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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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Mohammed and his Religion.
BY MRS. SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON.

The following interesting account of the life of the meek and lowly Jesus, who had not where to lay his head; who went about doing good, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and comfort to the distressed everywhere; who had no army to enforce his precepts; no sword but the sword of the spirit, which was the "Word of God;" and was persecuted until his crucified body was no longer susceptible of pain. Though a despised Nazarene, his followers wished to make him a king; but, unlike Mohammed, he declined for his kingdom was not of this world. Christ was born in a stable—Mohammed in a palace. Christ died the death of a felon—Mohammed that of a sovereign.

Having failed to discover the supposed analogy in the lives and characters of the founders of the two great religions of the world, let us examine their doctrines, and see if they be equally recommended by their intrinsic merits, and whether they deserve to be classed in the same category.

Mohammed did not attempt to introduce a new religion, for that would have aroused the prejudices of his countrymen. He professed to restore the only true and primitive faith which existed in the days of the Patriarchs and Prophets from Adam to Christ. His fundamental doctrine was the "Unity of God," which presented a broad foundation for a popular and universal religion.

He ordained five daily prayers, and enjoined many ablutions well suited to Oriental life. He instituted the feast of Rhamadan, and the pilgrimage to Mecca, where one prayer he declared to be worth one hundred thousand prayers uttered elsewhere. He decreed that every man should distribute, for charitable purposes, the hundredth part of his possessions. His laws were adapted to the different circumstances of the people, and he so changed his religion as to suit every nation.

The Koran, of which Mohammed was the author, treats of death, the resurrection, the judgment, a future state of happiness and of torment, in a manner which greatly affects the imagination. At the end of the world, the righteous and the wicked must pass over al-Sirat, or the bridge of Judgments, which is as slender as the thread of a famished spider, and as sharp as the edge of a sword, across which the good are able to pass into Paradise, but the wicked inevitably fall into the abyss of hell, over which the bridge is suspended. While in torment they are shod with shoes of fire, obliged to drink filthy and scalding water, and have about their necks seventy thousand halters, each of which is held by seventy thousand angels, who drag them through fires and poisonous serpents and dragons with seven heads.

The Muslim's place of punishment is divided into seven departments for different classes of delinquents: the first, called Gehenna, designed for men who, though they believe, are wicked; from this purgatory, however, after a certain period of punishment for their sins, they are released and rewarded for their faith; the second, named Paha, is for the Jews; the third, al-Hotamah, for Christians; the fourth, al-Sair, for the descendants of the wicked Saba or Sabians; fifth, for magicians, or the Persia Magis sixh, al-Jahim, for idolaters; the last, and lowest, al-Hawyer, for hypocrites.

Their future place of happiness is called Jannat—A garden—corresponding to the Greek word Paradise. Its situation is above the seventh heaven, next under the throne of God. To indicate the richness of the soil, they say it is of the finest wheat flour, musk, and saffron. It is watered, says the Koran, with streams consisting of some delicious beverage; in some places with unchangeable milk, some with clarified honey, and some with wine. But the highest delight is to be derived from the society of the Houris, or the beautiful girls with black eyes, who are formed of musk, and reside in the pavilions of hollow pearls, one of which is sixty miles long. There are eight gates which lead to a different abode of happiness, graduated according to the merits of the person; the first, or highest degree for the prophets; the next for the doctors and teachers of the word; the next for the martyrs; the rest for different classes according as they deserve to be blessed. The meanest inhabitant will have an extravagant number of wives and servants, and every dinner will be served up in three hundred dishes of gold.

There are many striking passages in the Mohammedan Scriptures, a few of which may not be uninteresting.

"Do not give way to avarice; avarice is a tree which the devil hath planted in hell, and whose branches spread over the earth. Whoever seeketh to gather its fruit is entangled in them and swept into the fire."
"Generosity is a tree planted in heaven by God; the Lord of the world; its branches descend to the earth; man will climb up by it into Paradise."
"Alas that are given in faith, without ostentation, and in secret; extinguish the wrath of God, and preserve from a violent death. They quench sin as water quenches the fire. They shut the seventy gates of evil."
"The Prophet hath said: Whosoever entereth Mecca shall issue from it like the newly-born child. The Lord looks down every night upon the earth; the first town that he seeth is Mecca; those whom his seeth first are those who kneel and pray. One hundred and twenty mercies descend daily from heaven on Mecca; sixty for those who pray, forty for those who fast, and twenty

for the lookers-on. Hell shall remove two hundred years' march, and heaven shall draw nigh two hundred years, to the man who bears the heat of Mecca."

