

Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

McLEOD, Editor.

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

TERMS.— ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

VOL. V.—NO. 25.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 18 1858.

WHOLE NO. 233

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

Published in St. John, N. B., every FRIDAY, for the Free C. Baptist General Conference (Incorporated by Law) under the direction of a Board of Managers, chosen annually by the conference.

B. J. UNTERHILL, Agent.

Office—No. 26, GRANBY STREET.

All letters on business connected with the paper, should be directed to the Agent.

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lowest possible prices.

Try to Do Good.

Try to do some good in the world. There

great need of more men who live not to

themselves. A great deal of usefulness lies

before every one. In this as in every

work, wisdom is with the lowly. Vain

pride helps no one. Be humble. Talk-

ing men are notoriously feeble. Be swift

and slow to speak. Garrulity and senile

stupidity are associated. Washington, Jack-

son and Taylor, proved the truth of Mont-

esquieu's saying: "Great commanders record

actions with simplicity, for they have

glory from deeds than from words."

Be good to the man who does most harm to

himself. It is a great gift

to be good in a quiet silent way like the dew.

Do not say he is too obscure to do any

thing. The little captive maid was of

service to Naaman than all the Syrian

besides. Some writers of the seven-

teenth century speak of a poor pious weaver

whom, it was often said, Christ walked

on the earth. Jeremy Taylor thought

that beneath his genius was to speak of the

work of a blacksmith, whose greatest exer-

cise was necessary to procure her daily

bread. She lived poor, patient and resign-

ed. Her heart was a passion flower, bear-

ing in the crown of thorns and the

of Christ. Glorify God in your sta-

tion. In his way, Joseph was as much credit

to the prison of Egypt, as when

he was the affluence of that great kingdom.

Be not very attentive to forms. They

of little worth. Go for the substance.

Be kind. The shadow. Popery boasts of

kindness because it maintains household

unity. But it has no vital unity. Hold

essentials and let all other things occupy

ordinate place. If good is done, the

doing it is of slight importance.

Be in earnest. Intend to do good at

all times, at any hazard. Count not your life

precious. You may but win Christ, and win

to Christ. Live, and plan, and pray,

and be useful. Applause is a puff,

good is the great matter. "Trails say"

question should not be, How long have

you lived? but—How long have we lived

to God?—How long have we lived

to God?—How long have we lived

to God?—How long have we lived

to God?—How long have we lived

to God?—How long have we lived

to God?—How long have we lived

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to God?—How long have we lived

to God?—How long have we lived

to God?—How long have we lived

first question be—How can I do good to this

man's soul?

Let love to Christ always inflame your

heart. Give him all you have and are. Never

measure the service you render to him.

Never think any sacrifice for him too great.

Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,

Not one should be silent;

Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,

I'd give them all to thee.

Blessed Saviour! He deserves all the love

we can exercise, all the service we can ren-

der.—W. S. Plumer.

The Heart Sounder than the Head.

Pride of intellect often leads men to advo-

cate dangerous errors, while their hearts still

hold to the simple truths of the Gospel. In

like manner, scoffers jeer at Christian expe-

rience and character, when they really revere

and confide in a consistent Christian. The

Presbyterian Advocate and Banner tells a

good story of an infidel drover, whose fears

were dissipated by the simple observance

of family prayer:—

In a certain part of the country, a drover

had disposed of his cattle, and was on his

way home, with a large sum of money in

his possession. Having passed the night at a

tavern, in the morning the landlord advised

him to avoid stopping at a certain place at

about a day's journey distant. "Either go

beyond, or stop this side," said the landlord;

"for several drovers have disappeared there."

The drover was an infidel; but his money

and his wife were not the less dear to him

on that account. He resolved to push on, and

pass beyond the point of danger before night-

fall. But it so happened that he lost his way,

and at night found himself in the very place

that he had been warned to avoid. He alight-

ed at a log-house, and asked if he could stay

over night. The woman told him her hus-

band would be home soon—that she had no

objection to his staying, if her husband had

none. He entered the house, and sat down.

The husband soon came. He was a very

rough-looking, athletic man. His huge beard

and matted locks gave small indications of

gentleness. A request to remain for the night

received a curt affirmative reply. The horse

was then taken care of, with an alacrity which

the drover thought was prompted by the

thought that the means of escape were now

removed. He felt decidedly uncomfortable.

He had run into the very jaws of the

lion.

