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## Religious Intelligencer.

### THE GOVERNMENT AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN INDIA.

From an interesting and eloquent speech delivered by Lieutenant Colonel Horner Edwards, of India, before the last Anniversary Meeting of the Church Missionary Society, in Exeter Hall, London, we make the following extracts. Col. Edwards, who was received with great applause, made a resolution to the effect that the meeting desired to acknowledge the duty of the nation to use increased efforts for imparting to India the blessings of Christianity; that it rejoiced in the labours of all Protestant societies engaged in this work; and that it trusted that the Indian Government would fulfil the obligations solemnly recognised by Imperial Parliament of promoting "the interest and happiness of the native inhabitants of the British dominions in India, by the adoption of such measures as may tend to the introduction among them of religious and moral improvement." These quoted words were, he said, borrowed from a resolution of Parliament passed in 1813. The concluding words of that resolution he might also quote, "Provided always, that the principles of the British Government, on which the natives of India have hitherto relied for the free exercise of their religion, be inviolably maintained." He then contrasted the despatch with that of 1857:

Now, my friends, there is in this contrast—in the contrast, I mean, between these two extracts proceeding not quite from the same source, but, at all events, from the Home Government of India—a most melancholy proof that in half a century we have greatly retrograded in our principles. I find on reading the debate, which took place in 1813, that William Wilberforce, that great, that extraordinary champion and pioneer of Christian truth in the Legislature, made use of these expressions in the face of the House of Commons,—"I say, in the face of the House of Commons, because we are come to days when it is no easy thing in that House to name the name of God, and uplift the standard of our Saviour, half a century ago, I say, William Wilberforce, in moving his resolution, used this language:—"It is time to speak out, and to avow that I go much further than I have yet stated, and maintain, not only that it is safe to attempt by reasonable and prudent methods to introduce into India the blessings of Christian truth and moral improvement, but that true—say, and imperious and urgent—policy prescribes to us the Christian and the wise and far-seeing legislator. Now, when we find that, in the half-century which has since elapsed, we have gone back from those principles, it becomes us to examine into the real merits of the Christian policy as a safe policy for the Government to adopt. During the few months that I have spent at home, since my return from India, it has been my lot to converse with men high in influence and high in power, and not seldom have I been asked, with great earnestness and great attention, on my opinion as to what ought to be done with regard to India as a Christian Government. If asked why, I have said, in the first place, because I considered it our duty to do so. But, after uttering that sentiment, I have often been met with such language as this:—"Colonel Edwards, you say that such and such a line of conduct is that which it is our duty to pursue, but can you show me the course which is safe?" There is a party to whom it is not sufficient to demonstrate that such and such a line of legislation is in consonance with our Christian duty, and that such and such legislation is a true deduction from the Bible. These persons turn round upon you, with a smile, and say, "Sir, this is the language of fanaticism, this is the language of bigotry; show me, if you can, that the course which you advocate would be a safe and expedient course, and then I will go along with you." My friends, it is no use blinking the real state of things. When you find a party like this, you must meet them on their own ground; and the Christian party has this advantage—an advantage which will retain to the end of time—that it is always found to have the right basis of action. I propose, therefore, with your permission, to address this morning to the consideration of this question—whether a Christian Government of India is a course that is likely to be safe for England. My friends, the answer which I should give to that question is that it is the only safe policy. I say that there is no other policy on which you can base your Indian empire with any chance of its ultimately standing and prospering.

In corroboration of this view, he began by referring to the mutiny:—  
What, then, was the result of this policy, pursued through a hundred years? The sepoy, ignorant of what Christianity was, judged it by the light that he had within, which was darkness. He judged it from his own ideas of religion; he supposed that it was a thing which he could catch like a disease; that by touching some Christian, or some Christian object, he would be infected with some Christian or with some Christian substance, he might, contrary to his own will and against his own wish, be seduced and entrapped into Christianity. The Effendi cartridge, made up, as the natives suppose—I don't know whether or not the supposition was false—with beaver's fat and pig's fat, was to them the very embodiment of a converting scheme. This was, in their estimation, the happiest device that any Government could have hit upon. They did not blame the Government in their hearts for wishing to convert them to Christianity; they thought it was a most natural thing for a Government to attempt. Religion is to the native a reality. It is the thread of his life. All his daily acts are beaded up upon this string. His festivals, his feasts, his fasts, his ceremonies, his domestic events, all enter into his religion, and his religion enters into them. The native is nothing without his religion; it is the backbone of his existence. He cannot, therefore, understand a Government ignoring religion; he cannot understand a vast body of Government is animated by a religious conviction, and that the Government of India