Bartimeus;
OR THE POWER OF CRYING PRAYER.

"And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me. And they went before him, bidden him, that he should hold his peace; but he cried so much the more, Thou son of David, have mercy on me." Luke xiii. 38, 39.

What an object of pity is here! Poor Bartimeus! at this remote period our hearts bleed for thee. Blind—born blind!—and so ignorant as to have to sit by the wayside begging! Alas for thee! Deprived of the unspeakably precious blessing of sight, by which so many of the pleasures and joys of life are received. Thine eyes had never seen the sun. The works of God were an unknown blank to thee. The beauties of nature, the countenances of friends, had never imparted one thrill of gladness to thy heart. Mournful case! And to all this was added abject poverty, even to begging. What has sin done? None such as this man were found in Eden, nor shall ever be met with in heaven. "My soul, repeat his praise," who, though I am not in Eden or in Heaven, has so graciously distinguished my lot from that of Bartimeus—"What shall I render unto God?"

But in Bartimeus' physical and temporal circumstances, all can see their own individual moral states by nature, "Blind—born blind—and beggars!" Blind to the glories of God, of his works, and of his Word. Ignorant of one's own self, of the Savior, and of the way of salvation, is every man by nature; and not only so, but spiritually poor and blind. Men may fancy themselves increased in goods, and having need of nothing; but the truth is, they are "poor, and miserable, and wretched, and blind, and naked." The fact is, they are "ready to perish." Dear readers, do we feel it? have we realized it? have we cried to Jesus? are we enlightened, enriched, saved?

For man—all glory to God!—for man there is a Savior, who is near, able, willing to save. Near, by his humanity—near, by his divinity. He comes into our world to seek and save us. Ah! it is he who seeks out the perishing sinner. We are found of him, not he of us. And that he is able and willing to save, let this beggar's deliverance testify.

It was to this Savior blind Bartimeus was praying—"CRYING so much the more." And what a prayer it was! What an example it sets! What lessons of prayer it teaches! Would to God, says every Christian heart, I could so pray, always so pray!

It was "crying, persevering prayer." "He cried, and cried so much the more." Under the pressure of distress the mind pushes, forces its way through struggles, wrestles, agonizes, to get to God, to be heard and helped. "He cried"—and when rebuked to hold his peace, "he cried so much the more." He must be heard—must be helped. Now or never. The only Savior from his misery was passing by—might never pass again; all his hopes were hung upon this one moment, and upon Jesus, and Jesus only; therefore, he would not be silenced, would not give up, but "cried, and cried so much the more, Thou son of David, have mercy on me."

Ah! it is not fine prayers, nor eloquent prayers, but crying prayers, which attract notice and are heard and answered. "Jesus stood still." O the power of crying prayer! Are my prayers such as to stop up the way of my Jesus, and cause him to stand still? O for a baptism of such prayer sped down on the churches! Let Jesus stand still. Tell it, reader, tell it if you can—what were now the beggar's feelings, his hopes, his fears, his deep anxiety—what? And what were now the workings of the compassionate mind of Jesus towards him, and what the expectations of the lookers-on? What a moment of breathless suspense! How every eye ran between and upon the beggar and the Savior! The suspense must have been painful.

At last the silence was broken; Jesus said unto him, "What wilt thou?" This was not the language of inquiry. He knew what the beggar wanted; but it was the language of compassionate Omnipotence—language which on an angel's lips would be blasphemy. By this inquiry a blank is put into the beggar's hand, to write upon, what he would. The powers of God are at his command. "What wilt thou?" Write, speak, ask, "open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."

"Never man spake like this man." "What wilt thou?" "I fear not; only believe, and thou shalt see the glory of God." His glorious powers on thy behalf, and his glorious grace and good will to help thee. Is anything too hard for Him who drove back the sea, and brought waters gushing out of the rock for Israel, his chosen?

