

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."--Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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## THE INTELLIGENCER.

### LOVE.

"A volume in a word."—Tupper.

Christ's love! what a mighty, all-absorbing subject. The human tongue fails to describe it, and the human mind can never understand it, for it is a love "which passeth knowledge." Jesus has innumerable beauties, forming a bright glory circle around his loving brow, but none of them shine so brightly as his marvellous love. It is as gold among the metals, myrrh among the spices, the rose of Sharon among the flowers of the field, and the sun in the heavens among the stars of God. Every other attribute and perfection of his nature receives glory from this one surpassing excellence. The eye of the Christian cannot gaze upon it without being blinded by its glory. His ear drinks in its rhapsodic utterances, but shall never hear the last note of its heavenly song. His tongue tastes its sweetness, but every day it grows sweeter, and flows on in its richer floods. His hand lays hold upon its treasures, but the exchequer is inexhaustible, for it is filled with the "unsearchable riches of Christ." His spirit revels in its festal hall, feasting on its luxuries and pleasures; yet those raptures grow more luscious, and in number and magnitude those joys increase. Oh! this matchless love, we cannot measure its heights and depths, or travel its lengths and breadths! Shall I tell you, dear reader, how sweet this love has been to my soul during the short years of my young life? Tell you! Ah, how can I? Even the value of what I have experienced of it, is impossible to utter. My tongue refuses to move; with excessive wonder and joy, it is paralyzed. Aye! and its silence is more expressive than its utterance would be, though that utterance were clothed with the eloquence of Apollo, on fire with the zeal of Peter, and gushing with the love of John. Were the swiftly gleaming lightning my pen, and the broad blue bosom of heaven my book, and I could write it full of the praise of my Saviour's love, yet even then you would not know how much I value it. And dear Christian reader you feel the same, do you not? If such His love to us in the past time, then what shall we think of it when, in the "better land," standing on its mountains of myrrh and hills of spices, our hearts are enlarged, and our intellects expanded, so that His love will be more deeply felt, and more fully comprehended! Ah, what a beat high my heart with rapture, and swell my bosom with joy; then shall I be lost in the bottomless abyss of love divine. But here below I know His love, and this is heaven on earth to me. What a privilege "to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge!" And yet, what a paradox it seems. But after all, it is no paradox. Come with me, dear reader, stand on the shingly beach, and gaze on the vast sweep of the writhing ocean. See how the curling waves twine their snowy wreaths again and again, till they near the shore, and then impetuously dash themselves at your feet. Look further out, and there you see the same thing again. Stretch your gaze to the horizon, and there far away you may behold the billows leaping and rolling on in their thundering march. Away, away, far away beyond the blue belt of that horizon stretches the mighty deep, with its swelling bosom and booming notes, but though your eye has never seen it, nor your ear heard it, you go away, and say "you have seen the ocean." So with the love of Christ, we can know it but in part—and oh what an overwhelming part! and thus it is possible to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Oh, what a marvellous love is Christ's to us! It comes to us with a priceless gift in its hand, and that gift salvation. That love, and that salvation swim to us in an ocean of blood, and that blood the blood of the only begotten Son of God. Now suppose that Jesus had redeemed us from destruction, and secured heaven for us, and us for heaven, all apart from his suffering the death of the cross. Imagine that he had done it without a cross, or woe, or sorrow; still would not his love have eternally filled our souls with wonder and gratitude? Or suppose that he had relinquished his crown, put off his robes, put on our flesh, lived and suffered in our world, and died on Calvary only for the righteous (granting that such existed); that would have been a subject for ceaseless song, and gratitude, and love. But it was not so. He died for sinners, even for those who had imbrued their hands in his blood. Yes! tell it ye thunders in darker climes; carry it ye lightnings, swift couriers of God, to the utmost parts of the universe—He died for his enemies!

"Oh! for such love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak."

