

Mr. Henry Brown, ex-M.P., the great defaulting creditor of the British Bank, has received a third-class certificate of bankruptcy, which has also been awarded to Mr. I. Townsend, M.P. for Greenwich, whose seat is practically vacant. Lieut. Higginson, who made an assault on Alderman Solomons, arising out of the Atlantic Telegraph Company's affairs, has been bound over to keep the peace; and Mr. Ripper, who lay under suspicion of setting fire to his house, and so causing the death of two of his children, has been acquitted. One man, who when intoxicated, inflicted mortal injuries on a sober person, has been condemned to four years penal servitude; as also a polygamical wretch, who had entrapped five women into marrying him while his bonafide wife was alive.

Ireland has been agitated by the arrest of other parties believed to be connected with treasonable societies. A horrible murder has been committed in Dublin, and the murderer has surrendered. The loss of a child, whose body was searched for in a canal, has led to the detection of a man's body concealed there, also supposed to have been murdered. A terrible accident in London, at the Polytechnic Institution, last Monday week, (3d) is undergoing investigation, and now we hear of a house accident in Liverpool causing several deaths, and of an attempt at Sheffield, to blow up a peaceful man in his own house, with all his family. Providentially, no harm was done except to the building. The low price of corn and the fine weather have co-operated to repress popular discontent; but near Wigan there is a Colliery strike, and in London, the coalwhippers on the Thames are pleading for protection against a system of hire which necessitates an extortionate sacrifice of their means in the consumption of strong drink. Compulsory sobriety, in some people's estimation, may be bad; but what shall we say to compulsory stolidity?

The first of January was the last day for sending in poems to compete for the Prize of £50, offered by the Crystal Palace Company, on the Burns' Centenary (25th inst.). The adjudicators are, Mr. M. Milnes, M.P., Mr. Tom Taylor, and Mr. Theodore Martin. No fewer than 600 poems have been sent in, and it is only reasonably to conceive that at least 20 of them will be found of distinguished merit. The 'prize' is to be read at the Crystal Palace on the 25th. Some persons are opposed to a celebration of Burns' birthday, on the ground of the anti-temperance and anti-religious influence of some of his poems; but where a national poet is concerned, such objections, however conscientious they are, and however true some of their criticisms may be, will be a very small minority. A rumour is abroad that Mr. Spurgeon is to visit the States and spend a few weeks there; and further, that £10,000 have been offered him for four sermons in the New York Music Hall. This report may be in part apocryphal; but that it embraces a large grain of veracity, is not to be questioned. He lectured before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, on the first Monday in the year, on a Latin-versed subject, *De Propaganda Fide*, and said many sweet things in his novel style. He observed at the outset, that he would not sermonize; but his sermons have so much of the freedom of the lecture about them, that with him, the distinction conveyed little difference, or none.

Barnum has been drawing large audiences at St. James' Hall, discoursing on money-making, and defending 'humbbug' by defining its most objectionable features away.

I am glad to report a stir among all religious bodies, which forebodes good for the church and the world. The established Church is aroused, and now uses three of the largest places in London on special Sunday evening services, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and Exeter Hall. The Dissenters use St. James' Hall, and Mr. Spurgeon occupies the Surrey Music Hall on Sunday evenings, as before. Tidings have arrived of some strange doings in South Australia connected with Mr. Binney's visit. A movement has begun there for the fraternization of all christian communions in acts of religious worship, and for the temporary absence of the Bishop of Adelaide, it seems probable that Mr. Binney would have preached in the Cathedral of that City. The Positivists would hail the news of an earthquake in that region, as a palpable reproof from heaven. If the Millinians is to signalize and glorify the present dispensation, how could its approval be more clearly indicated, than in the manifestation of the church universal, of that inherent unity which it derives from its union with the One God and One Mediator of Mankind? This is matter for prayer and hope to all believers.

#### Extraordinary Answer to Prayer.

An old sea Captain related the following illustration of faith in prayer in one of the daily meetings in New York a few days since. After he became pious, and while he yet commanded a ship, he was blown off from the coast of America, out to sea, in a gale. He had his wife and two children on board. All hands, passengers, officers and crew, were put on short allowance, and very short at that, a mere morsel of meat to each. When they had been out 30 days, and had not seen a sail, he brought up all the provision he had and spread it on a cotton bale, and tell down on his knees by the side of it, and prayed God that he would make that like the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal, that he would not allow it to be spent, that he would vindicate his own name as the hearer of prayer, and send them quick relief. He cast himself implicitly upon the promise God. And while he was yet on his knees, he felt such a sweet assurance that his prayer was heard and already answered that he went down into the cabin and told his wife that they should have succor, and speedily. She could scarcely believe it. They had been now 34 days, and had not seen a sail, and no prospect of seeing one. His wife stood in a state of incredulous amazement.