What a practical moment on that saying of Jesus, "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Are you discouraged, fearful they shall pray in vain to Jesus? Ah! they would be the first. Look hither. Who prays to Jesus? Who is heard and helped? A poor blind beggar. Ah! who may not cry to Jesus? Who need despair, in any case, or is his arm shortened, that he cannot save? Whom can he not, will he not help who cry to him? He is willing as he is able. "What wilt thou?" I am at thy service. I wait for thy request. Only say the word.

"What wilt thou?" Was ever grace like this? Ye powers of hell, hear it! Ye men of angry spirits—filled with malice, intrigue, and stratagem, devil-like, seeking to destroy such as have done you no evil—hear it, and tremble!—"What wilt thou?" Jesus, to all who cry to him in distress, says, "What wilt thou?"

What Christian reader does not say, O Jesus! let my heart ever so pray to thee, so wrestle, struggle, prevail! Many discouragements upbraid my hope, and bid me "hold my peace." O help me to cry to thee, the more so to cry! Give me, give me crying, struggling, agonizing, overcoming prayer—prayer to attract thy attention, stop thee, obtain all needful help from thee; and finally save me, from death and hell, into thy kingdom and glory. Amen and Amen!—Chris. Intelligencer.

An Interesting Story of a young Sailor.

[An American chaplain, who preaches to American and English sailors in the port of Havre, in France, sends home a letter about the sailors who attend his church, and those whom he visits in their ships, or when they are sick, in the marine hospitals of that city. He is an agent of the American Seamen's Friend Society. We have not room to print his whole letter; but the following portion, which is about a young sailor who ran away from home and who fell sick in Havre, we give for the benefit of the large family of children who read this column, and who we hope will be warned by such an example against ever "running away to sea."]

I have had several interesting cases at the Hospital—among them that of a young man, whose parents live at Sand Lake, about five miles from Albany, and who are a branch of the Commodore Perry family, of Lake Erie fame. In my daily beats around the hospital, and among the coats appropriated to English and American sailors, I espied a young man with keen black eyes, and thin American visage, that particularly attracted my attention, and I approached his cot with more than usual interest, from the fact of his listening with eager and profound attention to every word I said to others around him. After a few preliminary questions, which moistened his eyes, I put what to me is the question of questions, "Have you a pious, praying mother?" This was more than he could stand. He burst into tears, and reaching out his arm at full length to seize his coat, that lay upon a chair at the head of his cot, he thrust his hand into the pocket, drawing out a number of letters, saying, "Yes, indeed I have. Please read these letters received to-day, and you'll see how my mother prays for me." I tried to read them, but my heart and my eyes failed me. Such pleadings, such tender solicitude, such beseeching his return to his father's house and to his mother's arms—her only darling son. It was enough to melt the heart of a stone! When he saw the difficulty I labored under in attempting to read them, and becoming more calm himself, he said, "Well, lay down the letters, and I'll tell you all about it. More than seven years ago I ran away from home, was a wild reckless boy, and went to sea, against my parent's will; and though I have been frequently in the United States since, I have never been home, nor have I seen either of my parents, nor my only sister. Being an only son, they have spared no pains in trying to find me, and to take me home. Whenever they have heard of my being in any American port—New Bedford, New York, or elsewhere—my father would start immediately to search me out; but I have always and successfully eluded his search, and resisted all their entreaties to return. And you see," added he, "by these letters that my father reached my boarding-house in New York just two hours after I had sailed on this my last voyage for Havre. And now," said he, "if I should die here, I want you to take charge of these letters and answer them for me." Here his feelings so overcame him there was a long pause—and fearing lest his strength would give out, I told him I would retell, leave him for a quiet rest, and return the next morning—which I did.

I now questioned him as to the reasons for keeping his parents in such a constant agony of mind. "Even if you are determined to follow the seas against their wishes, why not mitigate their sorrows by an occasional visit?" "To tell you the truth," said he, "I have been associated with such vile and reckless characters, spending my money as fast as I earned it, and often faster, that I was ashamed to see them; and seldom could I keep money long enough to take me home, nor could I afford a decent suit of clothes; for my money was squandered as fast as it came into my hands—and I was too proud to go home a ragged pauper. Why," said he, "in my voyages to China, and round and round the world, I have had money enough to make me rich, if I had only taken care of it. I took one voyage to Australia, and there went into the mines; I was very successful, and had at one time over seventeen hundred pounds sterling; but instead of going directly home, I squandered it, like a fool, faster than I made it." Thus he went on with his history, which in fact is but the history of thousands—which only proves that our ships, with their concomitants, are the Sodoms and Gomorrah to which the reckless youth of our country run, and in which are engulfed the fond hopes of many a weeping parent. I have visited this young man almost every