must be desirous of making as many natives as possible converts to its own creed. To the natives, therefore, the cartridge was a most wise and clever device. "Now," said the sepoy, "here is this little cartridge, with its beef fat; I put it to my lips as a Hindu, and I at once become a Christian. I taste beef; beef is my god; I have insulted and defiled my god; I have tried to eat him, and I am no longer a Hindu, but I am a Christian." So also was it with the Mohammedan. "This little cartridge," said he, "is mixed with beef fat, the very abomination of us Mohammedans; if I put this to my lips, and taste it, I renounce Mahomet and his law, and am no longer a Mohammedan, with this conviction in their minds, made a stand, and said, "We rebel against this cartridge." This, then, was the foundation of the Indian mutiny of 1857. Now I beg you, my friends, not to pass over this explanation lightly. It is a very difficult thing for people in England to understand the natives of India. Our idiosyncrasies are utterly different from theirs; our feelings and modes of thought are as far removed from theirs as the east is from the west; and therefore it is very difficult, for you at all events, to understand them. Even we who live in India for years, who pass our lives there, obtain but a shallow knowledge of the natives. If I say that humbly of myself, after a seventeen years' residence among them, you cannot expect that I shall do otherwise than say that it must be difficult for you to attain to any real knowledge of the natives of India except through the testimony of those who have spent their lives among them. Do not, therefore, be carried away by the shallow sophism that revolutions are not made with grease. That remark was very epigrammatic; but having been in India during the mutiny, and knowing the circumstances of it, I tell you it is as false as it is clever, that it is utterly delusive as an axiom applied to this case. That revolution was made by an Effendi cartridge, and nothing else.

He then referred, in support of his statements, to the different constitution of the armies of the three Presidencies, which explained their different action, the Bengal army having been guarded with most stringency by the Government against Christian ideas. He went on to describe the faithfulness of the native Christians, showing by many instances the striking change produced upon their mind by the spread of Christianity, their bravery in the defence of the Government, and the immense value of their service during the mutiny.

He next spoke of Havelock, the great Christian soldier; and then proceeded to review the events which had led to the saving of India, showing the wonderful Providence which had watched over British rule in that country. The Punjab had been saved by the timely despatch of a telegram by a British child in Delhi, and it had in turn been the means of saving India. The loyal Afghans under a recent treaty, the friendly bearing of the great majority of the chiefs of India for the loyalty of the people—all proved how God had wrought for us. The want of a leader such as Hyder Ali or Tipu Saib was also a remarkable providence. Had such men arisen, we must have been driven out. After referring to these indications at length, he thus concluded:—"My friends these things are wonderful. In them indeed, if we humbly say it we hear the voice of God. And what says that voice? Does it say that you had errors in your administration? Does it say reform your foolish laws; reform those things which were weak in your court policy? Does it say, disarm the people, if you want to hold the empire? Does it say, demolish the forts in which these chiefs take refuge, and which give you trouble when the struggle comes? Are these the lessons which the Voice proclaims to us? Or does it say, "India is your charge. I am the Lord of the world. I give kingdoms as I list. I give India into the hands of England. I did not give it for your benefit. I gave it for the benefit of 180,000,000 creatures. I gave it to them to whom I have given the best thing man can have—the Bible, the knowledge of the only true God. I gave it to you that you might communicate this light and knowledge and truth to these my heathen creatures. You have neglected the charge I gave you. You have ruled India for your selfishness, and I have chastened you; I have humbled you in your pride; I have brought you even to the dust; I have brought you within one step of ruin. But I have pardoned your offences. I have raised you up. When no mortal hand could save you from the results of your own policy, I, the God whom you have offended, have come to your rescue. I have lifted you up again, and I say to you England, that I once more consign this people to your charge. I say to you, that I once more put you upon your trial and I say to you take warning from the past." And, my friends, let us take warning. Let us not only take warning, but let us take courage. It is not the language of fanaticism which says, Christianize policy. It is the language of sound wisdom; it is the language of experience. I say to the Christian policy is the only policy of hope. I say that hitherto we have been living on in India without a policy at all—that we have been living from hand to mouth—and that now, at this late hour, we want a policy and can only find a sound and hopeful policy for the future in standing forth and boldly Christianizing our Government. What, then, shall we do? Let us, let all in our several spheres, men and women, influence our friends. Let us give our votes. Let us, if any of us have a seat in the Legislature, open our mouths, and speak the thing which we believe to be true. Let us not be afraid of men. Let us, as Mr. Wilberforce did, lift our voice in the councils of the nation, and tell these men who are legislating without a God in the midst of them, that in God only can empires and Legislatures be safe. You know, my friends, that between us and the Indian people the great want is the want of a link. We are divided by our religions. There is no amalgamation between the races. There is nothing to twine one within the other and cement our interests. We stand aloof—the heathen on one side and the Christian on the other—and find nothing in our worldly policy to bridge the space. We shall only find that link to unity. If we Christianize one man we have made one friend. If we Christianize a province, we have founded a Government. If we Christianize a people, we have made an empire. Let us observe that this war of 1857 is one of those great throes in which new eras are produced. A new era has been born to us in 1857, and it