What an unparalleled love is this! We read of no unrepented man who had ever loved his enemy, nor indeed do we find that any Christian man has ever died for his enemy. But men will do a great deal for their friends. When Benjamin was to have been detained in Egypt, then Judah offered himself as his substitute. History informs us that a certain king of Armenia would have given all he possessed for the deliverance of his family. The affection existing between Jonathan and David, and between Damon and Pythias, are patent to all. And who does not remember the noble Tigranes being taken captive, together with his wife, by Cyrus, that monarch asked him "what he would give for the freedom of his wife?" Immediately he replied, "I will, indeed, O Cyrus, ransom her even with my life, that she may be no longer in bondage." And can we not from all this gather that there may exist in the human heart, spite of its deep depravity, a noble and dis-

interested love? Yes, but we can go no farther, for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And this love and sacrifice have been rarely found. There are but few instances of it on record. Indeed it is not always that men will make the most trivial sacrifices even for their friends. But Christ's selfish love led him to die for his worst foes, his bitterest enemies. We were once his enemies, but he died for us. For us he grappled with death, and slew the monarch of the tomb. He bared his side to the stroke of justice, and bade him "turn here thy vengeful steel, and let the blood of this loving heart atone for the sins of mine enemies." The stroke came, and the sword, all bloody and reeking, was withdrawn from the gaping, gushing wound, and upheld before assembled angels and devils, while the dying sufferer cried, "It is finished," and the voice of justice declared, "I am satisfied." Here we see the love of Christ written out in blood-red characters. Oh! what a love! Dear reader, if you have been washed in the blood of Jesus, you can sing with me, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, unto him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever—Amen."—Chris. Cabinet.

### REVIVALS IN IRELAND.

Since I wrote last, very encouraging signs of revival have appeared on some of our circuits and Mission stations in the South. In the Roscrea and Cloughjordan circuits, which adjoin each other, a work has commenced which promises a considerable accession to our Church. A correspondent from the former circuit writes thus: "There has been a blessed work of God here. In the last three weeks more than one hundred persons have been converted. In a village, where we have a chapel, but only preach on week days, one of the local preachers went to meet a class and preach on Sabbath morning, when the power of God came down in such a manner that the meeting was continued for five hours, and upwards of ten persons were converted. This is but one instance out of many, and the work is still going on. I trust it will extend all over the country." Another correspondent writes:—"For six or seven weeks there has been a glorious revival in the neighbourhood of Toora, Echemon, and Shinnone. It is almost impossible to get the people to leave the meetings which last sometimes till two or three o'clock in the morning, and frequently from twenty to thirty find peace. Mr. G. went yesterday evening to preach in Toora (in a farm-house), but he had to preach on the lawn, as no place in the house would hold the people. A prayer-meeting was afterwards held in the barn, into which as many as could get standing-room were crowded, while the parlor was also filled. A large number of fine young men have been converted. In some instances whole families have found peace with God; and among the converts are to be found some notoriously wicked characters." This is highly gratifying intelligence. And I believe the flame is spreading among other denominations. A Presbyterian minister of this city told me yesterday that he had recently visited Parsonstown, and had the pleasure of conducting a prayer meeting in the Presbyterian church, which was attended by upward of one hundred and fifty persons, though at his former visit, about twelve months ago, six was the average number. Our missionary in Tralee has also had cheering indications of the Divine presence and blessing. Large congregations are attending his ministry, and conversions are constantly taking place. These are all southern districts, where Popery is dominant. No very extensive awakening can therefore take place without reaching many of the adherents of that system. The household and farm-servants in the country places visited by our ministers are generally Roman Catholics, and it is not too much to expect that where such a work of grace is in operation in the families in which they dwell, many of them may be led to a feeling of anxiety about personal religion which neither masses nor penances will be able to allay. While this good work is going on in the South, the North is still reaping the fruit of recent earnest efforts for the salvation of souls. From the camp meeting at Portadown a gracious influence has spread to neighboring circuits, and many conversions have taken place.—Dublin Cor. to Methodist.

HE TAKES NO RELIGIOUS PAPER.—Who takes no religious paper? A member of the church, and quite a leading man in the congregation to which he belongs!

Is he a poor man? No; he carries on a large business, and makes money faster than most of his brethren. If he were poor, there would be some excuse for him.

Is he an intelligent man? Well—yes; he takes one or two, or perhaps more political papers, and is well posted up in political matters. You might as well think to turn the sun out of its course as to convince him that any thing is wrong which his party advocates. And he wants every thing done in the church according to his way, and he is perfectly sure that his way is the way things were done in the purest and best times of the Reformation. But he knows nothing about the missions of the church. He does not know where she has missions established among the heathen. He could not tell you whether they have done any good. He could not tell you whether a descendant of Abraham has been converted these fifty years. He knows nothing about how other congregations in his church are getting along. So when one member rejoices, he cannot rejoice with it, and when another member suffers, he cannot suffer with it.

