

# 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.

### THE HACKNEY COACHMAN AND THE TRAVELLER.

The rain was falling heavily, on the evening of a gloomy day in the month of November, 1815, when I alighted from an Oxford stage-coach, at Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly, and requested the office porter to call a hackney-coach. The only one on the stand speedily drove up, and I entered it, and desired the coachman to drive to Camberwell, where I then resided. On hearing the direction, repeated by the porter, the man declared, with many awful imprecations, that he would not go there; that he lived near Shoreditch; that his horses had been worked all the day, and were unable to go so far. I put down one of the glasses, and remonstrated with the man, but for some time in vain: while his language became, if possible, increasingly profane. At length, as he still refused to move, I reminded him that he was rendering himself liable to a serious penalty, but that if he drove on until he saw another coach that was disengaged, I would gladly pay him for his trouble and release him; and that, were it not for my luggage, I should much prefer walking in the rain, rather than be compelled to hear the words which continually fell from his lips. After a considerable delay he drove onwards, and on arriving at my house, demanded more than double his legal fare. On alighting, I left, according to my usual custom, one or two tracts on the seat of the carriage.

More than twelve months afterwards, when I had forgotten the circumstance, except when reminded of it by hearing other swearers, I arrived at the same office in a Bath stage-coach, late in the evening of a cold winter's day. A hackney-coach was called, into which I entered, and was somewhat surprised at the extraordinary civility of the coachman in assisting in the proper disposal of the luggage. On his hearing the porter inquire the direction, he said, "Don't trouble the gentleman, I know the house at Camberwell." Supposing him to be a person who resided in that neighbourhood, I took no further notice than to observe that he stopped at my gate, asked precisely his legal fare, and actively assisted in carrying the luggage into the house. As he was cold and wet, I asked whether he would take some refreshment and to my surprise he answered, "If you please, sir, I will trouble your servant for a glass of beer." On expressing my satisfaction at his moderate request so unusual from the lips of a hackney coachman, he said, "I was once as fond of spirits as any of them, sir; but I have not tasted anything stronger than beer for a year past."

After a slight pause, he added, "I know you, sir, though you have forgotten me." I said I had no recollection of having ever seen him before that evening. "Oh yes, sir," he replied, "don't you remember alighting from a west country coach in Piccadilly, about a year ago, and being driven home by a coachman who swore dreadfully, and for a long time refused to move? And I told you an awful lie, sir, in saying my horses were tired, when they were quite fresh; but I didn't like the long drive to Camberwell, and then to Shoreditch, where I live."

I then recollected the man, and told him I should not have known him again, as he appeared to be much altered.

"I hope I am, sir," said he, "and I am sure I ought to be."

Becoming increasingly interested, I inquired to what the change was owing. His answer to this question was given in nearly the following words:—

"For I believe memory has on the whole faithfully retained them:—"

"After I left your house, sir, on that blessed night, I had no other fare on my way home to Shoreditch. After attending to my horses, I went, as I always did, to examine the coach, and see if anything was left in it—not to give it back to the owner, sir, I am sorry to say, except a reward was offered for it—but to use it as my own. On the seat of the coach I found two little books, and took them into the house in my hand. While my wife was cooking my bit of supper, I began to read one, and the very first words I read went to my heart like an arrow. These were the words, sir, 'The Swearer's Prayer.' I dropped the little book on the table, and called out, 'What! can a swearer pray?' and when I took up the little book again, there were the very words I had said. I could not eat a morsel, sir, until I had read every word of it. I went to bed, but I could not sleep all night for thinking of what I had read. As soon as it was daylight, I got up and read the little book again and again; and when my wife came down, I read it to her before our breakfast."

"Mary," I said, "it is all true, every word of it; many a time in the day have I prayed for my own everlasting ruin and destruction; but only see what is here, *Repent and turn to Jesus, who died for sinners*; and the poor thing cried, *sir*, as though her heart would break; and I could not help crying too, though it was many a day since I had shed a tear. 'Mary,' I said, 'this is Sunday morning; I have not been into a place of worship since I was a schoolboy; we will go to one to-day.' And so we did, sir, and what do you think were the first words she preached?—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' My wife remembered where the minister said the words were to be found, and when we got home, she went and borrowed a Bible from a neighbour, and we spent a good bit of the rest of the day reading it, and talking of what the blessed Saviour did and suffered for poor sinners. If ever a wretched sinner prayed in his life, I am sure I

prayed that night. This is all I have to tell you, sir, except to thank you from my heart, and my wife's heart too, that you ever put that little book on the seat of my coach."

