

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

**THE BIBLE AND THE JEWS.**—The fact was briefly mentioned a few days ago that the New-York Board of Education, on Wednesday evening, adopted a resolution, by a vote of 20 to 7, declaring that the Bible without note or comment is not "sectarian," within the meaning of this Act of 1842 in relation to Common Schools.

There were one or two interesting circumstances connected with the passage of the resolutions which we have noted. During the discussions, Colonel Stone stated, in reply to observations from one of the speakers in relation to the objections of the Jews against the use of the Bible in Public Schools, that he had been called on by a large number of most respectable and intelligent Jews and among them Rabbi Isaacs, who requested him to state that the great body of the Jews in this city disapproved of the 4th Ward Report; that they were satisfied with the Public Schools, and approve of the morality inculcated in the New Testament, although they did not believe in Jesus Christ, and that they had no objection that their children should understand it. They were also opposed to the 4th Ward Report because they have enjoyed civil rights only in countries where there is a free circulation of the Bible. In such countries only have they ever been permitted to enjoy civil rights in common with other religious denominations." This is an entirely different version of the opinions of the Jews on this question, from that which has had currency.—*North American.*

**SABBATH IN HONOLULU.**—The New-York Journal of Commerce gives the following extract of a letter from a sailor, dated in August last:—"I was ashore last Sunday, and certainly I never saw the day more strictly kept in any town of the same size in the United States. The missionaries have done an infinite deal of good here, but it would be difficult to say whether the vices of civilization have not done equal harm." The last expression relates, we take it, to the intercourse of the people with civilization before the arrival of the missionaries, by which the vices of civilization, and not civilization itself, were communicated to them. Since the Bible was introduced among them by men influenced by its spirit of benevolence, civilization, and the blessings of it,—and of Christianity, the true genius of civilization,—have poued healing oil over the wounds which vice had made.—*Zion's Her.*

**NOVEL BUT USEFUL FREIGHT.**—The brig *Globe*, which sailed from this port on the 4th inst. for the Sandwich Islands with a reinforcement of missionaries, carried out the former pilot and communion-table of the Centre Church, New Haven, Ct. They have been presented, by the congregation to which they have hitherto belonged, to the First Church at Honolulu, and are to be placed in the costly edifice which has there been erected principally by the munificence of the King of the Islands. The owners of the *Globe* granted the articles a free passage.—*Puritan.*

**THE NEW BISHOP.**—Archdeacon Lonsdale, the new Bishop of Lichfield, is understood to be not a Tractarian, but a high churchman, holding what he probably regards as a *via media* between the Puseyites and Evangelicals. We cannot but regret that the government, whom we would willingly believe to be hostile to Tractarianism, have failed to avail themselves of so good an opportunity of inflicting "a heavy blow and great discouragement" on that heresy, by the appointment either of Dr. Wynter, or of some equally uncompromising Protestant.—*Watchman.*

The opinion of three eminent counsel, who have been consulted upon the legality of the degrees conferred upon Mr. Everett, the American Minister, by the University of Oxford, having been submitted to the Vice Chancellor, they have all concurred in pronouncing the whole proceeding null and void.

The nullity consists, no doubt, in the non-conformity of Mr. Everett to the articles of the Church of England; both the Universities rigidly withholding their degrees from dissenters.

A Farmer in the West of Scotland, in gratitude to God for the abundant harvest, has arranged the stacks in his stack-yard in a circle, so that the sheltered space within may accommodate the free church of his parish.

## MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

## ALLAHABAD MISSION.

THE REV. J. OWEN'S JOURNAL ON THE GANGES.  
(Concluded.)

PREACHING THE GOSPEL AND IDOLATROUS WORSHIP.—NATIVE PLOUGHING.

We went between four and five, and found a large concourse of natives, full of bustle, and engaged in various kinds of traffic. The duty of preaching was put upon me, and I had Modoo-shudun (a native assistant) again for my interpreter. We took our station in the street, before some of the shops, and soon had a crowd of people around us. Just as I was about commencing, a procession came up, bearing two images of the goddess of knowledge, beating drums, tom-toms, and other noisy instruments, making ludicrous gestures, burning incense to the images, with two men holding umbrellas over their heads, and all presenting such a spectacle as I never before beheld. All their actions had more the appearance of buffoonery than of religious worship. In the strength of my Master I now commenced preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, in this stronghold of Satan, and to many souls who, undoubtedly, had never heard the precious Gospel before. In general, good attention was given, but it is with the Lord to bless his truth. At the close I announced to them that we had some books that would give them more information about the Saviour, of whom I had been preaching. There was then a great and general rush, and the books were almost torn from our hands. We gave away a large number of tracts, and many Gospels, all in Bengalee. Thus did we cast our bread upon the waters.

Just as I had done preaching, another procession came up, bearing the images that we had seen in the morning, to which they were burning incense, beating and blowing on musical instruments, and making all the indecent gestures that accompanied the others. Soon another procession, with similar images and accompaniments, followed, preceded by men on horses, and followed by men on a large elephant, all painted in various ways, and making horrible grimaces. It seemed, indeed, as if the wicked one had been let loose, and was exerting his power without control. In the evening, they brought the image of a goddess down to the water with great ceremony, music, noise, and confusion, and amid the firing of crackers and guns, and threw her into the sacred stream.

