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Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 13, 1865.

WHAT DOES THE WORLD OWE TO THE BIBLE?

Few persons have any just idea of what the world owes to the Bible. The part which the Word of God has had in the history of freedom and civilization is scarcely imagined; and how deeply the world is indebted to the Bible for all that it possesses that is pure and holy, and good. In order to form anything like a just estimate of what we owe to the Bible, it is necessary to enquire what the world was before it knew anything of the Bible, and what the world still is, where the Bible is unknown. A writer in a British periodical says:

"The world is described in Scripture, in various places, as a state of darkness; and the glory of Christianity is, that it brought light into the midst of all this gloom. "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people," when "the Lord," as the sun, "shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee" (Isa. lx. 2). "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shone" (Isa. ix. 2). "God," says St. Peter, "hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light (1 Pet. ii. 9).

Now "the works of darkness" are well known. It is in the hours of gloom that the plunderer, the ravisher, the murderer, seeks his victim, roaming, like the beasts of prey, under cover of the night. And the whole state of the world before the rise of Christianity was one night of gloom. "Darkness covered the earth." Lust and cruelty were the presiding deities of the scene. We may not, with any regard to decency, treat with explicitness of these horrors; for, as St. Paul reminds us, "it is a shame even to speak of such things" (Eph. v. 12); but it is needful, if we would do justice to the subject, to point, in general terms, to the leading features of heathenism. Of these two characteristics, lust and cruelty, we will say a few words, describing each apart.

Lust, and that of the most abominable character, was taught in the religions of paganism. Thus Aristotle recommends, gravely, that "the statues and paintings of the gods should exhibit no indecent scenes, *except* in the temples of those deities who preside over sensuality." And Seneca, speaking of the character of their prayers, says, "What a man ought not even to hear, they do not blush to ascribe to the gods." Their religious ceremonies chiefly consisted of abominable rites. Herodotus, in his second book, and in other places; Plutarch, and various other writers, Greek and Roman, bear witness to this fact. Their worship was suited to the divinities they honored. There is not a single odious vice for which the Canaanites were doomed to extirpation, which is not common in the histories of the greatest men of Greece and Rome. Can we find a higher model in all pagan antiquity than is given in Plato's dream of a "Republic," where all, he proposes, shall be regulated on the highest and noblest principles of philosophy and philosophic religion? Yet what do we find in that far-famed sketch of superhuman virtue and happiness, but a proposal that men and women shall be reared as beasts are reared, so that "no child shall know his father, nor any father his son," and in which all surplus or unpromising children shall be destroyed? Such is the fancy picture of a commonwealth, ruled by philosophy, which Plato has left us, and which establishes, in the amplest manner, the apostle's charge against the greatest men that paganism can boast, that "professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."

But we must stop. It is impossible, in decent English society, even to name the enormities which were common among the sages and philosophers of paganism. A recent writer has truly said, "No one dares picture to himself, or to realize in his mind's eye, the awful state of *common social life* in the glorious periods of Greece and Rome. No one ever dares try to do so. The first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans is the nearest approach to such knowledge that can be endured."

We turn to the other feature of the case—that cruelty, that hardness of heart, which everywhere prevailed. "Cruelty was as rampant as sensuality. Slavery was universal, and the power of life and death was no idle prerogative in the hands of masters who could gloat for days together over the dying agonies of the gladiators."

These combats of the amphitheatre were the delight, not only of the multitude, but of the polished and educated gentlemen—yes, and of the luxurious ladies of great Rome! Lipsius reckons that these sports of blood cost from 20,000 to 30,000 lives per month; all sacrificed to "make sport!" What wonder, then, that in a population consisting largely of slaves (one senator, in the time of Augustus, owning 4,116), we hear of one great man ordering a slave to be killed for a little remissness in waiting at table? and of another, a friend of the emperor's, throwing slaves alive into a pond to feed his lampreys! A modern poet has reminded us that—

"Slaves to be lashed and tortured, or resold;
Or maimed or murdered for a fine of gold;
Helots degraded, scarce esteemed as man,
Having no rights, for ever under ban,—
Were *half the world* when ancient Homer sang,
And wit and wisdom flowed from Plato's tongue."

Nor were children deemed of much more account than slaves. Lycurgus, Plato, and Aristotle, all favour the destruction of unpromising infants, or of those likely to prove "surplus." And, when allowed to live (as Gibbon reminds us), "in his father's house the son was a mere thing, confounded by the laws with the moveables, cattle, and slaves, whom the capricious owner might alienate or destroy, without being responsible to an earthly tribunal." Infanticide was often authorized by law. "The exposure of children," says Gibbon, "was the stubborn and prevailing vice of antiquity."

