

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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WHOLE No. 1728

SPECIAL OFFER.

A Chance for New Subscribers.

Notwithstanding the large number of new subscribers received within the last three months, there are yet many hundreds of homes into which we would like the INTELLIGENCER to enter.

We think if it once had a place in them, they would be loath to part with it. To enable our friends to place it in such homes we make a special offer as follows:

We will send the paper to new subscribers from now (or the date of receiving the subscription) till Dec. 31st next for \$1.00.

This offer gives over nine months for one dollar. Our only object in making it is the hope of inducing many to give it a trial for that time.

And now, may we make a request of all the friends of the paper? We venture to do so. It is that each one will endeavour to send at least one new name on this offer. Many may, and, we think, will send several each; but we would like to get at least an average of one from each. Will the ministers make a special effort now? They might give a day or two to talking INTELLIGENCER among their people. Do so, if possible.

And will every one who thinks the paper does good, do something to increase its power now?

Begin the work at once. The sooner the names are sent, the more papers the subscribers will get free.

From the interest that has been manifested this year, we confidently expect this offer to produce large results. To the work, friends.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In a sermon preached by the rector of Trinity Church, Boston, the preacher said, in the United States there is one jailbird to every 837 of our population, while in England the proportion is one to every 1,800. The contrast is startling. What is, if possible, more significant is the fact that crime is on the increase in the United States and on the decrease in England.

When Sam Jones has finished his sermon, and is about to take a special collection for some good object, he says, "Now all the vagabonds may go out," and nobody leaves.

A correspondent—a minister—writing on the Sabbath, takes this view.

Should the money I loan to my neighbor draw interest on the Sabbath?

If I invest my money in wagons and mules, and employ these in hauling for wages, it is expected that I stop them on the Sabbath; then why should my money, when invested in bonds, or stocks, or mortgages, continue to work on the Sabbath? Have we not given away our Sabbath?

The Christian Standard, commenting on it, very well says,—This is quite too utterly overmuch, certainly. Men are employed by the year and paid according to agreement, though they rest on Sunday; and so houses, and lands, and money are taken by the year, and it is certainly not necessary to suppose that the money, or the houses, or the lands are at work on Sunday any more than is the hired man, who is paid by the year, though he rests on Sunday.

This is the way a grateful editor expresses himself about the careful contributor:

There is a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise; Whenever he writes the Printer-man, he dotteth all his i's. And when he's dotted all of them, with great "sang froid" and ease, He punctuates each paragraph and crosses all his t's. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves.

And from the man of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives. And when a question he doth ask (taught wisely he has been). He doth the goodly three-cent stamp, for postage back, put in.

Many incidents in Mr. Beecher's life are now being related. Some of the most simple being very touching. Here is one which shows the great love that was in the man. On the last Friday evening (Feb. 27th) he preached, he lingered after the congregation had gone out while the choir sang a favorite hymn,—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come, weary one, and rest."

There came into the church two little urchins from the street. They came near where he was standing; and he drew one of them to him, and, turning up his face, he kissed it tenderly. Then with a hand resting upon each, he went out into the night; and, when he came to Plymouth Church again, it was not by his own strength. Well he was always drawing the little ones to him, never despising them, always laying his hands on them for blessing and for peace.

When Rev. Sam Jones was preaching in Omaha, Nebraska, he one evening asked any man present who had never spoken a cross word to his wife to stand up, a round-faced, good-natured-looking individual with a beard, stood up. "Thank heaven, there's one man who never said a cross word to his wife," said Rev. Sam. "I'm a bachelor!" shouted the round-faced man.

This is the way the Christian puts the kind of retrenchment of which some people are guilty.

Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is duty—please stop my—whisky? Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something which costs me a great amount of money every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—tobacco, cigars and snuff? No, no, not these; but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—ribbons, jewelry, ornaments and trinkets? Not at all; pride must be fostered, if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—tea, coffee, and needless unhealthful luxuries? No, no; not these. I cannot think of sacrificing these; it must be something else. Ah! I have it now—I must save that. Please stop my paper! that will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brains.

Reminiscences of my Early Life and my Religious Experience.

NO. IX.

