

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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NEW GOODS.

The Intelligencer.

EVERY CHRISTIAN SHOULD BE A MISSIONARY.

BY REV. WILLIAM LAMSON, D. D.

At our monthly concert in June we were favored with the presence of Dr. Sawtell, for many years the well-known seamen's preacher in Havre, France. I gladly gave him an opportunity to speak, and listened, as all did, with interest to his remarks. They were so timely and pertinent that it has occurred to me it might be well to give them a wider circulation. Dr. Sawtell said he had changed his views in regard to the obligations of a Christian profession. Forty years ago he used to examine candidates for admission to the church on their experience and doctrinal belief; but if he were to live his ministry over again, he should examine them quite as much on their purposes to work, and strive to make every one, as he entered the door of the church, feel that he was pledged to be missionary, that for this end he had been converted. He asked on whom rested the commission of the ascended Redeemer? On a few scores out of all the members of the American churches? Was it their duty to leave home, friends, country, and go far hence to bear the Gospel? No one denies it. But are we who remain at home absolved from all obligation? Or is the obligation resting on us so slight that it can be fully met by paying into the treasury of missions a small sum annually, a sum so small that we do not feel it? Was this being in any true sense a missionary, obeying the great commission?

He then illustrated his idea that every Christian should be a missionary, by relating a thrilling incident connected with his labors in Havre. One Sabbath he had met his congregation as usual, in the American chapel there, a chapel which held about three hundred. While conducting the introductory services, he noticed a stranger enter and seat himself in the back part of the house. He had the look and air of a cultivated gentleman, and he thought to himself, he is probably an Englishman, who is in the city, and has happened in. Dr. Sawtell had selected for his theme, "The Simplicity of Christ." As he proceeded with his discourse, he noticed that this stranger was not only attentive, but deeply moved. He wept freely. When the congregation was dismissed, the stranger went immediately out, and Dr. Sawtell, though earnestly desiring it, had no opportunity of speaking to him. He went home and commended the stranger in special and earnest prayer to God.

The next morning there was a rap on the door of the preacher's study. On opening the door he at once recognized the stranger who had won his interest the day before. As he had supposed, he proved to be a cultivated English gentleman, but a member of a Puseyite family, and one who had never heard a truly Gospel sermon before. He was deeply impressed. His eyes were opened to see himself and truth as never before. The question of the Philistine jailer was in his heart and on his lips. Simple directions were given him, and earnest prayer offered for him. His visits were continued daily, till one morning he came with a countenance beaming with joy, to express his new found hope in Christ. "But now," said the young convert to the preacher, "I want your advice. I have come over from England to accompany a friend on a voyage to China. This friend is a wealthy gentleman, and will take passage in his own ship, and has invited me to go with him as a traveling companion. But he is not a Christian, the captain is not a Christian, and you know what sailors are. Will it be prudent for me to accompany him? Had I not better return to England?"

Dr. Sawtell felt the responsibility of giving advice. It seemed to him almost fearful. He breathed a silent prayer for wisdom. But in a moment it was all plain, and he replied, "Go; go just as you intended. But go as a missionary. Go, to save the soul of your friend and all the souls that sail with you. I will furnish you with Testaments and tracts." The young convert almost shrunk from the thought. But before the interview closed, he had resolved to act on the advice given. But as he was leaving, Dr. Sawtell said, "Begin your missionary work now. Begin at your boarding-house."

The next morning he appeared at the preacher's study again, accompanied by a lady. True to his purpose, he had begun to be a missionary. Sitting next to him at the table was an English lady who had come over to France to be a governess in a wealthy Catholic family. He asked her in the simplicity and earnestness of his new experience, "Have you brought Jesus with you?" She replied, she did not understand him. "Well," said he, "you will need Him in your new position."

"But did you," said she, "bring Jesus with you?" "No," he replied, "but I found Him here, and if you will go with me to the American chapel, he will tell you how to find Jesus." This, then, was their errand that morning; this was the first fruit of the young convert's missionary zeal.

Shortly after he sailed for China, well furnished with Testaments and tracts, and burning with desire to win souls to Christ. On their long passage they spoke a ship from China, and he had time to write a brief letter to Dr. Sawtell. He had established a Bible-class on board. His friend, the owner of the ship, and the captain were deeply interested, and several of the seamen gave good evidence of conversion, and the work was still going forward.

Such was the story which was given to illustrate how every Christian could be a missionary. Christian reader, how long would it be before this world would be converted to Christ, were every professed disciple such a missionary? Did this man do more than he was bound to do? If he did not, is not the same obligation resting on you?—*Watchman and Reflector.*

IS IT RIGHT?