I have never seen the coachman since that night; but about four years afterwards, I sat for an hour with his wife and two grown-up daughters, in his humble but remarkably neat and cleanly abode. Their conversation, and a glance around the little room, confirmed all my hopes, and convinced me that it was a happy home. A large Bible, bearing plain marks of being frequently read; the "Pilgrim's Progress," and a few other books, were on the table; and among them I beheld some copies of "The Swearer's Prayer." The good woman saw the smile that accompanied my look, and, with much emotion, said, "Oh! sir, that was a blessed evening when you put that tract on the coach-seat."

"Pray," said I, "is your husband afraid of losing the good impressions made upon him, and so keeps a few copies of the tract here that he may be reminded of it?"

"No, no, sir," she answered; "but every morning, before he goes out with the coach, he puts two or three of them in his pocket, that he may give one to a swearer, and tell him to read it, and pray that it may be blessed to him as it has been to us."

I inquired whether he had any reason to believe that such had been the case. "I do not know that he has, sir," she replied; "but sure it is a work of faith, and why should it not do for others what it has done for us? It brought us to the word of God, and the Holy Spirit made us understand the blessed truths of the Bible, and led us to Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinners. Oh! sir," she said, with deep emotion, "when I remember what we were formerly, I know what comfort we enjoy now; I often feel as if I could cry out, 'Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.'"

I had waited for more than an hour, expecting the man's return home; but as he did not arrive, and I could not, without much inconvenience, remain longer, I rose to depart, saying, there was one question which I should ask him if he were at home, and perhaps she would not be offended if I told her what it was—whether he took out his coach and horses on Sundays.

"Never, sir," she answered, with animation; "nor has he once for the last four years. He thinks it would be very wrong to do so, and he against the holy law of God. He often says, sir, that the cattle have just as much right to the day of rest as man has." After a slight pause, she added, "And, thanks be to God, we are none the poorer for obeying his law."

I left that house with the Redeemer's words upon my lips, "Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

Reader, this is a true story. What are the lessons that you and I should learn from it?

1. Despair not "the day of small things." The great and glorious Creator of the universe, in his infinite wisdom, carries on his ordinary works of nature from small beginnings. The largest oak of the forest was once an acorn; and so it is with his work of grace. The Lord of life and glory has compared the beginning of that work in the heart of man "to the least of all seeds." And in this story of the coachman, we see how a little tract was made the means of bringing an immortal soul to the knowledge of Him, whom to know is life eternal.

2. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Every blessing is accompanied by an obligation. If you have acquired a good, you have only half fulfilled the gracious design of God, which is, that you should impart to others the blessing which he has conferred upon you. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether they both shall be alike good."

3. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." One of the wisest and best men of our country, Judge Hale, often said, he knew it would be a happy week with him if he had kept the Sabbath holy. And he who writes this tract has conversed with many convicts under sentence of death, scarcely one of whom but has confessed that the first sin of which he was conscious was that of not keeping holy the Sabbath day.\*

\* This narrative may be had as a separate tract, at the Depositories of the Religious Tract Society.

"No Sorrow There."—An interesting account of an infidel's conversion was recently given in a daily prayer-meeting in Chicago. It is said that the man, while on his way to take the cars for the East, heard a little Irish boy who was sitting on the door-step, singing,

"There'll be no sorrow there,  
There'll be no sorrow there."

"Where?" inquired the skeptic, whose mind was impressed by the words. "Where is it there'll be no sorrow?" The boy answered,

"In heaven above,  
Where all is love,  
There'll be no sorrow there."

The infidel hastened on to take his seat in the cars; but the simple words of that hymn or chorus had found a lodgment in his mind. He could not drive them from his thoughts. They were fixed. A world where there is *no sorrow*! This was the great idea that filled his mind. He dwelt upon it—revolved it over in his thoughts. It was the message by the Spirit that led him to the Saviour, who delivers the lost and ruined from sin here, and raises them to that world of joy and glory where sin and sorrow are unknown.

### AN AMERICAN IN SPAIN.

THE PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS IN GRANADA. A few months since, while strolling beneath the walls of that enchanted palace, the Alhambra in Granada, the magnificence of which Irving has so finely described, I frequently came upon an old Moor, a noble representative of that race whose power was once as brilliant as supreme in all that portion of the Iberian Peninsula.

The air of the man attracted me. His very step indicated a purer than Castilian blood! His bowed form, and sad, proud countenance, as he sat down to rest at the fountain of the great Gate of Justice, reminded me of those who centuries before sat weeping beneath the willows of their own early homes.