Soon after being made a Baptist as narrated in my last, I had an experience of another kind altogether new and unexpected. Arising one morning early, I went, as usual to my place of prayer. I soon lost all sense of external things; how long I was engaged in prayer I could never say; it was late in the morning when I came to have a sense of my surroundings; I must have been some hours engaged in prayer. I know what I saw and what I felt. I saw, in the vision of my mind, the narrow road to Heaven, and the broad road to Hell. I seemed to be asked if I would try to lead people from the broad road that leads to death, to the narrow way that leads to life everlasting. I answered that I would; and, in my imagination, I began the work in earnest. After I came to myself, a question seemed to be asked of me, if I would go to a certain place, and speak to the people about the salvation of their souls. I said I would, and instantly a cry for reformation sprung up in my heart; it was with so great a force that all the first part of the day I could hardly repeat anything else. The last of the week I asked the man with whom I was at work for some money as I was going away for a few days. He said he had none for me, and I, therefore, concluded if I could not get any money to pay my way I would not go as I had promised. I soon found I had lost my spiritual life again, and what to make of it I could not tell. People will say I was very ignorant about the things of God, and so I was; but I found out after a while. I tried to pray but the spirit of prayer was gone, and I had no intercession. I tried to exhort in public, but I could say little or nothing, and I became very much

troubled. As was my constant practice I began to pray about my state, and the Lord soon brought it all to my mind. I remembered my promises made only a little while before, and I arose from my knees trembling from head to foot. For the first time I understood that God was calling me to public work, and that I should have to go and warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. After considering the matter as best I could, I knelt before God, and told, as a child would tell a parent, that I was not fit for such a great work, but if He would have mercy upon me and let me alone at present, so that I might go to school that winter (for I was very deficient in education), then in the spring following if He wanted my work in His vineyard, and should call me to it, I would surely go and do all His will. He then and there accepted my vow, gave me peace in my heart, and before I left my knees my soul was filled with gladness.

From that time until the next spring I enjoyed myself as I never had done before. I do not think I had a moment of trial or a discouraging feeling in my mind for the whole winter, I was always ready for work, and the more work the better. All was peace, joy and assurance. My school and my studies were pleasant, and I learned a good deal. As things went along in this manner, I began to have a conception of the doctrines I considered taught in God's word. I could see how man came to fall, and perceived at once that he never could have fallen if he had not been a free moral agent. I could realize the condition, somewhat, into which the race had been plunged, I could see how Christ made an atonement, could understand that it was free and full, could understand something of how the work of the Holy Spirit was conducted among men, and how men should persevere to eternal life. These and the kindred truths of Revelation I seemed to have an inward conception of, but not one of all these things could I explain to myself or to any one else. I knew nothing as yet about Free Baptists, and had never seen the Articles of Faith of any religious body. I knew what things were fitting through my mind, and knew that I believed these shadowy things, but I could get no person to explain them as I believed them, and I frequently thought I was alone. About the fifth or sixth of January, 1837, two ministers came into our social meeting one evening. They were strangers to us all, except that one of our number had seen one of them. They explained that it was only that day that they had heard of a few people in the place serving God, and they turned aside from their journey to visit us. They were on their way to Hodgdon to ordain Bro. Jesse White to the gospel Ministry, and at present they could stay only one day with us, and preach in the evening. We soon found out that they were Free Baptist Ministers, and we were all exceedingly glad to see them, for a minister of any kind was a rare visitor to us. The next evening one of them, Rev. Leonard Hatheway, preached, and took for his text Psalm 16: "Thou wilt show me the path of life, in thy presence is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore." As he began his sermon he set forth the conceptions of doctrines I had, and he traced them all to their conclusions; and when he came to describe the Heavenly state, I was almost sure I was there myself. When he had done, I had to say that I was Free Will Baptist doctrine then certainly I am a Free Will Baptist. They went to Hodgdon, attended to their duties there, and came back to us the next week. Then I was baptized, with two others, and a Free Will Baptist church organized there. I had never seen any person immersed until I was immersed myself.

The place of my baptism was always a sacred spot to me, and I never passed it without thinking of my vows made there and then. The baptism and church organization took place January 12th, 1837, in the town of Weston, Aroostook County, State of Maine. Soon the winter passed away and the spring time came. I hired to work for the Deacon of the church for the next six months. The promises made to God in the Fall had all been forgotten because I was enjoying myself so well. One Sunday about the first of April I was at meeting with the brethren, when the Scripture came to me, O, how

forcibly, "Go ye also into the vineyard and labour, and whatsoever is right ye shall receive." I tried to drive it away, but it was of no use, and for the next six months these words were constantly ringing in my mind, whether I was asleep or awake. I cannot explain what I suffered for my disobedience. My promises were all brought before me, God's mercy was constantly around me, the brethren were all urging me to undertake the work, but it seemed about impossible for me to think that I could engage in the Ministry, or even that God was calling me to that work. After a long while I came to a partial conclusion to do work for God, but it did not do me much good, nor bring me much peace of mind. For another year it was but little that I did in the work assigned me by the Master. I would try to preach a little occasionally, and then would not do much at all. Indeed I was looking for too much, and expected if I was called to preach, God would give me from Heaven the very words I should say. The next summer one of our sisters died, and they sent everywhere to get a minister to attend the funeral; but none could be had, for they were all away. The friends of the deceased then sent for our Deacon to come and bury the sister. He went and I went with him. The Deacon opened by prayer, and then I arose and read Isaiah 5:7, "The righteous perishes and no man layeth it to heart, and merciful men are taken away none considering that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come." This was about the first of my sermonizing, and I need hardly say that we had a very good meeting, better than if they had had a great parade. When the Fall came, I left home to go to Smyrna to meet a minister and to preach. Of course I was on foot, I can never forget how I felt as I walked along shedding tears at every step. A poor fatherless and motherless boy to preach the gospel. I turned aside in the road, to pray, and I became well nigh dismayed; but as I arose from my knees, these words came to me, "Lo, I am with you even to the end of the world." O, what new life they infused into me, I felt that all was well, and I went on my journey rejoicing.

A. TAYLOR.

Sam Jones On The Rum Question.

In a lecture on "The Battle of life, and how to win it," delivered in Montreal by Evangelist Sam Jones he said, as is his wont, a great many sharp things. His views on the rum question and the duty of Ministers and Christians generally he stated in the following pointed language:

The next thing is to take a stand. If there's anything in this world I've got a deep sympathy with—not to say contempt for—it's one of these poor little fellows that come and join the church, without having decided how he is going to stand on any great moral question. There hasn't been a minute since I gave myself to Christ that I wouldn't have been ready to answer the question:

"Are you against card-playing?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Are you against round dances?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Are you against whiskey?"

"Yes, SIR!"

"Are you going to quit all your meanness?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Brother, how do you stand on the fight against liquor?"

"Well," says that poor little fellow, "to tell you the truth, I've got a lot of good friends that sell liquor, and I've a lot of good friends prohibitionists—and I'm not going to vote at all!"

YOU MISERABLE LITTLE PUPPY, upon the fence! I'd call you a dog only you're not big enough.

Oh, listen brothers! If I were a man I'd be a man! There's many a man listening to me now who's had many opinions all his life but never had a red-hot conviction. You say, "It's my opinion we'd better not have any of these saloons." What does that amount to? Nothing! Why don't you come out and say, "Whiskey's an enemy to God and our race, and the sooner we put it out the better!" (Loud cheers.) Now, I tell you!

When you take the whiskey question in hand in earnest here, all the saloon keepers will cry out "Oh don't be too rough on us poor fel-

lows! Yes, they'll butcher your husbands and sons, and damn them to hell, but when you come to touch them you have to be afraid how you hurt their dear feelings! Don't they remind you of the farmer boy that was going along a road when a bull-dog sprang out at him from behind a fence, and the boy had a pitchfork in his hand, and pinned a dog right down to the ground, so he couldn't bite him. The owner of the dog came rushing out, shouting, "Say what did you do that to my dog for?"

"What did your dog run at me for, then?" answered the boy.

"Well, why didn't you hit him with the other end of the fork?"

"Why didn't the dog come at me with his other end?" (Laughter.) Yes, they are coming at us with death and destruction and let us fight back with all our might and every-where.

I'll tell you the way to fight the barkeepers. It's

WITH YOUR VOTES.

This is a free country, and you can get what laws you want by voting for them. If you want fine hotels here, you build them. If you want to sell your house, you sell it. If you want three hundred bar-rooms in your city that are not even allowed by the laws of your country—well, you've got them. And as soon as you want to get rid of the saloons, you'll get rid of them. (Applause.) If you go on the streets to-morrow and slap your tongues like you're slapping your hands now, things'll move up, too.

Well, I say, let's take a stand! If I were to say that half the pulpits of Montreal have never taken a stand on this matter would I be right? If you know a preacher who is not an eternal fighter of whiskey that

PREACHER BELONGS TO THE DEVIL from head to heels. And whenever the devil sees a minister stirring a glass of toddy the devil spikes his old gun.

The pulpit is the great power in this country. The pulpit has not lost its power, for its power is God; but it has lost its voice. That's what's the matter! Oh, how I long to see the day when every preacher will take his stand on God's side of every question!

Mr. Beecher—and however far he may have wandered, let us praise him for his nobleness—once preached a sermon in favor of evolution, and the next Sunday all the pulpits in Brooklyn turned their guns on him. And all the while they never turned their guns on the saloons and lewd houses all around them! Let's say this for Beecher,—he always preached against whiskey and against slavery, and everything that God condemns.

There's many a little old preacher in this country been turning his pop-gun loose on Beecher five hundred miles away, when they might have been fighting something they could reach. There was a shoemaker in a town who once said to his minister—the Baptist—"you ministers are to blame for every saloon that's in this town." "Why, how's that?" exclaimed the preacher. "You've got the majority of voters in your churches," said the shoemaker, "and if you'd declare yourselves out and out against the saloons, they'd be voted out." "Well, that rather scared the Baptist minister, and he went to the other preachers, and next Sunday they all turned their guns loose on the bar-rooms, and in a few days the bar-rooms were voted out of the town altogether."

Faith Healing.

The Century for March has two articles on faith cure—one *pro*, the other *con*. From the latter, by the Rev. Dr. Buckley, we quote as follows: "Families have been broken up by the doctrine taught in some of the leading faith homes that friends who do not believe this truth are to be separated from them because of the weakening effect of their disbelief upon faith, and a most heart-rending letter has reached me from a gentleman whose mother and sister are now residing in a faith institution not far from this city, refusing all intercourse with their friends, and neglecting the most obvious duties of life.

"This system is connected with every other superstition. The Bible is used as a book of magic. Many open it at random, expecting to be guided by the first passage that they see, as Peter was told to open the

mouth of the first fish that came up, and he would find in it a piece of money. A missionary of high standing, with whom I am acquainted, was cured of this form of superstition by consulting the Bible on an important matter of Christian duty, and the passage that met his gaze was 'Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming.' Paganism can produce nothing more superstitious than this, though many other Christians instead of 'searching the Scriptures,' still try to use the Bible as a divining rod.

"It feeds upon impression, makes great use of dreams and signs and statements foreign to truth and pernicious in their influence. A young lady long ill was visited by a minister who prayed with her, and in great joy arose from his knees and said: 'Jennie, you are sure to recover. Dismiss all fear. The Lord has revealed it to me.' Soon after physicians in consultation decided that she had cancer of the stomach, of which she subsequently died. The person who had received the impression that she would recover, when met by the pastor of the family, said: 'Jennie will certainly get well. The Lord will raise her up.' He has revealed it to me.' 'Well said the minister, 'she has not the nervous disease she had some years ago. The physicians have decided that she has cancer of the stomach.' 'Oh, well,' was the reply, 'if that is the case, she is sure to die.'

"A family living in the city of St. Louis had a daughter who was very ill. The members of this family were well acquainted with one of the leading advocates of faith healing in the east, who made her case a subject of prayer, and wrote her a letter declaring that she would certainly be cured, and the Lord had revealed it to him. The letter arrived in St. Louis one day after her death.

"These are cases taken, not from the operations of recognized fanatics, but from those of leading lights in this *ignis fatuus* movement.

"It is a means of obtaining money under false pretences. Some who promulgate these views are honest, but underneath their proceedings runs a subtle sophistry. They establish institutions which they call faith homes, declaring that they are supported entirely by faith, and that they use no means to make their work known or to persuade persons to contribute. Meanwhile they advertise their work and institutions in every possible way, publishing reports in which, though in many instances wanting in business accuracy, they exhibit the most cunning wisdom of the children of this world....

"The horrible mixture of superstition and blasphemy to which these views frequently lead is not known to all persons. I quote from a paper published in Newark, N. J., in the interest of faith healing:

"'Death.—Three of the richest men in Ocean Park, N. J., have died. Faith healing has been taught in the place, but was rejected by them, so death came.'

"'Charleston, S. C.—A few years ago the Holy Ghost sent me to preach in that city. But they rejected the Gospel and me. A wicked man shot at me and tried to kill me, but God saved me so that I was not harmed.... But I had to leave Charleston and do as the great Head of the Church said:.... "when ye depart out of that house or city, shake of the dust from your feet." Earthquake, September 1, 1886; one-half the city in ruins. It has a population of about 50,000 people. Ye wicked cities in the world, take warning! God lives!'"

MISSION NEWS.

THE BAPTISTS are rejoicing in a great awakening in the Congo Mission. At one station more than a thousand persons, among them two of the king's sons, have openly confessed Christ, and four-fifths of them are adults.

AN EDITION of the Gospel of Mark, in Mandarin, has been published in England in raised Chinese characters, for the use of the blind in China. This is the two hundred and fiftieth language in which portions of the Scriptures have been printed for the blind, after the Moon system.

"Mr. Spurgeon's congregation is now one of the 3,000 British churches in which unfemented wine is used at the Lord's supper.