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BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

TERMS.— ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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True and False Conversions Distinguished.

Let the reader lay it to heart, that deception in respect to our religious experience is possible. The apostle intimates, that a man may think himself to be something, when he is nothing, and so deceive himself. Gal. 6: 3. He cannot deceive God, but himself he may deceive; for "the heart is deceitful above all things." It is said in the Scripture, that "the hope of the hypocrite shall perish;" which supposes that some hypocrites are self-deceived, else they would have no hope to lose. Five of the ten virgins had lamps without oil; that is, they had hopes and professions without grace. In the parable of the sower, the seed which fell on stony places, and which sprang up without taking any root, represents a defective conversion. The joy with which the word is said to have been received, bespeaks a hope of pardon; but it was a hope without foundation.

From the Scriptures we learn, that there are those who trust in themselves that they are righteous—and, from a conceit of their own superior goodness, despise others—who, nevertheless, will in no case enter into the Kingdom of heaven. "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes"—i. e., in their own conceit, they are renewed men—"and yet is not washed from their filthiness." Prov. 30: 12. Let me entreat you, my dear reader, to let this thought be fixed deep in your mind—that you may be deceived about the state of your own mind. I do not say that you are deceived, but it is a possible case; therefore examine yourselves whether you be in the faith.

To be deceived with a false hope, as it is possible, so it is very dreadful. It is a deception which will prove ruinous to those who are laboring under it. It proved ruinous to the five foolish virgins, who seem to have supposed, all the while that the bridegroom tarried, that they had oil in their vessels. They did not think therefore of applying for oil, until the coming of the bridegroom made their destitute state manifest.

The whole of our fallen race are divided into two widely different classes, by the separating line of the new birth. Those who are on one side of this line are the friends of God, and those on the other side are his enemies: those who are on the one side, are in the narrow way which leads to life; while those on the other side are in the broad way which leads to hell. Now, what a dreadful mistake it must be, for those who are on the wrong side of this separating line, to fancy themselves to be on the right side, and in the path of life, when there is but a step between them and eternal death. And there is no hope of their being turned out of this perilous road into the path of life, unless they can be convinced of the worthlessness of their religion. To effect this is no easy thing; for their false religion is entirely to their taste.—They have chosen their own delusions. Had the man who is deceived the same jealousy of his own heart which the true convert has, there would be hope that he would find out his mistake. But it is not so; for, while he is "wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," he fancies that he is "rich, and increased in goods, and has need of nothing."

I have reason to expect, from the light of God's Word, that those who are most dreadfully deceived, will be the least apt to suspect themselves. As means to prevent being deceived in respect to their conversion, let my readers attend to the following directions.

1. Do not rest in the good opinion which others entertain of your conversion. "Let every man prove his own work;" thou shalt have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. Another cannot know with certainty that your heart is right with God.—There is none but the Searcher of hearts, and yourself, that can know with certainty the state of your heart. After Peter had called Silvanus, who was an eminent Christian minister, a faithful brother, he adds this qualifying clause, "as I suppose." By this we are taught, that even an apostle did not pretend to know the hearts of others with an infallible certainty. If all the ministers, and all the Christians in the world were to tell you that your conversion might be relied on, it would be unsafe and wrong to give an implicit credit to their opinion. If your conversion be indeed genuine, you will not rely on the judgment of others; you will prove your own work, and you will keep proving it.

2. It will be unsafe to judge of the goodness of your religion by its agreement with that of other men. They who, in these interesting concerns, "measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves amongst themselves, are not wise." 2 Cor. 10: 12. We may suppose this to be the way in which the story-ground hearers made trial of their conversions: One heard another relate his experiences, and they agreed with his own; and this led him to conclude that his own experiences were good, because they were so perfectly similar to his neighbor's. It is true, they were similar; but what did this avail, seeing their similarity consisted in their being shallow experiences, having no root to support them? I fear that thousands, and ten thousands are deceived, and for ever ruined in this way. And in this way we are more eminently exposed to be deceived, in those seasons of merciful visitation, when great numbers are religiously affected at the same time. At such times there are often many who entertain a confident hope of their regeneration, who have brought their feelings and views to no higher standard than that of the experiences which they have heard related by their neighbors.

