

Religious Intelligencer

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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Religious Revival and Persecution in Sweden.

The following letter is from a native Colporteur of the American Baptist Publication Society, in Sweden. It is not only interesting on account of the work of God to which it refers, but also because of the bitter persecution which is experienced by those engaged in its promotion. In confirmation of what is said in this letter, relative to the work of revival, a correspondent to the April number of the "News of the Churches," remarks as follows:—

"The work of God is still going on in our country. The revivals in many parts increase from day to day. But in some places the spirit of dissension and disunion is also increasing. Nevertheless, it appears that the good work of God is prevailing also in these places. Blessed be the grace of God who is doing such great things in our day."

LETTER.

DEAR BRETHREN—Allow me to tell you what our blessed Lord Jesus has been pleased to accomplish lately through my feeble instrumentality. In the month of April, 1857, I left Stockholm and travelled to the South of Sweden, where I was born. Here I commenced travelling round and preaching the word of God to the people. There was not at the time in all this region a single Baptist beside myself; but very many had their minds made up upon this subject and were waiting for an administrator.

Soon after I reached home, there was held a meeting of Christians, who had embraced Baptist views. It was a joyful meeting. I then received an urgent invitation to go to a place called Yngsjö to baptize some that were waiting. But, when I arrived, I found many more ready to receive baptism than I had expected. After being satisfied with their Christian experience and religious views, I baptized fifty-nine. From there I travelled to a village called Yenesta, where forty-four were baptized in one day, and twenty-one on the next. I then preached the word of God to an immense concourse of people who assembled for several days in succession. A church was organized of sixty-five members, and a brother who gave evidence of being called to preach, was ordained to take the oversight of the flock.

From here I travelled to Godly, a distance of thirty miles, where in one day I baptized thirty-four. After preaching some days a church was formed, and one of their number was ordained as pastor. I next went to Ulstorp, where I baptized fifty-seven, who were also organized into a church. It has since increased to 100.

After this much had been done, the devil began to be enraged and instigated his emissaries to hinder the work. I now went back to Yngsjö for the purpose of strengthening, in the truth of the gospel, the newly baptized believers.

While there, the following circumstances occurred. I was sitting in all quietness one morning, expounding the word of God to some friends, and we had much joy; when suddenly the house was filled with fierce enemies of God and all righteousness, though members of the State church. These pushed me off the chair, and then gave me blow after blow upon the head, pulled my hair out by the roots and dragged me out of the house by force, and took me to another place, where they again commenced striking and kicking me for a quarter of an hour. They then besought each other to take brandy that they might have good courage to prosecute their fiendish work. The word of God which I endeavored to preach to them, the scattered hair which they had torn from my head, the bruises of my body, and the tattered condition of my clothes, operated so powerfully upon some of them, that if they had not taken brandy, they would have lost their courage. But now, by the help of brandy, they conveyed me to the district sergeant who had me placed in the county prison.

This was soon noised abroad, so that the yard was filled with people who came to see the "infamous baptizer." And so clamorous was the mob to see me, that the sergeant who had brought me, had me brought up before them when I was made the brunt of their scoffs and jeers. Some swore and cursed me, while others laughed at me. One old

gentleman spit into my face and said I ought to be hung. They had determined at first that I should remain in the county prison over night. But, after I was shut in, so great was my joy, that I was counted worthy to suffer reproach for my Master, that I could not refrain from singing songs of praise, and from speaking the word of God to others within the prison. When they heard this they begged the sergeant to have me sent to the Provincial Penitentiary that same evening, where they arrived with me about midnight. Here I was met by the jail keeper with one curse upon another. They then proceeded to clip my hair close to my head, strip me naked and drench me with cold water after which they put on me a prisoner's dress consisting of very coarse thin material, and threw me into a dark cell. As the weather was very cold, and the cell very damp, I was seized with a violent chill. But the Lord strengthened me, and so manifested himself to me, that I was enabled to rejoice in Him, and feel that I was not alone.

From this place I was moved to one where I could see. Here I remained three days, after which I was placed in a prison car and driven to my native place in order to set me at liberty.

But so terribly were the people frightened that even Christians were afraid to receive me into their houses. In every village word was left to arrest me, in case I should cross the boundary of the parish in which I lived. This state of things looked very dark and mysterious to me and my friends. But when the prayers of the poor and the oppressed ascended from earth to heaven, the Lord heard and sent help. In his great goodness it was so ordered that I was enabled to borrow some money with which I secured the use of a house about three miles from Ulstorp, which I fitted up to hold meetings in. In this house I now preach to great numbers every Sunday.