From this to human sacrifices the step was but a short one. The Thessalians and Lacedemonians yearly offered these. Old Rome used, at an early period to sacrifice annually thirty men. Livy and Plutarch mention similar facts; and in the rival republic of Carthage the victims were reckoned by hundreds. Egypt, Persia, and many other countries, practised the same crime.

Nor, even after such men as Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Seneca, had appeared, was there any sign of improvement. On the contrary, despair seemed to settle down on the minds of the most thoughtful men. Thus Pliny remarked, that "nothing was to be found so miserable, yet so proud, as man." Tacitus thought that the end of the world must be near, "such was the corrupt state of mankind." But Seneca, with more feeling, says, "All is replete with crime, and vice everywhere abounds. The confusion becomes more desperate; shame is wearing out; veneration for what is pure and good is unknown; every one yields to lust. Vice no longer hides its head, but stalks along in public; depravity has so far advanced, that innocence becomes a thing unknown." In was in Seneca's time that we might have seen the great Coliseum, thronged with tens of thousands of the noblest of the men and women of earth's mightiest city gathered together to enjoy the sight of men and beasts tearing and mangling each other. There we might have beheld delicate and high-bred ladies, nurtured in luxury, making it their choicest amusement to see an aged bishop, like Ignatius, torn to pieces by the lions; or to behold women, as well-born and fair as themselves, devoured, almost while living, by the hungry beasts! It was then, too, in the noontide of Rome's power that we might have walked by Tiber's side, during some summer's evening, while throngs of nobles and noble ladies paraded through the palace gardens, chatting and laughing over the gossip of the day, while at every corner blazed a human torch—a poor Christian, tied to a stake by the emperor's orders, smeared with pitch, and set up to burn alive—as a light to the sauntering crowd! Ever and anon, too, we might stop to witness the mimic chase of some detected follower of Christ, who, wrapped in a deerskin, had been turned out to be torn to death by savage and hungred hounds. These were the amusements, the luxuries, of imperial Rome; and their greatest historian can calmly describe them without any apparent consciousness of wrong. But "the main current of life, in the noblest days of polished Greece and Rome, was cruelty and lust, corrupt and mean."

We pass from the classic days and scenes of Greece and Rome to the condition of barbarous or semi-civilised paganism, both in bygone times and in the present day. And here the like story awaits us on every side. Still, it is lust and cruelty, wheresoever we turn.

In former days the testimony of all extant geographers agrees, that licentious as were the habits and manners of Greece or Rome, they were equalled in wickedness and surpassed in coarseness by the customs of the barbarians. In modern times human nature remains the same. In semi-civilised India or China the religion of the people is one mass of obscenity. Their temples are filled with sculptured representations of filthy and horrid crimes. In a single city, Pekin, 9,000 murdered infants have been collected from the kennels of the streets in a single year. Or, if we turn from these to simple barbarism, we find, in the islands of Polynesia, or in Madagascar, one all-pervading atmosphere of lasciviousness, which often corrupts and destroys whole nations.

Cruelty everywhere goes hand-in-hand with lust. In Mexico, before Europeans found their way thither, the blood of human victims flowed in torrents. No author computes the annual sacrifices at less than 20,000; and on one grand temple-dedication, in 1486, as many as 70,000 human beings were slaughtered. In smaller degrees, the same practice prevailed everywhere. Under the Druids, human victims were sacrificed in Britain and in Gaul. The Danes, the Scandinavians, the Slavonians, all followed the same custom. Among the Hindoos, between 1815 and 1824, as many as 5,997 widows were burnt alive in the single province of Bengal. In Africa, a single king of Ashantee directed the slaughter of 6,000 slaves at his funeral! while in Dahomey human blood is almost constantly flowing. In China, during the last ten years, the slaughter of prisoners taken in war has been almost beyond computation. On some occasions large ponds of human blood have been seen.

If we are asked, then, what the Bible has done for man, our first reply must be to point to this previous state of things, and to remark, that the light of heaven, shining through the pages of God's Word, has, wherever it has penetrated, scattered this fearful darkness. Together with lusts and cruelty, there always dwelt, and still dwell, all the lesser vices of falsehood, dishonesty, envy, hatred, and their kindred evils. The morals of the Bible, wherever received, at once operate to check, extirpate, and destroy these sins. Pagan legislation, at its best, leaves morality almost degraded. Christian legislation, even in its most imperfect aspect, protects human life and female chastity, and demands truth, and honesty, and faithfulness.

But it may be remarked, and with truth, that Christendom itself is defiled with many immoralities, and that licentiousness and cruelty are by no means banished from the lands which call themselves by the name of Christ. This is unquestionably true; but it is most important to distinguish between two things which are essentially different.