"What makes you think we are to have succor said she."

"Because I have been asking, and God has assured me that it is coming, and close at hand."

While I was yet speaking, there was a cry on deck, and from the lookout, aloft, "Sail ho," "Sail ho." I ran on deck; "Where

away?" said I, and was answered; and within ten minutes from the time I arose from my knees in prayer, there was a ship under full sail, bearing down for us, and when it came near I saw them lower the boat which was sent off and pulled away for my ship. You would hardly have expected that such a little cockle shell of a boat could live in such a sea. But she rode like an egg. When the officers came on deck, I enquired of him what he had in his boat.

"Two barrels of meat, and two barrels of bread he answered."

"What made you bring them here?" said I.

"God put it into my heart. I thought you must be short of provisions, sir, and so I brought them along."

So within an hour from the time I was praying for food, I had two barrels of meat and two barrels of bread added to my stores, and we were saved.

He said he could give many like examples from his own history, but the five minutes rule would forbid. But he would not sit down till he had exhorted his brethren to have faith in God. Take him at his word. Pray, nothing doubting. Ask, believing. Honor God enough to believe that he means what he says.

The old Capt., who was a stranger in these meetings, spoke with a great fervor and deep emotion like one who felt every word he said. He then begged prayers for a seaman, and said that we lived in a new and wonderful dispensation of grace to seamen. Great numbers of them are now turning unto the Lord in every port and on every sea.

## Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N.B., FEB. 4, 1859.

### The Christian Ministry.

#### ARTICLE II.

In our former article we spoke of the importance and responsibility of the office of the ministry; and the necessity of a special call thereto. To have this implies piety. He who is not pious will not be likely to be called to the Ministry. But piety alone is not a sufficient qualification for the sacred office. It is the first—the great necessity; but some of the most pious and devoted of God's people that have ever lived, would have made very poor ministers. There are qualifications beside piety, and which piety can never give, which are requisite to the work of preaching the gospel. It is well known that religion will not give a man any new mental faculties; it will only bring out and mold those already possessed. If a man possesses a weak, erring judgment before conversion, he will possess the same afterwards. If his mental powers are weak, and his intellect naturally imbecile, no amount of religion of itself will render him in this respect a wiser man, or more intelligent. If a man does not possess naturally mental and intellectual powers of such an order as are necessary for the work of the ministry, religion will not give them to him. Piety will not give a man common sense, if he has not got it naturally. It will develop but not create. Neither will it make ignorance intelligent without study and application. A man who in an unconverted state, speaks and acts very unwisely, may be converted, and his conversation and actions thereby be rendered discreet and commendable; but it is because he possessed naturally a type of mind capable of such improvement, but which sin had perverted and transformed. An ignorant man may be called to the ministry, and that is evidence that God sees sufficient in him to render him useful if improved, but a call to the sacred office, of itself, however real and special it may be, will never give a man knowledge, or in any respect render him more intelligent or wise than he was before, without reading and study.

In order then to be useful in the ministry, the next thing to a call to the work, is diligent application to such helps as are within our reach for the improvement of the mind. The intellect should be cultivated, and stored with such knowledge as the duties of the ministerial office may require for use. The knowledge of other languages, beside our own, the acquisitions of sciences not connected with revelation, and the literature of fiction and fashion, are but seldom necessary for the minister of Christ; but there are highways of knowledge in which he must walk, and treasures of intelligence from which he must draw, and which are as necessary for him in his office, as other stores of information are for men of other professions. Reading and study is one of the primary duties of the minister in order to the acquisition of knowledge. The character of the knowledge necessary for him to acquire will depend much on the circumstances in which he is placed, and the people among whom he labours. He is a teacher, and he should not only be capable of instructing his people in christian experience and doctrine, but also in the state and progress of Christ's kingdom in the world. To fail in this, is to fail in intelligence, and hence, to a greater or lesser extent, in influence and usefulness.