There are now in this district eleven Baptist churches organized, where there was not a single Baptist to be found in April 1857. Unity and love are yet prevailing, and it seems that the Lord will yet do greater things among us. The Prince of Darkness and the Lord's enemies however rage terribly against us. For fear of them, when we go out to preach, we are obliged often to lay concealed during the day, and to hold our meetings at the midnight hour. Several times they have pursued me with loaded guns in order to put an end to me. It is very difficult for me to go out to spread the word of God, because I know I would not long be permitted to have my liberty, and if I should be arrested a third time, I would be made a prisoner at hard labour for a long time. But God knows best, and can overrule all.

Your brother in Christ,
SVEN SVENSSON

Take Care of the Fruits.

The present is a time of ingathering to the Churches. The Lord, we trust, is adding to their numbers. A great responsibility is thus laid upon ministers and church members. What is to be done with this mass of new converts? Are they to add to their faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge patience, and all the Christian graces, or are they to fall back to the world? Are they to be eminent Christians, or mere nominal professors? Are the churches to be greatly strengthened by these accessions, or otherwise?—the converts to prove stony-ground hearers, are they to be choked by thorns, or will they bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, and one hundred fold?

The answer to these questions must depend on the course which ministers and the older church members pursue. If they persevere in earnest efforts to raise the standard of piety and of Christian attainment, if they work on God's plan faithfully, we may hope for the most blessed results. On this point, we find some excellent remarks in one of our exchanges, to which we invite serious attention:

1. To make the quickening of spiritual life of believers, the development of Christian character, and the practical recognition of a higher standard of Christian duty, a primary object of effort.

2. To be patient, hopeful, and persevering. Not to be depressed by one stormy Sabbath, or dark evening, or by an occasional seeming abatement of interest. God sometimes finds it necessary to try the faith of his servants, and he often works in secret and without observation, and he can work with a few, as well as a multitude. A prayer-meeting where two or three come together with burning hearts, may be worth more than an attentive and crowded congregation.

3. Depend for success on prayer, rather than on preaching, and upon labor with for individuals, rather than masses. There is no such thing as converting a crowd or congregation as such. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth."

4. Take good care of the young, especially of young converts. Do not hurry them into the church, but have, if possible, a meeting with them once a week, and try to make them intelligent, strong, and working Christians.

Finally—though perhaps this is the most important suggestion of all—try to reclaim backsliders—try to win back to their first love those whose hearts have become cold and worldly. If the church is united,

and the reproach brought upon it by unfaithful members is wiped away, it is already greatly blessed, and can hardly fail of receiving a still greater blessing.—Western Watchman.

"Awful Gardner's" Story of Himself.

"Awful Gardner," the converted pugilist, was present on Sunday evening at a meeting in the Methodist Church in Greene street, and narrated to the congregation the circumstances of his conversion, as follows.

I feel it my duty to tell you what God has done for me. I hope you will hear all I have to say. There are many here who have known me for ten years—have known me when I was fearfully wicked. Now I am on the Lord's side. I want to thoroughly understand that now I am on the Lord's side.

I was on a visit to my brother in the country, about twenty eight miles away, at a town called Portchester. When I went there I had as much idea of getting religion as many of you have now—that is none at all. But I hope when you get home you cannot rest nor sleep till you get religion. I went to church in that town for accommodation, that's all to the folks. The Saviour was there. The Lord's spirit was powerfully displayed, and went from heart to heart all through the church. I worked upon me three or four nights. The pastor of the church came to me and asked me if I would not like to get religion and serve God. I answered "No, I didn't care about it just then," and told him a lie, for I did; I felt as though I wanted religion.

I got dreadfully uneasy, and made up my mind I had better leave that part of the country; I was getting too warm for me. I told my brother I was going to New York in the morning. He said, "Wait another day," and I made up my mind I would stay and attend another night. Some remarks were made to backsliders the next night, many of whom I knew; they sat there unmoved. "The minister and my friends had been trying to get me to be a Christian, but the devil said, 'Don't be taken in by those fellows.'" After church that night, as we were going home—the minister lived up our way—I made some remark about those backsliders, saying to him that if I were in their place I would come out like a man and seek religion over again.

The minister told me that he thought I was a very great sinner; that I stood in a critical condition, and was more likely to be lost than any of them. I said to my brother, if that was the way the minister was going to talk, I would go. I got my carpet bag ready next day and started; I opened the door; I wanted to go and I didn't want to go; and I hoped my brother would urge me to stay; he did so, and I stayed. That was Saturday.

