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## Luther's Hymn.

In an interesting article on the Evangelical Alliance reference is made to Luther's hymn, *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, which was sung at the Berlin Conference. Some of our readers may not be familiar with this exquisite and noble ode. It was probably composed in 1529, when Protestantism, as we have seen, was in its infancy. The Rev. Wm. M. Bunting, a Methodist minister, who was a member of the Berlin Conference—son of the Rev. Dr. Bunting—has written a fine English version of this hymn, retaining the measure of the original, as well as much of its spirit, so that it can be sung in our language to the same tune with the German. We have inserted Mr. Bunting's version in the "Songs of Zion," but few will object to see it in this place.—*Nashville Advocate*.

**"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."**  
A strong tower is the Lord our God,  
To shelter and defend us;  
Our shield his arm, our sword his rod,  
Against our foes he'll defend us.  
That ancient enemy,  
His gathering powers we see,  
His terror and his toils,  
Yet victory, with his spoils,  
Not earth, but Heaven, shall send us!

Though wrestling with the wrath of hell,  
No might of man avail us;  
Our captain is Immanuel,  
And angel comrades hail us!  
Still challenge ye his name?  
"Christ is the flesh who came!"  
"The Lord, the Lord of hosts!"  
Our cause his succor boasts,  
And God shall never fail us!

Though earth by peopling fiends be trod,  
Embattled all, yet hidden;  
And hosts of evil, wearing gold,  
Our throats and shrines have stridden;  
Nay, let them stand revealed,  
And darken all the field;  
We fear not, all they must!  
The Word, wherein we trust,  
Their triumph hath forbidden.

While mighty truth with us remains,  
Hell's arts shall move us never;  
Nor parting friendships, honors, gains,  
Our love from Jesus sever:  
They leave us when they part,  
With him a peaceful heart,  
And when from death we rise,  
Death yields us, as he dies,  
The crown of life forever!

## What is Caste?

At a moment when the question of caste is threatening the whole fabric of our Indian Empire, it is desirable that every man in England should have a clear idea of what it really is; and we have been much surprised, that in the great amount of writing that has taken place, no one seems to have raised the simple question, "What is caste?" It is taught in the sacred books of the Hindus that caste is a distinction grounded upon the creation of different orders of men imbued with different proportions of goodness and badness, who have transmitted their original nature to the present generations. The following account gives us briefly the substance of their doctrines on the present point.

"Formerly," says the Parasara teacher, "when the truth-meditating Brahmin was desirous of creating the world, there sprang from his mouth beings especially endowed with the quality of goodness; others sprang from his breast pervaded by the quality of foulness; others from his thighs, in whom foulness and darkness prevailed; and others from his feet, in whom the power of darkness predominated. These were in succession births of the several castes, Brahmins, Kshetriyas, Vaisiyas, Sudras, produced from the mouth, the breast, the thighs, and the feet, of Brahma." The popular account describes the Kshetriyas as born from the Creator's arm. These castes have their distinct origins, and nature equally distinct. They repel the doctrine, that "God made of one blood all men to dwell upon the face of the earth;" and, in opposition to it, maintain that the different castes of men have natures as dissimilar as the different castes of grain, fruit, or animals. Caste is their word for species.—Wheat, rice, and Indian-corn, are different castes of grain; mangoes, bananas, and tamarinds, different castes of fruit; tigers, camels, different castes of animals; and Brahmins, Kshetriyas, Vaisiyas, and Sudras, different castes of men. "You may say if you please," they will observe, "that Brahmins and Sudras are both men. They are both men, if you will, just as a horse and an ass are both animals; but as you never can make an ass of a horse, nor a horse of an ass, so you can never make a Brahmin of a Sudra, nor a Sudra of a Brahmin." The idea that the outcasts are sprung from the same stock as the rest of mankind is scouted with disgust.

