

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

"For he loveth our Nation."

MR. EDITOR:—Patriotism alone is not religion, he that has that piety which awakens in a man no feeling of regard for his country's welfare, savours not of the religion of that man whose faith received the highest commendation of the love of God. If it be true that when the righteous rule, the people rejoice, upon what system of theological teaching can the commonly adopted rule be sustained, that ministers of the gospel, and professors of religion generally, ought not to "meddle with politics?"

If the political field has become a "dirty pool," too profane to receive the visitations of the Priest, or too polluted for the purity of his robes, the more shame for his having betrayed his trust to his country and his God! The MAKER of this beautiful world intended that man should be governed by wise and wholesome laws, framed and administered without partiality by God-fearing men; but universally, by criminal neglect, on the part of those who are styled "the salt of the earth"—the unsavoury ballot-box repels the authors of its pollution; and men possessing the smallest share of godliness, are chosen to conduct the affairs of the world to a speedy consummation of that glorious period, prophetically described as the "reign of righteousness."

I purpose not to write a *political sermon*, but having a more definite object in view, I embrace the opportunity offered by your widely circulated paper, to present to your numerous readers, the name and character of Mr. A. H. GILLMOR, one of the candidates now before the people of Charlotte County, for their votes at the approaching general election. Brother Gillmor may not be altogether without political ambition, but he evidently has nothing to gain in the step he has now taken, in a pecuniary point of view; on the contrary, he must necessarily make a great sacrifice of time and money, which could be advantageously applied to his own personal interest, but he has consented, in reply to the earnest solicitation of his friends, and the promptings of his own well trained mind, to present himself to his country; and should his services be accepted, promises faithfully and honestly to labour for the people's good, regardless of private influence, party prejudices, or sectarian bigotry. Having known Mr. Gillmor personally and intimately since his boyhood, I can say unhesitatingly, that never man entered the political field with more honesty of purpose than he does at the present time. It may be asked, and justly too, what are his qualifications? The first and most essential qualification (honesty of purpose) has been stated, and which has been proved to all who know him, by his conduct during the past six years, in which he has been zealously and ardently engaged—and not without effect—in promoting temperance, morality, and religion, in the Division-room, on the public platform, and in the Sabbath School; and if there are any who disregard such qualifications, as being unnecessary for a legislator at the present day, I can only say 'tis a pity that society has been hindered by persons of such a stamp.

Long communications are tedious to read, as well as to write, I will therefore briefly add in reference to Mr. G's popularity, that his chance of election is second to none who are now before the public.

Yours truly,

H. E. S.

St. George, June 5th, 1854.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

DEAR BRO. BILL,—Please give publicity to the following, which may be termed

A new Era in Total Abstinence in the Baptist Church in Upham.

This document was unanimously adopted by the Church, this 3rd day of June, 1854.

WHEREAS, the practice of drinking intoxicating liquors has become so great an evil, not only among the people of the world, but among professors of religion; and knowing the liability of those who indulge in taking a little, becoming ultimately drunkards, and destroying both soul and body.

We the Baptist Church of Christ in Upham, therefore do *Resolve*, That we will take the word of God as it is recorded in the New Tes-

tament, for our guide in this respect; and use no wine, only such as is named in the New Testament, and for the use and purposes therein described. But if we cannot obtain the juice of the grape for the Communion, at the Lord's Supper, we hold it right to use the juice of some other fruit or berry.

We further *Resolve*, That we will abstain from the use of all other intoxicating liquors whatsoever, unless by the advice or direction of a Physician. We will not procure them for others, nor will we trade, or deal in them; but use all lawful means to do away with the use of them.

We further *Resolve*, That if any member of this Church shall be proved guilty of transgressing the above rules, he or she shall be dealt with, as for any other breach of Christian duty.

Signed in behalf of the Baptist Church in Upham.

JOHN V. TABOR, Clerk.

Upham, K. C., June 10th, 1854.

St. Martin's June 9, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER:—I was disappointed in getting down to our meeting on account of the death of our esteemed brother, Deacon E. Vaughan, whose interment took place on Monday. I hope the blessing of the Almighty may attend your efforts for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in this Province. The paper is doing much good in this place. I hope you may be blessed in your administration of truth, whether from the pulpit or by the press.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

J. A. SMITH.

Miscellaneous.

RUSSIA AS IT IS.

BY COUNT A. DE GUROWSKI.

The Appletons, says the Christian Inquirer, have allowed us to look over the sheets of this attractive work in advance of publication, and we have read enough of its pages to recommend it as alike remarkable for the boldness of its political speculations, and the fulness and the apparently minute fidelity of its facts. The Count is a man after his own kind, and, in spite of his somewhat awkward English, he will need little effort from critics to make for his book a wide market wherever a common share of curiosity is found.

We give a passage upon the position of the Russian clergy:

The nobility at large, though externally respectful toward the clergy, yet keep them at a distance, and there exists no intimate intercourse between the two classes. The contrary is the case with the bourgeoisie and the peasants. At their hearth the priest, the monk, is treated with cordiality, and meets with respect. The religious as well as the national tie unites them strongly. In the clergymen, the people at large have entire confidence—but not so in the nobility or in the officials. With the clergy the people live a common life—with the clergy they share sorrows and sufferings, and bear a common oppression.

Like every thing else in Russia, the Church is oppressed by despotic power, and the clergy by the social strata overlaying it. Peter the Great annulled the independence of the clergy; and since the first stroke, the all-absorbing action of despotism has pressed down and crushed the Church more completely. It must be said, however, that the influence of the sovereign exclusively concerns temporal matters, and, therefore, the Emperor is in no wise the spiritual chief of the Church, nor can he in any way decide or interfere with spiritual, dogmatic, or strictly ecclesiastical disciplinary affairs. In this respect, a sovereign of England is more a chief of his Church than a Russian autocrat of his. For instance, the Gorham case, lately decided in England by the sovereign or her council, in Russia could never come officially before the Emperor. With his power, notwithstanding its intensity, he cannot touch spiritual or theological questions. But in all other matters, the clergy and the hierarchy are wholly reduced to nothingness, and are totally subject to the will of the Czar. The common disciplinary decisions of the Synod must be submitted to the sovereign.