After I had my dinner I resolved that I would seek the Lord that night. I made a strong resolution; I felt where I stood that perhaps it was the last time the Lord would strive with me. Saturday night the invitation was given to come forward to the altar—on my shoulders my load of sins—up I went with them, the cross of Christ upon my back. I got up and threw my sins down by the altar. I tried as hard as a man ever did, and I got no religion.

Sunday night I attended with a like result. That night I could not sleep, my sins looked so bad; they came up on every hand and looked at me; all the sins of my life crowded upon me, many I should never have thought of, had not the devil brought them before me. I could not sleep; I wriggled and wiggled around the bed all night; the Lord was striving with me. Monday morning I got up and prayed; I did the best I could; I asked the Lord to take away the weight that bore me down so. There was a friend came to me that day and said he was going over to White Plains, and I could go with him.

Knowing I would be in good company, I concluded to go, thinking he might do me some good. There was little said on the way, but he told me to keep looking for the Saviour; that I was trying to get religion, and had let everybody know it; the Lord was willing to bless me at any time or anywhere. I was riding along, singing a hymn, and in an instant I felt as though I was blessed. I am sure I gave up my soul and body. The first thing I knew, God spoke peace to my soul. It came like a shot—it came like lightning, when I was not anticipating it, and the first thing I said, "Glory! God blessed me."

My friend said he knew it; he felt the shock too. We rode against a stone fence two or three times, and came near tumbling on the ground. The change was surprising; the trees look as though they had been blessed; every thing appeared to have been blessed, even the horse and wagon. I felt strong. I could almost fly. Glory to God; this religion is good! The Lord has blessed me ever since. My faith in him grows stronger every day. I would face all the people that God ever put in the earth, and tell them all I am bound for heaven. My heart says, see the sinner: I say, I will go pray for him. Everything is pleasing. I love those I used to hate. Now, that shows pretty good for religion—don't it brothers? [Yes, yes.] Men that I used to seek to injure I love now, I pray for them. I don't hate a soul that God ever put breath in. As I look around; you all look good to me; I love the Christian a little better than I do the sinner, but I love you too. I would not swap this religion for all New York city. I would rather have religion and live on bread and water till God calls me. They talk about noise here—that

will it be when we get to heaven? I have tested the world's pleasures, but religion is the only thing that will make a man happy here, and the only thing that will make him happy hereafter. There are a great many here that know me, and it is, no doubt, a mystery to them that God should accept such a creature. Now is the time to step to the altar. Don't say to God let me accomplish this or that, and then I will seek you. When you receive the religion of Jesus Christ you are the richest person on the earth. Come at once. Clear the way, here! Seats all around; allow yourselves to be led to Christ.

Correspondence.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

APRIL, 22d, 1858.

MR. EDITOR,—Two deaths have recently occurred which have impressed my mind very deeply indeed; the deaths of Professor Hudson, of Oberlin College, and Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Tyng came to his death from injuries received accidentally we believe from a thrashing machine at his own country seat. Mr. Tyng was the son of the celebrated Dr. Tyng of this city. The son, as the father is, was of the Episcopal denomination (Low Church). The deceased was very talented and eloquent, and one of the few of the Episcopal clergy who rebuke Slavery and Intemperance. In one discourse while Pastor of the Church of the Epiphany in Philadelphia, some of the vestrymen, slave-holders I believe, undertook to interrupt him when he was declaring against the sin of slavery. Subsequently, they dismissed him, but his friends rallied by the thousand to his support in a new place. He was yet young and of great promise. I clip the following affecting account of his death from a paper:—

THE REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.—HIS LAST MOMENTS.

The shadow which the death of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng has thrown over this community seems to have deepened from the hour of his first announcement. Stricken down in the flower of manhood, when, to all appearances, the field of his usefulness was daily widening, and under circumstances so painful, the effort has been like a marvelous dispensation of Providence.

At the noon-day meetings for public worship—with which Mr. Tyng's presence was peculiarly identified prior to the fatal accident—his death has become the absorbing theme. The closing scenes of his life, as described by one of his brethren in the ministry at the Jayne's Hall meeting yesterday, was a most thrilling narrative, and seemed to move every heart present. Indeed, the minister—who was an eye-witness to the scene—proceeded with his simple statement of the last words addressed by the dying man to those around him, all eyes were suffused with tears, and an unformed stranger entering the room might have thought himself in a vast congregation of mourners.

