

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWS PAPER 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.

### REMARKABLE CONVERSION

OF THE REV. MR. W.—IN ENGLAND.  
The Rev. Mr. W.—pursued his studies at Oxford, where he acquired little knowledge of philology and still less of divinity, but all the more of the rules of fashionable politeness and what is called the *bouton*. Through the influence of a wealthy relative, he readily obtained the charge of a considerable parish, whose income, together with his own estate and his wife's dowry, enabled him to live as he listed. In the morning he would scour over hill and dale, attended by a number of well-fed hounds, and in the evening spend his time among jovial parties. His family and his parish were among those things he least cared for. Excelling in politeness, strangers who called on him could not cease admiring the grace and ease of his conversation, until they came to know him better. Even the poor of his parish were attached to him; not because he paid them pastoral visits or gave them spiritual advice, but because he was liberal, and without much ado, would bestow a few pence towards their temporal relief.

Some ecclesiastical business of importance one day led this clergyman to travel in company with one Captain Arnold, residing at the same place, to another lying at some distance from the parish. At the end of their first day's journey, they arrived in the evening at a small town, where they stopped at the best tavern they could find. After supper they requested the landlord to show each one to his room. But the inn-keeper, who was at a loss for words to express how much he felt himself flattered by having the honor of entertaining them at his house, told them it was so small that he could only furnish them with one room with two beds in it. "One room with two beds!" cried the clergyman; "I shan't agree to that!" Arnold interrupted him by saying: "My dear W.—, there is one way in which we can easily get over this difficulty. During my campaigns I have spent many a night in far more wretched quarters than this tavern. A pillow and a coverlet is all I want in your broad arm-chair. I am quite sure I shall be able to rest very comfortably till morning, and you can have the room with the two beds to yourself." W.—, however, knew too well what was becoming to accept the proposal. "You'll not beat me in this way, captain!" he replied; "we'll share the room together, and adjust ourselves there as comfortably as possible."

Notwithstanding his displeasure, the clergyman hastened to retire, but the captain was not in such a hurry. A difficulty which had not before occurred to him, now presented itself to his mind. It was his invariable custom, before retiring to bed, first to read a chapter in the Bible, and then to commend himself and his family by fervent prayer to the protection of God. Should he now observe this daily custom? Thereby he would run the risk of being charged with Pharisaism by his friend. Should he omit it for once? Thereby he would burden his conscience with guilt. The internal conflict was but of short duration; the captain resolved to obey the dictates of his conscience and to leave the result to God. Accordingly drawing out of his pocket his faithful companion, a New Testament, he read a chapter in it, with a serious and collected mind, and then kneeling down, humbly confessed his sins to God, thanked him for blessings received and enjoyed, and prayed him to preserve him in his grace and love.

Arnold, awaking early next morning, was surprised that W.— had already left the room. Having hastily dressed himself and attended to his accustomed devotions, he went down into the parlor. Judge of his surprise at finding the clergyman there, hastily pacing the room, with evident perturbation of mind, and showing by his whole deportment that he had spent a sleepless night, and that his heart was filled with animosity. Captain Arnold most anxiously inquired how he had slept? "Slept!" cried his companion; "why who could sleep while he heard you all night reading and praying?" And with that he continued, with rising anger, to pace the room, while his friend assured him how sorry he felt for having disturbed his rest; although always adding that he could not remember having made the least noise. Such was really the fact, but W.— would not hear a word about it. The captain, being well aware that this was not the proper time for entering upon such discussions, resolved patiently to bear the ill-humor of his fellow-traveller and to await a better opportunity for broaching the subject.