To avoid what the jealousy of despotism calls a scandal, or rather to cut off a contaminating influence which might extend over other subjects, no free discussion of any mat-

ter is really allowed to the Church. The bishops must be very circumspect and cautious in their spiritual and administrative action. They too are subject to the investigation of the secret police, or spies, and may thus easily be ruined. Salaried by the Government, they are kept in absolute subjection, and those who are too spirited, receive, either directly, secretly, or officially, through the synod, friendly or emphatic admonitions. Any discussion about the moral power and influence of the church, is looked on as too likely and too easily susceptible to go beyond bounds; thus it is suspected, or rather prohibited, in writing as well as speech. Even the pulpit, that scanty resource of the church, is jealously watched over. Thus, neither the supreme metropolitan, nor the humblest parson, can move freely in his own element. The monasteries are under the same pressure. The choice or selection of the abbot (*Igumen*) must be made by them, agreeably to the whims of the government. They are under control, as is every other corporation, and are sometimes treated very roughly and with great severity. With all this, the sovereign, and the whole official swarm, show all the external signs of deference to the *Pope*, or *Baituschka*, as a priest is commonly called.

We have said above that none or scarcely any social intercourse exists between the nobility and the clergy. The priests select their wives from among their own class, or from the lower burghers or peasantry, who are not admitted into the society of even the lowest nobility. Thus the clergy, being both in the city and in the country excluded from the palace and the chateau, very naturally fall back upon the other classes, by whom they are treated with respectful deference.

The clergy are far from being satisfied with forming such a limited caste. For their children they wish, very naturally, for a more enlarged horizon, from which they are crowded out, as much by the institutions of the country as by its conventional usage. They are, very naturally, dissatisfied and dissatisfied; and this dissatisfaction with the existing state of things grows stronger and stronger in proportion as their oppression and the aspiration for emancipation increase.

The only full liberty, protection and firm support enjoyed by the clergy under the government, is in the persecution of heretics and dissenters from the orthodox church. These various sectarians have a strong vitality, notwithstanding the pressure exercised upon them. They are equally obnoxious to the church and to the crown; they form various sects, composed of burghers and peasants, with very few nobles. Some of them do not believe in any regular clergy at all, and these are looked on as the worst; others have no higher hierarchy beyond their parsons; these are called *storowietsy*, old believers; others are iconoclasts; and still others have various names, as *duhobortsy*, inspired, *malakany*, *skoptsy*, &c. They are most generally quiet and active people, but very fanatical. Temperate and abstemious—most of them use no spirituous liquors whatever—they are thus in good circumstances. By the law they are excluded from holding elective offices in the municipal or rural communes, where they live mixed with the orthodox. They really must be looked upon as forming the only true Independents in Russia, since to their religious ideas they join those of political independence. Their political notions are republican, and the Czar, as well as the nobility, is odious to them; they are principally averse to the military service. Dispersed and scattered through the empire, they find the people more tolerant towards them than the government. They thus maintain a continual social fermentation, whose activity is increasing, and may acquire a high importance in future emergencies.

From all this it results, that neither religion in itself, nor the State Church and clergy, form such strongholds and props of absolutism, and of the division into castes in Russia, as is perhaps the case in other countries of Europe. On the contrary, the clergy, and above all the monks, are rather a menacing cloud on the autocratic horizon, and the autocracy is aware of this fact. Not that it can be expected that the initiative of general emancipation will ever issue from the order of the priesthood, but whenever it shall come the clergy will rather foster than oppose it, provided that it bear what is beyond a doubt, a national character.

THE BOY AND THE PANTHER.

A WILD WESTERN SCENE.

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton, about seven years old, was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, and his mother almost idolized him. There he was, with his trousers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's eye gleaming out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and with some of his father's strength tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream.

"Samuel, you had better come in, hadn't you?" said Hannah, in a tone of half-mother and half-mate.

"No," said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the stream. The boy took it up, looked at it, was pleased, and "reckoned" in his mind that there were more up the "gully," and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns.

The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter had been formed (the work of many centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in; and walking on a level, that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side to the height of one hundred feet, composed of rocks and crags, fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shapes and positions. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting their assistance, and the unseen surface of the rock, this natural fort seemed inaccessible but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit water. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank cast a deep gloom upon the bed below, while, so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow up to the sky. Blue patches of water were seen peeping between them.

Hannah soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered in the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When it came, neither Josiah nor any of his men knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed—"He's lost—he's lost! my poor boy will starve in the woods!"

Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family round her, and dispatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To her husband she said—"Scour every field you call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge." "He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah?" "He would go anywhere." She knew not why, but a presentiment that her boy had followed the course of the stream dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he joined her at the mouth of the gorge. An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself, "The dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces," and, frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the ravine echo back her screams for her offspring. The only answer was the eternal thunder of the boiling cataract, which, as if in mockery of her woe, threw its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a woman can tell the feelings of a woman's heart? Fear came thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. "O, my boy—my brave boy will die!" and, wringing her hands in agony, she sank at her husband's feet. The pain of "hope deferred" had strained her heart-strings to the utmost tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all. The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around, and rose trembling to her feet. As she stood like a heart-broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked—she was herself again, for half up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips it turned into a note of horror. "O, mercy, mercy!" The crag on which the boy stood projected from the rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of the