It is an affecting thought, that there should be such multitudes under the light of God's holy word, who are full of hopes of heaven merely because they have felt as others have felt—they have had such distress of mind as they have heard others tell of, and they have been filled with such joys as others have experienced. But this is insufficient evidence of a gracious state; for multitudes may receive the word anon with joy, even with the same kind and degree of joy, and yet none of them have any root in themselves. Matt. 13: 5, 6, 20, 21.

(To be continued.)

Sir Henry Havelock.

The Rev. Mr. Brock of Bloomsbury Chapel, London, where General Havelock worshipped during his last residence in England, recently preached a sermon on the occasion of his death, in which the striking features of his character, which so greatly tended to elevate him and make his memory blessed, are referred to, and incidents also in his history not generally known to our readers. The following is a summary of the discourse taken from an English paper:

"The reverend gentleman took for his text the 24th verse of the 5th chapter of Genesis, 'And Enoch walked with God, and he was not: for God took him.' After some introductory remarks, he proceeded to speak of Sir H. Havelock as one who walked with God, illustrating the fact by a most interesting sketch of his life. "So long ago," he said, "as the year 1807, when Havelock was at the Charter House school, he was accustomed to make selection of his sleeping-room, in company with a few other like-minded youngsters—men who have risen to renown in their several professions. They were accustomed to read religious books; volumes of sermons among the rest. Before he went to India in 1823, he had presented himself a living sacrifice to God, and resolved, whatever others might do, to serve the Lord. No sooner did he join the 13th Light Infantry than he began to devote himself seriously to the welfare of his fellow-men, assembling them together at every opportunity for the reading of the Scriptures and psalmody and prayer, and throughout the long period of his connexion with that regiment that practice he religiously maintained. There came a time when they built a place for their religious accommodation, and had their own pastor, but Havelock was amongst them, as one that served them in the gospel and grace of the Lord Jesus.—When at Rangoon with the expedition under Sir A. Campbell, he exerted himself to the utmost to prevent the excesses of the soldiers after the place had been captured. He there obtained the permanent use of a large chamber, in the Grand Pagoda, and converted that chamber, the walls of which were decorated with idolatrous images, into a meeting-house for the worship of the true God. One day a military officer, on approaching the edifice, heard the sound of psalmody, and entering therein, he found about a hundred soldiers seated around their officer, who was acting as the good minister of Jesus Christ. About that time, a military emergency having arisen, the general in command thought not of his embarrassment. Having ordered out a particular troop, the reply was that they were intoxicated, and could not take a place of danger. Then, said this commanding officer, turn out Havelock's men; he is always ready, and his men are never drunk. They were immediately under arms, and the general's object was achieved. Not without much opposition was it that he had endeavored to walk humbly with his God. He was ridiculed, misrepresented, and persecuted for righteousness' sake." On the adjacency of his corps becoming vacant, an application was made to the Governor-General to give it to Havelock. His lordship demurred on account of what had been said to Havelock's disparagement as being an enthusiast and a fanatic.—Bitter was the hostility which beset him on that occasion, but it was overcome in this manner. A return was ordered of the offences committed by the men of the several companies throughout the regiment, and having examined the return, the Governor-General said he found that the men in Havelock's company who had joined in his religious ex-