From the time of the fatal accident to one hour previous to his death, Mr. Tyng had an unflinching confidence in his recovery, and even conversed freely and hopefully upon what, as he believed, Providence had designed to teach him in the dispensation to which he was being subjected. He believed it was intended to promote his greater efficiency as a minister of the Gospel, and he looked forward with bright hopes when he should again be able to preach, and to preach as he had never done before. About one hour before his dissolution, his family, fearing that his hopes of recovery were groundless, approached him with the solemn intimation that in all probability he was soon to leave them. His physician entering the chamber at the instant, Mrs. Tyng spoke to him of these fears. The doctor's reply was, that they were only too true—that his time was fast drawing to a close. The dying man, with the same heroic spirit which never forsook him through all his sufferings, resumed the solemn announcement only, "Then, it is well—it is very well: God's will be done."

After a few moments of composure, he called his friends present and the members of his family to his bedside, to bid them a last farewell. He thanked his physician, who is not a professing Christian, for his kind attention, warning him with great tenderness to lose no time in giving himself to that Saviour who was now sustaining him in the hour of trial. To each of his children he gave an affectionate farewell, hoping that, by the grace of God, and the care of a devoted mother, they might be early brought "to know their Saviour." To his wife, who has ministered to him with so much affection and fidelity all through his illness, he included in his parting words the request that she would use her endeavors to bring their boys up to the ministry. He was now to say farewell to his venerable father, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D. Taking his aged parent by the hand, he said, with much earnestness, "Stand up for Jesus! father; stand up for Jesus! and tell my brethren in the ministry,

wherever you meet them, to stand up for Jesus!"

At the close of this solemn ceremony, feeling that he was approaching his end, he requested those around him to sing a hymn. After a moment of silence, his own wife, notwithstanding the solemn circumstances under which this request was made, commenced singing the beautiful hymn—made doubly so by its appropriateness to the occasion—beginning,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The hymn was sung, and even while the echoes of that mournful strain yet floated in the air, the spirit of Dudley A. Tyng took its flight to other and, as we have reason to believe, more blissful realms.

At the meeting in Jayne's Hall on Tuesday, a very singular fact was referred to in connection with Mr. Tyng's recent sermon in that hall, to an immense audience, from the text of Scripture, "Ye that are men, go and serve the Lord." Toward the close of his eloquent discourse on that occasion, he asked pardon if he had said anything to offend his congregation, but adding, "I must tell my Master's errand, and I would rather that this right arm (placing his left hand upon it where it has since been amputated at the trunk, than that I should come short of my duty to you in delivering God's message."

The bold anti-sectarian principles of Mr. Tyng, and the cordiality with which he fraternized with his brethren of all denominations, endeared him to the hearts of thousands. [Philadelphia Press, 22d.]

With Mr. Tyng I had no personal acquaintance, but I felt bound to him by many ties, especially in those of Christian reform and fraternity. But with Professor T. B. Hudson I had long enjoyed the high privilege of a personal acquaintance. In logical powers and literary acquisitions he was superior even to Mr. Tyng and as a speaker he was but little his inferior. For many years he was Professor in Oberlin College. His services in that field was at one time interrupted three or four years by anti-slavery lecturing, which contributed much to the great change in the noble State of Ohio, by which she has so firmly planted herself on the side of freedom.

At other intervals he has engaged in other benevolent agencies requiring public speaking. Besides these labors he contributed much by his pen to various periodicals. Some of his contributions are of a very high order, among which is a masterly review of Thomas Carlyle. His religious integrity was of the very highest order.

My good fortune led me upon entering upon my College studies, to take up my boarding for a season in a private family, in which Professor Hudson was boarding. At that time I was deeply impressed with his abilities in thought and criticism. The respect I felt for his power was however greatly increased, a few months later when it felt to my privilege to read under his tuition a Latin author, Tacitus I believe. Since leaving College it has been my good fortune to meet him often as friend on his part, but always with the veneration of a pupil on my part. His cheering words in later years have been to me a precious treasure and no ordinary pleasure.

A few weeks ago, in this city, I had my last interview with my departed instructor. It was, I believe, the very day he left the city for home. It gives me great pleasure to remember that the subject of personal religion was our chief topic. In some doubts and unfavorable experiences in this respect our hearts had been in former years drawn together by pain rather than joy. Some years ago the clouds passing away from my own mind, he was almost sure upon meeting me to enquire my state as well as to disclose his own. Never had I met him in so trusting and joyful a state as in this last interview. Never had I seen such marked and mellowing effects of religion on his mind, not the most mild and genial by nature. I have a distinct recollection of receiving spiritual encouragement and strength by the interview.