To suppose that being moved by the Holy Spirit to the work of the ministry, is all the qualifications necessary; or evidence that all other qualifications are already possessed, is a sad mistake, and in nearly all cases results in subsequent uselessness. Ignorance is not religion, neither does religion supply the place of intelligence. Ministers should have both; and he who contains the latter, has much yet to learn relative to the former. We are aware that men possessing very little information beside the knowledge of Christ crucified, may be of great use, and eminently successful in communities where there is but little or no intelligence; but such men can not long interest an intelligent people; neither can they accomplish all that the gospel is designed to accomplish through its ministry, even among those where their success is the greatest.

AGENCY IN FREDERICTON.—We have made arrangements with Mr. George A. Perley, to act as Agent for the *Intelligencer* in Fredericton, in the room of Mr. John T. Smith whose place of business was recently burnt. The papers formerly sent to Mr. Smith will hereafter be sent to Mr. Perley, and may be obtained by subscribers at his store.

### Judge Wilmot and the Romish Bishop.

We noticed some months since an assault made by a Priest at Miramichi, through the columns of the *Freeman* on Judge Wilmot, in which the most foul epithets were heaped upon him. This assault has recently been reiterated by the Romish Bishop of St. John, and in order that our readers at a distance may not be deceived in the matter by erroneous reports, we shall now give a brief outline of the principal facts in the case.

During the summer of 1857, a young man about twenty years of age, named Frederick Powers, came to Fredericton and made the acquaintance of some of the members of the Methodist Church and others; he attended the Wesleyan Sabbath School, and of course came under the notice of Judge Wilmot, who superintends it. He related to the Judge and others that his parents were Romish, that his mind had been led to doubt the doctrines and practices of the Romish Church, that for this and reading the Bible, he had been ill-treated and flogged by his parents and the Priest and that to escape persecution he had fled from home. This occurred in Miramichi. These statements were not made in secret by this young man, but in the presence of many witnesses. During the autumn of 1857 he left Fredericton for Canada as he stated, and while in St. John he attended a meeting for prayer in the vestry of the Free Baptist Church in Waterloo street, and related the same story that he told in Fredericton. The statements made in St. John were heard and believed. His appearance did not lead us to suspect any thing wrong, his persecutions were narrated in great simplicity and much apparent candor, and having evidence of numerous similar atrocities by Romish Priests, in almost all countries, upon those who cast off their yoke, we of course did not suspect any untruthfulness now.

At the meeting of the Bible Society in St. John in January following, Judge Wilmot referred to the case of this young man, as illustrating the opposition of the Romish Church to the Bible, and gave the facts as related to him by Powers. Months elapsed, when suddenly a letter appeared in the *Freeman* from a Priest in Miramichi, denying the whole affair, intimating that the Judge had manufactured the story, and branding him with the name of "liar" &c. Much effort was made by the *Freeman* to call out the Judge in controversy, but he very wisely treated both priest and editor with the contempt they deserved. It appears that the Bishop and *Freeman* expected Judge Wilmot would at the recent Bible Meeting repeat the story of this young man's persecutions, as though its repetition was necessary to confirm it in the minds of the public, because priest Egan had denied it. This he judiciously declined doing. Whereupon the Bishop, after a seven years nap, wakes up, and comes out in the *Morning Freeman* with a long and violent letter denouncing the Judge, and indicating his venom against Bible Societies and every thing else Protestant. This letter also intimates the influence and strength he considers himself as possessing, as the generalissimo of "eighty thousand" of the "faithful." The Judge, not yet annihilated, does not even condescend to notice the Bishop's letter. This was too much. An occasion for a second letter is sought, and is at hand. A Lecture to be delivered by the Judge on the Church in the Catscombs is waited for, and on delivery, a garbled report, made by some one who had obtained liberty to do so from his "ecclesiastical superior" is published in the *Freeman*, and forthwith comes another letter from Bishop Connolly. Writers in the *Globe* and other papers had replied to the first letter, to these, however, the Bishop does not refer, he will not condescend to an "Esg." nor a "Rev," not even to a "Brother" he will measure weapons with a Judge, and a Judge only! His two letters are now before the public; and although ostensibly aimed at Judge Wilmot, they are in reality at Protestantism and the Bible. The foregoing are the facts in this case.

Two or three remarks are necessary to be added. Did the young man Powers tell the truth, or was he a Romish deceiver? We believe he told the truth. There is nothing different in his case, from thousands of others who have become dissatisfied with Romish idolatry. And we well know also, on authority which the Bishop himself dare not deny, that fire and faggot have often been the reward of apostasy from the Romish Church. But, where is Powers now?