The lands called Christian are not by any means alike in their privileges. Some enjoy the sunshine of the Gospel; but the greater part have only a reflected light—a kind of moonshine. Justinian, under Church influence, established a code of laws founded upon Christian principles; and this code has formed the basis of European law ever since. This, which is not Christianity, has been a prodigious boon to Europe for a thousand years. Again, the Greek and Roman Churches, while they thrust the Bible out of sight, preached a religion which, although largely corrupted, was still based upon Christianity; and was therefore far better than heathenism. This moonlight of Christianity was universal throughout Europe during all the mediæval age. The Reformation brought the Bible once more out of the recesses in which it had been buried, and again the "marvellous light" shone upon several kingdoms of the earth. But we must not forget that, even up to our own time, God's Word has been a prohibited book in a large portion of Europe. Spain has never tolerated it; Italy up to 1848, sternly forbade its use; and in Austria, Bavaria, and Belgium, the Romish priesthood kept the people from it; while in Northern Germany, philosophy and rationalism taught the masses to despise it. Thus, in four-fifths of Europe the Bible has had no fair trial as a medicine for men's souls.

And if we look at home, we ought in fairness to distinguish between those who receive God's message and those who reject it. We call England a Christian country, because the rulers and legislators, and the bulk of the people, profess to adhere to that faith. But it is quite obvious, and beyond all question, that a large section of the population cannot fairly be called even professors of Christianity; while a still larger proportion yield to it a mere lip-service, and nothing else. For all these, which unitedly form a majority of the nation, Christianity has done nothing beyond providing them with better laws, and a purer state of society, than they could find in any heathen land. The real trophy of Christianity is found in that numerous body of real Christians who leaven the whole state of society at home, and who make inroads into the kingdom of darkness which heathenism has established in so many of the kingdoms of the earth. It is by the life and conversation of Christians, and by these only, that the value of the Bible can be fairly tried. There are tens of thousands of households to be found, in these little islands of ours, in which God is, "worshipped in spirit and in truth"—in which his blessed day of rest is observed—in which children honour their parents, and in which dishonesty, uncleanness, and cruelty are unknown. These are the legitimate fruits of the Bible. They form, as yet, only, a minority of the population; but, by their influence and example, they so leaven the mass as to make England a favoured nation in the earth. Were the whole population like-minded, crime and punishment, prisons and criminal courts, would be unknown, and the island would be a paradise. When the whole human race shall have become earnest worshippers of God and students of his Word, then will be seen that "new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," which even heathen poets, handing down the traditions of the Noachian days, have foretold as the consummation of all things.

Meanwhile, however, the Bible is doing its work in other lands besides England. A few hundreds of people, gathering themselves together in two or three associations, in England, about fifty years ago, began to send Bibles and missionaries to heathen lands. "The labourers were few," and often feeble; but the results have been astonishing. In every quarter of the globe the sound of the Gospel is now heard. New Zealand, forty years ago the abode of bloodthirsty cannibals, has now its twenty Christian churches, and its tens of thousands of native worshippers. Africa, on its western coast and in its southern territory, has hundreds of communities of Christian men and women, living the lives of faithful followers of Christ. Burmah has more than a hundred native preachers of the Gospel; Madagascar more than half that number; while in India between 100,000 and 200,000 Protestant Christians already reward the labourer's toil.

These are the fruits of a few feeble efforts, put forth only within the last fifty or sixty years, by some of the sincere followers of Christ in England and in America. Hundreds of peaceful and happy Christian villages are now dotted over the earth's surface, in lands where, at the opening of the present century, lust and cruelty, oppression and all manner of abominations, reigned alone. These hopes for the future the world owes to the Bible; but they are, as yet, only the first-fruits of a great and glorious harvest. But, in every one of these homes of Christian civilisation, whether in a peaceful English village, or in one equally happy in Burmah or in Sierra Leone, the father of a family who can look around on a loving wife and children, free, happy, intelligent, obedient, knowing neither crime nor fear, he must, if he rightly appreciates these blessings, exclaim, with a grateful heart, "All this, under God's mercy, I owe to the Bible."

The following letter from Dr. Bachelor, of the Free-will Baptist Mission in India, published in the *Star*, describes the terrific gale that recently occurred in that country, doing such immense damage to property, and destroying so many lives. Some account of it has already been published in our columns.—[ED. INTEL.]

Midnapore, India, October 12th, 1864.

One of the most destructive Cyclones ever experienced in this country, has recently passed over lower Bengal, expending its greatest force on Calcutta and the valley of the Ganges below.

The 4th of October was a clear, cloudless day till just at evening, when a cloud suddenly arose indicative of rain. The night set in dark, with a drizzling rain, accompanied with puffs of wind, which increased in force during the night. By daylight it was evident that a severe storm was upon us. The gale increased rapidly till noon, when our beautiful shade trees, that had stood the blasts of half a century, began to yield to its fury. By two o'clock, when the wind began to abate, more than a hundred of our finest trees were laid low. Many native houses were unroofed and some mud washed away, but no lives were lost.