BY JOHN W. KIRTON,

Author of "Buy your own Cherries," etc.

Is it right for men who profess and call themselves Christians to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and then needlessly expose themselves to the influence of drinks which have tempted and ruined thousands?

Is it right for men to ask God to "Give us this day our daily bread," and then support a system that licenses men to destroy the good grain by converting it into body and soul-destroying drink?

Is it right to build churches, chapels and schools to help to save people, and at the same time license men and women to open shops in which liquors are sold which will destroy the people?

Is it right to license a man to sell drink which will make people drunk, and then fine men and women for getting drunk?

Is it right to license men to make paupers and criminals, and then tax sober and virtuous people to pay rates to keep them?

Is it right to open a public-house and beer-shop to teach vice, and then compel rate-payers to pay for schools to be opened to teach virtue?

Is it right to derive a revenue out of a system which demoralizes and degrades the people?

Is it right to force a public-house or beer-shop upon a neighborhood when the people who live there are opposed to its being opened?

Is it right to profess to be sorry for the evils which spring from intemperance, and at the same time to take no steps to bring them to an end?

Is it right for people to wish the temperance cause success, and at the same time continue to drink and support the liquor traffic?

Is it right for any man or woman who wishes well to their country to stand aloof from the only certain cure for our national intemperance?

Is it right for a Sunday-school teacher to teach scholars to beware of the dangers of the public-house, with breath smelling strong of the drink which comes from such places?

Is it right for a minister of religion to preach against drunkenness, while he continues to use the drink which alone produces it?

Is it right to admit into Christian churches, as members, liquor-sellers who, by their business, are constantly hindering the spread of the Gospel and leading professors of religion astray?

Is it right to expect God to help Christian efforts, when these efforts are tainted with the money which comes from the ruin of souls?

Is it right to hold fellowship with the works of darkness, and expect the light of the Gospel to shine into men's hearts?

Is it right to do wrong and expect wrong to produce right?

Is it right to ask these questions, and, if so, what answer can each reader give to them? Birmingham, Eng., June 5, 1873.

A LOST PART OF WORSHIP.

As I was turning over the leaves of an old book, the other day, my eye fell upon this expression: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him." And this is spoken of as "an order given to the churches," "concerning collections," and for the "first day of the week," that is, for the Sabbath, the Lord's day, when Christians assemble for worship.

A few days before I had heard a popular lecture on "The lost arts," and it occurred to me that there was, to some, if not many of our churches, "a lost part of worship." Not that such churches had lost, entirely, the custom of now and then giving. But too many have lost, or perhaps never had, the idea of giving systematically, and as a weekly acknowledgment of their stewardship, and as a solemn part of their worship of God. Prayer, and praise, and communion at the table of Christ, all these they look upon and rejoice in as parts of divine worship, in which they draw near the Saviour, and find strength and comfort, and the means of growth in grace.

But giving to the great objects of benevolence is too often regarded as quite another thing. And not a few, I fear, consider it as an unwarrantable demand upon their property interests to which they are obliged to submit, though often it is with a very bad grace, as if to an unavoidable imposition. Why, within this very week, I have heard an officer in one of our churches, who, with some feeling said, "I don't want a contribution-box poked in my face every Sabbath morning." He was truly a good man, and would have been deeply shocked if he had heard another speak in the same way of prayer, or praise, or the bread and wine of the sacrament. And he never could have made such a remark, if he had but considered that Paul, by divine inspiration, had expressly commanded this weekly contribution or giving of our property, as a part, and an important part of the worship of the sanctuary.

Lately I was in a church, where after the sermon and before the closing hymn, the minister said, "Let us continue our worship of God, by our weekly offering for the support of the spread of the gospel." And as the collectors passed up the aisles, I noticed that almost every one seemed to contribute, and it was done with a serious and reverent air, as though the giving was indeed regarded as the people had been trained to regard it, as part of their worship of God. And as I went away, I could not but think that this was putting giving in its right place; that it was a sure way of impressing the Bible views of our stewardship; that it would greatly increase the amount otherwise likely to be given; and that if carried out, in all our churches, the plan would do great good in leading to systematic habits in keeping up a sense of dependence and obligation and accountability, and in expanding Christian character, and in increasing Christian efficiency, and so glorifying Him who hath said to every one of us, " Occupy till I come."

PRAYER WITH CHILDREN.

