

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY

NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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## The Intelligencer.

### THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was one of those startling events, the forerunner of whole series of consequences, which stand out in the history of France to catch the eye of all observers, and direct the reflections of the thoughtful—a fact as surely indicative of the mighty Revolution of '93, as Louis XIV. was the progenitor of Louis XVI. Not once or twice in the history of France may such a tragedy indeed be read; but the lesson to be learned is to be learned with anxiety and care, as often as it is repeated. It is not merely a recital of horror that we listen to when we start at the story of St. Bartholomew's, or shrink from the inhumanities of the dragonnades. We are reading and weighing the moral history of a nation; we are contemplating the ordeal of the world's probation, in its long and bloody strife for liberty and truth.

Rightly to estimate this tragic history, it will be well that I briefly point out the circumstances of the nation and the age, of which we have here an episode. The persons of the drama are but few. The French king, his confessor, the Jesuits, the Pope, and their agents. On the other side, the French Protestants and their leaders. But first, as prologue to our tragedy, let me trace its historical position. From the prescription of liberty of thought and liberty of worship in France, we naturally go back, and ask, What was the condition of the Reformed religion in that country when this persecution took place? What circumstances may be supposed to have provoked a disaster so terrible? What condition of civilization had preceded, to make it tolerable to a Christian nation and a Christian church thus to deal with their compatriots? What was the state of European Christianity itself at a time when French Christians could venture in the face of mankind on such a deed as we have to speak of? This will obligate us to a glance at the Reformation and its causes, and that state of things out of which it sprang.

At the time of the great religious revolution which we call the Reformation of the sixteenth century, the Popedom was a temporal as well as spiritual power. It had become so gradually, by the favor at one time, the weakness at another, of emperors and kings. The temporal power had been the curse of the Papacy from the first—the direct cause of its corruption, and therefore the real, though not apparent or immediate cause of the Reformation. Other causes may with truth and facility be pointed out. Superficial historians talk of Tetzel and indulgences, and Luther and justification as the beginning of the "Reformation," unless indeed, to show that learning, they allow that Huss and Wicliffe, the Waldenses and the Lollards, were harbingers of that mighty outbreak. But the truth is that the millions are not stirred at any time by petty and local interests or by subtle speculations. Great practical and widely-spread motives must precede the break-up of a popular faith settled in men's minds for ages. Hundreds of years before Luther, men of higher cast than he (how higher soever he be estimated) had been the Church's Reformers. Hundreds of years before Calvin lived, or Cranmer died, there had, throughout all the Church of the West, gone forth, the cry for a reform of the whole Church, "in its head and members," and to carry out that fervent desire council after council of the West had gathered together (from the Council of Pisa in 1409 to that of Trent in the middle of the sixteenth century). It is not too much to say that the whole Church in Europe was engaged for a hundred and fifty years in a perpetual struggle with the abuses of the Papacy, which had been confirmed by the temporal power and dominion of the Popes.

It is most important that this should be borne carefully in mind, if we would rightly estimate the position of the Reformers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They were not dreamers of imaginary wrongs. They were stalwart and fearless men, dealing with enormous evils, admitted by all good men for five hundred years. Baronius, the Roman Catholic annalist, when describing the state of the Church so far back as that, exclaims that it almost seems as if the vessel of the Church were drifting on the ocean of human crime, while Christ was asleep and at the helm, and no disciple's voice would cry, "Save, Master, or we perish." It is far too common to speak of the Reformers then as party external to the Church, attacking her, exposing her, triumphing over her. It is not a true representation. The truth is the whole Church was the reforming body and the Papacy its foe.