is useless for us to try to return to the old order of things. We cannot do it if we would. The Government of India has been transferred to the Crown. Every single operation of this change serves to draw England and India more closely together. All our commerce, all our finance, and the new man who has recently been sent out to inquire into that subject, draws us nearer and nearer. The people of India are awake. They are not looking to their own kings and rulers. Their ken is abroad. They look to European alliances. They understand European war and European alliances. They understand the affairs of Russia, of France, of Constantinople. They know that Asia and Europe are inseparably knit together. Oriental thought is on the march and you cannot stop it, do what you will. If you ask me what is safe for the future—if you ask me to indicate a safe and expedient policy to the Government—I say, *An Open Bible*. Put it in your schools. Follow the noble example of your Queen. Declare yourselves as a Christian Government. Follow the noble example of your Indian people a Christian nation as her majesty has declared herself a Christian Queen, and you will not only do honour to her but to your God, and in that alone you will find that true safety rests.

Colonel Edwards resumed his seat amid enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.

### A BREAKFAST LONG TO BE REMEMBERED.

RELIGION IN THE HIGHER WALKS IN EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Dr. Leyburn, Editor of the *Presbyterian*, who is spending the summer abroad, has written some very interesting letters for that paper from the last of which we take the following account of a breakfast in the Scotch metropolis:

"Perhaps it may not be amiss, in order further to let the reader get a little glimpse of people in this Scotch metropolis, to open the door into a circle of another kind, that we may see how, in the saloons of wealth and refinement, piety has taken root, and in shedding its fragrance around. To the mansion to which I am about to refer, we were invited several times to dine, but previous engagements interfered, and we at last accepted an invitation to breakfast. We had no acquaintance with the family, and the invitation was sent simply because we were strangers from America, and the accomplished Christian hostess desired for herself, and others who were to be present, information as to the American revival. This excellent lady occupied a distinguished position—being the widow of a Lord, and the daughter of an Earl—and in her sweet expression, refined dignity, and gentle courtesies, evinces her intrinsic title to an elevated rank in society. Her home wears the air of wealth and style—the retinue of servants, the precious stairway, the handsome saloons, and the choice situations, commanding a most exquisite view of the suburbs of Edinburgh. After the company were assembled—probably some twenty guests having been invited—we were led in morning prayer, and by an old and intimate friend of Robert Murray McChesney. The servants of the household—the women, according to universal custom here, in tidy white caps—were arranged in a semi-circle, just outside the large doorway dividing the parlors, each of them Bible in hand. A Psalm was sung a portion of Scripture was read, and commented upon with an aptness and fervor of piety most edifying, and we were carried to the throne of grace in a prayer which was the true utterance of intelligent devotion, and which, I may say, for the first time in our experience in Scotland, was not too long."

After the conclusion of the breakfast, a gentleman stated that the hostess and her guests would be glad to hear something from their American friends in regard to the work of grace of which they had been hearing something for the last two or three years, and of the means which had been used for promoting it. Each of us being called upon in turn, we stated whatever occurred to us as most in point, they, in the meanwhile, interspersing questions for further information and elucidation. The rule of the Philadelphia Noonday Prayer-meeting, restricting prayers to three minutes, struck them as very curious; and as to the practicability of compressing an intelligently expressed prayer within that small compass, they seemed quite incredulous.