This would probably have been the report from Calcutta and the villages on the Ganges, had it not been that when the storm was at its height the wind changed from east to south. This, in connection with a flood tide, brought in the sea like a deluge. The "storm wave" rose at the mouth of the river thirty feet above high water mark, and sweeping upward with irresistible fury, carried destruction for more than a hundred miles. The villages dotting the banks of the Ganges below Calcutta are simply wiped out. Toonlook, the most eastern town of our district, had sixteen hundred houses, of which seventeen now stand. Calcutta, a hundred miles from the sea, had two hundred foreign ships moored with sufficient safety for ordinary gales, but when the "storm wave" struck them they were hurled against each other and dashed about in every conceivable form of wreck. Several foundered with all on board, and it is said that at least one-half of them will never go to sea again. The thousands of native boats that made the Ganges a thing of life, are nowhere to be found. The loss of life, both European and native, is fearful. Three hundred European sailors are said to have perished, and the native loss is estimated at 30,000, which probably is by no means high. The country swept by the flood is covered with the carcasses of wild beasts, cattle and human beings, breeding pestilence and death among the survivors—a sad prospect, indeed, for the next few months.

O. R. BACHELER.

A VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

From a private letter written by a lady (who recently left St. John to reside in England), to her friends here, we are kindly permitted to copy the following account of a visit which she made to Windsor Castle, and some other places of note. It will be readily seen that she possesses good descriptive powers, and the familiar style in which she narrates what she saw, makes her narrative very attractive.—[ED. INTELLIGENCER.]

"I have visited Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and Kew Gardens. Mrs. —— and I took the cars at Houslow, and in less than an hour saw the turrets of Windsor Castle rise before us—the place of so many historical associations, and of such unrivalled beauty. I cannot describe my feelings as it loomed into my sight through the mist, with its narrow windows. Its massive arches seemed to rival the tower of Babel, and to defy the hand of time itself. We first went to what is called the Round Tower, up a broad flight of stone steps, 100 in number. I do not know how many short flights of stone steps we ascended; but the view was magnificent. On one side we saw Eton College, with its 700 students; at a little distance, Stoke Church, the burial place of the author of 'Gray's Elegy,' and then on this side we could see the oldest church but one in England. The Thames spread out below us, like a thread of silver winding through a carpet of green velvet; the Home Park, with its walks and beautiful trees; the Mausoleum is seen through the trees; also Frogmore Lodge; and I cannot tell how many scenes of interest that I have read of rise to my view. The Queen is still at Balmoral, her private place of residence. After we had looked around us, we went down again, but the state apartments were not yet opened. We went into St. George's Chapel; there we saw the stall of the Queen, which is known by its canopy and curtains of purple velvet, with a deep gold border. This is where she sat during the marriage ceremony of the Prince of Wales. The guide said the chapel was just the same as when the marriage took place, only the floor was then covered with crimson velvet. I thought it was not the first time that the pathway of kings has been covered with crimson! I knelt just where the Princess of Wales knelt when she was married, and clasped my hands on the purple velvet cushion that she had hers on. The altar, a splendid organ, and the stalls of the military knights, are all very beautiful. The church is about 50 feet wide. On each side of the altar are candlesticks with candles, not lighted, of course. The nave is a large open space. On one side is Murick chapel, where is a beautiful ornamental group in white marble, erected to the memory of the Princess Charlotte. The body is lying just as hers did at the hour of death; one foot is drawn up, the other is stretched out; one arm is hanging over the couch; the head is slightly thrown back—with such an expression of death! The drapery is thrown around the body carelessly, and at each of the four corners of the couch are her waiting maids, in the attitude of the deepest grief, their faces covered with their hands. I almost fancied I saw them in reality, they are so life-like. Above are the forms of two angels, bearing between them the spirit of the deceased. In the countenance of the beautiful soul there was an expression of heavenly sweetness, and I turned away from the sight, and very foolishly wept! We were not allowed to enter her Majesty's closet—that is not for strangers to see. Over the altar is a painted window, by West, of the Resurrection of Christ. It is gorgeous, in gold and red. Then there is over the communion table a painting of the Sacrament. We saw the tomb of Edward IV. and his Queen, with a steel monument. There we trod on the heads of departed royalty—I mean the royal vault, in which are the remains of Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, Charles I., and I do not know how many more of royal blood. But what have they now more than the meanest of their subjects! I cannot begin to remember all I saw and heard, as the guide hurried us through so very quickly. There are a number of chapels on each side of the principal part, used in old Catholic times. On one side is Lincoln chapel, the burial place of the Earl and Countess of Lincoln. There is a large monument of the deceased, with the figures lying. She has a large frill and capon, with her hands clasped. I did not like this monument as well as some others; it looked coarse; but perhaps I would have liked it better had I been a judge of sculpture. There is a splendid marble tablet erected to the memory of the Duchess of Gloucester by the Queen, who is her niece. It represents her feeding the poor, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, and taking in the homeless. I wish I could remember all, but I cannot, so as to give you any idea of them. We at last got into the state apartments. The first room is the Queen's audience chamber. The walls are covered with goberlin tapestry, representing the history of Queen Esther. The ceiling is painted in splendid clouds of gold and blue, and seemed as fresh as if just painted. Over the door is the portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots. She is a lovely, beautiful woman. She had on a dark flowing robe; on the wrists of her delicate hands were small white cuffs. There were also portraits of William, Prince of Orange, and Mary his wife. Then we came to what is called the 'old ball-room,' which is full of portraits of kings, queens, dukes, duchesses, earls, countesses, lords, ladies, &c., all painted by Vandyke. Then there is the Queen's drawing room, the state ante-room—all full of pictures. The furniture is covered with brown Holland pinafores, but here and there are things left uncovered, to let people know what they are like. Then the next is Waterloo chamber. It contains the portraits of the sovereigns of Europe, statesmen and warriors, who had rendered themselves conspicuous in the years 1813, '14 and '15. Next we were hurried to the presence chamber, or grand ball-room. This room is 90 by 34 feet. The walls are embellished with goberlin tapestry, representing the story of Jason and the golden fleece. The furniture of this room is green and gold. The carpets are all rolled up in a corner. There are centre tables, chairs, couches and footstools, all green and gold. Over the fire-place is a net-work of gold and white. In this room is the enormous vase presented by the Emperor of Russia to the Queen. Then there is in one of the rooms a portrait of George IV., in his robes of state, painted on glass, and reflected on each side by mirrors. It is certainly the most beautiful thing I saw there. The eye becomes weary with seeing, but still on we go to what is called the Guard Chamber, 80 feet long, in which is a piece of the foremast of the ship *Victory*, shattered by a cannon ball at the battle of Trafalgar. There are also cannon balls, shields, armour of all sort, full length figures of men in the identical armour worn by them when in life. One of them is the Earl of Essex, in 1596; another, Henry, Prince of Wales, 1612; Charles I., when he was Prince of Wales. In this room are two arm chairs—one of them was made from an elm which grew on the field of Waterloo.