Just as the popes were congratulating themselves on the healing of their wounds, the West, and the downfall of the Greek Church promised a larger power for the Papacy even in the East, they were doomed to a double disappointment. The Mohammedan power while enslaving the Greek hierarchy, granted many powers to the patriarchs, and upheld their dominion as the means of managing their Greek subjects. At the same time in the West there was a difficulty likely to prove very formidable, arising from the spread of learning and arts. The Greek fathers, the Greek philosophers, and, above all, the Greek Scriptures, roused the Western mind, and once more the East gave religious impulse and guidance to the West. This was the cause of the Reformation. It broke out in different forms in different countries, but everywhere it was an outbreak of freedom and intellect against tyranny and superstition. The corruptions of the Papacy were not unaltered; many of them were aggravated by the councils held to remedy them; and the revolt against them was confined to no country of Europe. In Italy, in Spain, in Germany, in France, in England, the spirit was universally spreading, and it was a spirit of mingled good and evil. All that was true and sacred, as well as all that was evil in Christendom, was faithfully examined, or recklessly defended. The political evils of the times were great, and aggravated the religious feuds.

The Reformers gradually became a party both political and religious. Imagine the state of things at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The old German empire still held Europe in all the forms of feudalism; but the kings, dukes, and electors of the petty principalities and larger territories were all struggling for independence—all jealous of each other—all nominally professing the Papal forms of Christianity, and anxious to

their struggles to have the support of the Pope if necessary. Gradually, as their interests led them, the princes of Europe took sides in the Reformation according to their interests and their subjects' feelings inclined. Charles V. was the Emperor; Francis I. ruled in France; Henry VIII. in England; Leo X. was Pope—four great men. It is not too much to say that they all in different ways at one time promoted the Reformation—Charles from policy, Francis from literature, Leo from refinement and magnificence. Charles and Francis failed. This was the ground of their mutual enmity and wars, which occupied the first half of the sixteenth century.

It must be borne in mind that all parties in the political world availed themselves of the Protestant zeal and power, and encouraged the Reformation and its adherents to suit themselves. Francis I., together with his Protestant sister, the Queen of Navarre, had encouraged Protestants to settle in his dominions, in consequence of their literary eminence, and value therefore to his kingdom; and though with a base and inglorious inconsistency he became afterwards so fierce a persecutor that in one of his tours he passed at six different places where martyrs were to take place, "après le dîner on brûla les hérétiques condamnés," yet he was not thought so irreclaimable but that in the year 1535 Calvin dedicated to Francis the volume of his "Institutes" just published. Thus drew on, to its close the sixteenth century then; the Reformation, half political and half religious, was working its way in Europe, and seemed likely to succeed in destroying the power of Rome.

The power of the Huguenots did not long outlive Henry. During the administration of Mazarin, the celebrated siege of Rochelle (1628) extinguished the power of the reformed religion in France, and though religious peace continued, it was a gloomy one, full of forebodings. The period of this monarch's reign is that of the Thirty Years' War—an undertaking through the jealousy of the power of Austria, which was increasing so as to over-awe Europe. Austria was the turning-point of the fortunes of Roman Catholicism in Europe.

The result of the Thirty Years' War was the change of the whole aspect of European politics. The empire was humbled—other states became independent—the northern parts of Europe were drawn into the continental system, and a new view was obtained of what has since been denominated the balance of power. France interfered with this religious foreign war but little at first; but eventually threw herself into the anti-Austrian party. The Thirty Years' War was concluded by the peace of Westphalia, which humbled Austria, and affected to give religious peace to both the parties—Catholic and Reformed.

Louis XIV., a child of five, ascended the French throne at the close of the Thirty Years' War, which had marked the first half of the seventeenth century. In 1660 Louis XIV. married Maria Theresa, and Mazarin died in the following year. From this time (a period corresponding with the Restoration in our country) Louis was responsible for all the acts of his government. He was surrounded by those whom he himself chose: Louvois, Pere la Chaise, Le Tellier, and De Maintenon were his principal friends and influential advisers till his death. Let us glance at their characters. Louis was a man of noble exterior, but ignorant, superstitious, domineering, and selfish in a fearful degree. Like some of his predecessors, he gathered round him great men in order, to shine by the light of their fame. Cruel and ungrateful to his mother, faithless and base to his wife, imperious and cold to his family, treacherous and barbarous to his subjects, refined in his tastes, though uneducated and unrefined in his mind, Louis was a successful and admired monarch for the first half of his reign. Even the most faithful of his friends, on his death-bed—with all her womanly loyalty, and clinging to the last to the woman's one hope that she had been really loved—turned tearless from his dying-bed and hid herself in a convent, while she exclaimed, "That man never loved anything—but himself."