Bishop Connolly denies that Romanists are prevented from reading the Bible. Will not such a public statement as this, lower him in the estimation of many of his own people? Are there not hundreds of Romish families in New-Brunswick that never read the word of God? And are there not thousands in Spain, France, Italy and Rome itself, that never saw the Bible—the Douay nor any other?

This first effort of this Romish "ecclesiastical Superior," in this Province at controversy, will not get him many laurels. In the estimation of those Protestants who before regarded him as a man of peace, attending to his religious duties, he must sink. He is out in his true character. The candid among the "eighty thousand" must be led to examine, and we have no doubt but the boy beating is of itself small, compared with the punishments inflicted for similar offences in other places, but the results which are growing out of it, are of great importance and interest to Protestants in New Brunswick.

An amusing feature of the Bishop's letters is his intimation that the Judge must leave the Bench, because he has dared to speak of the Romish Church in his true character. Rome here, as everywhere, stopping the freedom of speech, if she can. But let this Bishop and his "eighty thousand" rest assured, that it is no part of British law, nor British custom, that any office shall deprive its holder from uttering his sentiments in religion, or politics, when not contrary to the constitution of the realm.

Mr. Boyd's Lecture on "The British Pulpit," which was to have been given on Friday last, was postponed, the weather being unfavourable. It will be delivered on Friday Evening of next week.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson, (Wesleyan), will lecture before the "Young Men's Christian Association" to-morrow, Friday evening, subject, "The Bible and its History."

### For the Religious Intelligencer.

#### THOMAS L. CONNOLLY.

MR. EDITOR.—The Protestant community has for a length of time back, been not a little amused by the pious ravings of T. W. Anglin, the now unmasked Jesuit, and one priest Egan, both of whom have been filling the columns of that popish sheet called the *Freeman*, with bitter complaints of the injured innocence of said Egan, and of the stigma cast upon the guiltless and unoffending character of the Popish priesthood in general, by a story told on the platform of the Bible Society some year ago, by the Hon. Judge Wilmot, to the effect, that one of said Popish priests had flogged a boy for reading the Bible!! Oh shame upon you, Judge Wilmot! Who ever heard of such a thing as a Popish priest flogging a boy for reading the Bible? No wonder that his reverence, daintily calls you a liar; for you well know that no Popish priest, Bishop or Pope ever was guilty of such a shameful act as flogging a boy for reading the Bible—no sir. They do things up in better style than flogging. They only burn Bible-readers, Bible teachers, and Bibles, all in a heap, when they have the power—and yet you have the barefaced audacity to injure the spotless character of the Popish priesthood, by asserting in your "conventional" style, that a priest flogged a boy for reading the Bible!! I tell you what, Judge, you had better mind your eye! Only wait a little, until a few of the flower of the 80,000 pet lambs now under the guardianship of Thomas L. Connolly, who dubs himself "Bishop of St. John," and who has rushed to the rescue, with all the weight of his Pope-derived authority, gets into power, as of course they soon will, for he has said so, and then they will soon stop your Methodistical, Heretical, and Conventional mouth for daring to let the "cat out of the bag." But to be serious—a hard task in handling such a ludicrous subject. Let us try to find a parallel for such a shameful attempt to impose upon the credulity of a Protestant community. Suppose a case for illustration,—a convicted felon is taken and lodged in the house of correction for the 20th time, and for the 20th time is released; the first night after his release he is found at his old tricks. Some one reports at a public meeting that he saw him on the night foretold committing the same act for which he had been so often convicted. It comes to his ears, he calls upon the person who has thus injured his character, to prove that he has been guilty of an act for which he has been publicly convicted 20 times in the face of the whole community. How laughable would be the farce! Now I ask, was ever the criminality of the most abandoned felon so notorious and so universally established, as in the fact—that in every land where Popery has been in the ascendant, and possessed the power to do so, she has flogged, burned, and subjected to tortures the most revolting—at the bare recital of which, the heart sickens, and humanity stands aghast—al, young or old, who have dared to read the Bible, or teach its sacred truths to others!—and yet this shameless system of idolatry, which exposed to the light of Protestant truth, affects to deny what all history, Popish and Protestant alike records, and what the blood of slaughtered millions proclaims,—those souls from under the altar in heaven cry, "How long O Lord just and true, dost thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth." I have read this morning Thomas L. Connolly's contribution to that Popish sheet, and pronounced it altogether worthy of such a "cesspool," fit receptacle for such a tissue of bombastic falsehood. I may safely assert that any person at all acquainted with historical facts, even to a limited extent, will readily subscribe to the sentence that Mr. Connolly has out-jesuited the Jesuit, in bold arrogant, unfounded, and shameful assertions. Although the production was heralded into notice as one of his "happiest efforts," and indeed I have no doubt that it is so in the estimation of this slave of his "Ecclesiastical Superior," as the more that truth is perverted and misrepresented—error propagated—Protestants ridiculed—the seeds of discord scattered, and all that is holy, pure and good, enered at and traduced—the "happier" effort in Anglin's mind, who is only a dwarf personation of Popery in its wildest type. I shall only notice three things in this burlesque on common sense—all the rest being a tirade of abuse on his Honor Judge Wilmot, who, I am of opinion, has convinced Thomas L. Connolly to his entire satisfaction, that he is sufficiently able to defend himself from his foul aspersions. The first thing I notice is, that papists are at liberty to "read" the Bible, as he asserts. Second, his prophecy and threat in reference to Popish ascendancy in this Protestant province, and third, his forgery in subscribing himself "Bishop of St. John," and in attending to these three points I shall not "come down" to a level with himself in founding indecent epithets, but calmly state facts.

