents we admire, and their fashions we imitate, but their submission to the grinding despotism under which they lie, does not elevate them in our esteem. To Napoleon III. the alliance of England is everything, next to the half million soldiers who are bound to his interests by the talisman of his hereditary name. On the other hand, though we have not made demonstrations like those in the United States, the Atlantic Telegraph is the cause of universal and hearty rejoicing. The invisible cord which binds us to our colonies and other kindred, is wound round our sympathies, and is the starting point of many prayers. We have been deeply interested in the messages between the Queen and the President of the United States, the Mayors of New York and London, &c. As to the sovereign's messages, opinions differ as to the award of merit. Possibly the Queen's is regarded as more heart and business like, and the President's as more elaborate. No part of our morning papers will be read with so much eagerness as those which contain the latest news from "over the water." How useful, already, has the lightning wire proved, in allaying the anxiety which must have been preying upon many minds by the non-arrival of the Arabia. The breeze, and in a measure the antidote, has thus been simultaneously applied. God speed the Telegraph! say we; and soon we believe, the day will come, when all who speak the English tongue may communicate their thoughts with one another within the interval of an hour! Soon, too, will the farthest East be joined with the remotest West; and the recent news from China, via Russia, which indicates the entire success of our armed embassy near Peking, will stimulate the exertions of our political and scientific authorities. The reported terms of the treaty are not taken as gospel, but unless the whole is a *canard*, there is no doubt of the most important results being obtained by the British and French plenipotentiaries. The Tories at home are again lucky; for having opposed the Chinese expedition, they are enabled to appropriate the glory of its successes. This pains Lord Palmerston, and draws forth a chorus of complaints from the friends of the fallen State. No confidence is attached to a rumour that he intends to retire into private life. Politics become oppressive, and his visit to his Irish Estates, and the relief of the legislative vacation will but recruit his energies for another session.

Our harvest operations are drawing to a close. The wheat crop is decidedly good, as is barley; oats are rather the reverse; beans and peas have not flourished, but the potato as yet, is free from blight. Without doubt, the general produce of our fields this autumn, is beyond the average, and we are

called to acknowledge Him, out of whose abundance we are supplied, and without whose favor and indwelling none of his gifts would be for our blessing. The weather is perceptibly changing; the trees are beginning to disrobe, and the morning and evening air touches with a chilly influence the aged and the invalid. One of the heaviest showers that was ever felt in London descended on the 4th inst; the air grew dark; the shops were lighted up; and for about half an hour a hurricane beat upon the capital.

An action for libel against Walter Savage Landor, the Poet, and conversation writer, now between eighty and ninety years of age, has been decided against him, with the disagreeable attendance of £1000 damages. The plaintiff was a lady, once a particular friend; and no cause or excuse at all corresponding with the offence has been assigned for the libel. How pitiable to find a philosopher descending to degrading practices which a crowd of low born mistics would disapprove. How clear it is that for the good government of heart and life there is no effectual spell but that blessed gospel which conforms the mind of the believer to the mind of Jesus.

A remarkable homicidal case has recently occurred. A man named Gates was found dead near Acton, a village outside London, and it was at first believed that he had been murdered and robbed. When the mystery was at its height two naval gentlemen came forward and stated that they had met Gates late on the evening of his death, that he was intoxicated, and had attacked them with apparent intent to commit some serious injury; that one of them—Lieut. Clavering—held up a sword-stick, which Gates seized, drawing the sheath away, and trying to strike the Lieut. with it; that Lieut. C. made a lunge at him, but did not feel he had struck any one; that Gates fell, and they thought, through drunkenness, and that they met a carrier, and asked him to take care of Gates. The main points of this evidence were corroborated, and it appeared that the thrust given by Lieut. C. had taken moral effect, by running the poor drunken man through the heart. The coroner's jury brought in an open verdict implicating and exculpating no one; and so the affair rests. There is no belief that Lieut. C. intended to kill Gates, but he is not acquitted of imprudence in using his sword stick as he did. Few people, however dwell on the fact of Gates' insobriety. The *Times* wars against the use of sword-sticks. (Lieut. C.'s was taken out that evening for the first time) but if it had warned its readers against drink and drinking shops, it would have drawn a wiser lesson from the fatal occurrence.