He casts a dime into the hat, once or twice a year, when collections are taken up, and then wonders what the church does with so much money.

### AN INCIDENT FROM THE NEW YORK DAILY PRAYER MEETING.

A young man arose and said he wished the meeting to pray for a brother of his, for whom he had more than once asked prayer. Within a few days he had gone round and visited the haunts to which that brother resorted. On one occasion he was up until two o'clock at night looking for him. When he came to find what was the character of the places to which he resorted he was completely discouraged, and had no faith that his poor brother would be converted. Still he kept on praying for him.

A Scotchman, who is an active and constant attendant upon the meeting, arose and said: The unbelief of our young brother is all wrong. He asks us to pray for his brother while at the same time he tells us he does not believe he will be converted. Now I want to tell you that you should never pray unless you believe. Why should we limit the power of God? What right have we to do it? How can we say that one case is hard and another is easy, when he has the hearts of all men in his hand and he turneth them whithersoever he will. You, or some of you, will remember that some time ago I asked you to pray for a young man. I want to tell you something about him. That young man had a pious father and mother and a very pious sister, who prayed much for him. One day I was at the house, and this sister said to me:

"I do not believe George will ever be converted."

"Why not," said I; "do you not pray for him?"

"Yes, I pray for him; but I do not believe he will be converted."

"Then," said I, "what you call prayer is not prayer. You must believe he will be converted, else all your prayers for his conversion are mockery."

The sister saw at once her error, and determined she would believe as well as pray, and be confident that God could convert even her brother George, far gone in sin as he was. And he was far gone. He had not been inside of a church for six years. He frequented theatres and all such places of dissipation and amusement. He had six friends—young men like himself—and they were continually going with him, on every night, from place to place.

Weeks passed away. One day I met George, and had a few words with him. I found him in great distress of mind, and he had been so for weeks. Sometimes he had not been able to shut his eyes in sleep all night long, for anxiety and distress of soul. One morning he rose from his bed after such a night of agony, and said to himself: "I will go to the prayer meeting with my father and mother and sister, if any of them will ask me to go."

The same day he came down town to his business, and one of his six young friends came running in, and said:

"Oh! George, they are going to have a new actor at Niblo's Theatre to-night—a bright star, and I want you to go with me. Will you go?"

George forgot all about his promise to the Lord, and agreed to go, and they settled the place where they were to meet and all about it.

When the friend had gone he remembered his promise to go to the prayer meeting, and he was in an agony of mind between the two promises—his promise to the Lord and his promise to his friend. He wished to keep his promise to the Lord and break his promise to his friend. He wished to go to the prayer meeting. But after tea the parents went off to the prayer meeting—then the sister—and not a word of invitation was given to George. They had invited him scores and hundreds of times, and he had always refused, and they supposed he would do the same now.

You cannot think what a conflict of emotion there was in that young man's heart. He said: "Oh! that my sister had invited me!" There he sat. At length a young lady came into the room and said: "George, your father and mother and sister have gone to the prayer meeting, and I want to go. Will you go with me?" No sooner said than done, and in a few minutes George was in the prayer meeting. He entered during the time of prayer, and when the prayer was concluded and the father and mother and sister looked up, there was George standing. They could not have been more surprised than they were to behold him—for as yet they knew nothing of his state of mind, but they had been for weeks praying and believing. The next day I brought George to this meeting—this blessed place of prayer, and here, within these very walls, God met him and spoke peace to his soul, and he went away a new man in Christ Jesus—went away rejoicing. Some of you will remember my stating his case and asking you to pray for him.

What did George do next? He went to his room and he wrote six letters, addressed to his six friends—frankly confessing the great change which had been wrought in him, and urging them to come and find for themselves what a blessed Saviour he had found.

Now I have the good news to tell you that four of the six young men have been converted, and one of them sat in our leader's chair three days ago and conducted, with great acceptance, the exercises of this Fulton street prayer meeting.

Now do not let this young man say to us that he has no confidence that his brother will be converted; but let him have confidence in God as able and willing to do all things for that brother that he will ask in faith. Oh! let us not be faithless, but believing.

Truth is the daughter of time; it will not always lie hid.