"St. George's Hall is 200 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 32 feet high. On its walls are portraits of all the sovereigns of England from the time of James I. to George IV. This room was used by the royal breakfast party, the morning of the Prince of Wales' marriage—one hundred and ninety sat down to breakfast. When I looked at the ceilings, painted in the most resplendent hues by Verris, who has been in his grave for hundreds of years, I thought truly he still lives in his pictures. I could give you no idea of what they are like in the dining room. It represents all kinds of fish, birds, game, fruits, &c., to remind one of the feasts of the gods. In the crimson drawing room, the walls, what part you see, are covered with crimson satin. They showed me the room in which the Prince Consort expired. The tower in which he died is not open to the public, or, indeed, any other part of the castle.

"I have been to Kew Gardens. Kew Palace, in which the Princess Charlotte of Wales died, is not shown. The house is seen through the iron railings, and is not very magnificent looking. It seems like a well but long brick house, with splendid grounds around it. Its walks are almost as wide as King street, in St. John, and there are six green houses in it. In one all sorts of palms grow; one would fancy he was looking at a city of palm trees. There is a lake, with beautiful swans sailing on its placid waters, and a wall all around its brink. In the museum are curious things from all parts of the world, even *maple sugar* from America. Kew college is a pretty little place, half hidden in ivy. It is the residence of the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary of Cambridge.

"Another day our landlord sent his man to drive us to Hampton Court Palace. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey. Again my pen fails to tell of its massiveness, its beauty, its broad stone steps, its galleries, and its paintings. The first room we enter is what is called the guard room, hung with all sorts of implements of war, sufficient to arm a thousand men. There is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and portraits of grim looking men, seven feet high, in Spanish costume. There is Queen Mary's private devotion room, the dressing room and bed room. The mirrors are getting dim with age, and the frames tarnished with time. There are all sorts of vases of delf, brought from Normandy by William and Mary. A wire frame runs around the rooms to prevent persons from touching them. In the King's bed room is now placed the state bed of Queen Charlotte; it has been beautifully embroidered with colored silks, on a drab silk ground; a canopy of white satin, with gold figures and all sorts of devices; two arm chairs, and stools, all embroidered in drab silk. Then there is the portrait gallery, with hundreds of portraits. There are four of Queen Elizabeth; one taken when she was a young girl with her father—she looks soft and pretty; another in a fancy dress; another as a young woman—she looks stern and commanding; another just before her death. This last seems to me to look as if all the evil in her nature was struggling to gain the ascendancy; her face is pale and haggard looking. Fair Rosamond is there, looking soft and beautiful. Her eyes so soft and liquid, I do not wonder the heart of a king was taken captive by her beauty. Her eyes seemed to me the most beautiful I ever saw—between a brown and a black. I went three or four times to look at her. In one room are the voluptuous beauties of Charles II.'s court—the Duchess of Portsmouth, the Duchess of Cleveland, and many others.