The second day of their journey towards home, the captain, having for some time kept silent, and having locked up in his heart his deep commiseration for his friend and his sincere attachment to him, the thought troubled him that, owing to a culpable weakness, he had neglected the most favorable, and perhaps the only opportunity, to open a religious conversation with W.—. He therefore attempted to express his feelings on the subject; but when W.— suddenly turned away with contempt, as though he were tired of a discourse of this kind, it did appear to him as though he were listened to with the most contemptuous indifference. He therefore concluded that there was no hope, and that it would be of no use to go on. But while indulging these thoughts, he perceived that his friend put up his hand to his forehead and sought to hide the tears that were quietly stealing down his cheeks. The aged veteran watched his motions with deep attention. His soul was greatly affected and he rejoiced over those tears, which appeared to him as the harbingers of coming joy. However, he did not let on to his friend that he had noticed his tears, and left him to his own reflections.

In this state they arrived at the same tavern at which they had spent the night before last.—W.— immediately inquired whether the room with the two beds was vacant. On receiving the landlord's affirmative answer, he turned to Arnold and asked him, with a courteous smile, whether he had any objections to his intending to pass the night in this room? "None whatever," replied Arnold, "and I even prefer it to every other, because this arrangement meets your wishes." After supper, the friends being alone in the room they had made choice of, the clergyman grasped the captain's hand and said to him in a tone of unfeigned humility: "You understand how to pray for yourself, my dear sir! will you also pray for me?" Arnold's surprise and joy were at first so great that he could not utter a single word in reply. But as soon as he had recovered himself, while affectionately squeezing his hand, he congratulated W.— on the happy change that had been wrought in him. Thereupon both knelt down in the presence of God, when the pious captain invoked blessings upon the head of his friend with all the energy of a living faith and all the eloquence of a deeply affected heart. Both friends then retired to rest, but not to sleep. W.— appeared to have an unquenchable thirst for explanation and solution. "Do talk with me," said he, "about the new birth, dear friend; what is the new birth?" Never was a master happier and more blest in his instructions, never a pupil more anxious to learn and more docile, than the captain and his friend. Now the clergyman recollected many things which formerly he had studied as an irksome task, and now he understood what he formerly considered dark and unmeaning. An unknown light enlightened and warmed his soul.

Next day the travellers arrived at home.—W.— entered the hall with captain Arnold, where they found his wife, surrounded by two or three blooming children. Embracing them with a kindness such as he had never before manifested towards them, he clasped them to his bosom and bedewed their cheeks with his tears. Then, turning to his wife, he said: "My dear! this evening we shall have family worship!" Mrs. W.—, casting a modest and affectionate glance at him, replied, in a subdued tone: "O! dear W.—, let us not to our other faults add that of hypocrisy!" "No, my dear," he replied, "I assure you hypocrisy will find no room in our family worship! I shall read a chapter from the Sacred Volume, and our friend here—pointing to the captain—will be so kind as to pray with us and for us!"

A brief explanation was now given to Mrs. W. of all that had passed between them. The change wrought in her husband, proved a source of the liveliest joy to her. The bell was then rung, to call in a servant. "John, said the master, go to my library and fetch me the Bible!" "The Bible, sir?" fearing lest he might have misunderstood him; this being the first time his master had ever charged him with such a commission. "Ah!" replied W.—, "justly may it create your surprise; often, yea daily, have I talked with you about my horses and my hounds, but never about the Bible. Go now and fetch me that too long neglected book." The other servants were likewise called in to take part in the family worship. They came trembling, fearing they should be met as usual by their master with harsh rebukes. But they were agreeably surprised when W. invited them in a kind tone to be seated. The whole family being assembled, the clergyman read a chapter in the Bible, with a serious and solemn tone: the captain led in prayer, and the remainder of the evening was spent in such conversation as had never before been heard at the parsonage. This occurred on Friday evening, and on the Sunday following the minister was as usual to mount the pulpit. On going to his library, he took up a collection of sermons, and while conning them over successively, he said at each new skeleton: "That's good for nothing! that's empty and frigid! that's wretched! Have I indeed (he continued, sighing,) fed the souls of my people with such trash, or have I not rather suffered them miserably to perish, while offering them a mere shadow of the bread of life? No! I will not, as I have heretofore done, continue to bid defiance to my God, nor lead the church He has entrusted to my care to perdition!"