After tea, I walked out on the bank and saw a large group that had assembled around Modoo, with whom he was arguing on religious subjects. Some of them were deists, and were offering their objections for him to answer. Among these also I distributed some tracts. It seems very desirable that a missionary should be stationed here. As we pass along, we see village after village whose inhabitants are entirely ignorant of the true way of salvation.

**Jan. 30th.**—After breakfast, brother McAuley and myself stepped ashore to walk, and had a good opportunity for observing the native ploughing. We passed through a large plantation, where were about thirty yoke of oxen drawing ploughs. These were little pieces of iron, that made small scratches in the ground three or four inches deep. With these they continued scratching the ground, until prepared for receiving the seed. Instead of using whips for their oxen, they have goods, such as are alluded to in Scripture, as being used in ancient times.

## A SABBATH AND ITS OCCUPATIONS.

**Feb. 1st.**—Yesterday was to me the most pleasant Sabbath that I have spent in India. We stopped the day before at a quiet place where we had the time entirely to ourselves, without submitting to the formalities that are requisite when among strangers. We all assembled in our budgerow, in the morning, at ten, and had prayer, and a short discourse by brother Rankin, and afterwards reading of the Scriptures in Bengalee, and prayer in Hindostanee by Gopee. Gopee assembled the men in the afternoon, at three, on the bank, and read the Scriptures, and talked to them.

In the meantime, brother McAuley and myself went with Modoo to a village a short distance from us to preach and distribute books. We passed through a field, where were men busy ploughing as on other days. When we ar-

rived at the village, one of the first objects that met our eyes was a large tree worshipped by the natives under which was an image of the wife of Siva, one of their gods. We passed on a little farther, and came to a shade where were some men winding yarn. Here we stationed ourselves, and Modoo commenced reading a Bengalee tract to three or four men.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE BENEFITS OF INDUSTRY.

THERE are many persons who regard every species of labour as an evil. Children are often unhappy, because they must study in order to acquire knowledge; and men and women sometimes complain, because they must sow before they can reap. To all such persons I would tell the allegory, which may suggest the lesson, that industry is a blessing and indolence a curse:—

"There was once, in the city of Bagdad, a little boy who was poor, and obliged to earn his daily bread by rearing flowers in a little garden. As the price of flowers in that luxurious climate is extremely low, he was obliged to be very industrious in order to obtain necessary food and clothing.—But still he had good health, and ate his meal with high relish and satisfaction. But this was not his greatest pleasure: his flowers were a perpetual source of enjoyment. They were his flowers; he planted them, he watered them, pruned, and nurtured them. Besides all this they were the source of his livelihood. They gave him bread, shelter and raiment. He therefore loved them as if they were his companions.—He saw them spring out of the ground with pleasure; he watched the budding leaves and unfolding flowers with delight."

But at length discontent sprung up in his mind,—in the evening of a hot day, he sat down in his garden and began to murmur. "I wish," said he, "that flowers would plant, prune, and tend themselves. I am tired of this incessant toil. Would that some good genius would step in, and bring me flowers already made, so that I might be saved all this trouble!" Scarcely had he uttered this thought, when a beautiful being stood before him, and said, "You called me, what do you desire?" "I am weary of my employment," said the boy. "I live by cultivating flowers. I am obliged to toil day by day, with unceasing industry, and I am only able to obtain my bread. If I mistake not you are a kind and powerful genius, who can if you will give me flowers, and save me all this toil and save me all this trouble."

"Here!" said the genius, holding forth a fan of feathers, "take this; wave it over the earth, and the brightest blossoms of Cashmere will spring up at your bidding." Saying this the spirit departed.

The boy received the charmed fan with great delight, and waved it over one of his flower-pots. A bud immediately shot up through the soil, gradually unfolding itself, and in a few moments a beautiful moss-rose, blooming and fragrant, stood before him! I need not describe the transports of the little gardener. He had now no labour to perform; a few sweeps of his fan brought him all the flowers he needed.—He, therefore, spent his time in luxurious indolence.

Things went on very well for a fortnight. But now a different kind of weariness began to creep over him. He lost his interest, likewise, in the flowers; he saw no beauty in their bloom; their odour became sickening. The poor boy was unhappy, and he began to murmur. "I wish," said he, "the genius would come back and take away this foolish fan." In a moment the bright being was standing by his side.

"Here," said the boy, handing forth the fan, "take back the charm you gave me forgive me, I sweet genius, but I was mistaken. The weariness of indolence is far worse than the weariness of industry. I loved the flowers which were produced by my own skill and care; but things which cost nothing are worth nothing. Take back the charm, and leave me to that humble happiness which my own industry can secure, but which your potent spell would chase away."

**OLDEN TIME.**—In 1351, the price of labor was regulated in this country by Parliament; and it is remarkable that "corn-weeders and hay-makers, without meat, drink, or other courtesy demand," were to have one penny per day! In 1314, the pay of a chaplain to the Scotch Bish-