The next I read of him was his shocking death. Only a few miles from home in Ohio, by some way yet involved in great mystery, he fell under the wheel of a rail car, a portion of the train passing over him and wounding him so that if it did not kill him at once, he could not get off the track. In a few moments an express train passed over him. Not only were his head and limbs torn from his body, but the whole person was left in such a mangled condition that not one trace of his noble person could be detected in his remains. It was only by his clothing and the contents of his carpet-bag that his friends know who met this deplorable death.

He left a wife and several children—a family worthy of its noble head—who could

not endure their loss without the sustaining power of the same grace which so abundantly prepared him for the great change. Since his death I feel more than ever that it becomes us to walk softly before the Lord, for we know not what step shall bring us to His revealed presence.

You will, I trust, overlook in my mourning so many allusions to myself. May this recital not be lost to the causes my friend served with such efficiency.

G.

Protestant Alliance of Nova Scotia.

A writer in the Halifax "Presbyterian Witness" on the Protestant Alliance which has been formed in that city, and which has met with very determined opposition in certain quarters, makes some excellent remarks on Protestantism and Politics, from which we make some extracts:

Protestant Alliances and Popish opposition thereto are nothing new under the sun. The celebrated Protest laid before the Diet of Spire on the 19th of April 1529, from which all evangelical Christians are called Protestants, was a bond of union between Christians holding different opinions on some points but agreeing in the main doctrines of Christianity. There were those who held the views of Luther as well as those who had embraced the doctrines of Zwingle the Swiss Reformer. According to D'Aubigne "The union of all Evangelical Christians is therefore a principle of Primitive Protestantism." The first Protestants were members of a Protestant Alliance. At the second Diet of Spire which met on the 21st Feb., 1529, the priests called for the execution of the Edict of Worms dated 8th May 1521, condemning Luther with his books and all his adherents to the flames. The Evangelical members of the Diet on the contrary demanded the maintenance of the Edict of the First Diet of Spire dated 17th April 1526 which "allowed every man to do as he thought fit," and introduced RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, so that all were to act in conformity with the dictates of their consciences. The majority of the Diet, however, "equally rejecting the demands of the Priests and of the Evangelicals," passed a resolution on the 7th April, 1529, interdicting religious innovations where the Edict of Worms had been carried out; and forbidding all new reforms and religious controversies where the people deviated from the said Edict, and where they could not conform to it without danger of revolt; at the same time, forbidding all opposition to the celebration of Mass, and enacting that no Roman Catholic should be permitted to embrace Lutheranism; in other words, matters were to remain as they were, but the Reformation could not be extended into those places where as yet it was unknown. "The Status quo and no proselytism"—such were the essentials of this resolution. Against this Resolution the Evangelical Princes of Germany, the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Margrave of Brandenburg, the Dukes of Lunenburg, and the Prince of Anhalt, entered the Protest above mentioned on the 19th April, 1529. To this Protest adhered also the Deputies of fourteen free and imperial cities. Hence the Reformers in all time coming were called Protestants.

In this Protest two main abuses in matters of faith are opposed, viz: the intrusion of the civil magistrate and the arbitrary authority of the Church. It sets the power of conscience above the magistrate and the authority of God's Word above the Church. "We are resolved," says the Protesters, "with the grace of God, to maintain the pure and exclusive preaching of His holy Word, such as is contained in the biblical books of the Old and New Testament, without adding anything thereto that may be contrary to it. This word is the only truth; it is the sure rule of all doctrine and of all life."

The politics of Protestantism are the politics of the Bible. The Word of God reigns alone. This word is the only truth; the sure and only rule of all doctrine and of all practice; the only infallible guide to every rank and station as individuals or as societies, as rulers, or subjects, as members of the Church or members of the Commonwealth.

The same system still exists against which the first Protestants entered their Protest at Spire. It is a compound of politico-ecclesiastical system. The Great Harlot has at all along managed to make the rulers of this world drunk with the wine of her fornication; the kings and the rulers of the earth have committed fornication with her. For upwards of twelve centuries Popery has swayed the councils of the chief States of Christendom. Under her inspiration and direction, the civil power in the various kingdoms and states of Europe has persecuted and put to death the faithful witnesses of Jesus Christ. The woman is drunk with the blood of the saints. Against the encroachments of this idolatrous and persecuting system the Protestant Alliance must lift a testimony. Popery is an enemy to civil and religious liberty, and wherever its baneful influence prevails the consciences and the persons of the people are enslaved. To oppose this cursed system and resist its suggestions on the rights and liberties of mankind is something different from a mere combina-