His confessor was the celebrated Pere la Chaise who managed to hear the recital of the monarch's debaucheries with equanimity, and absolve him and present him to communion; mistress after mistress haunting his steps by night and by day, and his patient, much enduring queen, thankful to her monarch for an occasional smile! The wretched old man begged, when eighty years old, to resign his confessional office; but no Louis would not permit it, and till the day Pere la Chaise died, he continued the royal confessor. Even when his memory and all his faculties were gone, it is said "his carcass was wheeled into the royal presence that the confession might be mechanically performed." He was the man whose conscience allowed him to shrive the adulterous monarch, and wipe out the sins of his sensual hours in the blood of Protestants. Yet this dreadful old man had his virtues; he was liberal and kind to the poor of his own persuasion, and had a conscientiousness in the distribution of church patronage commensurate to him.

Under the inspiration of this man a petty persecution was at once commenced against the "Huguenots," as the French Calvinists were called, and all infractions of the strict letter of the Edict of Nantes were punished. All chapels erected within the proscribed distance of Paris were visited, and razed to the ground. Edicts were issued restraining the marriages of Huguenots, forbidding their clergy to dress like clergy, and forbidding Protestants to emigrate or to promote missions. Gradually by these means the aristocracy had been weaned from the ranks of Protestantism. All court favor was confined to Roman Catholics.

Another step was now taken. There had existed for a century, mixed tribunals for the decision of legal matters involving Roman Catholic and Reformed interests. These were called eventually "Chambers of the Edict." They were abolished by royal decree, confirmed by the Parliament of Paris. The Parliament of Toulouse followed. After this the Parliaments of Rouen, Bordeaux, and Grenoble followed the example. The reason assigned was a remarkable one, viz., that the Huguenots had been so peaceable for fifty years that it was not necessary to retain these tribunals. But this was not all the preliminary harassment. The Reformed churches had been accustomed to hold National Synods, which were forbidden after the death of Mazarin. They were reconstituted with the Germans, through the Edict of Breachburg; and he had possessed but a few works good and sterling, and which, as few would be therefore more diligently and profoundly studied.—Sir William Hamilton.

"Our age," says Herber, "is the reading age," and he adds, "it would have been better, in my opinion, for the world and for science, if, instead of such a quantity of good and bad books now overlaying us, we possessed but a few works good and sterling, and which, as few would be therefore more diligently and profoundly studied.—Sir William Hamilton.

Justice (referred to in thirty eight of the clauses of the Edict) had been abolished—the whole number of the original article of the Edict having being ninety two, with fifty of explanation.

The monarch's agent in all this dark work was Louvois, the Minister of War, the son of the Chancellor Le Tellier, who was ever influential with the king, and instigated severities against the Huguenots. But severities were not the only trials of these poor men. His Majesty had another conductor in the work of converting the Huguenots, one Pennesson, a miserable wretch, who after four years' imprisonment in the Bastille for various offences, and having been a convert himself, was employed to buy up all conscientious Protestants by all means possible. The average price per head was stated at six livres, some were lower. He brought to the king a list of 700 renegades, made for 2000 crowns. His "miracles" (as the court called them) soon got laughed at. Even if parents declined, the young children of the poor Reformed were enticed to abjure their religion, and then sent to schools where they were brought up Papists, at their own Protestant father's expense.

But this was found too slow a process to satisfy the Jesuits. Pere la Chaise and Madame de Maintenon had determined to keep the king to a rash sort of hint which he had thrown out about the total repeal of the Edict of Nantes, and the absolute prohibition of the very name and profession of the reformed religion, — a religion which boasted at that time such names of learning as Bochart, the greatest orientalist of his time, Basnage, Adux, and Claude.