"Within the last half century we know that Catholic Book stores are literally drugged with every fanciful variety of English Catholic Bibles and Testaments, and that they can be had and read and fully perused by all who can procure them and can read them." So says Thomas L. Connolly. Sir, I call upon you to reconcile this statement with the fact, which no one knows better than yourself, that the Bible is a prohibited book by the Pope's authority in Italy. Is Popery one thing in Italy, and another in New Brunswick? But why go to that centre of Ecclesiastical corruption for proof of the falsehood that Papists can read, peruse and read the Bible, while proof incontrovertible, is furnished in the introduction to your own Douay Bible, where not only the "ignorant" but even the "most learned" are prohibited in terms the most express, from reading the Bible, and "freely" perusing it. If you are unable, and fail to reconcile the statement in your letter, with these facts, I will not say that you are a "convicted liar" for I promised not to "come down" but I leave you on the horns of this dilemma. Papists allowed to read the Bible! No Sir. Who knows better than yourself that in the estimation of Papists, the Bible has no authority and no meaning, save and except the meaning and authority, graciously vouchsafed to it by Popes, Bishops, and Priests—and hence, in such an assumption the folly of reading the Bible, if the poor deluded creatures were even permitted to read it, as they are not.

No Sir. There is not a Pope, Bishop or priest, belonging to the idolatrous hierarchy, who would not, if he acted honestly, say with Thomas Linacre, one of their own celebrated divines, in 1524, on reading for the first time near the close of his life, the words,— "But I say unto you swear not at all"—threw the Testament from him with an oath and exclaimed,— "Either that is not the Gospel, or we are not Christians." Most legitimate and inevitable conclusion! Papists allowed to read the Bible! Only suffer them to read the Bible untrammelled and untrammelled by the perversions and corruptions of their "ecclesiastical superiors," and the Bible will do, what the impetuous Louis 12th threatened to do, when he struck off the medal bearing the inscription "Perdam Babylonis Nomen," I will extirpate the name Babylon. Read the Bible! Ah no! You may well say of the Bible, as the wicked King of Israel said of the Prophet of the Lord, "I hate him for he never prophesieth good but evil of me." Hear how the Bible brands you, and sets the seal of its condemnation upon you, in a single passage. 1st Timothy 4th, 1st, to 3d inclusive. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them who believe and know the truth." So much for Papists reading the Bible. "We may one day, have a Catholic Governor here, and with 80,000 of a Popish population, we are bound to have a Catholic Judge at no very distant day. You are you? Keep cool friend, I opine you have dropped the mask too soon.