An article in the *Advance*, on giving the children part in family worship, has called out this testimony from a widowed mother:

"We have tried it in our family, and my heart is to-day full of thankfulness to God for the blessed results. When my husband left us to follow, as he felt, 'the call of God,' to serve in the army of the rebellion, I said to my boys (then but eight and five years old), 'Instead of praying at your bedside you may pray here with me at our evening worship.' We sang as we had been accustomed to when the husband and father was with us. We knelt with the same burden pressing on each of our hearts, and the youngest in that circle knew, as if by instinct, how to get at the heart of God as well as the oldest. The result was, we were quieted, comforted by our expectations from God, and the exercise so met our want we were led to continue it. More than ten years have passed, and we could not now be influenced to give it up."

Blessed results have followed. The sons are true to God, and pledged to any service to which He shall call them. They were, by the leading singer of the choir, gracefully and devoutly called into His kingdom, and have always found it comparatively easy to pray in meetings for prayer and elsewhere, when it seemed best for them to do so. God has so often met them in their wants and granted their requests that their confidence in Him, and prayer to Him, is strong. It has grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, until it will take more than a Prof. Tyndall to shake it."

CHURCH MUSIC.

Eusebius, one of the Brothers Prime of the *New York Observer*, has been on a visit to St. John. Writing from that city he thus describes the singing which he had heard on the previous Lord's Day in a Congregational Church in New England:

The solemn worship of God was introduced by a solo, "Consider the Lilies," performed by a soloist, who, of his own accord, accompanied by the organ. So far as the music was concerned, it was beautiful and faultlessly rendered. The voice was clear and melodious, every note was accurately struck, and every word distinctly enunciated. According to the rules of church music which now prevail in the most refined circles at the present day, it was admirably done; but I am not among those who regard such performances as a proper mode of conducting the worship of God's house, or as in anywise conducive to devotional feeling on the part of the audience. The effect upon my own mind was anything but devotional. The singer commenced, "Consider the lilies of the field," etc., and when she came to the application it ran thus: "And yet I say unto you—that even Solomon in all his glory—was not arrayed—was not arrayed—like one of these—was not arrayed—(interlude by the organ)—like one of these." And then she went back again and asseverated in the most emphatic manner, "I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed—was not arrayed—until I began to despair for poor Solomon, lest he should never get the very first of his garments on."

I was reminded of another piece of church—not sacred—music, in which the soprano leads off with the announcement, "I will wash"—Then comes the contralto, "I will wash"—And then the tenor, "I will wash"—and then from the profound depths comes up the guttural of the basso, "I will wash"—and last of all they strike in together, crying out in concert, "I will wash." No one would imagine that this singular and oft-repeated announcement of an intended ablution was a rendering in sacred song, for the spiritual edification of a Christian congregation, of those solemn words of the Psalmist, "I will wash mine hands in innocence, so will I compass thine altar, my Lord!"

The fugue tunes, in which, in olden times, the several parts were made to chase each other up and down the scale and round about, had much to be said in their favor, they were not composed and executed for the silent admiration of a worshipping assembly—every voice was allowed to join in the chase. The author of the "Reverend of St. Bardolph's" gives a ludicrous illustration, which I beg the printer to insert here, provided he can lay his hand upon it.

[There was no piece of cathedral composition which the choir of St. Bardolph's did not consider themselves competent to perform, and had they been allowed their own way, they would have sung the sermon and made noise out of the "Amen" than any other part. But the triumph of all the voices was in some of the fugue tunes, in which they emulated to interrupt and outstrip each other, as in the 1834 Psalm:]

"True love is like that precious oil
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his robes, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed."

In the prodigious effort of this performance the carapillitonic combination of the several voices hardly bore a resemblance of that oily current poured on Aaron's head and which

Ran down his beard and o'er his robes—
Ran down his beard—his robes,
And o'er his robes—his robes,
Ran down his beard—ran down his robes,
His robes, his robes, ran down his beard,
Ran down his—o'er his robes

Ran down his beard—his robes—
It costily moist—his robes—
Ran down his beard—his robes—
Ran down his beard—his robes—
His robes—his robes—his robes—
It costily moist—his robes—

Ran down his beard—his robes—
Ran down his beard—his robes—
His robes—his robes—his robes—
It costily moist—his robes—

I am not among those who indulge in lamentations over the degeneracy of the times, but I am sure that in this part of the sanctuary there has been a great departure from the simplicity and spirituality of God's worship and even from its very nature. In numberless instances to which I have been a suffering

witness, the service of God's praise has been turned into a mere musical display, modelled after the concert-room or the opera, designed simply for the entertainment of the congregation, and having no more relation to the word of God than a theatrical performance. Now that our churches are painted and decorated more gaily even than the theatres, and a quartette of artistic performers are elevated to the most conspicuous place in the gaze of the congregation, and the style of music made to correspond, it appears to me that if the Master should come again to our world and enter one of our fashionable churches, of which there are so many of every name, he would use his scourge of small cords and say to those who are called to conduct the worship of the sanctuary, in some such words as these: "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an opera-house."