The Duc de Noailles had a ferocious commission given him to proceed to the south of France with thirty thousand dragoons, and on approaching each town, send orders to the Protestants to come out, and meet him in a body, and abjure their faith. In this way he converted 240,000 in Languedoc, in one month. Madame de Maintenon, who in her latter days seems to have been a religious woman, whatever may be thought of her equivocal position before, as the governess of the illegitimate children of the king, and his chosen companion, thus expressed herself on the subject of these conversions: "I am by no means sure that they are all sincere, but God employs innumerable means to bring the heretics to himself. Even if the fathers are hypocrites, at least the children will be Catholics. Pray God to enlighten us all! There is nothing the king has so much at heart!"

At length the storm burst in its utmost fury. An assembly of the Roman Catholic clergy drew up a formal petition to the king to destroy the last remains of the Reformed. On the feast of St. Luke (1685) Protestantism was destroyed and made penal—the (hunks for the men, and the convents for the women)—the places of worship razed—the schools shut—the ministers commanded to leave France in forty-eight hours, fifteen days being allowed to some as a special favor. Emigration was forbidden to the laity, as they were a most valuable and industrious portion of the manufacturing population, yet hundreds of thousands escaped. The roads were lined near all the outposts, and Geneva, Germany, and England received with open arms the unhappy outcasts.

Among them were many who were of a mixed character, doubtless, but the loss of France was a fearful one, and it clouded the later days of Louis. At first the event seemed incredible even to the Huguenots themselves. With that excitement common to treacherous times, there rose up "prophets" among them in England, promising destruction to their enemies. But it was all too true! And terribly were their words avenged, though not for their zeal. Louis had no peace, his kingdom no prosperity, from the day he forfeited his royal faith. A bright fell on his family—his armies—his church. And the Furies of 1793 took horrible retribution on the monarchy of the dragonnades and the church of the Jesuits. Defeated in the field, at Blenheim—Oudenarde—the glory of his early days was all tarnished. His son, his grandson, all his race near or dear to him, were cut off mysteriously in a brief space of time as if a destroying angel had been in the air.

Am I asked, To what one great cause can be attributed the enormous criminality of such a series of inhuman deeds as culminated in the dragonnades of Louis I. answer—

In 1540, when Protestantism was beginning to shake the temporal power of Rome, and with it its spiritual despotism, a league was made, a society set up, having for its one object the maintenance of the Papacy in its achieved position of eminence. That company spread itself all over Europe, engaged in every kind of enterprise for the promotion of its one object. It bound itself by one solemn inviolable oath—it had one end. It swore absolute, unlimited obedience to the Pope in everything temporal and spiritual. That company, the yet existing miracle of that age—the company of Jesuits, arrested the liberty of Europe at its flow, destroyed the Reformation in Italy, Spain, and Austria; revoked the Edict of Nantes in France; and still lives and casts its dark shadow on the Christianity of the present and the future generations of Eastern and Western Christendom.

How and what to read.—Read much, but not many works. For what purpose, with what intent do we read? We read not for the sake of reading, but we read to the end that we may think. Reading is valuable only as it may supply the materials which the mind itself elaborates. As it is not the largest quantity of any kind of food taken into the stomach that conduces to health, but such a quantity of such a kind as can be digested; so it is not the greatest complement of any kind of information that improves the mind, but such a quantity of such a kind as determines the intellect to the most vigorous exertion.

The only profitable kind of reading is that in which we are compelled to think, and think intensely; whereas, that reading which serves only to dissipate and divert our thoughts, is either positively hurtful, or useful only as an occasional relaxation from severe exertion. But the amount of vigorous thinking is usually in the inverse ratio of multifarious reading. Multifarious reading is agreeable, but as a habit, it is, in its way, as destructive to the mental as drug-drinking is to the bodily health.

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## THE GOSPEL, GLAD TIDINGS TO MOTHERS.