The reader will hardly be surprised, therefore, to learn that at the conclusion of this delightful Christian conference (which by the way, lasted several hours), it was very delicately, and with some hesitation, suggested that it would be very much gratifying if one of their American brethren would lead them in a "three-minute prayer," as they desired a practical illustration of our method. This being complied with, we bade farewell to these Christian friends having never met with most of them before, and never expecting to meet them in this world again, but feeling assured that we shall greet them in the "better, even the heavenly country."

Such is an illustration of what is now beginning to be seen of the prevalence and power of the Gospel in circles of society where, in former years, it was a thing either scorned or unknown. Let us thank God that amongst the lofty as well as the lowly, His name is beginning to be more and more honored and glorified!"

### THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The nineteenth century, though little more than half run out, will prove one of the most remarkable in the history of the world. As distance grows, many of what are now considered its great events shall like mountains afar off, fade on the eye, and at length sink out of view. Time

will fill up the letters which the sword has carved; new revolutions will throw down the barriers of existing empires; and some centuries hence the world will retain no trace of many who are now playing the chief parts on its stage. The men who have immortalized themselves and their times are those who, amid the din of machinery, or in retreats remote from the bustle of camps, the intrigues of courts, and the noisy combat of public assemblies, have studied the arts, not of war, but of peace.

When the world has lost almost all of Wellington but his name, James Watt shall live in his inventions. His genius shall continue through untold generations to subdue the soil and triumph over the sea; to employ the hands and fill the mouths of millions. Among many peculiar features of our age, one of the most remarkable is the expansive and the comprehensive character of its benevolence.

Our grandfathers or great grandfathers, though good people, were content to live for themselves. Their religion was contemplative rather than active. To live a holy life, to rear a virtuous and pious family, was the height of their ambition. Their sympathies were confined to a circle so narrow, that they remind one of the story told of an honest countryman, who, away from home, attended worship in the church of the parish where he chanced to be. The preacher was a great orator. The audience were moved to tears; not so the rustic. He sat hard and solid as the bench beneath him, and replied, when asked how he could possibly sit unmoved by such a flood of pathos, "Oh, you see, I don't belong to the parish."

In olden times, what did not belong to the parish, the neighbourhood, or the family, excited little interest. With exceptions hardly worth mentioning, the churches of Christ did nothing for the conversion of the heathen, either abroad or at home. Though there are now five vessels belonging to missionary societies sailing about their work in the Pacific Ocean alone, formerly no ships left London, Liverpool, Glasgow, or any other port, with missionaries among their passengers, and Bibles part of their cargo. Foreign, Home, City, Medical, Missions; Sabbath Evening, Apprentices, Factory, and Ragged Schools; Bible, Tract, Pastoral Aid, and Total Abstinence Societies; these, and many other such schemes, are the growth and glory of our own age.

Thus, while science and the arts have made unparalleled progress since heads now grey were black, and grown men were boys, the Church has not lagged behind. Pressing forward on her high career, she has kept abreast of them in the race.

Another remarkable feature of our era is the acknowledgment and practical application of the power of union; of co-operation, as better than individual action. Separate the atoms that form a hammer, and in that state of minute division they would fall on a stone with no more effect than snow flakes. Weld them into one solid mass, and swung round by the quarryman's brawny arm, they descend on the rock like a thunderbolt.

Stand by the falls of Niagara, and as the waters gathered from a hundred lakes, are rolling with the voice of a hundred thunders over the rocky precipices, fancy them divided into their individual atoms. They might gem with sparkling dew-drops vast tracts of field or forest; in clouds of gold, and amber, and purple, they might hang curtains around the gates of day; but where were the onward, overwhelming power of the majestic flood? Gone! and gone the vaunt with which a New Englander met the boast of a Neapolitan during a brilliant eruption of Vesuvius. The poor Italian had the glory of Vesuvius, if he had nothing else, of his priest-ridden country. Directing the attention of his companion to the mountain, as it shot up showers of fiery stones, and licked the sky with long tongues of flame, and poured streams of glowing lava down its riven sides, he exclaimed, "You have nothing like that in your country."

"No," said the other, with nasal twang, but thrust quick and sharp as rapier's, "yet, I guess we have a bit of water that would put it out in two minutes." Now, as with the combined power of men. They do in masses what they would not attempt, or, attempting, could not achieve as individual units. Bravely and gallantly as our soldiers fought at Waterloo, I doubt if there were twenty men on that field who would have stood up singly for seven long hours to be shot at like targets; yet, massed in solid square and column, how they stood! from morn to sundown, facing the foe, and biding not a foot, till night crowned their brows with victory. The wise man says that "two are better than one;" and our Lord himself illustrated the advantages of union when He sent forth His disciples two by two.—[Seed-time and Harvest; or, Pleas for Ragged Schools; by Thomas Guthrie, D. D.]