"But I must not forget the far famed Hampton Court grape vine. The stem of this vine is 39 inches round; it is trained through its house of 70 feet long and 30 feet high, all of glass. It has a slanting roof of lattice work, through which the vine is woven, just like the bottom of a cane seated chair. There are 1400 bunches of grapes, of about a pound each, all perfectly ripe. They are to hang there until March next, then to be sent to the Queen's table, for the use of the royal family. The gardener said money could not buy one of the grapes. It is what they call the black Hamburg grape, and was planted 96 years ago.

"Hampton Court Palace is not now one of the residences of royalty. The Queen gives to broken-down nobility, or noble paupers, rooms there. At present there are forty-five families living there; they all keep servants. Some of them have twelve or fourteen, and horses and carriages, &c. The Queen offered Lady Havelock a residence there, but she declined. The grounds about the Palace are beautifully laid out with walks arched with trees. But you can form an idea of the gloomy magnificence of the place. There is in one room a splendid crimson canopy, put there by Queen Mary. The crimson is looking faded. They said it had not been touched since it was put up. In another room is Queen Anne's bed and furniture, covered with white embroidered velvet, stools, chairs, and all, but there is nothing to wash in. In one room is old Queen Charlotte and her thirteen children, all taken in one picture. She was thirty-six years old when it was taken, and was a splendid looking woman. The children are all small; it takes up almost one side of the large and very high room where it is. She has a baby on her lap, and the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Clarence are sitting beside her looking at a map; a little child is playing on the floor, and two or three young ladies are sitting and standing. A portrait of Queen Mary is also there. She looked horrid to me, as if the fires of Smithfield were lighting up her face. King Charles the first is there; he looks melancholy and sad, as if the shadows of the future were over him. His flowing wig half conceals his face. The painting itself is very dark and old. When I looked at these portraits, I thought here are the shadows, but the realities have passed into the spirit world!"

For the Religious Intelligencer.

THE FREEDMEN OF THE SOUTH.

The duty of educating the freed slaves of the South, and preparing them for the duties and responsibilities of free men, is just now occupying much of the attention of the humane and benevolent in the States. We have National and State Freedmen's Aid Societies, while our Home Mission, Tract and Bible Societies, are making large appropriations for this object. Our own Home Mission Society is largely engaged in this work, and the encouragements are very cheering. The American Tract Society, of Boston, are so largely engaged too in this work, and in supplying reading for the soldiers in our armies, that out of $124,000 raised the past year, only $500 was appropriated to the work in foreign countries. But very generously they appropriated $100 of this to our press in Midnapore. My two eldest daughters left home in October last for Virginia, to engage in teaching the Freedmen, under the patronage of our Home Mission Society. They are located about ten miles from Norfolk, on what is called "Baxter Farm, No. 1." Rev. J. Baker, wife and daughter, are associated with them. They have two day schools, and one in the evening. The blacks, both old and young, are very anxious to learn, and they have a large attendance at all of their schools. One little boy belonging to Mrs. Smith's school, saw Eld. Baker, and requested him to tell his teacher that he should not be at school any more till after Christmas, as he was going to work to get him some clothes. Br. B. asked him if he was coming after that. "Oh, yes," he said, "and Daddy thinks I can keep school by next summer." And Mrs. S. adds, "so you see I have one enterprising scholar." They are very anxious to learn, and make remarkable progress in their studies.