day, laboring with him upon two important points—the giving of his heart to God, and becoming a new man in Christ Jesus; and if restored to health, returning immediately to his parents. Upon this first he is serious, thoughtful, often tender and melted to tears; listens with deep earnestness to all my counsels, and receives thankfully and reads carefully, and I hope prayerfully, such tracts as I selected for his reading. And as to the second point, he has given me his solemn pledge that if God spares him, and raises him up from this sickness, he will return to his father's house; and oh, let it be made the subject of daily and importunate prayer, that he may return, like the prodigal son, to weep upon his father's neck, and dry up his mother's tears, and start a new song among the angels in heaven over one more sinner that repenteth.

The steamer lingers, giving me time to say, I have just had a meeting at the Hospital of thrilling interest—some four or five sailors deeply anxious. I told them of what God was doing in New York, of the prayer-meetings held there, of the many sailors hopefully converted to God, and how the glorious work was spreading all over our land, and that some of the most hardened and desperate characters in the land had become subjects of divine grace, "had turned from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God." When I spoke of "Awful Gardener," the pugilist, of his conversion, of his confession in a large meeting, telling what God had done for his soul, what joy he felt, and of his determination to serve his new Lord and Master as faithfully as he had served Satan, they wept like children, and young Perry said, "Why, I knew Gardener very well." I then told them of the prayer-meetings held all over the city, and every day in the week, and that Burton's Theatre was rented for that purpose, and filled with anxious praying people. Said Perry again, "I have been in that theatre," and he sighed out an expression of earnest hope "that in six weeks he should be able to return home."

My own heart was deeply moved, and I never spoke with more ease and apparently with more effect. One poor fellow, who was convalescent, followed me out of the ward, begged me to pray for him, saying, "I have a good pious mother in Philadelphia, and I ran away too, and I want to get back home. I am determined to be a Christian, and return and be a blessing to my mother; do pray for me." I need not say I promised to do it.

Does God Reward Idleness? Yes.

Has a farmer any reason to expect a good crop from a field in which he has never sown a seed?

Has a mechanic any reason for expecting to see a building rising up before his eyes, the timber for which he has not hewn—upon the frame of which he has not yet worked an hour?

Has the merchant who sits idly at home, neither buying nor selling—neither planning nor executing purposes of gain, any reason to expect a profitable business?

Has the student any hope of eminence in any literary path, or of a well stored mind, who opens not a book, nor applies himself to any tasks?

Has any man a right to expect a clear comprehension of a subject which he has never investigated, and upon which he has never suffered his thoughts to dwell?

Is there any department of human industry or any work of science, or any path of virtue, in which a person can reasonably hope for success, without diligently, and faithfully, and laboriously using appropriate means?

Abaud questions all. A child of six years would know better than to ask them.

Yet all these idlers have their reward. The farmer has a barren field. The mechanic has a burden of an unfinished work. The merchant has empty coffers. The student has an unfurnished mind, and perplexity and confusion, where he might see clearly. They are all ill at ease. They have each a disturbed conscience. This is a part of the recompense that God awards to idleness.

How is it in spiritual things? Will the sluggard, albeit he is a professing Christian, have any other than a garden overrun with weeds, while he folds his hands, saying, "a little more sleep and a little more slumber?"

How shall I, who know that personal holiness is the only ground of acceptance with God and the only possible foundation of a useful character, how shall I be rewarded, if I almost entirely neglect the cultivation of holiness? Evidently I shall doubt of my standing in his sight, and be painfully troubled as to where I shall begin, and what I shall do, and whether I shall succeed when I would attempt to win souls to Christ. I shall also always carry with me a disturbed conscience, reminding me of this want of holiness.

How shall I be rewarded, if I neglect prayer? Great blessings are promised in answer to prayer. The command to pray "daily" fervently, unceasingly, importunately, never fainting, is imperatively binding on every Christian. And such praying, we are assured, prevails. If now, I am idle or listless in prayer—if fifteen minutes in the morning, and fifteen minutes at night, covers all the time of my communion with God—and if I have not yet comprehended what it is "to upon upon my soul" in prayer—what is my reward? God is not ungracious. A sure reward and just awaits all his children. A

general, though unavowed disbelief in the efficacy of prayer—a painful feeling that my prayers; especially, are vain—a sense of constraint and coldness between me and my best Friend—unsatisfied longings—hours of ennui—and a troubled conscience, because these things are so.