Aben Hassan, although past his three score, welcomed with undisguised pleasure a representative from the home of the historian of his fathers' greatness. What he said of an ancestry prouder and richer than Medici or Bourbon; of his rightful kingdom, more attractively lovely than any equal area on the Continent; or of his hate of Spanish power which had overrun and trampled upon the best and dearest privileges of his race, it is not my purpose here to write.

"I never get tired of this place," said he, as he came tottering up from the city below to his accustomed seat, "my heart beats stronger, Sir, as I tread here the hallowed ground of my family." Our conversation turned upon the causes which led to their overthrow, and thence naturally to Catholicism as it now exists in Spain.

"Yes," said he, in answer to my question, "I am a Roman Catholic in name. We Moors, though outcasts in Spain, are forced to a subordination to the Church, if we would remain by the graves of our fathers; but I never go to confession; I eat when and what I choose; I do as others do. It is true that every person must be subject to the Church; but a little money placed in the hands of a certain dignitary here, purchases complete absolution. I am comparatively safe." Then glanced quickly about to ascertain whether any one could hear him, in a subdued voice he whispered, "Sir I am not a Catholic."

Seeing that I sympathized with, and was deeply interested in his subject, he continued: "More than thirty years ago I was standing at the door of a hotel in the city below us, on the arrival of the Seville diligence, and saw alight therefrom a pale, sickly looking Englishman; to this hour I remember how his uneasy blue eye seemed to read my heart in its glance. Two weeks had passed, during which he had become somewhat familiar, when George Borrow took me to his room, and told me *why* he came to Spain, and that he wished me to help him in the distribution of Bibles, a large number of which he had with him. I did help him; he has gone to his rest. There are but ten Bibles remaining in this city; these are kept concealed, except when read by stealth, being loaned from one to another among those who love the truth as it is in Jesus. On the slightest suspicion of tendency to Protestantism, the priesthood and their emissaries enter and search the dwellings of the inhabitants, and the discovery of a Bible would subject the owner to possible imprisonment and the confiscation of his property by government."

The old Moor's story was the truth, as I afterwards learned from other sources. Aben Hassan is one of more than two hundred humble followers of Jesus, who in that palatial city are regularly organized as a church. Scores of these Christians I have met, who are persecuted almost to death by the minions of the pope, who have the government of Spain so thoroughly at their will, that Bibles, Protestant books and tracts are declared contraband, and those who read or teach them subject to the severest penalties of the law. Christians are hunted from city to city, parents even informing against their own children. An instance of this kind occurred during my stay there. A young Spanish student in the University of Granada, became convinced of the errors of the Catholic Church. On learning the fact his father became enraged, and reported it to the priest, who after strenuous but futile efforts to convert him, brought his case before the archbishop. The young man was obliged to flee at night in disguise. It was my privilege to see and help him, and to know also that he arrived safe in England, where he is now pursuing his studies.

In the city of Granada, in a prison viler than was ever the Bastille, there now are fifteen persons (one a female of sixteen), whose only crime is that they are Christians.

Some of the more liberal papers of Spain, have dared to protest against these proceedings, and, in consequence, have been fined from three to six thousand dollars each.

Foreign interference had been attempted in vain; that haughty Castilian pride permits nothing which shall in its effects dim the glory of their "peculiar institution."

As from earliest time, so in Spain, the persecution of Matamoras, Alhamar, and others, has served to "multiply converts exceedingly." To those of old Granada has recently been added one of the highest civil officers of that vast province; a gentleman of rare intelligence and ability, who still maintains his position, because unsuspected.

Who will not pray that both Moor and Spaniard may soon work together, united and rejoicing in the faith once delivered to the saints?—*Cor. of the New York Observer.*

Joseph's heart was full of love to his brethren, even when he spake roughly to them and withdrew himself from them, for he was fair to go aside and ease his heart by weeping; so the heart of God is full of love to his people, even when he seems to be most displeased with them and to turn his back upon them.—*Brooks.*

### THE ICEBERG.

Some years since a vessel lay becalmed on a smooth sea, in the vicinity of an iceberg. In full view, the mountain mass of frozen splendor rose before the passengers of the vessel, its towers and pinnacles glittering in the sunlight, and clothed in the enchanting and varied colors of the rainbow. A party on board the vessel resolved to climb the steep sides of the iceberg, and spend the day in a picnic on the summit. The novelty and attraction of the hazardous enterprise blinded them to the danger, and they left the vessel, ascended the steep mountain of ice, spread their blanket on the surface of the frosty marble. Nothing disturbed their security or marred their enjoyment. Their sport was finished, and they made their way down to the water level and embarked. But scarcely had they reached a safe distance before the loud crash of the crumbling mass was heard. The scene of their gaiety was covered with the huge fragments of the falling pinnacles, and the giant iceberg rolled over with a shock that sent a thrill of awe and terror to the breast of every spectator. Not one of that gay party could ever be induced to try that rash experiment again.