"Into these four divisions, then is society parted; each being a separate commonwealth, with 'its own head, its own prejudices, its own purity, its own laws. The various castes may not eat together, may not intermarry, may not reside in the same house, and may not assume each other's professions. Thus they are really wider apart than if separated by national distinctions, or even than races alien in blood and complexion. Again, the calling is transmitted from father to son, and it passes on through indefinite generations. The design of this was doubtless to secure partition in the various departments of trade. Whether it has done this or not, it has established professional genealogies. 'Old houses' and 'ancient families' are common things in India. Every tailor may confidently reckon that his sires clipped and fitted since the days of the Caesars, and every barber can boast an ancestry of barbers who shaved in remote antiquity; the weaver, too, the joiner, the potter, the washer-man, and the blacksmith, may each pride himself that the line of his fathers stretches up through long centuries."—*Arthur's Mission to the Mysore*.

It might be expected that the Brahmins, who, according to this account of creation, are beings especially endowed with the power of goodness, would take high rank.—Accordingly, we find the great Hindoo authority, Manu, speaking thus:—

"Whatever exists in the universe, is all, in effect, though not in form, the wealth of the Brahmin, since the Brahmin is entitled to all by his prerogative and eminence of birth. The Brahmin eats but his own food, wears but his own apparel and bestows but his own alms. Through the benevolence of the Brahmin, indeed, other mortals enjoy life." So entirely different is the dis-

tingtion created by caste from any distinction of rank as existing in other nations, that a man of lower caste cannot even be admitted to the dignity of domestic service in the house of his higher caste neighbour. Not one Brahmin or Rajpoot soldier in the whole of the Bengal army could have allowed his English General to cook a dish of curry for him, or to offer him a cup of tea, without thereby polluting himself irreparably. All his food must be prepared by the hands of persons of his own caste.—This absurd institution has been adopted by the Mussulmans, although contrary to their religion; so that, instead of discountenancing the Hindu nonsense, they set up a ritual caste and affect to be as strict and punctilious as their idolatrous neighbours.—Hence arises the enormity of the blunder with regard to the greased cartridges, which by some almost incredible inattention to the habits of the people, was an affront exactly prepared to frighten and wound both Hindu and Mussulman alike. A Brahmin will shake with terror if a drop of spittle, water from a glass in the hand of a European fall upon him by accident; and how any Government, having even heard of India, not to say knowing it, could allow the issue of greased cartridges to such men, is one of those marvels of human folly in presence of which it is impossible to be angry, it looks so like judicial blindness. The best illustration we have seen, to convey to the minds of those who are not practically acquainted with the horror which the caste feeling inspires against any article of food supposed to be impure, is given by a writer who says that the effect of asking Brahmins and Rajpoots to bite the cartridges, greased with the fat either of swine or cows, or perhaps of both, would be much the same as that of asking Roman Catholic soldiers to offer some public insult to the consecrated wafer. The Hindu can conceive of no calamity comparable to the loss of caste; and hence, to a great extent, arises what is very often alleged as their reproach,—their want of patriotism. For, in fact, all the feelings of attachment to a particular form of government, or dynasty, or nationality, or freedom, as in the Hindu mind, are concentrated upon that which is to him the embodiment of all his family traditions and privileges, of his personal station, and religious hopes,—his caste. Governments may change, and nationalities be overturned, but his position remains little altered; infringe, however, the regulations of his caste, and he has been expelled by one nation, and hopeless for the life to come. Hence while he will look upon changes in the nation almost with comparative indifference, he will resent any affront to the caste almost with ungovernable fury.

A change of religion does not necessarily involve a departure from caste; for many of the native Christians have endeavored to combine caste with Christianity, and in the early stages of missionary operations, this tendency was so far conceded to, that in Tanjore, caste ran as high among the Christians as among the heathen, until the abuse brought down its own destruction.—Loss of caste is most ordinarily and speedily brought about by eating, or tasting anything of the nature of swine or cow, or by touching any article prepared by one of the outcasts in India; and hence among the outcasts in India are to be ranked, first of all, the native Pariahs; secondly, the Mussulmans, whose affected caste the Brahmins cannot acknowledge; and, thirdly, the Europeans, who are outcasts by a double title,—first, because they are of an unclean race; secondly, because their food is universally cooked with the fat of swine, and they place the Europeans at an infinite distance from all decency, according to the code of caste; and either he must consent to have all his food cooked in England, and eat it there, or else must Brahmins on the plain ground that their caste is a local distinction founded on untruth, and pushed to absurdity, which he is prepared to respect, so far as never to offer to invite them to an evening conference, but giving which every meal he eats is a practical proof. No barrier has ever been raised between man and man so impassable as caste.—The Frank and the western Mahomedan grow friends over a meal; the European and the South Sea Islander warm at each other; even the Chinese can entertain strangers; but two men may be neighbours for life, may write in the same office, may parade in the same company for twenty years, and never dare to break bread together, though equals in fortune, employment, and ability. Loss of caste is also caused by the omission of established rites, neglecting to sacrifice to ancestors, or drunkenness. Of the effect of loss of caste, the following correct account is given by the Abbé Dubois:—