I am commanded to search the Scriptures. The word of God is the food of the soul.—They who know most of the Lord become most assimilated to him. They who behold steadfastly the glory of the Lord are changed from glory to glory into the same image. If now I am indolent in the study of the Bible—if I do not earnestly and perseveringly apply myself to it—if I rarely so study it as to be impressed by it personally, and so receive it and inwardly digest it—what is my reward? Leanness of soul, darkness of mind, superficial views of many important truths, and a fearful weakness and trembling oftentimes on the verge of delusion and error—and all the time a troubled consciousness of ignorance concerning Him with whom I have to do.

"If any man will be my disciple," says Jesus "let him follow me." The injunctions to self-denial in the Bible are numerous, and it is inculcated as an important method of growth in grace. The reason of this is evident. Selfishness is but another name for unholiness. Self-will and self-indulgence are the exact opposites of submission to the divine will, and the holding ourselves always ready to do his work.—Growing ho'ness will surely uproot and suppress indulgence.

If I make no sacrifices, therefore, in my outward life for the sake of inner and spiritual being, what is my reward? If I cannot forego ostentation and extravagance and pleasure seeking, which brings so many snares—if I cannot deny myself the luxuries which appetite demands, and which clog my mental preceptions by injuring the curiously and wonderfully constructed instrument by which the spirit works—if I cannot deny myself the expression of selfish opinion and the carrying out of self-will—and the manifestations of evil temper—if in these small things I cannot follow my Master, what must I expect? Clearly an entire want of appreciation of His character and of conformity to it—and the coming short of all those higher attainments in spirituality and holy living which follow upon self-denial as effect upon cause.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," is the cardinal rule of the christian life, and to those who obey it all things necessary for the earthly life are surely promised. What will be my reward? I shall be left to seek first my own affairs—my health, my comfort, my ease, my pleasure, the providing for my family, the following of the perishing fashions of this world. These things, despite all my endeavors to the contrary—yes despite my prayers, (for prayer and effort will be divorced) will take possession of my soul, will be first in my thoughts, first in my affections, will take the throne within me, and the consequence is sure. I shall have all the distractions and anxieties of those who have no covenant God—no sure word of promise, and who are strangers to that perfect peace which his trusting and obedient children know. I shall be a dead branch—an unsightly and useless appendage to the church on earth, suffered only to remain among its visible members, but having no part nor lot in its present labors or its final triumph.—Congregationalist.

Dissatisfied Hearers.

It is the lot of some to hear habitually, in the place where they are accustomed to worship, preaching which fails to satisfy them. Where the regular ministrations are agreeable, it usually happens to every one to hear occasionally those which are otherwise. It becomes then a question of some importance what kind of deportment is proper in such circumstances. No question need arise where the preaching gratifies the taste of the listener. A manner which encourages the speaker, and invites others to listen, is then assumed involuntarily. Now, when the word is, or seems to the hearer to be, inadequately or distastefully presented, is he or she at liberty to indicate this feeling by expressive looks of disgust or approbation, or by an air of undisguised weariness or inattention? It appears to me that a style of deportment quite different from that appropriate to the theatre or the lecture-room is demanded in the house of God. Reverence for the place and the objects of the service demands that the critical and esthetic powers be kept in abeyance, and a suppression of signs of feeling, which are only less improper than clapping or hissing. All such demonstrations are in total disregard of those whose tastes happen to be different. They may be wounded, vexed, disgusted—if they are irreligious, they will probably be gratified, for it helps to keep any truth from reaching them. Is such a manner just toward the preacher? If, as may generally be presumed, he has tried to set forth the truth in an effective manner, is it just to torture him by showing that he has tried ineffectually? If he knows that he does not and cannot satisfy you, is it right for you to try every Sabbath to make him feel the power of an unfriendly and unappreciative hearer? If he is a stranger in the pulpit, may all the rules of Christian courtesy be set aside by the dissatisfied hearer? It is shameful, the unkind and inconsiderate manner with which young preachers are often greeted in their first attempts. The