

TEST  
CAL  
ERY  
AGE

# The Religious Intelligencer

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

VOL VI.--NO.47

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 28, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 308

**THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER**  
An Evangelical Family Newspaper,  
FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.  
REV. E. McLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.  
Published every Friday Morning,  
At their office, No. 28 Germain Street, St. John, N.B.

**TERMS.**  
Single Copies as usual, 10 0  
5 Copies one office, 10 0  
10 do do, 20 0  
15 do do, 30 0  
20 do do, 40 0  
25 do do, 50 0  
30 do do, 60 0

**THE GREAT AWAKENING IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.**

The progress of the Kingdom of the Redeemer in any land is a subject for thanksgiving to all Christians. Our columns contain nothing more interesting or heart cheering to ourselves, than the Revival Intelligencer which we publish weekly. The following letter from the Rev. Robert Baird to the N. Y. Observer describes the very interesting state of religion now existing in the countries he refers to:—

The intelligence from Norway and Sweden respecting the progress of evangelical Christianity is eminently cheering, as I am sure you will infer from a few statements. These countries constitute the great Scandinavian peninsula, and are, combined, as large as France and half as large again. And yet the population of both is not more than four millions and a half—certainly it does not exceed five millions—that of Norway being estimated at one million and a quarter, and that of Sweden somewhat more than three millions and a quarter. Both countries are under the dominion of the same King Charles XV., who has recently succeeded Oscar I., and consequently is a grandson of the celebrated and excellent Bernadotte, who was for many years one of the Marshals indeed one of the Princes, of Napoleon I. Both countries have a constitutional form of government. Norway has a *Storting*, or Congress, consisting of two Houses; Sweden has a *Diet*, consisting of four Houses—Nobles, Clergy, Burgesses, and Peasants. In both countries, the Established Church is Lutheran, in doctrine and Episcopal in form. In Norway there are five bishoprics; in Sweden there are twelve, one of which is the Archbishop of Upsala and Metropolitan of the kingdom.

world has true Christianity, as a vital religion, made more progress within the last few years, than it has done in these hyperborean kingdoms. And the inquiry is natural and pertinent, "What have been the means by which this great change, under the Divine blessing, has been wrought, and is still being wrought?" I answer, it has been greatly brought about by the distribution of the Bible and Religious tracts. In this good work a considerable number of colporteurs have been employed: there are more than a hundred at work in these days. One of the most active Christians in Sweden is Mr. C. O. Rosenius at Stockholm, who has edited two excellent monthly periodicals, one of which is the *Pietisten*, (called in Swedish *Pietisten*, the termination being equivalent to our English *the*). Another most useful man is Mr. Ahnfelt, son of a *troubadour* or minstrel, a well educated man, who has traversed the country for many years, and by his pious songs, accompanied by the guitar, his exhortations and his prayers, has done much to resuscitate true religion. Both these excellent men have for years been aided by the American and Foreign Christian Union.

But one of the most important means of keeping alive and extending the truth in both Sweden and Norway has been the holding of little meetings for prayer, praise, and the reading of the Bible and religious tracts and books, in private houses in the villages and hamlets, and in the summer time often in the forests, on the hill, or mountain side. I can never forget the scenes which I myself witnessed in these little meetings in the northern part of Sweden in the summer of 1846. At one of them, in a most romantic spot high up the side of a hill, from which there was a delightful view of the beautiful valley to the west, nearly one hundred persons assembled in the afternoon of one of those long days which the inhabitants of Sweden enjoy at that season of the year. An hour and a half was spent in religious services. Besides portions of the Scriptures, a few chapters from the life of Martin Boos, one of the most remarkable men of our times, were read; several hymns were sung, and several prayers were offered up. It was indeed good to be there.