### MADAGASCAR—THE NEW KING.

The death of the Pagan Queen of Madagascar, and consequent ascension to the throne of her Christian son, are events of minor importance in themselves, but most pregnant of results when considered in relation to the spread of Christianity.

For more than thirty years, Queen Ranavola has dominated over the island, and opposed an insurmountable barrier to the progress of Christian civilization. Prior to the commencement of her husband's reign in 1808, the internal condition of Madagascar was almost wholly unknown to the rest of the world. The hardy mariners who traversed the Indian Ocean, sometimes touched upon the coast, but never penetrated inland. Upon his accession to the throne, Rarama immediately threw open the island to foreigners, encouraging them to settle among his people; chose the Roman letter as the character wherein the national language should be written; built public schools; opened roads and canals; abolished infanticide; discontinued witchcraft; and, above all, extended the utmost encouragement to the Protestant missionaries and to their schools, which, at the time of his death, had increased to more than one hundred, affording instruction to nearly five thousand children. All of these beneficent projects were brought to a speedy end when Ranavola poisoned her husband, and seized the reins of power. To undo, as far as possible, all that the king had accomplished, seemed to be her principal object. In addition to other cruelties, the schools were closed, and all missionaries driven from the island in 1835, since which time, native Christians, who had become numerous, have been subjected to cruel persecutions. Many of them suffered martyrdom.

In striking contrast to the character of this brutal woman, appears that of her son Rakoto, who, upon her death, August 1st, 1861, was immediately chosen King, and signified his entrance into power by revoking the edicts of his mother, throwing open the country to foreigners, and recalling the missionaries.

This once more is this largest island in the world, with the exception of Borneo, equal in extent to Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida, and with a population estimated by some as high as six millions, not only open to missionary labour, but calling upon God's people to hasten to the rescue.

### SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.

A correspondent to the *Montreal Witness* writes a long and interesting letter on the social condition of the South, and the cause and object of the rebellion, from a Southern point of view. From this letter we make some extracts which we think will interest our readers. On the social condition of the Southern people he says:—

The vivid contrast between the habits and manners, as well as the personal appearance of the people of the Northern and Southern States, cannot fail to strike the traveller in America, and he will not have crossed the dividing line many hours before he discovers that the ideas of the two peoples are essentially different. In the first place, a stranger will remark in the South, almost a total absence of that neatness and thrift which are characteristic of the Northern, and especially of the New England States. Even in the mansions of the gentry (in other words, of the large slaveholders) he will perceive a lack of finish—a something wanting—to impart to the building, or to the grounds surrounding it, that neatness and elegance which it might possess; the very atmosphere seems to breathe of careless indolence, and the keen shrewdness which is remarkable in the visages and gestures of the Northerners is no longer visible. Moreover, he will quickly discover that the very qualities upon which the people of the Free States most pride themselves, are in the Slave States looked upon with contempt. If he be simply a tourist he will be received with unlimited hospitality; if a professional man, he will be tolerated; but if a mechanic or small trader, although a certain hospitality will not be denied him, he will be regarded—particularly at a distance from the seaboard—as little above the level, in social condition, of the slave. In a word manual labor is accounted dishonorable south of Mason's and Dixon's line, and excepting in the seaports, it is rare to find a white man practising any mechanical craft. This scorn of handicraft has infected the poorer classes of the white population, hence their extreme poverty, degradation, and ignorance. Rather than labor with their hands, they will lounge idly about the streams, fishing; or stroll through the woods with their guns, in the hope of finding game; or failing this, they will hang on the skirts of some party of their superiors, hoping to gain some slight reward for any trifling service they are able to render. The American boast that education is universally diffused throughout the land, refers only to the North. It is a lamentable fact that in the central portion of the Southern States entire hamlets may be found, inhabited by "poor whites," not one of whom is able to write his name—few able to read the simplest book. That these people should readily become the dupes of their more enlightened fellow-countrymen is not to be wondered at. Despised by the very slaves, they form communities amongst themselves, and are ready to believe as Gospel truth, anything their superiors tell them.

Ask any one of these the cause or object of the present struggle, and he will be unable to answer you; but he has been told, and he believes it; that it is the object of the "Yankees" (amongst these people all Northern-men are Yankees) to overrun the South, liberate the negroes, and incite them to robbery and murder, and to perpetrate

unheard-of atrocities upon man, woman and child. And strange to say these poor ignorant creatures—much less thought of, and far worse lodged, and fed, and clothed than household slaves,—are the stoutest upholders of the "peculiar institution," which, from its natural working, has reduced them to, and retains them in their present condition of social, mental and physical degradation.