Last Monday a most frightful accident happened on the railway near Dudley; a monster excursion train was divided for security's sake, on the return, but part of the first half became detached, and ran down an incline of 110 feet upon the second half, which had been nearly brought by the driver to a stand; the portion of the train thus brought into collision contained about 1100 persons, nineteen of whom were killed on the spot, or died afterwards, and sixty of whom were severely injured. This is the severest accident of the kind which has happened for years in England, if not the most fatal which is on record. It was a Sunday school excursion from Worcester to Wolverhampton and back, all this mischief resulted from the breaking of the coupling irons of two carriages. A little temperance intelligence will not be out of season. Numerous excursions and fetes have been conducted, and with a very agreeable absence of misfortune. Mr. Gough has lectured at Manchester, Liverpool, Brighton, and other places, with his usual power and popularity. A few days ago he was not in very good health. In September he goes for three months to Scotland. The spirit of controversy and discussion, in regard to the Grays or Lees action is far from subdued. Gough's error has been committed by the partisans of both sides, and I fear that the evil influences excited will not be assuaged for years. On Monday the 23rd the national temperance league held its annual fete at Southbrook Park, near Richmond, the use of which was permitted by Dr. Ellis, who conducts there a hydropathic establishment, with great curative success. The day was fine, and the pleasures of the evening of a sort not to be regretted in the retrospect.

The religious world is not greatly moved at present by good or evil angels. Most of the ministers of London have been taking their holidays, but are now on the eve of return. In summer the officers of the church relax in their vigour, and winter is the time for work. The Wesleyan Conference has concluded its sittings, and that connexion is beginning to revive after the reform agitation and accessions of some years back.

A beautifully chiselled bust of Dr. Wardlaw is now erected over his remains in the Glasgow metropolis. A conference of Young Men's Christian Associations is to be held in Leeds next month. Have I referred at all to the publication of a volume of sermons, by a Rev. J. Caird, formerly of Exeter, now of Glasgow? They have been criticised, and generally applauded. I have derived much pleasure from reading them, though it is certain that their style is above the appreciation of our average mixed congregations. They contain many fine thoughts admirably conveyed, and richly imbued with the Gospel Spirit. May all preachers aim at their high vocation, to lead men to know, believe, and obey the Gospel of Christ. He who succeeds in this is "faithful," and will not lose his reward.

(From a New York Correspondent.)

Notes of a Visit to Connecticut.

New York, Aug. 29th, 1858.

Mr. Editor.—Our city contains less inhabitants in this month than any in the year. All who have it in their power resort to the country, to watering and healthy places, from the close heated atmosphere of this immense city. It has been my lot in this month to spend a short time in the far-famed and ancient State of Connecticut. Travelling from this city to that State is very cheap and pleasant; the fare to New Haven is only fifty cents in a splendid steamer, a distance of over eighty miles, through Long Island Sound. New Haven is a beautiful city, perhaps not surpassed by any in the Union. The streets are well laid out, the houses well built with tasteful gardens and pleasure grounds, and the streets are shaded by immense elm trees of which there are so many and so beautiful as to give it the title of the "City of Elms." New Haven is celebrated the world over for its College. Old Yale has sent forth many useful missionaries to all parts of the globe, and the first Sabbath of this month I was present at the ordination of one of the students who was going to Syria to train up young men for the ministry. The ceremonies were very solemn; all the students of the college were present, there were about five hundred in number. The college is rather a dingy looking place, but fronting a beautiful green, on which is built several churches, and ornamented with very large elms, and around it are many handsome residences and hotels; the business part of the city comprises but a few streets, the remaining part is occupied by private houses. It is like all other New England cities, a great place for churches; there are many very beautiful edifices, and good ministers; there are two Baptists, one is very handsome, having a very high tower. Their chief manufactures are clocks and carriages. The bay is celebrated for its oyster beds; oysters are brought from Virginia and planted here, which become very large, and are sent nearly to all parts of the States.