It cannot be doubted that these little meetings conducted in many places by pious and often poor farmers and mechanics, and have been a great means of reviving vital godliness in the Central and Northern parts of Sweden. In many places at first, and for a long time, the unconverted pastors of the National Church, as well as the openly wicked, greatly opposed these meetings. Fines, imprisonments, and other modes of punishment were resorted to, but in vain. Several thousands, indeed, emigrated to America, and are now to be found in Illinois and Wisconsin; but the good work has gone forward. Within the last eight or ten months, such has been its extension and power, that almost all parts of the kingdom have felt its influence. It is believed that nearly if not quite a quarter of a million, in a population of, at the very utmost, 3,500,000, have embraced religion. This is a great blessing for that poor and sparsely populated country, and calls for devout thanks on our part: for the progress of the gospel in any part of the world, and especially in countries from which hundreds and thousands are every year coming to us, ought to interest us.

with Protestant minds, he laid the matter before the Bishops, and the result was the foundation of a wilderness colony at St. Anne. Here he gathered together about ten thousand persons, with whom he labored to fortify them in the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. Many clouds of doubt, it was true, came before his mind, but he attributed them to want of knowledge, and said to himself, "out of the bosom of the Catholic Church there was no salvation." In this frame of mind he continued till God brought a light so shining that he could not shut it out. A church and parsonage had been built at St. Anne, after which the first thing done by the Bishop was to turn out the French priest from his own parsonage, sell it for \$1200 and pocket the money. A deputation visited the Bishop to ascertain why he did this thing, and the reply was, "You don't know your religion, or you would know that the Bishop has a right to sell your property, pocket the money, and eat it and drink it at his pleasure."

The speaker had always read the Holy Scriptures. His dear father was probably the only man in his parish who owned a Bible, and from that book his good mother learned him to read. One day the priest came to the house. The speaker was rather more afraid of the priest then at this time. The priest told Mr. Chiniquy to give him his Bible. A colloquy ensued, which resulted in the priest being shown to the door. The boy kissed and thanked his father for refusing to give up his Bible. Very soon after this his father died, and the boy went to college. There the Bible was a sealed book. In this country, remarked the speaker, the Catholic Church does not prohibit the reading of the Bible. In the country where she rules, it is otherwise. The liberty is not conceded here because she loves the Bible, but because she cannot help it. But she will not allow the people to interpret it. Other priests would take from the people Testaments under a pretense of seeing if they were good, and that would be the last ever seen of them.

When they had founded their colony in the West, their first movement was to procure Testaments, and he instructed his people to study their religion by the Gospel, and they did. The good Bishop expressed himself satisfied with the colony. The priest had a property of \$12,000, and all was going on well. One day he was visited by the Bishop, who informed him that he must give him his house. This was refused, and a threat of excommunication followed. Mr. Chiniquy replied that he did not care a straw for his excommunication, and the Bishop went away. In a few days three priests came to obey the mandate of the Bishop. One of the trio had drunk of a very bad quality of water, and could stand up very well. The excommunication which they brought had not been signed by the Bishop, and no great respect was paid to it; but it was therefore reported that they had been excommunicated, and every day they were losing something of respect; every day some stone was falling from their edifice.

It was as though the finger of God had written these words upon the wall. An ocean of light suddenly surrounded him, and he was enabled to see the falsehood of his former teachings. He felt the holy presence of Jesus, and heard Him say, "My dear child, for whom I died upon Calvary, my church is of those whose garments are dipped in my blood—who take my word as their guide." Then he felt himself possessed of a strength which would enable him to battle, not alone with priests and popes, but the whole world beside.

Father C. consulted his people as to leaving them; but they affectionately refused to give their consent; but great scandal arose from the excitement, and Bishop Smith was succeeded by another Bishop, who published a letter in which he stated that I had deceived the French colony, but that it would be easy enough to bring them back to the true faith. With this purpose he set a day to visit the colony. It proved a glorious day for the church of Christ. A great crowd of people assembled at St. Anne. Father C. raised the stars and stripes upon his chapel to tell of their love of the land of the free and the home of the brave. The holy man appeared to understand that by this was meant that although the stripes were once in the hands of the Bishops, they were now in the hands of the people. He looked pale. The people were commanded to kneel before the Bishop as he left his carriage; but they all stood up with their hats on their heads. One man cried out, "We kneel to God only," and 5000 voices uttered an approving response.