Priding themselves on being the lords of the soil, and the producers of the "raw material," which through the skill, energy and labor of the North, has conducted so much to the wealth and prosperity of the Union—and not alone of the American Union, but of foreign lands—the Southern planters, as a general rule, ignoring the labor and skill and expenditure of capital, without which the products of their soil would be of little value, have habituated themselves to the belief that they are the rightful aristocracy of the land, and that to them, of this natural right, appertains the government of the country, the control of all civil appointments, and the officering of the army and navy. Such opinions are quite freely and openly expressed in common conversation, and all Northerners who by any chance, happen to obtain a commission in the army or navy, or to hold one of the civil appointments they have been taught to regard as belonging to the South by right, are looked upon as vulgar, upstart interlopers, whose proper place is in the counting-house or the manufacturing.

### SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE SLAVES.

Some facts in relation to Slavery—their treatment by their masters, and the influence that Mrs. Stowe's celebrated novel "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had in bringing about the differences now existing, are referred to by the writer as follows:—

It has been said, and perhaps with much truth, that Mrs. Stowe's celebrated novel, "Uncle Tom," has done much to disturb the friendly relations between the North and South. If the book did not, the controversies and mutual recriminations to which it gave rise, doubtless, had that effect. At the North the statements of the authoress were fully credited, while at the South they were resolutely denied. The truth, as usual, rests between the two extremes. There is not a picture of cruelty, debauchery or oppression drawn in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has not had its counterpart in real life at the South. In fact, the authoress fully proved this in her "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," wherein she showed extracts cut from the Southern newspapers, corroborative of her story; but, at the same time, it must be confessed that, in all probability, since the institution of slavery was first established in the South, such atrocities as she has depicted in such glowing language were never perpetrated upon one hapless family. Like all novelists, Mrs. Stowe was compelled in a measure, to exaggerate, or rather to unite many evils in one, in order to give point and effect to her narrative. One enormous atrocity of which she writes, however, is necessarily almost a matter of daily occurrence, especially in Virginia, which is, *par excellence*, the "Slave raising State," and Richmond, which is one of the largest slave marts in Virginia. I allude to the separating of husbands and wives, mothers and children, when brought under the auctioneer's hammer. The anguish of the poor creatures thus separated—in most instances, for ever!—is often terrible to witness; but I must add, that the apathy, not to say unconcern, manifested by others, would appear incredible to me, had I not been informed that the union of husband and wife had been a *marriage de convenance*! (such arrangements are necessary where slave breeding constitutes the chief business of a great number of people); and that the father and mother had known from the first that their offspring were to be sent to market as soon as they reached a proper age! On the other hand, it is but just to say, that whenever it is possible, an endeavor is made to dispose of families in one lot, to one purchaser; but this act of mercy is rarely allowed to stand in the way of a profitable trade. So in families, and on plantations where the master is a humane man, an endeavor is always made—when, through some misfortune, a sale of live-stock becomes necessary—to keep husband and wife, mother and infant child together; but this cannot always be done; and at all times much depends upon the necessities as well as the disposition of the seller, and the requirements of the purchaser. Humanity, after all, is but a secondary consideration.

With respect to the working of slavery, I have only had an opportunity of witnessing it in three States, viz., in Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, though, I presume, these States afford a fair criterion from which to judge the rest. House servants are usually—in wealthy families—a pampered, indolent set, as haughty and supercilious as are their white confederates in slavery, in England. They are, or profess to be, generally speaking, much attached to their masters and mistresses, but I suspect this attachment is too often feigned, though I know more than one gray-headed old butler (out of livery) really attached to the family he has served from childhood, respectable, even gentlemanly in deportment and appearance, and truly worthy of the affection and respect with which he, in his turn, is regarded. The maid servants, particularly the good-looking mulattoes who are generally trained to become ladies' maids, are also much petted, though subjected to the caprice of their mistresses, whom they outvie, at least in gaiety of attire. With field hands, however, the case is widely different. When these latter have a humane master, who will not permit his overseers (in many instances, hard-featured, time-serving, flogging Yankees) to maltreat, or overwork them, they are usually a light-hearted, careless set, who, after performing their stint of work, amuse themselves by dancing and singing,