### A FRAGMENT.

I was lecturing, says J. B. Gough, in a small town once, and when the lecture was over, persons came up to sign the pledge. A number of young ladies were standing by, and looking at the signers with interest. Directly some of them came to me, "Mr. Gough, go out there at door, and get Joe to sign the pledge." "Why, I don't know Joe." "Well, he is standing out by the door." "Oh, I went, and standing there was a poor fellow, with an old tattered cap on

his head, torn shirt, dirty clothes, old boots, and a woe begone look. Says I to myself, this must be Joe. "How do you do, Joe?" said I. "How do you do sir?" "Joe, I want you to sign the pledge." "What for?" "Why, Joe, some fellows in there sent me after you." "What, who? why I didn't think I had a friend in the world." "Come on, Joe, come on," said I. He stopped, and said, "Look here, some fellows told me to bring a bottle of liquor in the meeting to-night, and get up and drink, and say, 'here's to your health.'" They would give me fifty cents if I did. Them's em all along the gallery up there; there they are. I ain't going to do it." He went to the door, and we heard him smash the bottle on the steps. He came in and went up to the table and commenced to write his name but he couldn't do it; so he braced himself, and caught hold of his arm, but he could not. Says he, "Look here, that's my mark." Then the ladies came up and shook hands with him, but he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and now and then wiped a tear away. "Stick to it," says one. "All right, Joe, all right."

Some three years after I was in that same place, and whilst going along the street, I saw a gentleman coming along dressed in a good suit—nice black hat, boots cleaned, and a nice shirt collar, with a lady on his arm. I knew it was Joe. "Says I, 'You stuck to it, didn't you?'" "Yes, sir, I stuck to me ever since." "Have stuck to me ever since?"

Some people think when they have persuaded a drunkard to sign the pledge, they have done. It's a mistake; it's then he wants your help. He is at the bottom of the hill, lower than the common level; he must climb; it's hard work he commences tremulously, feeble, doubting; he raises his feet, he gets a little way, and becomes put a little more right under his feet; there, he rests, he's tired, he starts again, feeling, he goes higher, he gazes around him and looks weary; he has worked hard and stops; put another peg right under his feet; he rests; he puts him right up; and when he gets up, he'll look and see those little legs all along, and he will not forget them, but bless and remember you.

### THE SMALLEST LOAF.

Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times." The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away without even thanking him. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out of it a number of bright silver pieces. The mother was alarmed and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has, no doubt, got into the bread through some mistake." Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for my child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who pines to remain contented with the smallest loaf rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

### THE WAY TO BE SAVED.

The natural heart always tries to merit something from God, instead of accepting a gratuitous salvation by Jesus Christ; and it is hard to drive even a convicted sinner from this platform of merit. Mr. Stewart, the missionary, tells how a sailor tried to lead a comrade on the right road:

R. is one of the happiest of creatures. All he says is worth twice its real value, from the manner in which it is communicated. He, last night related to me a conversion which he had with C, a few days since. C. came to him with a spirit greatly troubled, and wished to know in what manner he had obtained the light and liberty he appeared to enjoy; adding, "I believe the Bible to be true, and every word of it to be from God. I know that I can be saved only by the redemption of Jesus Christ. I feel my misery as a sinner. I believe everything; but how am I to believe so to be saved? I want faith; and how am I to get it?"

R. told him it was just so with him once. "I did not know," said he, "what faith was, or how to obtain it; but I know now what it is, and I believe I possess it. But I do not know that I can tell you what it is, or how to get it. I can tell you what it is not. It is not knocking off swearing, and drinking, and such like; and it is not reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good. It none of these, for even if they would answer for the time to come, there is the old score still; and how are you to get clear of that? It is not anything you have done, or can do; it is only believing and trusting to what Christ has done. It is forsaking your sins, and looking for their pardon, and the salvation of your soul, because He died and shed His blood for sin?" and it is nothing else."

One learned in divinity might have given poor C. a more technical and polished answer, but not one more simple, or probably more satisfactory.