ercises were the most sober and best behaved men in the regiment. The complaint against the men, he said, was that they were Baptists, and he added that he wished the whole regiment were Baptists too. The result of the inquiry was the bestowal of the adjutancy upon Havelock, and the entry in his memorandum-book simply mentions the fact, with the addition of the following words: 'Continue religious instruction to the soldiers, and do every thing to promote temperate habits among them.' During the twenty-three years that he acted as a subaltern officer he devoted one-tenth part of his slender income to purposes of religious benevolence. In 1838 he obtained promotion, and took an active part in the movement at Cabool and Jellalabad, forming one of the body designed by the Governor-General to restore the garrisons.—For six weeks were the men employed on the fortifications. On the completion of the works, Havelock suggested to General Sale the propriety of holding a religious service, for the purpose of thanking God and taking courage. The suggestion was acted upon. The garrison were assembled, and on Havelock devoted the duty of offering prayer and praise for his comrades and himself. In the year 1847 he again obtained promotion, and we find him at Bombay, where he identified himself with the friends of truth and missionary purposes. In the year 1849 he came to England, and remained here for some time on the Continent for two years. For some time he was a worshipper with us in this chapel, and well do I remember when he stood at the baptism, as I was baptizing his second son, he looking and speaking, and demeaning himself as a man whose very heart was glad that his boy was thus consecrating himself to the service of the Lord. On his return to India he was called upon to occupy a high military position, and did so without any detriment to his religious duties.

I have authority for saying that he once threw away the highest prospects in his profession because he would not lend himself to the defence of a policy of which in his conscience he utterly disapproved, and more than once did he put his military commission in the highest jeopardy because he would not obey a command that had been issued which was in contravention and opposition to his religious creed. . . . As Lord Hardinge once said, 'He was every inch a soldier,' and he was every inch a Christian. For four months and a half he had to maintain a warfare second to none in the responsibility which devolved upon him. Neither day nor night had he anything but the slightest snatches of repose. He could not and would not rest. The Residency, with its precious treasure of women and children, was with his comrades magnanimously enslanding that Residency, until by the co-operation of other agencies relief was afforded. So far his object was attained. He was serving without a wound. He had never been wounded throughout his life. One day acute dysentery lays hold of him, and he is succumbing and sinking beneath its power. Is he aware of his position? Perfectly. Does the knowledge of his condition alarm him? Not in the least degree. Is his mind sound enough and active enough to appreciate the event now at hand? Active enough and sound enough beyond all doubt. Who tells us that? His son, who nursed and cared for him with an assiduous and faithful love. Did he say anything which it is worth while to mention in such an assembly as this? He did. He said to Sir James Outram, 'For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death comes I meet it face to face without fear.' He said this repeatedly, and as his end was approaching, looking his son in the face he said, 'Come, my son, see how a Christian man can die.' And so he died. 'He was not'—'he was not' amongst the men whom he could have helped so effectually by his counsel—'he was not' amongst those who had been accustomed to rely upon his powers in the field—he was not—another incident by which we are unfeignedly distressed. God took Havelock. If we could bring back many of his infantry, and ask them the subject of his discourses, they would tell us that it was about salvation from sin in this life, and the condemnation of it in the life to come, and about admission to the kingdom of heaven for all those who repent and believe in Christ. Many a time has his brave up men of feeble faith by telling them of life and immortality—many a time when death was round about them has he spoken of their departure to be with Christ—many a time has he said, 'we may never meet like this again, but I'll tell you where, if we believe in Christ, we shall meet, and how we shall be employed.' Although by the ruthless hand of death, earthly hours and distinctions have been withheld from him, heavenly distinctions have been bestowed, and received, and enjoyed. The baronetcy gave no dignity to his name, nor will the coronet ever grace his weather-beaten brow; but the crown of righteousness has actually been given to him, and it has been granted to him to sit down with Christ upon his throne. He died contentedly, happily, triumphantly receiving the end of his faith, and the salvation of his soul. 'God took him!' and in that transition we may triumphantly rejoice. Havelock, though dead, yet speaketh; and he speaketh two lessons—he bids you to understand that the busiest life you can be leading may be, and ought to be a religious life, and that your religion ought to be the religion of

a Saviour; that unless you believe in the Saviour you are lost; but that if you live a life of faith in the Son of God you will by and by die as he died."

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Much is said of this eminent minister, and a faithful portrait is very desirable. We extract the following from the best we have seen, from the pen of Rev. J. Cross, a correspondent of the Nashville Christian Advocate. Mr. Cross is an original and elegant writer.