A REMARKABLE HISTORY.

The marvellous history of George Muller and his work in Bristol, Eng., published some years since under the title of *Life of Trust*, with an Introduction by Francis Wayland (a new revised edition of which, with the history brought down to the present time, has recently been issued) furnishes an emphatic reply to Professor Tyndall's demand for proof of the value of prayer in common life. Since the commencement of Mr. Muller's amazing "work of faith and labor of love," he has received, and from every quarter of the globe, as he affirms in answer to prayer (no one having been solicited to contribute a dollar), over \$2,500,000, and by means of which, five buildings for the accommodation of 2,000 orphans have been erected and furnished, and the orphans fed, clothed and educated, etc.

During the past year (1872) 65 schools were sustained (40 week-day, 14 Sunday and 11 adult schools), also 21 schools (8 day and 13 Sunday schools) were aided. In all, since the commencement there have been 27,488 scholars (16,455 in day, 6,275 in Sunday and 4,758 in adult schools), besides numerous other schools, in various parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, British Guiana, West and East Indies, either sustained or aided. 65,362 Bibles, 13,605 copies of the Psalms, and 132,134 of other portions of the Scriptures, in various languages, have been circulated. In addition to the above, there were during the year 1872, books and tracts to the number of 2,562,000 circulated; and since 1840, more than forty-two and a half million, at a cost of \$1,050,000. During the year 1872 there were 187 Missionaries sustained entirely or in part, laboring in "word and doctrine" in various parts of the world, viz.: England, France, Switzerland, Belgium, China, Canada, Nova Scotia, etc., at an expense of \$58,000, and in all for this department \$581,696. With these Missionaries Mr. Muller corresponds, and from whom, during the past year, he has received more than 600 letters, some of a very deeply interesting character.

Notwithstanding the great responsibility and vast expenditure of Mr. Muller's operations, he says in his last report, "We want nothing, the work goes steadily on. Faith is above circumstances; no war, no fire, no water, no mercantile panic, no loss of friends, no death is permitted to touch it. It triumphs over difficulties."

SOME TEMPERANCE FACTS.

Strong Drinks.—The record of drinking alcoholic beverages is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty, crime, rage, and ruin. It has taken the glory of health from the cheek and placed there the reddish hue of the wine-cup. It has taken the lustre from the eye and made it dim and blood-shot. It has taken beauty and comeliness from the face and left it ill-shaped and bloated. It has taken strength from the limbs and made them faltering and unsteady. It has taken vitality from the blood and filled it with poison seeds of disease and death. It has transformed this body, fearfully, wonderfully and majestically made,—God's masterpiece of animal mechanism—into a vile, loathsome, stinking mass of humanity. It has entered the brain—the temple of thought—dethroned reason and made it reel with folly. It has done all this a thousand times, is doing it still, and will do it for you if you tamper with the deceitful, poisonous cup.

The cause of Temperance is making progress even in far-off India. Keshub Chunder Sen, who visited England two years ago, and became much interested in the temperance efforts there, in a letter from Calcutta addressed to Mr. Thomas H. Barker, the Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, gives a very encouraging account of the interest awakened in India concerning temperance. The inhabitants of the Bengal Presidency, members of the Bengal Temperance Association, and the Indian Reform Association, have united in memorializing the "Governor-General of India in Council" for restrictive regulations to be applied hereafter to the liquor traffic; and also for the appointment of a Commission to properly enquire into and report upon the actual effects of intemperance. We hope such a Commission, covering the whole field of enquiry in this country, will be created by Congress at the ensuing session. There can be no doubt that it would more largely to the benefit of the temperance cause here as in India.

The Voice of Science Against Alcohol.—H. S. McMaster, M. D., of Dowagiac, Mich., Recording Secretary of the State Eclectic Medical Association of Michigan, in a letter heartily endorsing the Medical Declaration published in the August *Advocate*, says:

"My heart is pained when I think of the criminal, reckless manner in which alcoholic stimulants are so frequently prescribed by physicians. I know there are thousands of persons through the country who are suffering from persistent intractable chronic diseases that were made so by the ignorant or careless physician's alcoholic prescriptions, and how many more have gone to the clods of the valley, victims of the medical abuse of this poison, cannot even be estimated. I believe

this is an important step in the right direction. The voice of all the temperate, judicious members of the profession raised against this great evil, must certainly promote a 'conscientious caution and a sense of responsibility' in medicinally prescribing this drug, as nothing else would."

Peterfield Trent, M. D., of Richmond, Va., writes of the Medical Declaration: "I cheerfully endorse the views therein expressed." He adds:

"After a practice of over twenty years, and chiefly among the poor, who, as a class, are more liable to be prostrated by fever, from a variety of causes combined, I am fully convinced that nine-tenths of this class who do fall victims to diseases of malignant type, often die from the injudicious use of alcoholic liquors by the attending physician than by the disease itself."

"Our profession have a fearful responsibility resting upon them for the reckless manner in which they prescribe alcoholic liquors. Many a drunkard—man and woman—has been made so by our profession. Would to God they could see the responsibility they voluntarily assume when they advise as a medicine alcohol and its compounds."

RANDOM READINGS.

CONVEY thy love to thy friend, as an arrow to the mark, to stick there, not as a ball against the wall, to rebound back to thee; that friendship will not continue to the end that is begun for an end—*Quarles.*

SEEK not to please the world, but your own conscience. The man who has a feeling within that he has done his duty upon every occasion, is far happier than he who hangs upon the smile of the great; or still more, the favors of the multitude.

ALTHOUGH men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owners know not of.

As it respects general habits, a parent can scarcely teach a child a more valuable one than dispatch without bustle; nor can any one that values his time cultivate a more valuable one for himself.

How doubly condemned will that man feel who finds that in denying Christ, he has denied himself; that when he sold himself for the world, he sold the world in the very bargain.

To keep chaff out of a bushel, one sure plan is to fill it with wheat; and to keep out vain thoughts, it is wise and prudent to have the mind stored with choice subjects for meditation; these are easy to find, and we should never be without them.

Once when I was going to give our minister a pretty long list of the sins of one of our people that he was asking after, I began with "He's dreadfully lazy." "That's enough," said the old gentleman, "all sorts of sins are in that one; that is the sign by which to know a full fledged sinner."

Nothing so strongly indicates the man of pure and wholesome thought as habitual purity of speech. By his conversation among his own kind, you may always pretty accurately form an opinion as to the moral worth of a man. It is there, where no restraint is supposed to be placed upon his words, that you discover his true nature. If he be given to looseness of discourse, or his mind wanders to the discussion of subjects proscribed by the mixed company or respectable society, you may justly mark him as one with whom association is undesirable.

Most people drift. To do this is easy. It costs neither thought nor effort. On the other hand, to resist the tide one must have principle and resolution. He must watch and pray and struggle continually. And yet no thoughtful person, who cares for his own soul, will dare to drift. It is not safe to let even the summer's heat relax one's purpose to stem the currents of evil which are about and within us.

Be sure that those only have a right to a season of rest, and those only truly enjoy it, who have done real work, and who mean to again. This work is full of enjoyment, not even for self-culture in the highest things, but for taking our part in it as God's fellow-workers, and as the followers of His Son, who went about doing good.

NO MAN can be a Christian without having a Christian spirit. It is the condition of the heart that determines whether you are a Christian or not. Being a Christian is not being faultless; it is not being in a state in which you will not stumble or fall; it is being in that state in which you recognize the hatefulness of sin and seek to overcome it. Taking the soil, uncultivated as it is, and subduing it, and putting in the right kind of seed, and giving it the right tillage, and then waiting patiently for the harvest—that is what makes you one of Christ's husbandmen.

THE FORCE OF WRITTEN WORDS.—Who shall tell what may be the effect of writing? If it happens to have been cut in stone, though it lie face downmost, for ages on a forsaken beach, or "rest quietly under the drums and trappings of many conquests," it may end by letting us into the secret of usurpations and other scandals gossiped about long empires ago—this world being apparently a huge whispering-gallery. Such conditions are often minutely represented in our party life. As the stone which has been kicked by generations of clowns may come by curious little links of effect under the eyes of a scholar, through whose labors it may at last fix the date of invasions and unlock religions, so a bit of ink and paper which has often been an innocent wrapping or stop-gap, may at last have knowledge enough to turn it into the opening of a catastrophe. To Uriel watching the progress of planetary history from the sun, the result would be just as much of a coincidence as the other.—*Middlemarch*, by George Eliot.