"He (who has lost his caste) is a man, as it were, dead to the world. He is no longer in the society of men. By losing his caste the Hindu is bereft of friends and relations, and often of wife and children, who will rather forsake him than share in his miserable lot. No one dares to eat with him, or even to pour him out a drop of water. If he has marriageable daughters, they are shunned; no other girls can be approached by his suit. Wherever he appears he is scorned and pointed out as an outcast. If he sinks under the grievous curse, his body is suffered to rot on the place where he dies. Even if, in losing his caste, he could descend into an interior one, the evil would be less, but he has no such resource. A Shudra, little scrupulous as he is about honour of delicacy, would scorn to give his daughter in marriage even to a Brahmin thus degraded. If he cannot re-establish himself in his own caste, he must sink into the infamous tribe of the Pariah, or mix with persons whose caste is equivocal."

One part of the operation of the caste system which is of the first importance, and which seems to have received no notice whatever in the present agitation, is the formation of a larger section of the people universally diffused, who, being outcasts, are degraded below all social rights. What proportion these may bear to the whole population, we are not prepared to say. The Abbé Dubois, who is generally considered an authority, says that they are in five. We imagine that this is too high an estimate, and perhaps one in ten would be nearer the truth. But even in this proportion, the outcasts are twenty millions of human beings, or more than the population of all England. Outside the walls of every village in India may be seen a miserable kral of huts, inhabited by a hopeless race, who are borne down by generation

after generation to a condition of the extreme degradation. The following extract will give an idea of the condition of these people:—

"The out-caste may not live in the common street, and in some parts of the extreme South, he may not even walk the streets where the Brahmins reside; it is forbidden the house of all the castes; but in some districts may enter where the cattle are lodged, and one foot and even show his head inside the door of the family apartment.—To touch him, to enter his house, to drink water he had drawn, to eat food he had cooked, to use a vessel he had touched, to sit down beside him, to ride in the same vehicle, or even give him a drink of water, would be unlawful for a man of caste. He would take a proposal for anything of the kind as a mortal affront. The condition of an American or West India slave is worse than theirs in only one respect—compulsory labour. But the slave may tread the same floor as his master, without polluting the whole house; he may enter the room where he sits, touch the dish he uses, sleep under the same roof, and prepare the food he eats. He is not made to feel that his step defiles a room; that his touch defiles the purest ware; and that he carries in his own body, no matter how clean, a cursed miserable filthiness which fills with disgust all those which have common human sentiments. He has at least the privilege of a domestic. Above all, he may possibly die free; his children may be intelligent and respectable. But the out-caste has no hopes—no manumission can change his birth; he must bear his curse down to the grave; he must bequeath it to his children, who will bequeath it in turn, and from generation to generation it must go, nor can any power arrest it, except one of the most powerful Nairings, can elevate the Out-caste, till the Gospel has taught his neighbours to own his rights. Every Englishman would ten thousand times prefer being a slave, permitted some semblance of intercourse with the rest of mankind, and having a possibility of ransom, with the glorious prospect of leaving his children free, to being an Out-caste, driven to live beyond the had gate wall, his door from every door, scorned by the most base, loathed by the most vile, and knowing that this malediction awaits his little ones."

The living of this hapless race is precarious; sometimes employed as scavengers, sometimes as horse carriers, porters, or messengers, for most part labouring in the fields for three or four pence a day; or else selling themselves for a term to a farmer, or reduced to a kind of slavery as payment of debt, they never venture to hope for aught but poverty and shame.—When labour fails, charity lends no substitute; for, though I find in the sacred books directions for alms to out-castes, I never heard of such a thing being done, and out-caste seeds themselves for beggars, but not one of these beggars would admit him to the honour of washing his dish, or dine in a room that his presence stained. Thus they are driven to eat all disgusting things. No sooner does a beast die of the disease what it may, than a crowd of these hungry beings surrounds the carrion, and even for carrion they are not to be paid. Crows, rats, snakes, reptiles, almost everything is pressed into the service of destitute nature, and drunkenness follows to crown their shame and woe.