It would have been better policy for you to have burrowed a little longer in the dark. There is too much Protestant light in New Brunswick for Popery. You know Sir, that Popery was begotten, conceived, matured, and attained its Sampson-strength in the dark, and what the Philistine's razor was to Sampson's locks, that same is light to Popery, rendering it "weak and like any other man." One of the peculiarities of Popery being, that it can see best in the dark, it is in danger like the owl of running foul of anything and everything when light shines in its eyes, and it is in this way I account for your late blunder, but you need not be afraid, we will not hurt one hair of your head, we will only tell you the truth, and advise you to retire back into the shade, where you will see better, for fear some one might set their feet on you, inadvertently! Don't, Sir, I beseech you, expose yourself too publicly, take my word for it that the only way for you and the 80,000 to attain any power, is to sell yourselves to unprincipled politicians, who will promise you anything. Red Shirts, power, or any thing else, but even then, your chance is but small, for whenever it answers their purpose,—at least whenever you begin to talk about a Popish Governor, they will shake the whole of you off their hands, as Paul did the viper, and with as little harm to themselves, as Paul sustained. Now isn't that honest speaking, the politicians won't like it, but I must, and will tell the truth to all hands. We Methodists are plain out-spoken fellows,—with the exception of our "popes" his Honour Judge Wilmot,—he is rather a dangerous subject. But what do you mean by those "barking, biting Conventicles"; your "highness or whatever they call you" ought to know that the term "Conventicle" does not belong to us. I have, however, read something about them,—they are terrible things,—awful! their ghosts it would appear haunt you. No wonder, for they "barked" popery out of Scotland and England, and if you get them foul of you, they will "bark" you out of New Brunswick, to a dead certainty. No use for you to say you "don't want them to bark," I know you don't, you like muzzled mouths, and muzzled consciences; but depend upon it those "conventicles" never could be muzzled; they "barked" with terrible effect,—so much for popish "Governors." "A Catholic Bishop had a position, and a title long before a heraldic name was known in Great Britain." Indeed! where did he get it Sir? Was it from a foreign impostor called the Pope? who never was himself a Bishop,—but a vile usurper,—possessor of a myth, called "Peter's Chair," whose proper title, is "Antichrist" "who exalteth himself above all that is called God." You know, Sir, that "Quaker" can never give a just title of a piece of land on which he sets down, and for which he never got a title himself. You know also, Sir, that the pope is nothing but an ecclesiastical squatter, that his own title is self arrogated, and that consequently the title "Bishop" from his hands, is a base forgery, and as you may not be disposed to believe my testimony, regarding the villainous character of the Pope, let me present you with the recorded testimony of one of his own faithful sons. Maximilian of Austria being grieved at hearing of the treachery of Leo X. exclaimed: "This Pope, like the rest, is in my judgment, a scoundrel! Henceforth, I can say, that in all my life no Pope has kept his faith or word with me; I hope, if God be willing, that this one will be the last of them." How valuable a title from such a source I must leave your highness to determine. Well this being a *settled fact*, where did you get your title? If from the Pope we have seen that is a forgery. You could not have got it from the Bible, for you know, that a Bible-Bishop "must be the husband of one wife," and no more;—now until you take to yourself one wife, the Bible cannot give you the title "Bishop,"—you have therefore, no such title as you *quater*; hence you dubbing yourself a Bishop, is a sham, Ecclesiastical forgery—just as much so as the Pope's title is a forgery. Now for your own sake, never do subscribe yourself again "Bishop of St. John," for every sensible man will only laugh at you for your pains.

ECLIPSE.

No Sir. There is not a Pope, Bishop or priest, belonging to the idolatrous hierarchy, who would not, if he acted honestly, say with Thomas Linacre, one of their own celebrated divines, in 1524, on reading for the first time near the close of his life, the words,— "But I say unto you swear not at all"—threw the Testament from him with an oath and exclaimed,— "Either that is not the Gospel, or we are not Christians." Most legitimate and inevitable conclusion! Papists allowed to read the Bible! Only suffer them to read the Bible untrammelled and untrammelled by the perversions and corruptions of their "ecclesiastical superiors," and the Bible will do, what the impetuous Louis 12th threatened to do, when he struck off the medal bearing the inscription "Perdam Babylonis Nomen," I will extirpate the name Babylon. Read the Bible! Ah no! You may well say of the Bible, as the wicked King of Israel said of the Prophet of the Lord, "I hate him for he never prophesieth good but evil of me." Hear how the Bible brands you, and sets the seal of its condemnation upon you, in a single passage. 1st Timothy 4th, 1st, to 3d inclusive. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them who believe and know the truth." So much for Papists reading the Bible. "We may one day, have a Catholic Governor here, and with 80,000 of a Popish population, we are bound to have a Catholic Judge at no very distant day. You are you? Keep cool friend, I opine you have dropped the mask too soon.