W.—, not knowing how to prepare himself in a proper manner, resolved to apologize to his congregation, that his recent journey had prevented him from preparing a sermon. Sunday being come, he read the prayers of the church in such a serious and collected tone as none could remember ever having heard him read them. In his external appearance and in his deportment, there was something so new and so strange that his hearers regarded him with astonishment, and could scarcely trust their own eyes and ears. Having mounted the pulpit, he began by expressing his regret to his hearers that he had no time to prepare a sermon that would accord with his present views and his present faith. With unaffected simplicity he related to the audience the change that had been wrought in him, the means which God had employed for that purpose, and the nature and effects of his conversion. He confessed to them that he had hitherto been as a wolf in sheep's clothing, and that he was now resolutely determined, by the grace of God, to speak and act as a faithful servant of that Gospel which he now had the happiness to believe, and that he hoped henceforth to walk in sincerity before them, both outwardly and inwardly, and to feed them with the bread of life.

In this way he went on for more than half an hour, to preach Christ to his hearers, without a text and without perceiving that he was just preaching the very sermon for the non-composition of which he desired to apologize, and that

he had already commenced the work he had promised to accomplish. Finally, overwhelmed by the torrent of his emotions, he burst out into tears, and having come down from the pulpit, he was received with open arms by his friends, and everybody wept with him. He soon had a great assembly of devout and sincere worshippers of God around him; and to this day he is laboring with constantly renewed delight in the work which his Master entrusted to him. While thus witnessing in himself and in others the blessed fruits of his ministry, he gratefully remembers the day on which he heard Captain Arnold read the Bible and pray to God in the double bedroom.

### LORD BROUGHAM ON DEMOCRACY.

The British National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, recently held its sixth annual meeting, at which Lord Brougham delivered the inaugural address. His lordship, in his opening remarks, paid a high tribute to the late Prince Consort, "whose life," said he, "the whole world deplors; whose life was devoted to promote the social sciences; who never had but one object, nor felt but one desire—the strict discharge of all his duties—his duty to his family, his adopted country, and mankind."

From a condensed report of this able address we make an extract or two, which we think will be interesting to our readers, and which are certainly deserving of high respect, as coming from one of the oldest and ablest of British statesmen. In relation to Italy, his Lordship says:—

The kingdom of Italy appears at length to be secure of the only thing wanting to its consolidation—the capital; and the termination of the worst government in the world—the Papal temporal power; for it is inconceivable that the tyrant who has been dethroned and expelled from the South should any longer be allowed, with the help of that priestly Power, to foment dissensions which consist only in supporting borders of robbers and murderers, whose inhuman outrages minister to his revenge by tormenting the people he can no longer oppress. But it will not be enough to withdraw from the service of anarchy, pillage and assassination the support which Rome joins in affording them. The people have a right to emancipation from the worst of tyrannies, and to enjoy with their fellow-countrymen of Italy the unspeakable benefits of a rule which secures liberty without licentiousness, and protects them as well from the oppression of a sovereign as from the more intolerable thralldom of the mob of clergy and laymen. Thus we may live to exult in contemplating a change that humanity has everything to rejoice and to glory in, nothing to be ashamed of—"anarchy and servitude at once removed; a crown changed from the elective to hereditary; all foreign cabal banished; no price paid in blood; no treacheries, no intrigue, no system of slander more cruel than the sword, no insults on religion, morals or manners; no spoil, no confiscation, no imprisonments, no exile. This happy consummation, which these words of Mr. Burke will then apply describe, may be peacefully brought about without force, by the influence of France, and the Italian kingdom her ally."

On the subject of the American war and democracy Lord Brougham gives no uncertain sounds. His sentiments on the latter subject deserve to be pondered by all persons who would commit the government of a great country to the hands of an ignorant and impulsive populace, incapable of controlling and restraining their own passions, and whose love and hate are as fickle and uncertain as is the gambler's ill-gotten fortune. On these he says:—

A civil war has for twelve months raged among them far more dreadful than that, the prospect of which, on the banks of the Rubicon, struck horror through its author's limbs, made his hair stand on end, and stayed his steps; a war waged, not by a few thousand soldiers on either side, but by the whole people, frantic with mutual hatred, filled with a thirst of vengeance, only to be slaked by each other's slaughter. The prevalence of epidemic slander and falsehood in all their forms makes it impossible to trust the accounts that reach us. But enough is certainly known to prove that the conflict, besides the misery its cruelties inflict, must last long enough to impoverish the country in all its resources, and whatever be its results, to leave the people filled with bitter feelings which deprive peace of all the blessings that goodwill can bestow. The afflicting scene, distant though it be, has been regarded with as lively an interest as if it lay in our immediate neighborhood. With every disposition to put the most favourable construction upon the conduct of all parties, and with the fixed resolution to take no part in the deplorable contest, the Government has not only maintained the most strict neutrality, but withheld all expression of opinion upon the matters in dispute, all intimation of a wish as to the result; and in preserving this passive attitude, enjoined alike by wisdom and justice, it has also been the faithful representative of the nation. The earnest and universal desire of the people is to see an end of this most miserable war, and the only apprehension of rational and reflecting men is lest it should leave such a recollection of its dismal horrors as may hereafter prevent improvement where further separation might be expedient, as the remembrance of the Reign of Terror in France has for nearly seventy years made the people submit to everything rather than risk the recurrence of that calamitous time.

But a solemn and practical lesson is taught by these sad events, and the conduct of the Government on both sides is plainly to be deduced from its structure. The influence of the multitude is supreme, though sometimes disguised and occasionally overcome by the exertions, most rarely by the counsels, of the wealthier and more intelligent portions of the community. In all ages the tendency of democratic rule has been to promote war; while aristocratic states, from Sparta downwards, have been fond of peace. But the conduct of the operations of war, as well as engaging in that evil course, is to a great degree in the hands of the multitude, when their voice prevails in the councils of the state; that is to say, those who are wholly ignorant and unfit to advise are predominant over the skillful and well-informed. Does a general displease them, they require his removal—it may be his punishment. It is in vain that the chiefs of the state resist the demand; they are compelled to obey. This obedience, this yielding their own opinion to the pressure of the

multitude, is the gravest offence that rulers can commit. Thus generals who had gained victories again and again, like Lockner and Custine, were sent to the scaffold, when a partial reverse, or an alleged slowness to carry on operations dictated by the Paris clubs, raised a clamour against them. Thus a prince, the most accomplished warrior and statesman of his age, Bedford, tarnished his great reputation by yielding to the multitude, and sacrificing the Maid of Orleans to their fury, well aware that she had committed no offence, and was a prisoner of war, after rendering services beyond all praise to her sovereign, the Duke's ally. But a yet more memorable instance of this heinous crime, vainly sought to be disguised under the name of weakness, is the Great Sacrifice, suffered, nay designed by Providence, acting as ever through second causes; the giving up our Saviour by a governor who thrice over declared his belief in the innocence, nay in the Divine mission of Jesus, but, unable to resist the clamour of the mob, referring to Caesar, and using his name as well as the high priest's—a Church and King mob; and when we hear sceptics, or rather unbelievers, commending Pilate for his fairness in declaring the mob's victim guiltless, and his courage in standing up against the priests their leaders, it is exactly that which works his condemnation, and of which he himself distinctly expressed his shame, ascribing it to his blameworthy weakness, as all do who have acted this atrocious part when the danger is over which they have escaped by their baseness. He in truth confessed himself guilty of murder. He fell into universal and merited contempt, and being removed from his government, died by his own hands. And let it not be supposed that such extreme and rare instances as we have been contemplating, are the only ones of criminal submission to the influence of the multitude. The tyrant of many heads, like the single and ordinary one, does not always rule his slaves with a rod of iron—does not constantly exact enormous sacrifices. But if the first submission be not stoutly resisted, the tyrannical power despises all bounds; caprice is added to domination, while submission becomes a habit, and the reign of reason and knowledge is at an end. Unbounded calamities overwhelm the State bent under the yoke of the multitude, and that yoke cannot be shaken off without a dreadful struggle, involving new and more painful sufferings.

## Correspondence.

### CITY.

St. John, July 10, 1862.  
In the very beginning of my letter (Mr. Editor), I desire to extend my hand for a hearty and fraternal grip, to "R. W.," your new country correspondent.

Greatly shall the hearts of your country readers delight themselves in his breezy letters, for he is one of themselves; a man whose mind, though it has been tutored in the high halls of Edinburgh University, and for a good many well spent years since, has grappled with the great truths of law and gospel, is still not above taking a kindly interest in rural affairs. Pigs, poultry, hay, turnips, rotation of crops, subsoil plows, the virtues of lime, salt, guano, on all these subjects, kind country readers, R. M. is posted up. There are few men whose cheque, on the "Bank of Nature" is cashed in better corn or more abundant potatoes; and I, the city correspondent, doomed to do all my farming in the market, am almost tempted to covet the privilege of foraging on the glebe of my Shetland brother.

But let me say a word in favour of the city. Is it Pope who says, "The study of mankind is man." Well if that saying be true, every city is a library, crowded with the most valuable and interesting works of all kinds, from the handsome volume in rich binding, on satin paper, with gilded edges and clasps, containing nothing but flashy pictures of fashionable life and silly chapters of small talk, all the way up to the substantial edition of manhood, womanhood and childhood, in plain strong binding, with little ornament, but full of sound sense and practical wisdom. Ah, my friend, the city is the place for studying human nature. I recollect in a visit to Oxford a few years ago, going through the Bodleian library. There are a good many famous old relics, the lantern of Guy Fawkes, some beautiful alabaster models, copies of renowned statues, &c.; but the fact of prime interest to me, was that on the shelves of this library is deposited a copy of every book printed in the United Kingdom. So here may be found an epitome of the learning, poetry, wit, sense and nonsense that has filled the brains and driven the quills of the British nation for a great many years. Just so, a city, especially the metropolis, contains a specimen copy of all the various editions of humanity published in the country, representative men of all classes, thus greatly facilitating the study of human nature, which, though not a branch included in the University curriculum, is a most important part of the education of either priest or layman. This, my dear R. W., I think a pre-eminent advantage of city over country life.

Besides, in a little village you soon come to know all the little peculiarities, the local lions and institutions, but in a large city there is always something more to be found out; for who is there that understands all the mysteries of Paris, or London, or even of St. John. Let me call the attention of my country friends to an institution, which I fancy may be peculiarly a city institution, I mean, *ringing for rent*. Now it is to be supposed that any person who listens to the preaching of the Gospel, even occasionally, would become sufficiently christianized to pay his pew rent promptly, but alas, poor human nature! such is not always the case, as vestrymen and ruling elders, and deacons, and sextons, know to their sorrow. Quarter day arrives, and there are a good many sinners and some nominal saints who are in arrears for the pew: patiently the vestryman, elder, deacon or sexton, waits at the appointed place all the long hours of the morning. 'Tis high noon, but still the list of delinquents is discouragingly large; at such a time

thrice blessed is the church whose steeple holds a bell. And now begins the ringing. At first, if your own rent is paid, you think there may be a great fire, and you listen for the deep solemn voice of old Tom in the tower on the Square; now the clatter increases; lusty bellmen vie with each other, great bells, little bells, bells with a high sharp note, bells with a rich musical tone, bells from Presbyterian steeples, and bells from Episcopal steeples, gently reminding bells of rich churches whose delinquents are few, earnest entreating of churches largely in arrears, good natured bells for those who are willing to pay, and hoarse jingling bells for those who never pay. Why you might almost forget that you were not in Florence or Naples, where the bells rest not day nor night, or in Moscow, where pious Greek Christians, having a private rope to the clapper of the bell of their church, ring for devotion, and honor the saints in Heaven by disturbing the peace of sinners on earth. I am not quite sure that this ringing for rent is practised by every church that owns a bell, but the number is large enough to give you a very vivid impression of the weakness of human promises, the dullness of human memories, and in some cases the emptiness of poor people's purses. I wish I could tell you that these bells are always the means of calling in all the outstanding pew rent; let us hope they are. But it is only the debts of the church on whose account the bells may be rung, for if all the business houses were to follow that peculiar fashion and mount bells on their warehouses, to be rung in the ears of all non-paying creditors, I think a residence in the country would be an absolute necessity to all people with weak nerves.

There is a sad significance about this ringing for rent. About every other kind of bells there may be something pleasant or of goodly influence. Wedding bells, of course every body except discarded lovers, soured old bachelors and antiquated maidens, enjoy their merry peal; the sound of the church going bell is a delight to all good people; the bell that tolls for the loved and lost may have an echo from the sky, which comes like the soothing voice of a guardian angel. Fire bells too, though there is little possibility of any thing pleasant connected with them, often call out deeds of daring and of mercy, by which the devouring element itself might almost be shamed into quietness, when some sleeping child is snatched from its very jaws. But what redeeming feature can there be about rent bells? If the bells had any brains they would be ashamed to have their tongues which were meant to speak words of solemnity, of joy, of invitation to the house of God, put to the use of dunning delinquent debtors. There can be but few who would neglect the voice from the steeple as it calls them to fulfil their obligation and settle their accounts with the church; alas, that there should be so many who neglect and even despise the voice that calls from the Heavens, bidding them pay their vows to God, and make ready for the great day of reckoning, when not the use of a little space in a church edifice is to be accounted for, but the use of the Gospel itself, the rent of the world they live in, and all the short-comings of a lifetime are to be adjusted!

HAVEN.

### EDUCATION.

#### NO. IV.

Mr. Editor.—In my last, reference was made to the new regulations recently adopted by the Board of Education. I question if all our teachers will comprehend the whole force of the change thus effected.

It may be supposed by some, that these regulations are intended to prevent payment being made by Government for very small and irregular schools; that the oath is to cover this point only; but, if a close examination be made, it will be found that the teacher attests to the correctness of his returns in every particular; in a word, that the *Law and Regulations* have been compiled with. Probably the most difficult point teachers will have to meet, will be the obtaining of the moiety from the people, upon which hangs their whole salary; should they fail in this, they must necessarily delay making their returns.

All must be aware of the tardiness with which school bills are paid under the most favourable circumstances, but what adds greatly to the difficulty is the unfavourable periods in which these will fall due.

No two seasons of the year could be chosen so unfavourable for obtaining money, as those allotted to the teacher for collecting his school bills, viz., 31st Nov. and 30th Sept. of each year. Now that the Board requires the teacher to attest to a compliance with the school law and regulations, as well the correctness of the marks on register, as the amount received from the people, it becomes evident that a further change in the regulations is absolutely necessary. If the Board has any compassion left for the teacher, or wishes him to continue at the business, it will proceed at once to change the time of the ending of our school terms. These should end about the 20th June and 20th Dec. of each year, at the end of which the holidays should follow. From this arrangement, two advantages would accrue.—Money being more abundant at those periods, teachers could collect their bills and make their returns in proper time; a second advantage would result, from the fact, that such teachers as had to seek new situations, could do so during holidays, and not lose, as now, some two or three weeks out of the first of the term, which they are never able to make up, and which loss many are but poorly able to bear. It would appear, as though the present arrangements were made for the sole accommodation of officials, without the first regard to the interest, or wishes of the