It is said that on one part of the Malabar coast, a section of out-castes is so abhorred, that they are not allowed to erect houses, only an open shed supported on four bamboo poles, and that they are not permitted to cast a stone nearer than a hundred yards; but must give notice of their approach by a loud cry. To prevent the danger of contact, they are forbidden the highway.—*Mission to the Mysore, P. 4. 15, &c.*

The benefits already conferred on the unhappy Out-castes by Englishmen are incalculable. Admitted into European families as domestic servants, they are not appointed to new positions; resolutely Missionaries into schools, they are proved to have the mental qualities of man. In the early days of our rule in India, they were admitted to our armies, and Gen. Briggs has ably shown that, when that was the case, our native levies were perfectly trustworthy and efficient.—An able writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1855, when none of the nervous anxiety of the present moment disturbed discussion, as to the best organization of our Sepoy army, said that in the early times the native officers 'not unrequitedly filled their ranks with Pariahs and persons of the lowest caste. Nor did the slightest inconvenience arise from this. Off duty, the Brahmin and Rajpoot could not come into contact with the Sudra, far less touch the Pariah, or eat food which he had dressed; on duty they rubbed shoulders freely, and were honestly attached to one another.' But then the native officers had real rank, and power over their troops; and the native army was, as Gen. Briggs points out, composed of two classes,—gentlemen, and those of the lowest grades. But, just as the caste prejudice has been removed, so the Mohammedans, so in time infected British officers also. 'The Sepoys,' says Gen. Briggs, 'who fought the battles of Clive and Coote, who contributed to the humiliation of Tipu, and who gained laurels under Sir Arthur Wellesley were of a mixed class. The infantry was composed of Pariahs, Pallars, and other low cultivators of the Carnatic, of the Northern Circars, and a few Mohammedans. The cavalry was wholly Mohammedans.' But in the lapse of years these men were either dismissed, or dropped out of the army, and only men of caste entered. The same profound student of India relates how an old Rajpoot, a Subahdar, alluding to the Out-castes, whom England was now treating, not in her own spirit, but in that of the Brahmins, said, 'The day will come when you will confess how much higher qualities they possess as soldiers than the Mohammedans.' That day came long ago to men of insight, as Sir Charles James Napier; but never came, until their comrades were massacred and their wives dishonored, to the common run of routine officers; and even at that time when the fearful storm under which we are now shuddering, was gathering over our heads, the Commander-in-Chief of Bombay was silly enough to issue a General Order, enforcing the exclusion from the army hereafter of recruits from the Out-castes, he being resolved, of course, to make his own army as respectable, in point of caste, as that of Bengal. Owing to this

miserable un-English policy, while the influence of our rule in the main has been to open up some hopes of amelioration to the down-trodden millions of the Out-castes, we have gradually been excluding them from the honorable employment of soldiers, and leaving arms in the hands chiefly of the two classes of men who, beyond all others are our enemies, the Mohammedans and the High-castes, who must be averse to any Government not founded on their respective systems.—*London Quarterly Review*.

### Thoughts on Time.

Time is the most indefinite yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but itself immeasurable, and its great disclosure of all things, but itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain; it takes the view of a church, but enjoys the view of a man; it is the life of a nation, but bestows them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house: it is the transient and deceitful slatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor does it rest, but it is incessantly stealing from the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death.—Time, the cradle of hope but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all things to their end, and all things to their desire to the other; but like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the maddest too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