The Bishop went to a platform that had been erected for him, and Father C. followed as closely as he was able. The Bishop made a speech, but he lost his time. He claimed authority, but a voice from the crowd said, "We do not respect your authority, and acknowledge nothing as authority but the word of God, as found in the Bible!" The priest passed, and another voice cried out, "Long live St. Anne, the burial ground of Romish oppression!" The Bishop went away. Since then, said Father C., the batteries of the Romish church have been poured upon me. There had scarcely been a day since in which he had not been in the hands of a sheriff upon charges of slander, assault and murder, although the instigators knew they could prove nothing. He had spent his last cent in defending himself. Among the instances of the devotion of his people, he mentioned the case of one man who sold his two cows to aid him in contending for his rights.

angel's whisper of love, can penetrate or dispel the putrid composure that reigns within. And thus Mr. John Doe may fill up his coffers and increase his personal resources; but if his heart be pitiless, devoid of generous sympathies and humane desires; if riches are with him the end of existence; if he can find no other use for his money than to employ it in purchasing base indulgences, or laying it by for uncertain and perhaps profligate heirs; if he finds not pleasure in sustaining the charities of life, or institutions devoted to human weal; if he is always a greedy receiver, and never a liberal dispenser,—alas, then, for the so-called rich, but actually poor John Doe. His penury is worse than that of a Lazarus. He is more worthless than the beggar child who shares his crust with others, remembering and feeling that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"What is a man worth?" He is worth precisely just so much as he has capacity and inclination to be useful. He is to be estimated by the good he attempts or accomplishes. Not the tax gatherer, but the Word of God, can decide his true value. Neither polished marble nor lying epitaph can ever preserve the memory, or ennoble the life, of him who, dying, leaves behind no monument of mercy, and no remembrances of generous and benevolent worthiness.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

**What will your Child be to you?**  
A QUESTION FOR PARENTS.  
A young man, in the uniform of the County Militia, was creating a drunken brawl about the door of his parents' house in ——— Street, lately, when his mother came to the door and said—  
"Ah, John! I wish you'd have some good in you, instead of getting on that way."  
"Good!" replied he, with little of filial love in his looks or tones, "Good! mother, I never saw any good!"  
It was the history of his own worthlessness in a single word. It was a deserved rebuke to parents who had sown the wind, and were reaping the whirlwind. It was the evidence that the poor boy had discernment enough to discover at least one cause of his ruin. *That son had constituted himself so far an avenging angel to his parents.* Parents who read this article, what will your children be to you?  
"Scratch the green rind of a sappling, or war-torn twist it in the tail of a scorpion."  
The scurred and crooked oak will tell of these few centuries to come;  
Even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil."  
Parents, I invite you to take a thoughtful look around your own hearth. I invite you to consider the little ones about you, how they grow—You will not surely refuse to reflect a moment upon objects so dear to you? They are to you no sources of pleasure and enjoyment. Their childish joys are a delight to you. Your brow relaxes as you look at their freaks. Their peculiarities are an interesting study to you.  
"A babe in a house is a well spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love;  
A resting place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men."  
Oh! if they would always continue happy babes But they will not. They are growing under your very eye; and as you see this and that little trait of character, you are thoughtful and concerned. You have already an earnest of the grave cases these little ones will yet be to you. To tell for them, provide for them, and secure their comfort, is to you a labour of love. What a thing to weep over, if, after all this, they should be thorns in your eyes—your weakness, and not your strength! What a thing to weep over, if these little ones that now bring joy into your dwelling should yet be your avenging angels?  
To prevent such a catastrophe, will you, parents, who read this paper, suffer a word of exhortation? Will you permit me to tell you how, under the divine blessing, your children may be a joy and crown to you? I shall sum up all I have to say in one word—*Love your children.*  
"Yes, but," says some one, "I do not need to be told this. I do already love my children—so much so that I am often afraid of making them my idols." Stay a moment. We shall tell you what is to be the character of this love.  
1. *It must be intelligent.* Your children are not toys, or playthings. They are not ornaments to be set off to the best advantage. They are not mere creatures of sense, to be indulged, pampered, and gratified in all coveted ways. They are immortal, beings linked to you by the tenderest and closest ties. The promptings of your nature and the voice of God bid you love them; but love them for what they really are;—not idle, to usurp the throne of your affections; but

good gifts, for which God the Giver is to be loved all the more. You are to love them, not as the artist loves the picture, nor as the forest loves the delicate flower, nor as the proud man loves himself. You are to love them; as beings whom God has linked with you, who have affections to meet your affections, who have hopes to find proper objects, desires to be properly gratified, capacities to be properly occupied, souls to be eternally saved. Could we but bring parents to have an intelligent love for their children, it were easy to impress them with a sense of parental responsibility.