While food was preparing, his host sat

apparently asleep, but the drover could detect

him watching him from the corner of his

eyes. He had small appetite for his supper.

He felt sure that he was in the house of a

robber. He resolved to retire early to his

chamber, barricade the door as strongly as

possible, put his pistols in order, and remain

wakeful. Soon after supper, he complained

of fatigue, and requested to be shown to his

bed. "Stranger," said his host, rousing him-

self from his apparent slumbers, "I don't

know how it may be with you, but we wor-

ship God here. We read a chapter in the

Bible, and pray, before we go to bed. You

can do as you please; but we would like to

have you join us."

"With all my heart," said the drover. His

host got his Bible, read a chapter, kneeled

down and prayed—among other things, for

"the stranger that sojourneth with us."

The stranger was delivered from all fear.

He felt perfectly safe under the roof of a

praying man. He was shown to his cham-

ber; but he took no precautions to avoid sur-

prise. He did not look at his pistols. He

lay down and slept soundly till morning.

The events of that night awakened reflec-

tion. Reflection led to the conviction of sin.

Finally he was led to the cross, and ultim-

ately became a preacher of the Gospel.

can follow without sinking all the best ele-

ments of his natural manhood. If among its

clergy and devotees are to be found high

Christian qualities—as is unquestionably the

case—it is not because of the system but in

spite of it. The truths which are not pecu-

liar to it have sanctified them, and the or-

ganic lies which are peculiar to it have been

effectually kept at bay. Catholicism as it

appears among us, hiding half its pretensions

in its bosom, wearing its garb of humility and

meekly asking for favors, is one thing; in

the lands it has ruled for centuries with mitre

and sword, it is quite another. The masses

understand it chiefly as a thing of ceremony;

very few see in it a revealer and rectifier of

principles. I asked a waiter at one of the

hotels on a Sabbath morning the way to the

church. He courteously gave me the infor-

mation, and with a polite bow and gesture

we started. "I wish you a pleasant devo-

tion." I have no doubt he would have wished us

a pleasant sail on the lake with the same un-

derstanding as he had on that errand as many oth-

ers did. A porter, while taking my portmanteau

from the hotel to the station, ventured,

in the course of conversation, to say very re-

spectfully, "I beg pardon, but I think you

must be a clergyman." Smiling, I said,

"Ah! and what makes you suppose that?"

"Do you think I have a clerical look?" He

hesitated, stammered a little, and then replied,

"I saw that you had a Bible or prayer book

on your table." And do only clergymen

use such books?" I asked again. He an-

swered in a way that implied he did not ex-

pect to see such books in other hands; and

this indicated how little religion was a mat-

ter of intelligence among the people. Be-

tween Geneva and Chamouni, were seen two

different statues of the Virgin, near a cross,

above which was an inscription assuring each

traveller that a recitation of a certain num-

ber of prayers before the image procured a

long and absolute indulgence for the suppli-

ant.—Chapels, most of which contain a pic-

ture or a rough statue of the Virgin and child,

and a few having the Saviour on the cross,

are found all along the highways and more

or less along the mountain passes, to remind

travellers of the duty of repeating an *Ave*

Maria, and prompting to the deed. No Ca-

tholic apparently would fail to attend to the

thought that the means of escape were now

removed. He felt decidedly uncomfortable.

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lay down and slept soundly till morning.

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tion. Reflection led to the conviction of sin.

Finally he was led to the cross, and ultim-

ed with the college, all alike perished. Thir-

ty-three persons are returned as having been

murdered at Agra, and then we come to the

crowning atrocity of Cawnpore. As the Ga-

zette does not give any summary of the

number slain, we are obliged to compute it

as well as we can from the lists themselves.

But the words "and children" following ma-

ny of the female names only indicate that a

mother with her whole family was murdered,

and we are left in ignorance of the precise

number of the victims. It may be said, how-

ever, that in the first massacre of the 27th of

June, 55 grown up ladies are represented to

have perished, besides "the whole of the

married women and children of the 1st Com-

pany 6th Battalion, Artillery." As to the

adult male part of the European community,

we have, besides 22 persons of superior sta-

tion, 60 men of her Majesty's 84th Foot, 15

men of 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, 70

men (invalids) of her Majesty's 32nd Foot,

and 55 Bengal Artillerymen, four only of

these last having escaped.—In this first mas-

sacre it would thus appear that between 300