There is a railway through New Haven, that runs through Hartford to Boston. Hartford stands about twenty miles from New Haven, and large steam boats come here, carrying passengers and freight; there are many manufactures. Colt, the pistol manufacturer has a very large establishment, employs more than one thousand men, making revolving pistols and rifles. There are many newspapers published, daily, weekly, and semi-weekly. Churches are abundant, and all well filled; and on the Sabbath nearly everybody seems to attend church. There are nine Congregational, two Baptist, two Episcopal, one Romanist, and one or two Methodist. Many of the churches are beautiful structures and have good ministers. The city is well regulated and presents to a stranger a very general appearance. The court house is a disgrace to the place; it is a mean looking brick building, but the inside has been recently repaired and cleaned, and the house of Representatives and Senate chamber are ornamented with portraits of Patriot and other distinguished characters. One room contains the Charter that was hid in the oak in the days of Charles the second, when he sent to have it taken away; in another room is a large piece of that oak, the tree having been blown down about two years ago; while it stood it was an object of curiosity; thousands of people went to look at it every year, and it is distributed throughout the States.

The Historical rooms are visited by many strange every day; any person can amuse himself for several days in looking over relics of past times; here is furniture that was brought over by the Puritans, arms that were worn in the revolution, portraits of many distinguished persons; there is one now on exhibition for a few days of Emperor Nicholas, if it is by a native of Russia they are more skillful in the fine arts than in art of war. There is a fine collection of ancient and modern books; some are more than six hundred years old. There is an Episcopal college a short distance from the city, likewise deaf and dumb asylum, and a retreat for the insane; they are beautifully situated and ably conducted. The lunatics are treated with the greatest kindness, and everything is done to amuse and instruct them, and the doctors are very successful in curing the most turbulent cases.

Wethersfield is about four miles from Hartford, and is a very old settled village; there are very large elm trees that were planted in the Revolution. The soil is very rich and is worth about three hundred dollars the acre; it is a famous place for onions. They grow them by the acre, there is a hand some church that has been built with onions.

The state prison is in this village; learning that it was open to visitors, I hitched up my horse and went in, knowing that I was a clergyman and often preached to prisoners they showed me great attention. The prison is conducted on the silent system; no prisoner is allowed to look or speak to another. As soon as a prisoner enters he is put to some trade, and is continued at work ten hours a day. They have a variety of trades; in one room they were burnishing silver plated goods, in another making axes, hammers, and saws; in others they were making planes, rules, and mathematical instruments; and in the lower floor they were making shoes. The prison-

er's dress was black and white, half of each part of his dress of but one color; even his cap was black on one side and white on the other. They have one chapel where they are taken in the morning and evening for prayer, and another in which they hold service on the Sabbath. The cells are in a fire proof building three stories high; they will hold two hundred prisoners; they are nearly all occupied at the present time; they eat, drink and sleep in these cells, having no one to speak to or look at. They have but nine women in prison at the present time who do the cooking. Each prisoner's dinner is put in a pan on a revolving table, and the prisoners being marched in single file, each takes his meal and goes to his cell to eat it. This prison instead of being any expense yields a revenue to the State.

G. T.

From a New York Correspondent.

New York, Sept. 3, 1858.

Messrs Editors.—The Atlantic Telegraph Cable might now, after so much ceremonial display, be considered as fairly laid, and if banners music, processions, and fireworks can add any thing to its stability, it must be as immortal as the fame of those who conceived and executed the work. In the matter of celebration our city has done her full share, for never upon any occasion has there been seen here such a display as that of Wednesday. For several days previous strangers from different parts of the country had been pouring into the city until the hotels were filled to overflowing, and on the morning of that day the neighboring cities of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Hudson, with the adjacent towns on Long Island and New Jersey literally poured their population upon us by every possible means of conveyance. Upon the ferries from the Western District of Brooklyn alone 73,000 persons paid ferriage to New York during the day. Everywhere the flags of the United States and England floated together, and those of other nations were seen at different points. All business was suspended, as by a common impulse, and all seemed inclined to do what they could to make it a celebration worthy of the great event of the age. A procession was formed, consisting of four brigades of Militia, the various civil societies, the different trades, men of different nations, &c., which occupied over two hours in passing any given point, and marched from Battery through Broadway and Fifth Avenue to the Crystal Palace, where appropriate exercises were held. The whole course of the procession, nearly five miles, was through a crowd of spectators so dense as to scarcely leave room for them to pass—literally "an immense multitude which no man could number"—while, at all points, as well as on all the principal streets the buildings were decorated with emblems and mottoes indicative of joy at the union of the two continents. At the close of the exercises at the Crystal Palace the civil officers and guests of the city were escorted back by the entire fire department in torch-light procession—a most splendid sight. In the evening the buildings upon all the principal streets were illuminated, and fireworks, arranged by the most artistic skill, and on a gigantic scale, elicited the applause of countless thousands in the Park. Yesterday also the procession was continued in a less public manner by a grand municipal dinner to those engaged in the enterprise, and fireworks again in the evening.