It would have been better policy for you to have burrowed a little longer in the dark. There is too much Protestant light in New Brunswick for Popery. You know Sir, that Popery was begotten, conceived, matured, and attained its Sampson-strength in the dark, and what the Philistine's razor was to Sampson's locks, that same is light to Popery, rendering it "weak and like any other man." One of the peculiarities of Popery being, that it can see best in the dark, it is in danger like the owl of running foul of anything and everything when light shines in its eyes, and it is in this way I account for your late blunder, but you need not be afraid, we will not hurt one hair of your head, we will only tell you the truth, and advise you to retire back into the shade, where you will see better, for fear some one might set their feet on you, inadvertently! Don't, Sir, I beseech you, expose yourself too publicly, take my word for it that the only way for you and the 80,000 to attain any power, is to sell yourselves to unprincipled politicians, who will promise you anything. Red Shirts, power, or any thing else, but even then, your chance is but small, for whenever it answers their purpose,—at least whenever you begin to talk about a Popish Governor, they will shake the whole of you off their hands, as Paul did the viper, and with as little harm to themselves, as Paul sustained. Now isn't that honest speaking, the politicians won't like it, but I must, and will tell the truth to all hands. We Methodists are plain out-spoken fellows,—with the exception of our "popes" his Honour Judge Wilmot,—he is rather a dangerous subject. But what do you mean by those "barking, biting Conventicles"; your "highness or whatever they call you" ought to know that the term "Conventicle" does not belong to us. I have, however, read something about them,—they are terrible things,—awful! their ghosts it would appear haunt you. No wonder, for they "barked" popery out of Scotland and England, and if you get them foul of you, they will "bark" you out of New Brunswick, to a dead certainty. No use for you to say you "don't want them to bark," I know you don't, you like muzzled mouths, and muzzled consciences; but depend upon it those "conventicles" never could be muzzled; they "barked" with terrible effect,—so much for popish "Governors." "A Catholic Bishop had a position, and a title long before a heraldic name was known in Great Britain." Indeed! where did he get it Sir? Was it from a foreign impostor called the Pope? who never was himself a Bishop,—but a vile usurper,—possessor of a myth, called "Peter's Chair," whose proper title, is "Antichrist" "who exalteth himself above all that is called God." You know, Sir, that "Quaker" can never give a just title of a piece of land on which he sets down, and for which he never got a title himself. You know also, Sir, that the pope is nothing but an ecclesiastical squatter, that his own title is self arrogated, and that consequently the title "Bishop" from his hands, is a base forgery, and as you may not be disposed to believe my testimony, regarding the villainous character of the Pope, let me present you with the recorded testimony of one of his own faithful sons. Maximilian of Austria being grieved at hearing of the treachery of Leo X. exclaimed: "This Pope, like the rest, is in my judgment, a scoundrel! Henceforth, I can say, that in all my life no Pope has kept his faith or word with me; I hope, if God be willing, that this one will be the last of them." How valuable a title from such a source I must leave your highness to determine. Well this being a *settled fact*, where did you get your title? If from the Pope we have seen that is a forgery. You could not have got it from the Bible, for you know, that a Bible-Bishop "must be the husband of one wife," and no more;—now until you take to yourself one wife, the Bible cannot give you the title "Bishop,"—you have therefore, no such title as you *quater*; hence you dubbing yourself a Bishop, is a sham, Ecclesiastical forgery—just as much so as the Pope's title is a forgery. Now for your own sake, never do subscribe yourself again "Bishop of St. John," for every sensible man will only laugh at you for your pains.

FRAG.—On Saturday evening last a barn on Charlotte St., near St. James St., lately used as a smoke house was burned. No other damage of consequence done.

On the 25th ult. Mr. John Tweedy of Williamstown, Parish of Northeast, Northumberland County, was killed by the falling of a tree while lumbering near his residence.

The Canadian Parliament was opened on the 29th ult. by the Governor General.

