Elder Jacob Knapp and the Great Revival in St. John in 1870.

It came about thus. Rev. G. M. W. Carey was pastor in Germain street, Rev. Timothy Harley in Brussels street, Rev. W. S. McKenzie in Leinster St., and the writer in Portland. In the early spring of 1869, we were all holding extra meetings in our respective churches, with considerable interest and hopeful indications, but not with the large attendance and many conversions we desired. Bro. McKenzie especially said, "My attendance is good, interest deep, prayers fervent and earnest, some conversions, but we cannot draw in the masses; something more must be done." With this thought deeply oppressing him, he went home from his meetings, expressed his feelings to his wife, and said, "What shall I do?" She replied, "Why not write for Elder Jacob Knapp?" It was done. A few weeks before Elder Knapp had returned from a very successful tour through California, but was now engaged in a most powerful work of grace in Hamilton, N. Y.

In a few days the reply came, "So far as invitations are concerned, yours is the 40th since my return from California. I have accepted but one. I accept yours. The call is of the Lord."

All efforts to arrange for an earlier date having failed, Elder Knapp arrived in St. John Jan. 5th, 1870, and preached that night in Leinster street from Rev. 2: 4, 5, the Christian having left his first love, must repent and do his first works.

Elder Knapp was born in Otsego Co., N. Y., Dec. 7th, 1799, of Episcopal parentage; was converted in his 17th year, but owing chiefly to the opposition of his father he was not baptized until in his 19th year. Soon after his conversion he says:

"I was led to examine the Word of God to know what He would have me do. I found very shortly that God commanded me to repent and be baptized. Nor was I at a loss to find out what baptism was. Though but a youth, and always taught that sprinkling was baptism, and that infants were proper subjects, yet I saw that in the days of the Apostles the candidates were required to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, to believe with all the heart, and that when they had repented and believed they went down into the water, and came up out of the water, being buried. This procedure I could not think necessary in order merely to sprinkle a person."

After many struggles with poverty, temptation, etc., he decided to enter the ministry; studied at Hamilton, N. Y., from the spring of 1822 to June 1825; was ordained September, 1825, and settled in Springfield, N. Y. After 8 years at Springfield and Watertown in pastoral work, he could no longer resist the call of God, but entered on evangelistic work in 1833. In this he was greatly blessed. He conferred not with flesh and blood. He did not try to be a popular preacher. He knew "the carnal mind was enmity against God," and could not be pleased with gospel truths. He was bold and fearless in his denunciations of sins of all kinds and in all places. The result was he was frequently mobbed; efforts were made to break up his meetings; all manner of evil reports were put in circulation about him. But the more he was persecuted the more mightily did the Word of God prevail.

Scarcely did a month or week pass without witnessing multitudes flocking to Christ, having been slain by the law, and made alive by the gospel. In 1789 he went to Baltimore. In two weeks the whole city was aroused. He opened up against intemperance, gambling, slavery, and all kindred vices. The mob gathered around the church. As he was about to enter the pulpit a good brother asked him if he could not satisfy his conscience and let the subject of slavery alone, as there was much feeling in the city on account of what he had said. He replied, "He thought not." A number of ministers were in the pulpit. Two were skulking down behind the desk, lest they might be hurt by any missiles that might be sent at him. He says:

"I gave one of them a jog and told him to sit up, for he had not religion enough to make him worthy of martyrdom yet; and then turning to the mob I told them that when I entered the ministry I pledged myself solemnly to preach up Christ, and preach down the devil; to bear testimony against all evil in every body, and without respect of persons; and that I should do my duty if I knew they would kill me before I left the pulpit, and cut me into inch pieces and roast every piece on a red hot gridiron; and then I told them of the mob which their master had got up in Rochester, N. Y., which God had scattered by sending his thunder and lightning. They all quailed and, dropping their missiles, heard the sermon in quietness and went away peaceably."

In 1837 Elder Knapp went again to Baltimore, and was there told that ten thousand souls had been converted as the direct result of the former revival.