### Love.

I never was so impressed with the power of love as when I heard the following story: A woman had a deadly hatred against a fellow creature. Now there lived near her a child who was not polluted with the world's wickedness. Mortal man had taught that child only a simple prayer, but the angels talked to her soul, and the Lord's light shone clearly there. Now that woman once left her home burning with jealousy, and she stumbled and fell just where that little child lived. The woman was angry, and she spoke her words when the child was asleep. "Has she been hurt?" Now the child was not afraid, but looked her in the face, and said, "Never mind! God will cure you; and I will ask Him." So she put up her little hands to the Lord, and said her little prayer. The tears of the woman started; the child was asking the Lord to cure her, and the Lord was looking at her through the child! She could not bear it, she screamed in agony. And then the child rose up, and the woman caught her and said, "Teach me to pray!" The woman forgot her hatred, her fellow-sinner, every thing but that child. Her look was on her when the child said, "Do you love?" "Me love! Me! Oh! who can I love?" Then said the child in a whisper, "Love God, love you, and me, and all the world." "Yes," said the woman, "He loves you, but he cannot love me." Then said the child of love, "He do not know our Father, then, for He do love." Now what that woman felt I do not know; but she fell on her knees, and the power of love impressed her; and she let the child, the little child, lead her home, feeling an angel had been sent to keep her from great sin, and to tell her God was love, and loved her.

Now this woman became transformed not by fear, but by the power of love in a little child.

### Secret Prayer Rewarded Openly.

When Jacob and Esau met—on one side the shaggy chieftain, with his four hundred swordsmen, and on the other side the limping shepherd with his caravan of children and sheep—a flock of sheep approaching a band of wolves; when the patriarch took his staff in his hand and stepped forward to meet the embattled company, and the anxious retinue behind him, they saw the tear start into the rough hunter's eye, they saw his brawny arms round Jacob's neck; they saw in the red savage a sudden and unlooked-for brother. They saw the result, but they had not seen the prelude which led to it. They had not viewed his agony and heard his prayer; and though they had noticed the halting limb, they did not know the victory which they saw. They saw the patriarch, the husband, and the father; but they knew not that he was a prince with God, and had gained Esau's heart from him who has all hearts in his hand. The halting thigh and the pacified foe were obvious; but the wrestling overnight was unknown. The reward was open, but the prayer was secret.

### The Doom of the World.

What this change is to be we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets, the descent of the meteoric stones upon our globe, the wheeling comets, welding their loose materials at the solar furnace, the volcanic eruptions in our own satellite, the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others, are all forebodings of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burned up, and under heading which are to pass away; thus reading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling upon the mansions of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation.—*North British Review*.

### Romanism in Brazil.

(Letter in American and Foreign Christian Union.)  
"PARA, BRAZIL, August, 1857."

Here we are in the last half of the nineteenth century in a commercial city of some thirty thousand souls—doing business with half the civilized world—where almost daily you can see the 'stars and stripes'—and the red flag of old England, as well as the flags of many other nations that call themselves Christians—and that in an empire, too, which looks upon the Anglo Saxon race as semi-barbarians—a city that exports and imports her millions of dollars' worth of goods yearly,—and not a Christian minister to tell a dying sinner that there is a hell to escape or a heaven to be won!

The Sabbath comes and business generally is suspended, but the active mind becomes restless and seeks for relief. Where is that relief to be found? There is no public library, no reading-room, no place of public worship where the young men who are engaged in mercantile pursuits all the week can spend their Sabbaths with profit. Under these disadvantages it is to be wondered at that they are ready and willing to run after any and every silly exhibition that may be got up for their amusement, by either priests, play-actors, or rumsellers? Now to show you the plans and tricks that are constantly resorted to for the purpose of carrying away the crowd, I will notice a few on a part of those that have been practiced during the last four or five weeks.

"During July we had what they call *Festas*: first the 'Body of Christ'; next the feast of the 'Holy Ghost'; then came 'St. Anthony's,' and on the 26th, the last Sabbath the month was celebrated the feast of one of the most favored of the saints, 'Santa Anna,' the 'Grandmother of God,' a full-sized image of whom was carried in procession. The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, throwing up rockets, and the like, which was kept up all day, as is usual. About four o'clock in the afternoon the procession was formed at the old Latin church, and a brass band (church) consisted of about thirty fantastically dressed monks, who walked two and two, with a four-foot wax candle in the right hand (some were burning—others not) and a tall slender cross in the other. Following these, were eight citizens carrying the husband of Anna, rather a young looking man for a grandfather of so much consequence. Then came a band of music, a company of soldiers, and next to these was the saint of the day, who looked more like a virgin of eighteen summers in her bridal attire of scarlet, blue, and pink satin, than an extravagantly dressed, and decorated with strings of gold beads around the neck, bracelet, and wrist, and a breast-plate large enough for a target for a fire company to shoot at. Immediately behind her was the 'Host,' carried by a shaven-crown in full dress, assisted by one of the city judges and a wealthy citizen, and followed and preceded by a bevy of 'live' angels on foot, of all shades of color, with flapping wings, and ruffled skirts, laughing and nodding to their acquaintances as they passed by.