### For the Religious Intelligencer.

#### Cobourg, Jan. 22, 1859.

God rules over the nations of the earth, as certainly as over individuals. "He has made one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." Canada, even more than the other British Provinces, has been for some time past the theatre towards which the bondmen of the South turn their thoughts, and when they can, their feet, and where thousands have been sent in safety from those that puff at them. Thus for the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, God has arisen, and the north star has been a star of hope, because he has so willed it. Why it may be asked, did not the whole British territory in North America assert its freedom from Foreign control? And why, now that the forests have been cleared, and the people have multiplied, does not the Great Republic open its arms and extend its possessions northward as well as Southward and Westward? The South desires it not. It would give preponderance to freedom and slavery would fall before it. Thus God reigns, and the slaveholder unwittingly, but as an instrument most effectually, preserves an asylum for the chattels made in the image of God. I am led into this train of thought by an event which has recently transpired. A Kentucky planter, possessed of a hundred slaves, became embarrassed through misfortune combined with vice, and was compelled to sell all his slaves he could spare to meet the claims against him. His household was under the control of a daughter, twenty years of age, the offspring of a quadroon slave, to whom the planter pledged word on her death bed ten years ago, that the child should live as his daughter, be free, and receive an education befitting her position. Accordingly she grew up, unconscious that negro blood flowed in her veins, and little dreaming that she was a slave. Having sacrificed her slaves, he found himself a debtor still, to the amount of \$5,000. To meet this, his attorney advised the sale of Mary, the housekeeper, to offer the sum required on his own behalf. Strange to say the planter consented to the transfer, and informed his daughter of the transaction. Well she knew the meaning of the sale, and in the multiplicity of her thoughts, she did not forget to send a message to her lover, a young man who knew nothing of her parent blood, and chattel-condition, but whose soul was manly enough to be fired within him; and together they contrived to escape to Cincinnati, where they were married. The brutal purchaser meanwhile was not idle, and arrived in Cincinnati a few hours after the fugitives had left to train for Crestline. Telegraphing to the proper authorities he waited with what patience he possessed, the result of his efforts. But he waited in vain. The agents of the underground Railroad were on the alert, and a few miles short their destination, friends appeared, who rescued the fugitives, and drove them to a place of concealment, where they remained a fortnight, then ventured onwards to Detroit, and thence to Canada. They are now in Toronto. While course of slavery remains, may Canada "be an asylum to the slave!"

Following the law of association I would refer to a very silly letter which is published in the *New York Tribune*, as from an English correspondent, professing to be cognizant of a scheme originating with Lord Palmerston, for acquisition of the State of Maine by Great Britain. The correspondent says that an offer to be made to indemnify the Republic for the loss of territory, and failing purchase, it will be set upon by force. Hence, he remarks, the change of ambassadors at Washington. To my mind looks very like a squib, designed to ridicule President's message in reference to Cuba. Some of our journals are referring to it, and the absence of existing news it may not be as to communicate it. On reading the letter it is found that particulars are wanting.

The Toronto House of Industry continues to afford aid to the destitute, and its managers report their funds a satisfactory state. Notwithstanding the depression of the times, Government and Civic patronage have supplied the deficiency. The receipts for the last year amount to \$2,622, and \$559 began with \$240 in Treasury. One hundred and twenty persons have been accommodated on an average; 85,200 lbs. of bread and 516 cords of wood distributed to poor without. There is reported a liberal donation from a gentleman recently deceased, which has enabled the Managers' Trustees to enlarge and otherwise improve the building. The poor yet have always with said the Saviour, and they must not be forgotten, at this season especially.

Vicar-General Bruyere, of Toronto, has written to the *Leader*, ordering the stoppage of paper, and expressing his regret that a Journal hitherto impartial and unprejudiced should have begun to imitate the course of the "Globe," other bigoted sheets. The association of Gentlemen he characterizes as composed of suspended priest and about half a dozen obnoxious individuals, some of whom have been inmates of the Penitentiary. If this be true, the list is not in remarkably pure hands; but it is highly probable that the number is not so few as Vicar-General would have us believe, nor yet unworthy. The *True Witness*, at all events, regards the circumstance as of sufficient moment to warrant a lengthy editorial upon the subject in which he deprecates, while he admits the possibility of sowing discord among brethren, on plea of nationality. Of course, the appointment of French priests is justified, and on the score necessary. Ireland, it is said, can spare but of its priests for Canada, while the United States absorb the few who cross the Atlantic from former country. A cry is got up against the suspended Priest and his Confessors.

Crime has not ceased out of our land, very far from this a murder was committed in connexion with robbery, the details of which heart-rending. A Mr. Dickie is victim, and S. P. Rock the murderer. The crime was feated in the presence of a witness, whose money will ensure the conviction of the crime if he is secured.

At Hamilton one of the most deliberate murders on record occurred. John Mitchell ac-