During the first 20 years of his evangelistic labors he kept a record of conversions, direct and indirect, and estimated the number at 100,000. During the last 20 years he kept no record, but many of his friends think these years as fruitful as the first 20, if not more fruitful.

Elder Knapp was past 70 when he came to Saint John. This was his last great effort. The power of God was with him. Many hundreds were brought to Christ. Let me describe these meetings in my next. E. C. CADY.

Woodstock, Ill.

A Century of Mission Work.

On the 2nd day of October, 1892, the Baptist Missionary Society of Great Britain will be one century old. Our English brethren are preparing for a centenary celebration on a magnificent scale. Already they have their programme made out and published. It is proposed to hold a series of meetings, beginning May 31, 1892, and end March 20, 1893.

The first date takes us back to the Association at Nottingham, where William Carey preached his famous sermon with the two immortal divisions: 1. "Expect great things from God;" 2. "Attempt great things for God." Consequently, the first meeting of the celebration will be held at Nottingham on the hundredth anniversary of that important event.

The next day, June 1, the denomination will meet at Kettering, where the Society was formed. This will not be on the exact day of the organization, but this cannot be avoided.

Next following the June celebration comes the actual one hundredth anniversary of formation of the Baptist Missionary Society. This will be October 2, which will fall on Sunday. It is proposed that the Baptists of Great Britain and the world shall observe the day with special services, and collections will be taken commemorative of the Kettering collection, when the society was formed. The succeeding days of the week will be spent in London, when the Baptist Union will merge its autumnal session in the centenary celebrations.

On March 20, 1793, William Carey was formally set apart for foreign service; this event will be observed and the celebration close.

The two Baptist Missionary Societies of England vote on union in April. It is to be hoped they may vote favorably thereon.

It is proposed during the first year of the second century of mission work to send out one hundred missionaries, and raise at these celebrations $500,000, and beside this raise their annual contributions $100,000 above what they have hitherto been. This is certainly a noble undertaking, and we sincerely trust may be successful.

The statistics of the Missionary Society at the close of the century are: Stations, 515; male missionaries, 126; native helpers, 986; communicants, 48,646. Could Mr. Carey read these figures would he not exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" W. J. S.

How Our Saviour Knows Us.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

When we are either sick in body or in heart, we do not like to trust ourselves to a stranger. The Lord Jesus Christ is the only soul physician who "knows what is in man;" He is thoroughly acquainted not only with human natures, but with my own individual heart and life. As a watchmaker is familiar with every wheel and pivot in the watch he has constructed, so the Divine Saviour knows His own workmanship.

1. The first point with every physician is to ascertain the nature of the disease. Jesus, the divine Physician, knoweth that the universal malady that taints every heart, forges every evil thought, darkens every home, and digs every grave is *sin*. Not only doth He know the deadly disease, He only can work the cure. "Neither is there salvation in any other." There were two sides,—as it were—to my disease as a sinner. There was a curse upon me—and an enmity to God within me. Our Saviour, by bearing the penalty due to my sins, in His own crucified body on the cross, took away the curse. By reconciling me to my offended God, He took away the enmity. The fatal cancer was removed; the condemnation gone; and in their stead came pardon and peace, acceptance, and adoption into all the privileges of a child of God. No longer an exiled leper, I was brought back into my Father's household, a cleansed and accepted child with a new joy in my heart and a new song on my tongue.

2. He who knew our spiritual disease, and how to cure it, knows also who of us is actually cured. We may deceive others, and even ourselves for a time. An applicant for admission into Christ's flock may deceive the pastor, or the office-bearers of a church. Some who have been wrought upon by a transient excitement, or misled by bad advisers, may be sadly mistaken as to themselves. But Jesus knoweth them that are His. He "calleth every one of the flock by name." No putting on of sheep's clothing can deceive the omniscient Shepherd. He reads every heart to the bottom. Not every one who saith "Lord, Lord," in a prayer-meeting or attends a gathering of "converts" is sure of a place in Christ's fold; but only such as follow the Shepherd, and bring forth the fruits of the Spirit. There is a solemn warning in this fact; but it is also an inspiring comfort that whatever fears or doubts the Adversary may conjure up, Jesus Christ knows all His true disciples. "No man shall pluck them out of My hand."