In visiting the families on the farm, and they are many, they write that those who had been "house servants" were found much more intelligent than the "field hands." The following extract from Mrs. Smith's last letter to me will give some insight into the former lives of these people. "We met with some whose histories, what we were able to learn of them, were very interesting, as much so as many of the incidents related by Mrs. Stowe, or any other writer. One pretty little yellow woman we found, who has had a bitter experience. She was the house servant of a real "virago," who lived twenty-five or thirty miles above Suffolk. She used to keep Penny (for that is the woman's name), without her food until she was so hungry that the children would steal food for her, or divide their own with her. She would knock her over with anything that came to hand; heat the tongs red hot and pinch her ears and other parts of her body. She told her she would poison her, but as she did not like to lose so much property, she gave that up, and poisoned her little girl, about five or six years old. She said she was a very beautiful child, and I could believe it, when I looked at the mother. When the child was a babe, her mistress would send a woman to lock it up in the cabin alone, and carry the key to her. Penny would be at work when she could hear the cries of the child during the day, but would not be permitted to go to it until evening. She said it would sometimes take her strength away, so that she could not work, to hear the child cry. But there was one thing consoling about it. The woman was so cross and unruly in her family that her own husband would tie her up sometimes and give her a good lashing, and she would carry the marks for a long time. At the time the war broke out, Penny had two little children. Her master had died, and her mistress was worse than ever. The able-bodied colored men were being taken to Richmond, and other places of safety. Penny told her husband that rather than have him bound before her eyes and taken to Richmond, she would see him leave her and go beyond the Union lines. So he left and came to Suffolk, where a portion of our army was encamped. Soon after Penny had her pig killed (the slaves were allowed to keep a pig of their own), and at night she went out and got a cart and the only horse her mistress owned; put the pig, her two children, and hay enough for her horse into the cart, and started alone in the darkness for Suffolk and freedom. She rode until it began to grow light, then turned into the woods, fed her horse and remained concealed until the next night, then started on again towards Suffolk, where she arrived in safety, and soon found her husband. She said she would not have taken the only horse her mistress had if she had not "given her a heap of trouble."

But my letter is already too long, and perhaps on this account, as well as others, may not be acceptable to your readers. If it is not, please throw it under the table. But if acceptable, I may be able to give you more incidents connected with this to us most interesting work.

C. O. LIBBY.

Candia, N. H., Dec. 28th, 1864.

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR MISCELLANY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.—Our recollections of early life, says a Christian writer, fasten upon two places—the home where we lived and the sanctuary where we worshipped. No picture of childhood is complete from which the church is omitted. The children who are deprived of the sanctuary hardly have a native place. The most that can be said is that there is a place where one-half of their being began and was nourished. With the fond remembrances of our home are inseparably blended those of the church. The cessation from labor, the Sabbath stillness, the morning walk over the hills, the meeting with those seen only on this day, and the impressions received from the service of the sanctuary, form for the memory a picture on which it ever loves to gaze. We had—what child has not had before he has learned to criticise and find fault—a good minister: our familiar friend, our reverend teacher. How eagerly we welcomed his coming to our home and how carefully we treasured up his words. Often, since called to minister to the lambs of the flock, have we wished ourselves worthy of a love and veneration as sincere and profound as that which, in our youth, we felt for our friend and pastor.

Alas! how many children are growing up throughout our country, who will have no pleasant recollections of the sanctuary, because it has never been made attractive to them; neither as a building nor as a place of instruction, and they are not taught to reverence it.

BEGINNING OF A REVIVAL.—Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Church, relates the following as illustrative of how God blesses humble agencies in revival, and the conversion of souls:

"Many years ago, when I was a pastor, there was a revival in my charge. From January to May over three hundred souls were converted and added to the Church. Some, I have not a doubt, thought the labors of the pastor had contributed almost solely to the result. But there was in the society an old man, of stammering speech, a hauler of sand from the pits of the brickyards. He had a heart full of love to God, and he failed not to let his light shine. A perverse son had gone from home, attended a Methodist meeting in a distant village, and had become converted. Returning home and narrating his experience to his father, that father told it to his neighbors, and in various of the meetings, social and public. It went to the heart of sinner and saint. At a session of the Presbyterian Synod, where the old gentleman begged permission to speak, the tears from half the eyes of the assembly attested its power. The old gentleman with his slow stammering tongue, kept up the work of testifying in behalf of his Saviour, and by and by the meetings of the Church increased in number and interest. The Word preached had unusual power the wicked were made to fear and tremble, and to cry mightily to God for mercy, and as I remarked, in about four months the gatherings amounted to over three hundred. Now, I have no doubt in the day of accounts it will be found that the chief agent in this work was the old owner of the sand-cart, whose boy, by some apparently unknown agency, had been led to Christ, and who unconsciously in his father's hands had spoken his experience to the hundreds both old and young, of his native town."

MR. SPURGEON.—The English correspondent to the *Provincial Wesleyan* makes the following honorable mention of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, his church, and labours:—

Mr. Spurgeon's congregation keeps up in unabated numbers. Some 4000 people may be seen every Thursday evening at his week night service, and about 2000 at the Monday evening prayer meeting. Within ten years his church members have increased from about 100 to 2500, and they are increasing still at the rate of 300 per year. He has 10 deacons and 24 elders, a college of about 40 students for the ministry, supported by voluntary contributions, and a vast apparatus of schools and lectures. Every Friday evening a lecture is given on some secular subject. Mr. Spurgeon never holds a prayer meeting after preaching, nor does he depend at all on what is usually termed a revival. His notion is that if souls are not stirred up on Sunday sufficiently to come to speak to their pastor during the week, or to come at least to the Monday prayer meeting, they had better be left alone for awhile till their repentance has become more genuine and sincere. The consequence, it is said, is that in his church there are surprisingly few backsliders. If converts are not too easily let in, he thinks that they will not so easily fall away.

