

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionsary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E. MCLEOD, Editor.

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That God in

SAINT JOHN, NE

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,
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FOUR THOUSAND COPIES.

Parties wishing to advertise widely, cannot well find a better medium than our columns.

Gospel Triumphs on board a Man-of-War.

We have just met with a deeply interesting and instructive letter from the Baltic, written last June. It is from a native of Zetland, and presents us with a picture of religious life and successful labor in a situation where stouter hearts are required to face the laugh of the yet unsaved than even to meet the fire of the foe. We know it will stimulate the hope of some whose sons are in the fleet, and who cease not to pray for their conversion to God. We are very desirous also that it should have a still wider and more important effect.

How blessed it would be, could we have the energy and earnestness of that young sailor combined with those views that irresistibly command themselves to the most logical minds! The letter is as follows:—

'Before Cronstadt, 28th June, 1

H. M. S. Caesar.'

'Dear Father and Mother, Sisters and Brothers—With the greatest of pleasure do I embrace this opportunity of writing you, to let you know that I am well in health, comfortable in body, and happy in mind, and have before my eyes the hope of going to heaven. I rejoice in Christ my Saviour. Father, father, I have been several years on board a man-of-war, but it appears in this ship the day of Pentecost has returned; may God carry on his work more and more. There were only three, I think, in this ship last year that professed Christ (the other two besides myself are gone away or invalided), yet now we are increased to between 60 and 100. More than one-half of these can rejoice in the pardoning love of Christ, and have the witness of the Spirit. They know their sins are forgiven, and can go on in the good old way, rejoicing in the hope of heaven.'

'Dear father, we have a regular Wesleyan class-meeting twice a week, and a leader chosen from among ourselves. Our prayer-meetings are held every night, the class twice a week, as there is neither room nor time to speak to all in one night, nor can all attend at once, considering the ship's duty. We commence our prayer-meeting at 8 o'clock, and it is very seldom we all break up before 12 at night. We have it between the launches. After our first prayer meeting, we generally have penitent meetings.'

'Almost every night some are set at liberty.—Time would fail me to tell you all the particulars, and I am not allowed to send more than one sheet of paper by this mail; but I cannot help mentioning a smart young man, a coast guard, who came in between the boats with us the other night, and sat pretty close to me. All the people had gone out except five or six beside him and me. I did not know his name, nor had I spoken to him before, although he had been all the time in the ship. Seeing him bathed in tears, I said to him, (putting my hand on his shoulder,) I cannot go down to my hammock till you pray. He fell on his knees at once, believing in the power of God; and if I ever did hear a man earnestly pray for pardon, he did. Very soon he got up rejoicing. Then after, O he prayed for God to keep him watchful and give him grace, strength, faith and love! Dear parents, it is the Lord's doing, and wonderful in our eyes; but nothing is impossible with God.'

'Irishmen, do you know and love God's Word? Then teach others to read it, and pray God to strike the light and love of it into their hearts!'

I have the pleasure of telling you that I have had a letter from my brother A——, begging of me to give my heart to the Lord. What a blessing! You have two sons on the road to glory.—Pray on, father; the Lord will hear you. I hope brother R—— has given his heart to God. I wrote to him inside the last letter I sent to you. I have no more time to write to you.

'We had a blessed meeting yesterday, being Sunday, in the afternoon, on the main deck, no one to molest us. I never saw so many praying men in one place in all my life, as are here.'

'Dear parents, brothers, and sisters, begging an interest in your prayers, (and you have mine,) I remain, yours till death.'

JAMES JOHNSON.'

'We cannot but feel exceedingly desirous that this graphic picture should have the deep consideration of our readers, and of our brethren at large. Contrast the state of things in that ship of war, with the coldness and sterility that are so apt to creep in on the souls of multitudes of even real Christians. Think of the determination that souls shall be brought to the foot of the cross, manifested here, in comparison with the easy satisfaction with which we are so apt to leave them as they are to perish around us. Do not let us imagine that the solemn prayer in which these sailors engage between the guns, or screened by the ship's boats, is impossible to us, in whatever situation we may be placed. Let us be stirred, and with the inestimable light of simple truth with which God has blessed us, we shall see still greater things than these.—*Chris. News.*'

The Irishman who Swallowed the Tract and Paid for "the Book."

'Who will go for us?' (Isa. vi. 8).
O ye who feel for others' woes—
Who will go?
Go, tell poor sinners Jesus rose;
Who will go?
Go, preach the Saviour's boundless grace—
Go, point out Christ, the hiding-place;
To weary souls of Adam's race;
Who will go?

A missionary lodged one night in the house of a gentleman among the mountains of Kerry, in Ireland. In the morning, as he stood beside his host, looking over the wild and beautiful country, saw a shepherd tending some sheep at a little distance. The gentleman pointed him out to the notice of the missionary. "There is Peter," said he, "one of the shrewdest men that we have in the district." The missionary went up to him, entered into some conversation, and gave him a tract in the Irish language. A few weeks afterwards he and Peter met again. "I've swallowed the tract," said the latter. "If I give you an Irish Bible, will you swallow that?" "I won't be indebted to you for it, but I'll buy it, if you'll sell one." "Well I've got two or three," "What's the price?" "The price I ask is this—when God shall strike the light and love of it in your heart, you will teach six men like yourself to love the Bible;" and Peter took it.

Some time after, one morning before daybreak, an English traveller, accompanied by the missionary, started to cross the mountains. Just before them was Peter. "Och," said he, "but y'r Riverence is welcome so early in the morning." "Why, Peter," said the missionary, "what are you doing here?" "Shure I'm doing honestly; I'm paying for the book." And on the top of the mountain, where by this time it was broad daylight, he led them to a hay-stack, behind which were seated six Roman-Catholic men, away from the eye of their priest, waiting, before their work commenced, for Peter to teach them to read the Word of God.

Irishmen, do you know and love God's Word? Then teach others to read it, and pray God to strike the light and love of it into their hearts!

The Prayerless Mother.

I met a few days since a dear little girl of twelve years, who hoped she had recently given her heart to the Saviour. In talking with her I urged her to be very prayerful and not to fail to secure time for secret prayer, and added, if you do not love secret prayer you have reason to fear that you are not a Christian, for no true Christian will live without it. As I said this, she looked up eagerly and asked, "Do you think so?" "Yes," I replied, "the Bible plainly teaches this; but why do you ask?" For a moment she hesitated, and then said, as if half afraid of doing wrong, "My mother is a Christian, but I don't think she prays in secret." "I think you must be mistaken, dear Anna," I said; "your mother no doubt has a time for secret prayer that you do not know of." "I don't think so; for when I have been at home from school I have been with her sometimes all day, and I am sure she did not go away alone. It has troubled me a great many times, for I have read about mothers praying with their children in their closets, and I have wished my mother would pray with me. I thought, if I saw her go away alone, I should not be afraid to ask her to let me go with her; but I never saw her going, and I don't think she ever does, but I think my mother is a Christian, don't you?" What could I say? I could not tell her her mother was not a Christian, nor could I tell her it was safe to follow her example. She was just beginning her Christian life, and I dared not do otherwise than urge her to be faithful in closet duties. Christian mother, how is it with you? Have you a closet and secret prayer? Say not, it is enough to pray while about my work, and I have not time to spend alone. Duties many and heavy no doubt press upon you, but the burden will be made lighter by going with it to the throne of grace. It is far better to ask Jesus to share it with you, than to bear it all the weary day alone.

"I am happy to say that in every part of the ship, and in both watches, there are two or three of the little flock, and likewise in each boat. Night before last, I was away in the second launch, pulled sixteen oars, the boat I belong to; so the side wall of our chape was broken down. Well, they got between guns on the main deck, were turned out of these, and then got right in the middle of the deck, praying and singing. A glorious meeting they had. This is the news they had to tell three of us belonging to the little flock when we came on board. Our class-leader asked the ship's minister to inquire of the commander, if he would allow us to go down into the cockpit on the Sunday afternoon, for we have men who can preach as well as pray. He allowed us to go on the main dock, and a glorious meeting we had. They will soon get tired of that, however, and send us to the cockpit.

INTELLIGENCER,

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all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

G. W. DAY, Print.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1855.

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