SUNDAY SCENES.

The first Sabbath of August was set apart to the honor of St. Joaquin, (Joseph), the husband, said to be, of Anna, and of course our Sereno's mother. The day began and ended very much as the previous Sabbath, with fireworks, procession, etc., but with a performance in honor of the day in the theatre, which was followed by a play thing but that child. Her look was on her when the child said, "Do you love?" "Me love! Me! Oh! who can I love?" Then said the child in a whisper, "Love God, love you, and me, and all the world." "Yes," said the woman, "He loves you, but he cannot love me." Then said the child of love, "He do not know our Father, then, for He do love." Now what that woman felt I do not know; but she fell on her knees, and the power of love impressed her; and she let the child, the little child, lead her home, feeling an angel had been sent to keep her from great sin, and to tell her God was love, and loved her.

Now this woman became transformed not by fear, but by the power of love in a little child.

No sooner is one fandango over than another is on the carpet. There are great preparations going on for the next Sabbath and other days this week. There is a kind of Jesuit Society that call themselves 'Brotherhood of the Most Holy Virgin of the Good Death.' They announce their show in the following notice:—

"ATTENTION!!!

'The Brotherhood of the Most Holy Virgin of the Good Death will solemnize in the Church of St. Alexander, at the college their customary feast, on the 14th day of August instant, when they will pass out in a grand procession in honor of the same *senhora* at seven o'clock in the evening.—For the purpose of making the affair more imposing, we invite all the dwellers in those streets through which we make the transit with the procession, to ornament and illuminate the fronts of their houses. We also equally invite all the faithful and devout followers (or worshippers) of the Most Holy Virgin to accompany and help us in this act, both religious and sublime, to the end that this turn out may be most brilliant and pompous.'

Here is the entertainment of yesterday, advertised in their usual stereotype:—

FOGO DE ARTIFICIO!!!

'There is now in preparation for Sunday, (Domingo), the 23rd of the present month, in Nazareth, a grand exhibition of fireworks; and for the better accommodation of visitors, there will be in the village ample provisions made for lodgings.

The immense genius of the artists, Messrs Favia and Costa, is a sufficient guarantee for the good result of this amusement.—They promise to show in this performance what they are capable of doing, and what may be expected at the approaching festival of Our Lady of Nazareth.

The band of the third artillery, directed by their excellent professor, Jose Ignacio da Silva Rainaut, will perform in the Parion many very choice pieces. The amateurs of such sport will have an opportunity

of appreciating the 'Gallop of the Roads,' as performed in Lisbon; the 'Battle of Moron,' and other performances of equal interest.

It is to be wondered at that thoughtless young men, without any other religious influence or place of resort for their Sabbaths, should stray from the paths of rectitude, in the midst of such continued influence? Besides, Para and the valley of Amazon are destined before the end of the nineteenth century to exercise an immense influence upon South America generally, and now is the time to begin."

### Christian Converts in India.

The Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, sends to the *Times* particulars of the dismissal from our army at Meerut in 1819, of a Sepoy who had become a Christian.—Mr. Fisher, who supplied the information in 1837, writes:—He has remained a Meeroit ever since, living on his pay. Better than all, he continues to live consistently with his profession, a sincere and faithful Christian believer."