JEWS IN JERUSALEM.—A journal published in Jerusalem, in the Hebrew language, says: It is astonishing to observe how the love of the Holy Land increases among the Jews. There are coming constantly pious, well-to-do, and learned men to Jerusalem, to spend the rest of their days in the midst of its sacred scenes. Many now come from Hungary, from which there were formerly few. They have recently founded several valuable institutions.

REVIVAL.—The *Methodist* says:—The great religious interest which commenced in South Third Street Church, Brooklyn, E. D., nearly three months ago, has not abated, and up to this time over two hundred and fifty persons have professed faith in Christ.

TEMPTATIONS TO DRUNKENNESS.—The *Provincial Wesleyan* (of Halifax, N. S.), in an article on the necessity of temperance effort, refers to the temptations to vice, as follows:

The temptations to drunkenness, and the facilities for ensnaring the unwary into the paths of inebriation, abound in this city to a much greater extent than is generally supposed; and the same may be said of many other places in these Provinces. We refer not merely to the hundreds of low grogshops, licensed and unlicensed, but especially to the numerous drinking establishments of a higher order, the saloons, the confectioners' shops, the respectable hotels, where the work of ruin is progressing at a fearful rate. The number is appallingly great, of young men and of older ones too, many of them of the best classes of society, and persons bearing a good character, church-going people, who night after night frequent those places for the purpose of drinking and gambling, and who are being led on from step to step in their habits of vice, their course to end in shame to themselves, and in great grief to their friends.

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.—The *Christian Messenger* (Halifax), very justly says:

The amount of brain-work, material and manual labor, employed to furnish the reading matter of a family Newspaper for fifty-two weeks, is, we believe, greater than that supplied for the same sum by any profession or branch of industrial occupation.

VALUE OF A RELIGIOUS PAPER.—The *Presbyterian Witness* (Halifax), in an excellent article on the value of the religious newspaper, says:

Unless you supply religious reading and news to your family they will grow up "secularists." Politics or petty scandal will be their week day and Sabbath talk. All their interests will be of the world, worldly. The heart, the intellect, the tongue must always be busied with something, and if you do not provide what is good, Satan is always ready to pour in what is bad. The house that is swept and garnished will speedily be occupied by eight devils—troublesome and ill-paying tenantry. It is proper then that from their earliest youth our children should be taught to take an interest in their church—in the church universal—in the religious questions that are to any degree prominently before the world. The best way, indeed the only way to attain this end, is to place in their hands a reliable religious newspaper.

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.—The whole number of Protestant missionaries now in China, is said to be about ninety-five, and the number of Church members connected with the Protestant missions not far from 2,500.

CHURCHES IN JAPAN.—Two christian churches have recently been organized in Japan. "Japan is opened," says a sanguine missionary," and there is no reason to apprehend that it will be again closed upon us."

CLOSING CONVENTS IN POLAND.—A despatch from St. Petersburg, Nov 23, 1864, says:—

"An imperial decree has been issued, closing certain convents in Poland. It orders that all Catholic monasteries and convents having less than eight members, and also those whose participation in the insurrection was notorious, or has since been proved, are to be immediately closed. The inmates may enter other religious establishments, or be allowed to go abroad at the public expense. The religious establishments which are not suppressed by this decree are forbidden to maintain relations with either provincials or generals of their Orders. The sequestrated property of the monastries and conventa will be exclusively devoted to ecclesiastical, educational, and charitable purposes. In pursuance of this decree seventy-one monasteries and four conventa have been closed on account of not possessing the required number of inmates, and thirty-nine other religious houses on account of participation in Polish insurrection.

From an article in the *North American Review* on Stephen Girard, the founder of Girard College, Philadelphia, we make the following extract:—

In 1793, the yellow fever visited Philadelphia. One half of the population fled, and those who remained shut themselves up in their houses. Most of the churches, hotels and stores were closed, and of four daily papers, only one continued to be published. "Many of the sick died without help, and they were buried without ceremony. The horrible silence in the streets was broken only by bitter-bearers and the awful rumble of the dead-wagon. Whole families perished—perished without assistance—their fate unknown to their neighbors . . . A few brave physicians, a few faithful clergymen, a few high-minded citizens, a few noble women" only remained to sustain the honor of humanity, and minister to the dying. At one time all but *three* of the Visitors of the Poor were "sick, dead, or missing," and a note in one of the papers called for some one to superintend the great Fever Hospital at Bush Hill. To the inexpressible astonishment of the committee, the