Another subject indirectly connected with the celebration I must also mention. The quarantine for vessels entering our harbour has long been located at a point on Staten Island several miles down the bay. When this place was selected it was a secluded spot, where it was supposed it could never become dangerous to any one; but the growth of the city has so pushed population into the suburbs, that all about the establishment villages have sprung up, into which infectious diseases are liable at any time to make their way. For several years attempts have been made to have the quarantine removed to some other place, but thus far without success. During the present summer there have been generally from forty to sixty cases of yellow fever under treatment constantly in the hospital, and within a few weeks this disease has broken out among the people of the island, and many cases and several deaths have occurred.—This has caused a most intense excitement here, and on Wednesday night the inhabitants, availing themselves of the absence of the officers and the military at the celebration in the city, muscled in large numbers, and attacked and burned nearly all the buildings of the quarantine establishment. Firearms were used on the occasion, and one of the persons engaged in defending the buildings is supposed to be fatally wounded. Last evening the rioters held a meeting of congratulation, and after getting their spirits stirred up by speeches, and some of them too frequent visits to the bar-room, they resolved they would finish the work of the previous night, and unlike most public meetings which pass resolutions, they proceeded at once to carry it into effect, and this morning, not only the buildings of the quarantine establishment, but also the dwellings of the officers are heaps of ruins. How the matter will terminate cannot be foreseen, but so unanimous are the people of the island in favor of the destruction of the buildings that should those engaged in it be brought to trial there it is doubtful if a jury could be had that would convict them.

For the Intelligencer.

Novel Reading.

The reading of novels, and the reading of the light literature of the present day, we regard as a serious moral evil. Not so glaring in its effects as the excessive use of ardent spirits and its concomitant evils, but yet no less an evil, which does its work quietly, but nevertheless surely. Some of the most prominent effects produced by the reading of romances are excitement and unsteady habits. And any thing which does not feed the excited imaginations fails to please; a hasty and careless manner of reading is acquired. The leading features of the narrative only are sought for, which unfits the person for that close reading that is necessary in order to read to advantage. And we find some great readers who have gathered but a very little useful knowledge. To be well read does not consist in the extent of reading, but rather in the selection of works read, and in the manner in which they are read. Men generally are as much averse to close and severe study, as they are to hard physical labor, and unless there is an object sufficient to induce them to lay aside their natural love of ease, they will never prosecute the former nor endure the latter. And we believe there are but few things better calculated to establish fickleness of mind in study than the reading of fictitious works.—But these are not the only nor yet the worst features of the perusal of such works, it corrupts the heart and renders it unfit to receive the truths of the gospel; it distorts the imagination and disqualifies its votaries for the enjoyment of the realities of life.

We would recommend to all persons who have the charge of the youth, whether parents, guardians, or those who act in capacity of teachers to absolutely prohibit the reading of novels, romances and all the pernicious trash that comes under the general term of light reading. Books like friends should be carefully selected, as from them the tastes and habits are in a great measure formed.

J

Unspotted.

Our readers will recollect this word. In the passage where it occurs there is room for a beautiful criticism arising from the peculiar word which is used in the original. The word rendered "religion" means "ritual," and the idea is this: Various forms of religion make great account of rites and ceremonies, but our ritual is to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

Unspotted! The word struck us with great force, as a word will. The Apostle does not suppose that a Christian will become polluted, gained through and through with the filth of sin, or "all over one dark stain" of guilt. He addresses himself to a more hopeful case. The child of God must be unspotted.

"The chastity of honor," Burke says, "that feeds a stain like a wound." There is something like this in a Christian. His conscience is delicate, like the sensitive plant; it throws off anything offensive; as some birds cannot live unless they are clean, and will wash and prune their wings until they brighten in God's sunshine.