2. *Let your love be constant.* There are parents who have fits of love; and I am sorry to say they have also fits of indifference. This day their parental fondness knows no bounds; the next they are peevish, irritable, and ready to provoke their children to wrath. "Heats and colds" are proverbially bad for the body. I do not think they can be beneficial to the young spirit. A parent may be generally kind, indulgent, and considerate, and may make efforts and sacrifices for his or her children; but if he or she be of variable affection, alternating between fondness and bad temper, there is an element of power over children that such a parent can never hope to possess. Let your love be constant—like that charity which "never faileth." There is a power attending uniform, unvarying affection which neither talent, nor manners, nor isolated though magnificent acts of goodness, can ever command.

3. *Let yours be like the divine love.* God is long-suffering and gracious. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." He giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. He pours out his blessings bountifully, and over the wide-spread happiness they diffuse he rejoices. But does he refuse to chasten? Does he allow the child of his love to do as seemeth him good? Does he not use the rod? "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." Parents, let your love be like His. His wisdom sees the need of chastisement. Be wise to discover the like necessity. Let not affection blind you. Edgar Allan Poe had splendid talents. At six years of age he was left an orphan. A gentleman took him, educated him, provided for him,—did everything for him, but restrained him. He was temperate, dissolute, and a gambler at the university; and when his benefactor refused to honour the drafts with which he paid his gambling losses, he received from his ungrateful ward an abusive letter. With talents of a high order, he passed through a short life, an unprincipled, dissipated, and wretched being—madman and drunkard, whose life and writings breathe only tones of despair, like the cry of the raven he describes,—  
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs  
One burden bore,  
Till the dirge of his hope that melancholy burd in  
bore,  
Of "Never—never more."  
And, oh! how many a Hophni and Phinehas have fallen down slain among the Philistines, the history of whom is, "They made themselves vile, and their parents restrained them not."  
If your love be like God's, you will not only restrain—you will train also. "Oh, yes! so I do," says a parent. "I am giving my children a first-rate education, capital school, tutor, governess," and so forth. But, dear friend, to educate is one thing, to train is another. Lord Byron was educated—but was he trained? Education has to do with the head; training, with head and heart. Education makes us know; training teaches us to feel. Education supplies us with power; but on our training will depend the use we make of the power acquired. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."  
If your love be like God's you will be anxious above all about the souls of your children. I visited a dying man lately, who knew that his few little ones would soon have only a widowed mother to look for every thing. It was no ordinary triumph of grace that led him to say "I can give up all freely, wife, children, since it is Jesus' will that I should." But how like it was to a Christian parent, to say, "My most earnest wish for my children is, that young as they are, they may profit by the training I have tried to give them." "Perhaps if parents 'generally thought in the first place of the souls of their children, there would be fewer cases of 'wild,' and reckless destroyers of parents' hopes and peace."  
Seek for your children the society, the books, the ministrations, and the position in life, most favourable to godliness. Make the salvation of the soul the chief object in view. Seek for your children first the kingdom of God. Alas! many seek the society, and habits and pursuits of this world, as of paramount importance. Their one grand thought, "that makes all other thoughts their slave," is, that their children may "get on in the world." Sometimes they succeed. Sometimes, however, the means of expected advancement are the means of ruin even this life; and in the world to come—and shudders to think of it. It is hard to say whether it be more awful to contemplate destruction, or parents and children separated at the judgment seat—"for ever and ever."  
And now, parents, suffer me to ask you what are your children to you? Have you in good earnest dedicated them to the Lord? or was their baptism an empty pageant? If you have given them to him, while you live you will train