But what is this world with all its brilliancy, with all its hopes, and its alluring pleasures, but a glittering iceberg, melting slowly away? Its false splendor, enchanting to the eye, dissolves, and as drop after drop trickles down its sides, or steals unseen through its hidden pores, its very foundations are undermined, and the steady decay prepares for a sudden catastrophe. Such is the world to many who dance over its surface, and in a false security forget the treacherous footing on which they stand. But can any one who knows what it is, avoid feeling that every moment is pregnant with danger, and that the final catastrophe is hastening on?—*The Prayer Meeting.*

A WONDERFUL WORK OF GOD.—The progress of the Gospel among the Karens in the mountains of Burma, is thus sketched by one of the missionaries. It truly illustrates the wonderful power of the Word of God:—

The first Karen convert, baptized in 1828, was Ka Thabuy, a man who confessed that before his conversion he had murdered upwards of thirty persons. In the first five years, the converts were 102; in the second, 684; in the third, 963; in the fourth, 5,590; during the years 1852-7—5,000. Thirty years since they were unknown to the Christian world. They had no written language, no books, no teachers, no schools, no churches. Now they have an alphabet, twenty volumes on history and science, and the entire Word of God;—a noble monument of Christian beneficence, and of the skill and industry of the missionaries. They have schools by thousands, and a liberality that would put to shame that of many churches in this country. We have received more than we deserved, an abundant return for our labors, our money, our sacrifices for God. Look at Toungoo. On the mountain tops and in the valleys, five years ago there was the darkness of moral death. They paid no taxes, they knew little of God, they had strife and contention, but not the Gospel. Three years pass; they have forty chapels and more than 2,000 converts. One year more passes;—they have forty-two organized Baptist churches, 101 stations, 102 assistants, 101 schools, 2,426 pupils, and more than 5,000 baptized converts.

The first Karen missionary society was formed at Onkyoung, in 1850. Mr. Abbott gave an account of the missionary work among them. He had spoken two hours, and thought they would be weary; but they cried "Go on, go on. Talk to us all night. We want to be informed of the work of God." Their first contribution was between one and two hundred rupees, and two (native) missionaries were appointed. Then they were oppressed by tyrannical masters. In 1856, their contributions amounted to 8,000 rupees—nearly as much in Bassein alone as in all Western New York. Three years after the churches in Tavoy make a magnificent offering to God of a foreign missionary. It was their reverend teacher San Quala. They prayed over the subject, and when they were convinced that it was the will of God, they gave him up willingly, gladly; and "never," said Mr. Thomas, "did I witness such a manifestation of the Spirit of God as at that meeting." The churches of Bassein have recently given up the best man of sixty native preachers to go 400 miles above Ava. In Bassein, that is a foreign field. Ava is to a Karen of Bassein as far away as the city of the Montezumas from us; and this is 400 miles beyond Ava; and 100 miles is no small journey in Bassein.

The people are appointed to be eminently a missionary people. Toungoo is now projecting a mission to China. Six men for China (Yunnan) is now the cry. Two have been found; the other four will be. East of Toungoo are the Laos or Shan people, related to the Singphos of Assam. They can be traced down to Siam and Bangkok. Why should not the Karens be missionaries to many tribes? Our English friends sent us 1,000 rupees to save us from bankruptcy; and cannot we sustain these Karen missions?

"LED BY THE SPIRIT."—This is well illustrated by the following narrative:—

A Christian woman feeling desirous to see the church of which she was a member prosper, thought if she could secure the influence of a certain family of high position, that it would be a great achievement. Prompted by her minister, she conversed with the lady upon the subject of religion, but received no encouragement. She went to her closet, and asked God to guide her, and give her wisdom to lead that family to Christ. A poor neglected woman was presented to her mind. "And what has this to do with that family?" she thought. And she tried to pray for them again, and still this poor woman stood between them. She had asked God to lead her, and she said I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. Immediately her heart was filled with love unutterable, and yearned for the conversion of souls as it never had before. She went to this poor woman, and found her in great destitution, and somewhat embarrassed. It had been a long time since she had received calls, but a Saviour's love was spoken of, and tears of gratitude flowed down her careworn cheeks. They knelt in humble prayer, and "He who made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant" was in their midst. The poor woman was enabled to

cast all her cares upon Jesus, and arose, her face all radiant with the love of Christ. The next Sabbath evening she went to the social meeting, and there arose in meekness, clothed with salvation as a garment, and spoke of the love of Christ in such melting strains as subdued and convinced many proud hearts that Jesus was with her of a truth. Among the number was the family referred to, and tears were seen coursing down that proud man's cheeks, who had never before been seen to weep in public.