There is everything in such a world to spot a Christian. Business is a severe ordeal. The generation of this world try to overreach the Christian, and so many things that are doubtful, seem necessary to be done, that it is hard for a child of God to pass through a long course of money-making and be unspotted.

Society is an ordeal. How much downright deceit, how much polished insincerity; how much slander, and how much meanness! God's children are in the midst of it all, and are bound to be honest, sincere, truthful, kind, affectionate, gentle, hospitable. How hard to be unspotted!

There are darker and viler sins. It is strange, yet terribly true, that some of the basest and darkest sins sometimes tempt the Christian that seems utterly beyond them, both in strength and purity. Human nature is a deep and fearful element. No man can tell what worm is gnawing his brothers heart. But the rule is plain. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Do not let him spot you.

Here, too, are the Christian's secret duties—all the things that the world are never to know. Does this transparency towards God, this high principle that looks not for human applause or even approbation, this entire consecration of soul that leaves no room for earthly spot, characterize us? Our closet, what is its testimony? Our innermost feeling for the church, its prosperity, its success, its advancement, what is it? Does our heart team with plans for doing good? Have we merged ourselves in this glorious company, the elect of God? Are we marching spotless under a spotless flag to a pure inheritance?

"Thou hast a few names even in Sardis that have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."—*Amer. Presbyterian.*

Rev. J. Caird.

The Rev. John Caird's sermon on *Religion in Common Life*, preached before the Queen a year ago, has had a sale of more than 100,000 copies. And this amazing popularity is likely to be enduring. A few Glasgow merchants have built a magnificent church in Glasgow, and Mr. Caird is to be the preacher in this new building, guaranteeing him a stipend of £1,000 or \$5,000 per annum, requiring him to preach only one sermon a week. On the first Sabbath the church was filled to suffocation, and, if possible, the preacher's renown is increasing from week to week. As a further evidence of Mr. Caird's genuine popularity, the eminent publisher Blackwood, has paid over to him a sum almost fabulous—£5,000—for the copyright of a volume of his sermons; and there can be but little doubt of the publisher clearing another £5,000 at least for himself as the result of the speculation.

Mr. Caird's volume has just been issued, it is got up in beautiful style, contains eleven sermons, and sells for seven and sixpence, or near y two dollars.

No one who reads this book would allow that any of the sermons, after being once preached, ought to be lost to the church and to the world. Nor are they the kind of sermons that are likely to be confined to one age, but

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Here, too, are the Christian's secret duties—all the things that the world are never to know. Does this transparency towards God, this high principle that looks not for human applause or even approbation, this entire consecration of soul that leaves no room for earthly spot, characterize us? Our closet, what is its testimony? Our innermost feeling for the church, its prosperity, its success, its advancement, what is it? Does our heart team with plans for doing good? Have we merged ourselves in this glorious company, the elect of God? Are we marching spotless under a spotless flag to a pure inheritance?

"Thou hast a few names even in Sardis that have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."—*Amer. Presbyterian.*

Rev. J. Caird.

The Rev. John Caird's sermon on *Religion in Common Life*, preached before the Queen a year ago, has had a sale of more than 100,000 copies. And this amazing popularity is likely to be enduring. A few Glasgow merchants have built a magnificent church in Glasgow, and Mr. Caird is to be the preacher in this new building, guaranteeing him a stipend of £1,000 or \$5,000 per annum, requiring him to preach only one sermon a week. On the first Sabbath the church was filled to suffocation, and, if possible, the preacher's renown is increasing from week to week. As a further evidence of Mr. Caird's genuine popularity, the eminent publisher Blackwood, has paid over to him a sum almost fabulous—£5,000—for the copyright of a volume of his sermons; and there can be but little doubt of the publisher clearing another £5,000 at least for himself as the result of the speculation.

Mr. Caird's volume has just been issued, it is got up in beautiful style, contains eleven sermons, and sells for seven and sixpence, or near y two dollars.

No one who reads this book would allow that any of the sermons, after being once preached, ought to be lost to the church and to the world. Nor are they the kind of sermons that are likely to be confined to one age, but

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