3. This intimate acquaintance of Christ with His disciples extends to a perfect knowledge of their good points and their weak points; their besetting sins and temptations as well as their newly-developed graces. In family government it is vitally important for the parent to understand his or her children thoroughly. One boy can be led by a cotton-thread, and another would defy an ox-chain. Those parents who are too careless or too self-blinded to study their children conscientiously deserve the "whip of scorpions" which misgovernment lays on their suffering hearts. But Jesus, the wisest, kindest and most compassionate of teachers is familiar with every pupil in His training school. Thomas is not scolded for his doubts, but kindly educated out of them. The Master reads Mary's heart as she sits at His feet, and cheers her by the assurance that the "better portion" is hers. In his raw inexperience Peter boasts loudly of his loyalty, but his all-discerning Lord takes him down by the startling announcement "thou shall deny Me thrice!" Christ detects the splendid capacities in Paul for leadership, and sends him forth as the great apostle of church-extension; yet He has also a place for Aquila and Priscilla and need for Phœbe's satchel and Dorcas's needle. He knows exactly what there is in every one of us, and just how much can be got out of us. Not a hard task-master is He, but the most gentle and considerate of employers; He never lays on weak shoulders the loads which only His giants can carry. How sweetly fall the encouraging words, "My grace is sufficient for you. I call you not My servants; I call you My *friends*."

4. Our blessed Saviour is also perfectly acquainted with all our weaknesses and vulnerable spots. He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are but dust. That poor brother who has been rescued from the dramshop, and needs constant watching, cannot understand his own wretched appetites better than Jesus does. Did not the Master contend with the Arch-Enemy face to face that He might the more sympathize with and succor the tempted? The secret sorrow that love hardly whispers to a wife can be freely unbosomed to a Saviour. Ah, how well He knows every thorn that pricks my foot, and every grief that makes my heart ache! This is a wondrous encouragement to prayer. For my Physician never administers the wrong medicine; and I am sure that he will never refuse to hear my pull at the "night bell" in the darkest hour of trouble.

This fact of Christ's perfect knowledge of our spiritual condition and of our needs throws some light on mysterious providences. It may explain some enigmas; why one of us is put up and another put down; why one is prospered and another impoverished; why one runs before a fair breeze and another is buffeted with contrary winds. Jesus Christ is too skilful a soul physician to open the wrong vein, or to apply the pruning knife to the wrong vine. Dear loving Master! let Him probe to the bottom if the wound requires it. He knoweth what is in us; and He knoweth what ought to come *out* of us, if we are to attain to the robustness of a healthy Christian. Far better the probe, the lancet, and the pruning knife than to be cast out as incurable cumberers of His vineyard. If it is a joy to "know whom I have believed," it is also a joy inexpressible that Jesus *knoweth them that are His*.

"The way may often be a way that I
In mine own strength might never dare to try;
But He who knows me well doth lead along,
And in His strength, my weakness shall be strong."

The Hermit Nation.

Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Baird, Presbyterian missionaries, left Topeka, Kansas, on Dec. 11th for San Francisco, whence they sail for Corea on Dec. 18th, hoping to reach Seoul, the capital, about Feb. 7th. The following glance at the city and country to which they go, from the pen of the Rev. Evan Bryant of England, will be read with interest:

Corea lies, as it were, in the arena of an immense and beautiful amphitheatre; well wooded hills or lofty and rocky mountains meet the eye on every side; a rugged peak, which, I believe, is over 3,000 feet above the valley, forms a majestic bulwark on the northern side, while on the south rises a lovely height covered from top to bottom with trees, bushes and shrubs, of diverse kinds and hues. On this hill was killed quite recently a beautiful tiger, one of the many which seem of late to frequent the neighboring hills and woods, and which must be of gigantic size, one skin measuring 14 feet from the point of its nose to the end of its tail. The city itself has about 150,000 inhabitants, with about as many more in the suburbs. As we enter these latter we find shops—such as they are—abounding. Some foreign goods are visible, especially Japanese, but native products mostly cover the boards and shelves. Restaurants also are not wanting, where the meat and fish are seen grilled, and hungry Koreans are busy with their brass bowls and chopsticks, eating their food just off the fire. As we come near the city wall we pass an open space, where several streets or lanes seem to meet. What is it? It is an execution ground, where (not infrequently) criminals for some special crimes are publicly decapitated. In China the outer and inner facings of the otherwise earthern walls are of brick, but here they are of greyish granite blocks. The wall of Seoul runs along the tops of the highest hills that bound the city both on the north and on the south, as well as along the lower grounds. Its circumference is probably not much, if any, under ten miles; and it is pierced by seven wooden gates—two-leaved, strong, and well-shielded with iron, but single, therein contrasting with the double and triple gates of the chief cities in China. The gates are closed at night shortly after sunset and opened in the morning about sunrise. Within the city most of the houses have tiled roofs, while the thatch prevails in the suburbs. Of the internal arrangements, not the least singular feature is the floor, from which our Western architects and builders might perhaps learn something. Certain parts (in many houses the whole) of the floor are raised platforms, made of stone or brick, covered with several layers of mud and paper, with an oiled paper surface which can be mopped when cleanliness is desired. Through these floors run flues, by which the smoke and hot air from the cooking fireplace is carried off, heating the rooms most effectively when the season demands it, and, as I know to my cost, when the season does not demand it. I am told that even the best Korean homes contain very little furniture, and that little, if I may judge from what I see in the "cabinet-makers" shops along the streets of the city, must consist chiefly of clothes-presses or wardrobes, cabinets, and boxes. Chairs, I am told, are used but sparingly, the Koreans spitting and eating and reading and writing and sleeping on the floor. They don't know how to use chairs yet. A Korean gentleman and scholar, a Roman Catholic, who has come in to see me, and who knows enough Latin to tell me "*Ego sum Christianus*," takes off his shoes and tucks his feet under him on the seat of his chair. In a journey of twenty-two days right across the country and along one of its main highways, I never saw a chair or even a stool!

An Interesting Baptism.

The Chicago *Standard's* New York letter has the following, in which, no doubt, those who read Miss Cusack's letters published a few months since in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, will be interested:

Miss M. F. Cusack, widely known as the "Nun of Kenmare," was baptized last week into the fellowship of the Calvary church. Miss Cusack was probably the most prominent nun in the Roman church either in America or Great Britain. She is well known in Ireland because of the prominence of her family, both in social life, in political position and in religious work. She received great honors for years in the Roman church, because of her character, culture and consecration. She is one of the few women, perhaps the only woman in the world, who was granted a private interview with the late Pius IX. She received from him a letter expressing his appreciation of the services which she rendered the Roman church. She did great service for that church in England and in Ireland, and later in the United States. Her baptism is a disappointment and humiliation to that church, greater than it has received for a long time. She is the author of no fewer than twenty-one volumes, most of which have been written directly in the interests of Romanism. She comes into our denomination as the result of a careful study of the Scriptures concerning baptism, and with a genuine enthusiasm in the adoption of our views. She testifies that never has she had such peace of heart as since she has obeyed Christ in baptism. Her baptism was an occasion of great interest in the Calvary church, and even on the part of representatives of other Protestant churches in our city. She laid her wealth, her talent and her all, upon the altar of Romanism; and it is now her determination to spend her remaining years in working for Christ in connection with Protestantism and, as far as the providence of God may open the way, in connection with her own denomination. She is now engaged in various forms of literary work, and is also delivering addresses on the various phases of Romanism, and its relations to Protestantism and patriotism. Some of our most prominent ministers and laymen of the Presbyterian and other churches, have given her sympathy and endorsement; this is especially true of Dr. John Hall, because of his knowledge of her family in Ireland and his present appreciation of her character and work. Her two volumes entitled, "The Nun of Kenmare, an Autobiography, by Miss Frances Clare Cusack," and "Life Inside the Church of Rome," ought to be widely read by all Christians and Americans. She does not deal in invectives, but reasons calmly and irresistibly. Her "Life of St. Patrick" received the endorsement of the late Pope. Before she became a Baptist, she had known that St. Patrick was a Baptist, she has now written a pamphlet calling special attention to that fact, a pamphlet which it is hoped will soon be in print and widely circulated. We expect to say more of her interesting life and consecrated labors, and of her present positions and prospects.

The Lost Umbrella.

"Oh, mother, I've done a dreadful thing," said Elsie, coming to her mother with tears in her eyes.

"What have you done, Elsie?"

"I've lost Will's silk umbrella."

"Why, Elsie, how came you to do it?"

"I took it down town with me this morning—it sprinkled a little, you know—and I must have lost it somewhere, for when I was coming home, I missed it."

"And did you go back?"

"Yes, I went to every store I had been in, but I couldn't find it."

"Did Will say you might take it?"

"No; he never would let me, because he always said I would lose it. I wanted to carry it just once, it was so nice. But, O dear, I wish I hadn't."

"I am very sorry," said mother, gravely. "It is the first one Will ever had, and I don't know when he will have another."

"No," said Elsie, in great distress. "I'd do anything to give him another if I could. But I can't, and he'll be terribly angry with me."

"I am afraid he will," said mother, really pitying the little girl for her dread of her brother's anger. "But I guess you deserve it, dear, for taking his umbrella without leave, so you must only bear it as well as you can. We will make a few more enquiries before we tell Will."

The enquiries were made, but the umbrella had fallen into dishonest hands, and was never more heard of.

"You had better tell Will at once, Elsie," said mother.

"I wish you would tell him, mother."

And mother was quite willing to make the trouble as light as she could for Elsie, and began watching an opportunity for approaching Will on his best side.

"I don't think it was anything to make a great fuss over," said Will, the same evening, flinging down a book he had been reading.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"This story about a boy who lost a great prize because of another boy having burnt up some papers without knowing that they were the notes for his essay. It was a dreadful disappointment to him, of course; but when it was once done, and no help for it, what could he do but get over it the best way he could?"

"But if you try to put yourself in his place you will see that it must have required a great deal of Christian forbearance to forgive at once the boy who had done the mischief."

"Oh! a boy who amounted to anything would never think of making a fuss over what couldn't be helped."

"And a really manly, true-hearted boy would take pleasure in trying to prevent his friend from suffering too keenly over the fact of having unintentionally injured him?" said mother, more seriously.

"Of course," agreed Will.

"I am glad you think so, for I am going to give you a chance of showing how a boy of that kind, a real boy, not in a story-book, can bear a little injury unintentionally done him."

"What do you mean now, mother?"

"Poor little Elsie is feeling very badly because of something which she knows will vex you, and I wish, my dear boy, that you would strive to show a spirit of brotherly kindness in the matter."

"What has she done?" asked Will.

"She has lost your silk umbrella."

A quick color flew to Will's cheek.

"I know it is a very annoying thing," went on his mother. "Elsie thinks you will be very hard on her about it, and she has a great dread of your anger. Don't you think, dear, it would be a grand thing for you to surprise her by speaking kindly about it—by forgiving her fully and freely."

"What business had she to take it?" said Will, evidently trying to overcome a desire to speak excitedly.

"She did wrong to take it without your knowledge, and she knows it."

Just then Elsie's voice was heard in the hall, and Will arose from the piazza steps on which he had been sitting, and walked quickly around the house and out of sight.

He felt as angry as Elsie said he would. He had a great liking for the small luxuries, which were scarce in the family. The umbrella had been given him by an aunt who had visited them, and he had taken great pride in the stylishness of its oxydized silver handle, and in its slender proportions when encased in its silken cover. It had been a small joke with his sisters that he only took it out when sure it was not going to rain.

It was gone, and he knew that it would be a great relief to his vexation to pour out his anger upon Elsie, who had no business to touch his highly-prized property. He could, in fancy, see exactly how she would shrink before him, and how the tears would come to her blue eyes—just as she deserved, he declared to himself.

And then came a thought of the boy in the book, who had won the victory over a sense of injury very like to this which was possessing him in his place, sure enough.

Will walked for an hour under the trees in the old orchard. Better thoughts came to him through the gathering shadows of the twilight. What a short-lived satisfaction would be in the bitter words, which would rankle like thorns in his little sister's heart. What lasting sweetness in lifting from her the burden of the fear of his severe fault-finding.

"I'll wait till some day I want it, and then I'll ask where it is, and when she tries to tell me I'll kiss her and laugh," he said, as at length he turned toward the house.

"But no, I won't. She'll keep on fretting over it till she knows I know.

"Elsie!" he called at the steps.

"What is it, Will?"

Mother raised her head in anxious attention.

"Bring me my umbrella, please."

"Oh, Will!" came in a faltering little voice, as she walked slowly toward him.

He did not wait for her to go on, but threw his arms around her, with a laugh.

"Yes, you'd have a hard time to bring it, wouldn't you? I know all about it, you naughty little thing. If that's what you've been wearing such a doleful face about these few days you'd better set your mind at rest."

"Oh, Will, aren't you angry with me?"

"Not a bit."

"You dear, dear brother! I thought you'd never forgive me."

It was, as he knew it would be, a long time before Will had another silk umbrella. But it will be far longer before he will forget the satisfaction growing out of the result of the hard-fought battle with himself, a satisfaction to be tasted with every remembrance of his victory.—*New York Paper.*

Erase the Dead Line.

The deification of youth in which the poets are in the habit of indulging, and which is due mainly to a pagan ideal, makes mature life an anticlimax. Probably if the popular impression of old age were taken, it would be represented rather by the very partial and inadequate picture of the cynical writer of Ecclesiastes than by the beautiful old Greek figure of life as a thatched house in which the child is born, and under the roof of which his nature expands, the house all the while growing more fragile, until at last it sinks crumbling to the ground, and the man stands erect in the everlasting sunlight. If life were purely a matter of freshness and delicacy of physical sensation, it would culminate early, and decline through a long aftermath of decaying powers and sinking vitality. Such an idea of human destiny can be held only by those who have no spiritual faith, or have wasted and squandered their own force. Life was meant to be cumulative; to add, year by year, strength, experience, and courage, each successive stage contributing its own special accession, and the whole structure reaching its completion in the serenity and calmness of age. No man ought to be willing to recognize any dead line in his life, or to look forward to any time when he shall cease to grow. Life ought to be, for every healthy nature, one quenchless thirst for achievement, experience, and expansion. No limits are set to the human soul, although time keeps a sharp registry against the human form. In this century some of the greatest things have been done by old men; men who have declined to stop and step out of the ranks, and who have gone on adding strength to strength and service to service until old age has become the fruitful harvest of October, and not the bleak barrenness of December. Physical infirmities are not to be warded off by an effort of will, but no man need decline because his body diminishes in force. Growth takes on many forms, and it can still persist when the senses have begun to fail. It is a great gain to banish from our thoughts the ideal of life which fixes its best period at the beginning. It is a great thing to look forward to ever-increasing gain, to think always of leading and advancing, never of retiring and retreating. The charming old woman who began to study painting after she was sixty years old is a capital illustration of the spirit in which we ought all to take hold of life. There are few who, like the great Doge of Venice, can climb the wall of a besieged city at the head of an attacking force beyond the age of ninety, but there is no one who need settle down to decline and decay because youth is past. Life has no limits for those who know how to live, and the joy of it lies in moving with the tide and keeping at the front until the time comes when there is a greater and a higher opportunity elsewhere.—*Christian Union.*

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