### PRINCE ALBERT'S FARM.

LONDON, June 24, 1860.—As I have been somewhat of an agriculturalist, I hope my remarks as to what I say on Prince Albert's farm will not be devoid of some interest to some of our readers. It is situated near Windsor Castle, about twenty miles S. W. of the city, occupies, 1,000 acres 100 of which is never ploughed, and is wooded and sown with orchard grass, top-dressed every four years with liquid manure. The arable land is subsoiled every two or three years with four enormously large Scotch horses driven tandem; rotation of crops much the same as ours, without the Indian corn. Crush barley and oats in a mill, driven by steam; keep eighty short hored and Alderney cows; cow stalls made of iron; with waste pipe to gutter behind them; and thence to manure shed, from which it is pumped into carts, similar to ours for watering streets and sprinkled over the grass. Keep none but Suffolk and Berkshire pigs; prefers former on account of their taking on fat as one of the swine-herds said, "a dale of fat a dale quicker." The pigs are of stone, and paved with stone, being lower in the centre, from which a pipe conducts the liquid manure to keep.

In the garden saw peach, apricot, and plum trees—trained espalier; pine apples, strawberries and grapes in all stages of growth; latter finer than in countries to which they are indigenous and ripe all the year round. Melons will not grow in the open air, but they have very fine ones in frames. Her Majesty must certainly fare sumptuously every day. There are forty men to attend to the garden alone.

Mr. Tait, the gentlemanly manager of the farm, gave me every information desired. I also went to see the Queen's stables, at Buckingham palace—they would make more comfortable dwellings than two thirds of the people of London live in. English farmers have found out that the upper part of the stall ought to be lowered two inches at least. There are in these stable one hundred and sixty horses. Her Majesty is partial to greys; and may frequently be seen driving two in hand in Windsor Park. The Princess Alice drives four ponies, and is said to be an excellent horsewoman. I saw the eight cream colored horses that draw her Majesty at the time of opening or dissolving Parliament.

Their harness is red morocco, gold mounted, cost \$20,000, and the State carriage cost \$25,000 ninety years ago.

### THE UNCONVERTED WORLD.

Have our readers ever considered how large a portion of the inhabitants of our globe are without God and without hope in the world? The population of the globe is estimated in round numbers at one thousand millions. Of these, three hundred and thirty millions are the followers of Buddha, adherents of a system of utter Atheism, which acknowledges no God, no Redeemer, no resurrection from the dead; one hundred millions are the worshippers of Brahma, Vishnu, and Vivas, the most subtle and sophisticated of all the religions of the heathens, and at the same time the most utterly obscene and licentious; one hundred and fifty millions are Mohammedans; one hundred millions are African Idolaters, worshipping sticks, stones, or animals, as fetiches, and given up to the most debasing idolatry; ten millions are Idolatrous inhabitants of the Islands of the Pacific Ocean; sixty millions are connected with the Greek Church, and though versed in its corrupt creeds and image worship, know not the true God; one hundred and fifty millions are Roman Catholics, and though individuals among them may even through its runeries have found Christ, yet the great masses are ignorant of Him. Finally, one hundred millions are nominally Protestants, but how small a portion even of these are really Christians! Truly there is need to pray, "Thy kingdom come."—*Pres. Herald.*

CRINOLINE AT CHURCH.—I beg you will allow me to ventilate in your columns a grievance under which I am half-smothered every Sunday, and from which I see at present no prospect of relief. Ladies will persist in attending Divine worship in crinoline. Pews hired out to accommodate four persons will, therefore, now barely contain two. I myself rent a couple of seats in our parish church, which I attend regularly with my little daughter. The other two are rented by some neighbours of mine, handsome, well-dressed good-natured women, against whom I have nothing to say, save that they attire their persons from the waist downwards in a sort of steel ribbed apparatus, like a carriage umbrella inverted, over which acres of silks and muslins and ribbons are festooned. If they arrive before us they quite fill the pew, and my girl and myself are obliged hungrily to creep in under their petticoats; it being quite as much as we can do to keep our heads above crinoline during the service. If we happen to come before them to church they sit down upon us in the most remorseless way, swaggering and hoisting about their gig umbrellas in a manner which is most alarmingly discursive of their legs, on which they take good care to put very decorative stockings, not, I presume, in order that they should not be looked at—I wish, sir, that you would urge the London clergy to insist that on Sundays, at least, all crinolines should be doctored, or that ladies wearing them should henceforward be charged for church accommodation by the cubic foot instead of by the sitting.—[Letter in the Times.]