It has been well said by another that there was one aspect of Christianity to which even the vilest skeptic could not but allow a beauty worthy to be divine—the sweet hope it inspires in regard to the condition of those who die in infancy.

To the Christian view truly every little grave is spanned by the bow of promise. The believing mother, though indeed she may shed tears of natural affection over the fading form of her little one, rejoices yet in its happiness with a trust that is perfect and entire. The church on earth, looking up by the eye of faith to its heavenly home, beholds its golden streets already thronged, peopled by bands of angel children caught up thither before they had known the soiling touch of sin, and finds one of its mightiest, holiest incitements, its most insuperable incentives to courageous, heroic endeavor, and tireless endeavor in the fond hope of reunion one day with those early loved and lost. Those precious little darlings, in whom our very hearts may be said to live, may vanish from time to time from our arms, from the cradle and the fireside, but they carry our hearts with them into the blessed realms of eternal rest and joy. Who indeed, has not remarked upon the face of the Christian mother who has lost children in infancy a peculiar holy calm, as of one who, having suffered, has entered into rest? The little fleet of which she was the convoy has already reached its destination, and the immortal quiet of their haven, yet, her calm of eternity, has passed into her own breast. And for all this mothers are indebted—to what? To the gospel. Is it not indeed to glad tidings, "the glad tidings of the blessed God?" And are not the "fod of them" that bring such a message, that publish such tidings, truly "a beautiful upon the mountains?" O, Christian mothers, as you clasp your little ones tenderly to your knee and bosom, or weep sweet tears over their early graves, be not unmindful of your indebtedness to this "glorious gospel," and especially consider whether you have done hitherto and are still doing all that you can do, by your prayers and sacrifices and labors, to extend your hopes to the despairing hearts also of heathen mothers.

And, by the way, perhaps I cannot better illustrate the unspeakable indebtedness of the mothers of Christendom to the gospel of Christ, and at the same time put in a plea on behalf of those now sorrowing unstinted by its precious promises, than by relating an incident which shall serve to place in contrast the hopes of the former and those of the poor mothers yet sitting in darkness. The incident is furnished by a returned missionary, who has labored nine years in India and who resided while in that land at Bassein, on the western coast of Burmah.

But, before proceeding with the narrative, in order that we may receive its full force, it should be premised that the religion of India is Buddhism, and that the characteristic doctrinal feature of Buddhism is metempsychosis or the transmigration of souls. This system teaches that the souls of men appearing at any time on earth have already passed through numberless forms of being, and are destined to undergo numberless such changes before the present life. They may have been gods who have sunk through every stage of lower existence—man, beast, bird, reptile, and have again risen to the dignity of human beings, from which they will again rise and sink, sink and rise, in eternal circles of pain and sorrow. What a place of despair, then, truly, is the death-bed of the Buddhist! and hardly more to himself than to those he leaves behind. Before him stretches out that long, restless, painful pilgrimage of being, while neither he himself nor they who will around his couch know in what disgusting and hateful form he may next appear before him.

But to my story. The missionary, as it has already been intimated, was residing at Bassein, on the western coast of Burmah. His story is thus told: "Near them lived a small Burman family, consisting of a young married pair and their little child, a bright promising boy about two years old. This child was taken sick and died. A day or two after the parents, attended by some friends, carried the little body into a waste place outside of the town, and having constructed a funeral pile, they laid the corpse on it and burned it to ashes. The mother then scraped up the poor remains with her hands, and spread over them a thin covering of soil. Every morning after this, for several days, she was seen by the missionary, as she passed by his house on her way to the grave, if such it could be called, sometimes with her hair wildly disheveled, and uttering such piteous wails and howls as can come only from a broken-hearted and despairing mother. At length one morning, whether by chance or purpose, he did not mention, my friend had taken his walk in the same direction, and was standing not far from the grave when the wretched woman made her accustomed visit. Bending in an agony of distress over the spot where were gathered the ashes of her infant boy, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a large venomous serpent, which had probably been attracted thither, the weather being chilly, and by some slight remaining warmth in the ashes, and was at the moment coiled ready for a spring, and just about to dart its poisonous fangs into her hand. Starting back with an expression of intense fear and horror, she fled from the spot, shrieking as she went. Has my child become a serpent? Has my child become a serpent?"