"When Sir Edward Paget was Commander-in-chief, and was passing on his tour of inspection through Meerut, I stated, in conversation, all the above particulars to him. He expressed a most lively interest in the situation and circumstances of such a man, and authorized Colonel Nicol to procure to Matthew Prabhoo Din to appoint him to a higher rank in some one or other of the local corps. Matthew expressed himself very grateful for such condescension, but said with great emotion, although respectfully, 'I cannot accept this. I have done nothing to merit such a promotion, and I am now a degraded man. Send me back to my regiment, and I shall have the disgrace washed out, and I will thankfully go back.' As this request, however, could not be complied with (though I know not why) Matthew remained on his pension pay. I ought not to withhold one circumstance which I think highly creditable to his character. At the commencement of the Burmese war Matthew Prabhoo Din requested me to communicate to Major-General Sir Thomas Reynolds his wish to be allowed to volunteer and join any of the native corps that were going on the service. 'I have long eaten their salt,' said he, 'and men are wanted; I am ready.' Sir Thomas highly appreciated his military feeling and admired the man. He is a fine tall athletic soldier, and his spirit is of a noble order; but it seems there were some insurmountable difficulties in the way, and he was courteously told it could not be. I am not acquainted with the reasons.

'Some few years, too, after these events, his old corps marched through Meerut—non-commissioned officers and men of his company came to visit Matthew, and greeted him with much cordiality and kindness. Many of them exclaimed, 'Why don't you come back to us?—what harm have we done? Our Officers, the Sahib log, are Christians. Our sergeant-major and quartermaster- sergeant are Christians. The drummers also are Christians. Why can't it be the company's will and pleasure. 'I believe this feeling now widely prevails, for I have learned from authority which I cannot doubt, that many Sepoys have expressed their conviction that, however our British law of toleration warrants the free exercise of his own faith to the Mohammedan or to the Hindu, yet that in embracing Christianity the doom of Matthew Prabhoo Din inevitably awaits them.—They would be dismissed from their regiment as unfit to be employed, and disqualified for any association with their equals, and for the confidence of their superiors.'—The Rev. Anand Muesch assured me that several Sepoys had expressly told him, 'We are heartily disposed to embrace the truth, but these consequences are too painful for us to endure.'

'Surely, however, we may venture to indulge the hope that such consequences will not follow, but that we may yet live to see the day when a similar reply may be made respecting the Christian Sepoys, as once was given to the late General H—, respecting the pious soldiers of his Majesty's 14th Foot: 'What sort of fellows are these,' said the General to the officer who then commanded them, 'for whom the chaplain is pleading to build them a private reading-room?' He calls them his men. 'The best men,' said the major, 'in the whole regiment. I only wish they were all his men.' Then, exclaimed the General, 'they shall have their room.'"

### The Tract Society.

One of the most interesting incidents of the day is announced in the circular of the Officers of the American Tract Society, which is published in another column of the *Times*. They state that in consequence of the determined hostility of the friends in the Southern States to the publication of any tracts on the subject of Slavery, they have decided to suspend all action under the resolution upon this subject, adopted by the Society at its last anniversary meeting, and even to suppress a tract which they had caused to be prepared upon the duties of masters. This tract was made up exclusively of the writings of Southern men, but this fact made not the slightest difference—it became evident to the Committee that nothing whatever could be published by the Society on this subject, without forfeiting the whole support of the South, and closing that section of the Union to their publications. Under these circumstances they have decided to suspend all further action and await the directions of the Society. This announcement cannot fail to excite a good deal of feeling in the religious community, and will, undoubtedly, lead to a renewal of the contest which was supposed to have ended by the action of last spring.—*N. Y. Times*.

SUPERSTITION.—People are often more startled at the howling of a dog at night than at the sight of a funeral. Strange that an idle superstition should have more effect upon the mind than a reality! The howl of a dog at midnight is dismal, but it has no more connection with death or the grave, than has the moan of the sea, or the wail of the tempest wind. And yet there is nothing more common than the expression, 'I know there would be death in the family, for I heard the dog howling in the night!'