The lady too gave her heart to the Saviour through that poor woman's influence, and a revival commenced, and many souls were converted.

## Correspondence.

### CANADA CORRESPONDENCE.

Railway Matters—Public Corruption—Execution—Explosion—Oils—Weather.

CANADA WEST, March 11th, 1862.

Last week's communication contains a paragraph referring to the proposed amalgamation of the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Buffalo and Lake Huron Railways. The *Montreal Witness*, in its issue of the 8th inst., denounces the scheme, as a plot for the benefit of a few, at the expense of the Province, and urges the people of Canada to arouse themselves to resist the passage through Parliament of a measure, which, it is said, the persons interested are prepared to carry through, "if it should cost a million of dollars to accomplish it." The members of Parliament are to be bribed, flattered, or besotted with drink, as may be found most expedient. If this prove to be the simple truth, we fear they will effect their purpose. Should the Government patronise it, contrary to express pledges given at the last election, its accomplishment, humanly speaking, is certain. One may be permitted to hope that an overruling Providence may avert so great a calamity. Canada groans already under a public debt as great in proportion to its resources, as the national debt of Great Britain! To increase this indefinitely, would precipitate us into bankruptcy as irretrievable as that which has fallen upon the Grand Trunk Railway Company. The *Witness* argues that there need be no fear of the suspension of the Railway, should the company cease to exist, as it would necessarily come into the hands of the bondholders, who would "work it upon business principles, whereby the country would be much better served at much less cost."

Yesterday's *Globe* contains an account of the preparations for the execution of James Browne, who was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Mr. Hogan. He persisted in avowing his innocence up to the time of going to press, a few hours before the time appointed for his execution; and it was supposed that he would remain firm to the last. Several of the clergymen who have been in attendance upon him, believe that he speaks the truth, from the calm and collected manner in which he makes his statements. At the time of writing, James Browne is probably no more. His downward course began by leaving his father's house secretly, we presume; having first abstracted some money belonging to his parents. A letter from his father, who lives in England, assuring him of pardon, reached him a few days ago. When it was read to him he wept bitterly. The preparations for his execution were carried on in his hearing, and could be seen from the window of his cell. As is usual in such cases, he assured those about him that he felt he was prepared to meet his Maker. Whether it be true that he was one of the murderers of Hogan or not, he was one of an infamous gang of wicked persons; and in him, as in so many cases before him the truth of the scriptures is fulfilled, "The companion of fools shall be destroyed."

A merchant in Montreal who deals in coal oils, and whose statements may be relied upon, publishes a letter in which he makes the following statements:—

"So long as bituminous coal was the only substance from which this valuable article could be manufactured, there was little or no ground for apprehension; but since the discovery of petroleum, or well oil, the public has been exposed to serious danger, from the recklessness of ignorant and avaricious refiners. Petroleum contains a large proportion of utterly unsafe matter, which ought to be entirely removed before the oil is offered for burning purposes, and the real danger lies in the temptation to allow these volatile substances to remain. Where all explosive matter is entirely removed, the reliable product is greatly lessened in quantity, and thus the manufacturer's profits are curtailed. \* \* \* Close attention to this subject has convinced me that the public must rely upon the reputation of the manufacturer and seller, rather than regard the few cents saved in the purchase of a cheap article. I have at this moment some half dozen samples in my possession, which range from 'quite safe' to 'highly dangerous.' The test is simple, and can be applied by any one who will take the trouble. If it is found that oil generates an inflammable vapor at eighty degrees Fahrenheit, no prudent person will allow its use at any price."

Without affirming that the oils which he names will, when tested, invariably become explosive at certain degrees, the following table is furnished, as containing the results of careful experiments made by him. To quote once more:—"At the following temperatures inflammable gas was emitted, which exploded on passing a lighted taper over the surface:

Unknown petroleum sold at 60 cents, ignited at 34°			
Pennsylvania "	" 50 "	" "	27
New York "	" 50 "	" "	86
Boston "	" 50 "	" "	90
Western "	" 60 "	" "	112
Downer Kerosene "	" 60 "	" "	132

The deductions to be drawn from the foregoing are obvious, and have been given above, the