At a striking and pathetic illustration of the total lack, in even the best forms of heathenism, of anything to meet the deepest wants of the human heart! How affecting and significant a testimony to the excellency in this respect of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord! And finally, how efficient and practical a plea, addressing itself with great force to all the favored mothers of Christendom, on behalf of those desolate, despairing sisters, upon whom the blessed Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, has never yet arisen!

Alas! that for the poor heathen mother. Beautiful indeed upon the mountains are the feet of them that publish good tidings; that carry to these, sorrowing ones the message, not only of salvation from sin and suffering, of redemption from the darkness and superstitions of unmitigated heathenism, but especially of this glorious inheritance of hope beyond the grave; that

There is a world above  
Where sorrow is unknown,  
Along the river of love  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere.  
Rev. R. H. Howard, in Christian Advocate.

## CHRIST OUR ALL-IN-ALL.

The Lord Jesus Christ is the ALL-IN-ALL of His redeemed. In every want He is their friend. In every danger He is their Defence. In weakness He is their Strength; in sorrow their Joy; in pain their Peace; in poverty their Provider; in sickness, their Physician; in hunger, their Bread; in trouble, their Consolation; in perplexity, their Counsellor; in the furnace, their Refiner; in accusations, their Advocate; in debt, their Surety; in slavery, their Ransom; in captivity, their Deliverer; in the day, their Sun; in the night, their Keeper; in the desert, their Shepherd. In life, He is their Hope; in death, their Life; in the grave, their Resurrection; in heaven, their Glory.

Let Christ therefore be thy ALL-IN-ALL, for time and for eternity. With the faithful martyr say, while living, "None but Christ." When dying, say, "None but Christ." Through all eternity say, "The Lord our Righteousness." Let this triumphant name, "The Lord our Righteousness," settle every difficulty, solve every doubt, and silence every accusation. When conscience tells thee thy sins are both many and great, answer thou, "Christ's blood cleanseth from all sin." When reminded of thy ignorance, say, "Christ is my wisdom." When your ground and title to the kingdom are demanded, say, "Christ is my righteousness." When your meanness to enter its sacred walls is challenged, say, "Christ is my sanctification." When sin and the law, when death and Satan claim thee as their captive, reply to them all, "Christ is my redemption." The law saith, Pay thy debt; the gospel saith, Christ hath paid it. The law saith, Make amends for thy sins; the gospel saith, Christ hath made it for thee. The law saith, Thou art a sinner; differ thee, for thou shalt be condemned; the gospel saith, Thou art forgiven thee; be of good comfort, thou shalt be saved.—American Messenger.

## HEATHEN SACRIFICES.

In a little work on "Heathen Mythology," by the late Dr. Eli Noyes, who was a Free-Will Baptist missionary, occurs the following passage descriptive of a class of heathen devotees. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

An interesting inquiry now arises. If the Brahmins of India are foreigners, and have converted the Hindus to their religion, are there still remaining in India any people who have till this day remained unaffected by the Brahminical priesthood? There are; and such a class is to be found scattered throughout Hindostan, among the hills; a people that, though they have been converted to the Christian religion, they still preserve very aboriginal customs. Though dispersed over so wide a territory, and known by different names, such as Santals, Bhoomjays, Coles and Kunds, their language, manners, customs and religion are nearly the same, and differ widely from those of their Hindu neighbors. These hill people have no books, priests, temples or images; but the master of a family conducts worship in the open air, by sacrificing fowls and goats to the sun, which luminary they hold to be the Supreme Being. Some of these people make human sacrifices in honor of certain fauced deities or demons. The Kunds, for instance, a people who live in the south part of Orissa, have been accustomed to the heinous practice of child-sacrifice, and fattening some months, or for as many years, of some propitious day the child is brought out and confined to a post. A large company of men gather around, each one holding a sharp knife in his hand, and at a signal given by the chief, they all rush upon their victim, and it is believed that he who cuts the first piece of flesh from his body will have the most abundant harvest. In this manner the child is destroyed piecemeal. They regard this as a decidedly religious institution, as will be seen by the following song which they sing on the occasion:

Hail, mother, hail! Hail Goddess Bhobanee,  
We present a sacrifice to thee.  
Partake thereof and let it please thee give,  
And in return let us thy grace receive.  
With music's varied sound on festive day,  
Lo! these we honor and thy rights obey.  
Hail, all ye gods who live in the mountain dell,  
In the wild jungle or the lonely dell,  
Come all together, come with one accord,  
And taste the sacrifice we have prepared.  
In all the fields, in all the places round,  
O, let us rich and plentiful harvest grow.  
O, all ye gods and goddesses give ear,  
And be propitious to our earnest prayer.  
Behold a youth for sacrifice decreed,  
Blooming with tender flesh and flushed with blood,  
So pure, so anastrous virgin, as his own,  
His flesh, his blood, his life, his all are thine.  
Without the pail of sacred wedlock born,  
Lo! this we offer, and thy rights obey.  
O, now with rites from all pollution free,  
We offer him, O Bhobanee, to thee!  
Taste thou this offering, sanctify thy heart,  
And we will joyful to our homes depart.  
Taste now the offering and propitious be,  
And let us all marks of thy favor see.

I have seen many of these children who were intended for sacrifice, but had been rescued by a British army and placed in Christian schools. With a small force the English might put an end to the horrid custom, and that too without the effusion of blood; and does not humanity and justice call them to the work?

MALICIOUS CHRISTIANS.—Some persons pride themselves on being blunt, or, as they call it, "honest;" but very blunt people do little good to others, and get little love to themselves. The Scriptures recommend gentleness and kindness. There is nothing in all this world of ours half so mean as a vindictive and malignant disposition. Yet many Christians gratify this spirit, and deceive themselves, with the idea that they are rebuking sin. Christians should take heed of getting fond of the work of "rebuking sin." Such "spiritual constables" do a great deal of mischief without intending it. They are in the church what a very witty and sarcastic person is in society, or what a tell-tale is in a school, and approximate very closely to that class which the apostle terms "busy bodies in other men's matters." Such Christians come in time to be regarded as nuisances in society, constantly to be avoided, and the little good they may do is thrown away. Our manner must be tender and winning. The nail of reproach, says an old writer, must be well oiled in kindness before it is driven home.

The spirit of Christ sweetly calms the soul of a suffering believer, not by taking away all sense of pain, but by overcoming it by a sense of his love.

"Are you still in the land of the living?" inquired a man of an aged friend. "No, but I am going there." This world is the shadow—heaven is the reality.

## MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA.

A deep impression was produced in a late Conference at Perth, England, by the address of Rev. Mr. Taylor, a missionary recently returned from China, stating the claims of that country with its countless millions in heathen darkness.