### Romanism in Boulogne.

From some strange coincidence scarcely any note has been taken of the most extraordinary proceedings which occurred at Boulogne, on Sunday, August 30th. On that day a monster figure of the Virgin was duly consecrated and uncovered before a prodigious crowd of persons assembled from all parts of France (and from England also), by a bevy of priests, who numbered in their procession a Cardinal Legate from the Pope, sundry Archbishops and Bishops, including Dr. Cullen, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, and a retinue of the inferior clergy, which together with the young women and boys, the military, and fishermen, dragged in to swell the numbers and make up the show, extended nearly an English mile and a half! The day was kept as a complete fast, and was dedicated to the honor of the 'Immaculate Conception,' that new-fangled dogma of the Roman Catholic Church, which destroys the whole sum and substance of Christianity, inasmuch as if the Virgin Mary had been born without sin, the entire process of human redemption is invalidated. She was temporarily elevated last Sunday in the Place des Armes, is by and by to be erected upon the cupola of the Boulogne cathedral, which has been in the course of erection during the last thirty years, through the zeal and perseverance of a M. Haffreingue, an aged ecclesiastic, who has begged money in all quarters for the accomplishment of his design, but received no grant whatever from any of the Governments of France during the time he has been occupied in his arduous undertaking—not so much as a sou from the Jesuitically-influenced Charles X., the wily Louis Philippe, or the members of the Provisional Government, whilst Louis Napoleon has only privately contributed to its completion.

With reference to these proceedings as a preparation for the completion of the Boulogne cathedral, and the then elevation of the statue of the Virgin to overlook the town—as a similar statue overlooks Lyons, and is supposed by the deluded inhabitants to keep disease and death from all who offer a certain number of Ave Marias to 'the blessed amongst women,' whom it represents—it is not our province to speak in too harsh terms. The French priesthood population were only acting up to their light, which at the best is but darkness visible. They have brought themselves to believe, from being victims of the most elaborate system of fraud and duplicity that ever was invented, that a modified paganism is the sum and substance of Christianity, and that forms and ceremonies are necessary, no less than able, to lay the Almighty under obligation to his creatures, to the exclusion of that spirituality which is the very essence of communion between God and man. They have rejected the plain statements of the Holy Scriptures, and are content to put aside thought, and reason, and intelligence, and to grovel in ignorance as gross as anything which defiles an Indian or Brahmin temple, and has led to the atrocities at which the blood curdles, and against which it is now the strong and deliberate determination of our countrymen to inflict the most condign punishment.

### Romanism in New York.

The Catholic Church in New York is by no means a unit. The ultra-montane party consider the mild course of Bishop Hughes and demand of the Pontiff an Assisi, that shall make a public demonstration of the Papal faith, in parading in processions, and in the celebration of festivals, with pomp, banners, and martial music. Bishop Hughes is a son of New York. He knows our people well. He knows what would disgust them, and excite popular clamor, and he cannot be driven from the course which he has marked out. Let the opposing course be pursued—let the Pope regard for the Sabbath festival—let our Sabbath be a gala day—let the hallowed stillness be destroyed by martial music, drums and trumpets, processions of priests and nuns to the church, with the discharge of artillery—for such is the demand—and the hostility to Catholicism would be unlimited.—*N. Y. Cor. of Boston Journal*.

### Purgatorial Society.

Incredible as it may seem, there actually exists in the city of New York, in the year of our Lord 1857, and under the appropriation of his 'grace the archbishop of New York,' a Society the object of which is to provide a fund that when one of its members dies, they can have several masses offered for the repose of his soul? Membership is secured by giving the name and paying fifty cents a year—more than the average of our members pay for the Missionary cause—and the reward is two masses each month offered for the grace of a happy death of all the members; and on the death of a member, the first eight masses that are said for the Society shall be offered for the repose of the soul of the last deceased. By forming this intention, all the members are equally provided for at death, though thousand of miles distant. Their prayers are to be offered. Each of them would occupy about one line in this column, of which it is promised, as often as you repeat them you gain three hundred days indulgence, that is from the pains of purgatory! which is a 'fiery furnace.'—*Iron Herald*.

### The Scoptic Converted.

Christians in America, as well as in England, will rejoice to know that Thos. Cooper, the *Christ Post*, and author of *The Purgatory of St. Peter*, has for some time entertained his sceptical views, and that he now preaches the faith which once he destroyed. In 1850 he expounded and defended the views of Strauss in his own journal; next Sunday he will commence a course of lectures in refutation of the German sceptic and in defence of the gospel history; and the spectacle will be seen of a fine genius emancipated from doubt, and of strong conviction advocating truth with the most unprofessional and hearty zeal. As Cooper retains his full physical and mental vigor, his labours in the Christian cause may be expected to be of incalculable value in driving infidels from their 'refuge of lies,' in confirming the wandering, and in giving encouragement to sincere Christians of every name.—*Phil. Chron. Obs.*