Mr. Spurgeon's popularity is as great as ever—rather on the increase. Envy and bigotry from the beginning spoke of him as a meteor—a will-o'-the-wisp—stared at by the multitude, but soon to explode and disappear. But all these prophecies have failed, and Mr. Spurgeon never had a larger audience than he has now. Formerly only the lower classes crowded his chapel; now every Sabbath finds the aristocracy of West End, clergymen of the Establishment, members of Parliament, and noble lords and ladies, occupying reserved seats around the desk at Surrey Gardens.

But what is the secret of his success?—Whence his great popularity? Is there anything peculiar in the man himself, in his manner, or his doctrines, or the circumstances of his ministry? I will endeavour to answer these questions.

Mr. Spurgeon is certainly not indebted for his popularity to his origin, for he is of humble birth; nor to the influence of his sect, for the Anabaptists are among the least esteemed of the dissenting bodies in England. Nor is it to be ascribed to a fine person or agreeable manners; for he is a great, fat, round, overgrown boy—awkward in action, unhandsome in features, and scarcely tidy in dress—a man whom no lady would love at sight—more likely to be taken for a butcher than a preacher—apparently feasting more on roast beef and plum pudding than on "the bread that cometh down from heaven." Nor does he show a high degree of mental culture, or anything like refinement of taste; for his mind has manifestly never been closely schooled in metaphysical or dialectic studies, and frequently he is offensively coarse and vulgar in his style. Nor is his logic or his rhetoric of a superior character; for of the former he has, properly speaking, little or none, and the latter is as full of faults as it is of figures. Nor is he guilty of any unusual originality, profundity, or brilliancy of thought; for he never utters anything remarkably striking. Nor has he a very charming voice; for though it is clear and strong, it is neither varied or musical—having great volume but little compass—not at all what you would call an oratorical voice—monotonous and inflexible—incapable alike of majesty and of tenderness. Nor is it fine action; for in this department he is greatly inferior to many whom I know in the American pulpit who have never attained to a tenth part of his celebrity, and must have been vastly excelled by George Whitefield and Edward Irving, with both of whom he has so often been compared by an indiscriminate press. Not in any nor in all of these lies the power of Mr. Spurgeon; but it does lie, if I mistake not, in the following facts:

1. He is quite natural. In the pulpit he seems perfectly at home, and fears none but God. Free from all embarrassment of timidity, and entirely self-possessed, he talks to his hearers like a friend. Even in his most impassioned utterances, there is no pulpit tone—no clerical mannerism—nothing that you might not look for in the secular orator, or the scientific lecturer.

2. He is very simple. He says nothing that the youngest and most illiterate of his hearers cannot perfectly understand. His language is good idiomatic Saxon. There are no Latinisms, no Germanisms, no long and difficult words, no tangled and high-pressure sentences—only such as may instantly be comprehended by the boot black and newsboy. He never aims at ornament, nor uses two words where one will answer. In this respect he resembles Wesley or Whitefield.

3. He is highly dramatic. Every thing lives, moves and speaks in his sermons. The whole indeed, is only a series of pictures, brought vividly before the audience. There are no cold and dry abstractions. Every truth is clothed with life and power. Metaphors and similes crowd upon one another as thick as Jeremy Taylor's or Edward Irving's; though not as graceful as the former, nor as gorgeous as the latter. But his chief forte is the apostrophe, in the use of which certainly he has seldom been excelled. His dramatic power, though inferior undoubtedly to Whitefield's or Irving's, is confessedly very great.

4. He is manifestly in earnest. No man perhaps was ever more so. He seems to put his whole soul into every sermon. He speaks as if he stood with his audience upon a trembling point between heaven and hell. His great desire evidently is to do God's work well, and save as many souls as he can. Hence that directness of application, that fervid hortatory style, which rivets the attention, forces home the truth, and makes every hearer feel himself personally addressed by the preacher. Hence also that boldness and fidelity which rebukes sin in high places, and speaks to "my noble lords and ladies" as plainly as the cab-driver and the kitchen-maid. The last time that I heard him, the Duchess of Sutherland was present,

and several other noble personages, who perhaps had never listened to a dissenting preacher before; and if he did not deal faithfully with their souls that day, then Nathan did not deal faithfully with David, nor Paul with Felix or Agrippa. O, but he did thresh them with the gospel flail! O, but he did grind the n. s. with millstones, between the two tables of the law! He seemed to draw the string more tightly, and point the arrow more accurately, because he was aiming high. You will read these passages some day in his reported sermons. I never heard anything nobler from human lips. It was worthy of an Elijah or a Peter!

5. He preaches the doctrines of the gospel. Human depravity, Christ crucified, justification by faith, spiritual regeneration, and judgment to come, are his constant themes. It is the good old gospel, and nothing new, that he keeps before the people. I do not say, for I do not think, that he preaches this good old gospel in the very best form. All wheat has chaff. Mr. Spurgeon preaches Calvinism gone to seed. He is more Calvinistic than Calvin himself.—But among the chaff there is so much wheat that hungry souls cannot fail of nourishment under his ministry. In short, although he preaches Calvinism in a form which would be offensive to nine-tenths of the Calvinists of Christendom, he preaches Arminianism very much more. He is theoretically a Calvinist, but practically an Arminian. He has a Calvinistic head, but an Arminian heart; and his heart is so much greater than his head that it always carries the day. He invariably tells the sinner that he can do nothing, and must wait for God to do all; but then he falls to and urges him with such irresistible energy to immediate repentance and faith in Christ, that the poor man fortunately forgets the former statement, and is carried captive by the preacher's impetuous exhortation. Thus Mr. Spurgeon is constantly contradicting himself in the most remarkable manner, and it seems strange to me that every hearer does not see the incompatibility of his theory and his practice. In one of his sermons to which I listened, after having stated the doctrine of predestination and election in the strongest possible form, he exhorted his hearers with a most genial warmth to turn immediately to God; when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, but the heart still carried it over the head, and he exclaimed: "You may accuse me of preaching Arminianism; I care not—it is what I love to preach, and am bound to preach, and will by the help of God!" and still he went on with greater fervor than ever.

6. But the best of all is, God is with him. Who can doubt it? This is the chief reason of his success. It is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord. Mr. Spurgeon is a sincere and simple-hearted man, deeply concerned for the salvation of his fellow-men, and God is blessing his labors. Go on, Mr. Spurgeon, and don't be afraid of mingling too many Arminian appeals with your Calvinistic dogmas! You are doing a good work; and God prosper your ministry.

Amelia V.—Or the Ball.

The period at length approached in which this young lady was to make her debut into society! It need scarcely be remarked, that not only the days but the hours seem'd heavily to move towards the period of her hopes. But at last arrive it did. Another week was to add the handsome Amelia to the already crowded list of candidates for the world's favor and fortune.

"A week, alas, 'twas too much time to trust, The fashion of the cheerful world! 'twas time Enough to sicken and to die!"

Two days previous to the expected ball, she complained of a slight cold, and was advised to confine herself, it she expected to recover sufficiently to appear at Lady H—'s, on the ensuing night. She did so; was apparently better; went to the party; fainted, and was carried home to her death-bed!

"It was very provoking, Mamma; just as I was beginning to enter into the full enjoyment of all that was going forward! I never felt myself better; what could have been the cause of it?"

"Most likely, my dear, it was the agitation and excitement; but it will do you a great deal of good, it will make you less nervous the next time, and it has brought you into notice at once! There were some who would have gladly changed places with you merely to have attracted attention!"

"Well, perhaps it was not so bad after all! But I cried with vexation when I got home! I will soon be well, however, and I hope to do better the next time, as you say. Whose will be the next party, Mamma?"

"You shall go to it on to-morrow week, so make haste and get well!"

The following day this young lady was evidently worse. Still the fears of her medical attendant were considered to be nothing beyond the evidence of his great caution in pronouncing a favourable opinion. The ensuing day she was worse still!

her, Sir? She shall not be alarmed on my account. It is no reason because you think fit to indulge unnecessary fears that you should be allowed to torment the poor child with the idea that she is going to die!"

"It would not be for my advantage, Madam, in any respect, that Miss V— should die so suddenly as you seem to think she would if made aware of her situation; therefore I would not urge it, if I had the most remote apprehension, of such a result!" replied the doctor. "She must know it ere she dies, and the later it is, the greater will be the shock!"

"Why do you say before she dies?—One would think that you quite gave her up! do you give up all hopes of recovery, Sir?"

"While God permits life to remain in the frail body, no man has a right to despair; but I would recommend her being informed of her situation!"

"Certainly not while it is possible that she may recover, said Mrs. V—"

On the succeeding day her darger was evident to all parties. On entering the room however, the objects which first attracted attention, were her ball dress, laid before her view in every possible attractive and deluding situation. Upon these her eyes were fixed with excited attention.

"Madam," said her physician, addressing her mother, "this is most unkind to your daughter, as well as injurious. Setting apart the unhappy tendency of such objects to lead her mind to what is least befitting a state like hers, the effect of such excitement is to increase her danger ten fold!"

"I believe, Doctor, that there are very few things which can add to her danger now!" replied she, considerably agitated.

"If that be the case, Madam, and you are convinced of it, there should be no time lost in informing her of the fact!"

"Doctor, I told you before that I would not permit her to be alarmed by speaking of death to her at all! I am her mother, sir, and I will exercise my own judgment as to what is best for my child; you may think differently, but your opinion is no rule for my conduct! I request that there may be no more said on the subject!"

While this conversation was going forward a third person entered the room unobserved, and fixing his eyes intently on her he said with great solemnity, "And what wilt thou do in the end thereof?"

"Mr. W." screamed her mother, what brought you here?"

"A message of life to the victim of death!" he replied, still keeping his eyes fixed on the dying girl.

"I wish that you had waited until you were sent for; although you are a clergyman, you are not the person that I consider the best for her to see."

"Mamma, Mr. W., what is all this?" said Amelia faintly, "surely there is no danger!"

"No, my darling; no! Mr. W. has come to see you as a friend." Then turning to him, "not a word about death, Mr. W., I implore you, if you have any charity in you!"

"Charity," he replied, "charity! to permit your child to perish throughout eternity! Is that your charity, Madam?"

"Mother, Mother!" screamed the girl, as loud as her weak state would permit, "What is that? oh mercy! mercy! Doctor, am I going to die? Oh no, sare I am not; won't you tell me that I am not? Can't you do anything for me?"

"Amelia," said the clergyman, "do not waste your precious time in seeking for the life of this world; but—"

"Why did not you tell me this before!—Why did you let me die without one thought about any other life than this? Mother do you hear me?" she cried half frantic; "It was you who should have told me! Die! I will not, I cannot die! I am not prepared die! mother my curse, the curse of your lost child shall rest on your head." Why did you let me die? I won't—I won't—I won't!" she screamed louder and louder, then stretching out her hands as if to shut out some object from her sight, she groaned, fell back and died.

"This may appear exaggerated, but the expressions as well as the scene, were those of reality. Language much more repugnant to the feelings, was used towards her parent, but I consider what is here transcribed as enough to prove the awful responsibility which those parents assume, who act the part of such a mother.

A WORD TO IDLERS.—A person once called and introduced himself by saying that "he was come to spend an idle hour with Mr. Benson." "Be assured," said that eminent man, "that Mr. Benson has no idle hours. From seven o'clock to eight o'clock he spends every day, either in reading, or praying, or preaching. Besides, he is going to preach this evening; and he mostly spends an hour upon his knees before he goes into the pulpit." With some degree of confusion, the person withdrew; and it was hoped that he learned, by the mode of his reception, never again to disturb ministers when they are preparing to preach, or to imagine that they have idle hours to spend with idle people, who are not conscious of the value of time.

In New York there are 9,692 places where business and amusement are carried on, on the Sabbath. Of these, 3,408 are liquor shops and drinking saloons.