Mr. Taylor said: I feel truly thankful, beloved brothers and sisters in Jesus, for this opportunity of speaking a word to you. I wish to speak for China, yet I would not confine my remarks exclusively to that subject. We have been hearing that the redeemed soul must work, and that there is great need for working. I will tell you why I wish to speak of China. An incident, which I can never forget, occurred while I was at once traveling from Shanghai to Peking. As I was going in a canoe to the interior, a Chinaman asked me to give him a passage, which I did. He had been in England, and had come out again with Dr. F. Aker in 1854. He had heard the truth, but had only received it intellectually, not with the heart. The first evening we were on board I took the opportunity of speaking faithfully to him. He was moved to tears. The first day I was going on shore he asked if he might accompany me, to which I consented. But just as I was preparing to go, I heard a splash. I instantly ran on deck to ascertain if any of my men had fallen overboard, and found all that Chinaman at their post but Peter (for that was this Chinaman's name); a boat was immediately lowered, and I descended into the water, but could not find him. Looking round me with a feeling of despair, I saw a little boat a little distance off, with a drag on board. I called to the crew to come and drag for a man who was drowning. "It's not convenient," they replied. Oh, I imagine my feelings, and the man drowning! I called again, "Come directly." "We are busy fishing," said they. "Never mind." "It would spoil our draught!" I promised them money if they would but come. "How much?" they asked. "Thirty dollars." "We will not come for less than fifty." "I have not so much with me, but I will give you all I have." They came and the first drag brought up the body of poor Peter. We tried every effort to restore him but in vain. Now, I ask you, brethren, were not these men morally guilty of the death of poor Peter? I believe they were. But stay, lest a greater than Nathan say to you, "Thou art the man!" There are fishermen here who have got a drag, and poor souls in China are yet passing into a dark eternity. Will you then say, "It is not convenient to seek to rescue them?" Oh, think of China. Brethren and sisters there was a time when we knew not Jesus, and had the word of life been kept from them by those who had it, would they have done as well? Oh, no! they would not have done well. It is not sufficient to say, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled." It is not sufficient to sing, "Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel." The gospel will not fly abroad until we help to make it fly. We are told to be followers of God as dear children. What did our Father do? I ask you, Christian fathers, what did our Heavenly Father do? He gave his only-begotten Son to come into this world to suffer in our stead. We are told to have the mind of Christ. What did Christ do? He suffered, bled, and died for perishing ones, and left us an example that we should walk in his steps. There is a solemn word in the 24th chapter of Proverbs, which I would draw your attention, veres 11, 12: "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain," etc.; and oh, they are perishing by millions. It is difficult to realize these things at a distance. Suppose our native land contained a much larger population than it does, and suppose it were deprived of the gospel, and imagine Spain, France, and Portugal in the same position, with Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, and Holland, would they not present a loud call for help? Suppose you still add to these Russia and Turkey, what think you would be their cry? Yet all these combined would not equal the population of Chinese Tartary and Tibet, and there is not one preacher to them. In China Proper we have the whole extent of that mighty empire thrown open to us by treaty. The overthrow of the Taeping dynasty has tended to the overthrow of idols. Will you not go in and possess the land? A Chinaman asked me lately, "How long have you had that light which you have brought to us?" I was ashamed to tell him, but replied we have had it for some hundreds of years. "Oh!" said he, "and you never came to tell us of it until now. My father groped after that light for twenty years, and died without it." How would you have felt under such a rebuke?

There are eleven provinces in China without a Protestant missionary to tell them of Christ; seven provinces, with a population of 20,000,000 each, have only thirteen missionaries to them; 185,000,000 are accessible, but have never yet been reached by the gospel. I pray God to lay this to your heart. Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." You cannot go into every region of the world, but you can take any of them with you to your closet. Do this with China.

We want laymen to come out to China, to teach Christ and to live Christ before the people. Some four months of study will prepare any one to be a labourer there. Oh, then, remember there is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—It is said that the first light-house was built by Ptolemy III., many years before our Saviour came to earth. A circumstance connected with it is a happy illustration of the Sunday-school teacher's work. Ptolemy requested the mechanic to cut in the top stone: "Ptolemy built this." But the mechanic was too sharp for the wicked old king, and cut his own name in the stone; then covered it with white clay; then cut in the clay the words—"Ptolemy built this." Time passed on, and both men died; but the first impression proved the most lasting. The storms of the ocean and the penetrating rays of the sun made the clay crumble, leaving the mechanic's name in full view.

It is your privilege, dear teacher, to write upon the marble the name of Jesus; and although the cares of this world, and the temptations of the devil may, for a while, cover your instructions, yet when the child passes through the storms on to old age, bright upon the heart will be found the name of "Jesus, the LAMB OF GOD, WHO TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD."