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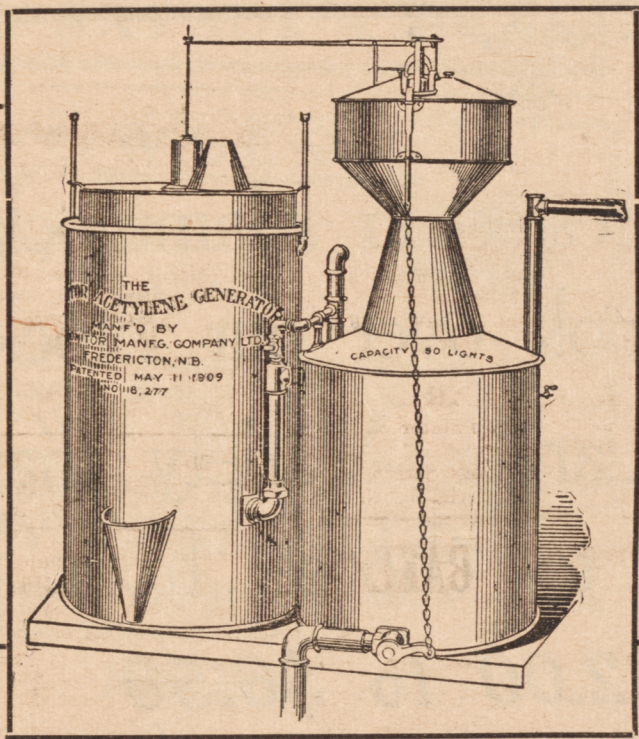
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Six Hundred Conversions Resulted From Torrey Campaign

Evangelist Stated Last Night that He Never Appeals to Anything But Common Sense—Mr. Jacoby Sang Hymn of His Own Composing—Meetings at Tabernacle are Increased in Power.

An audience which almost filled the seating accommodation assembled last night at the Arctic Rink. Nobody expected such a gathering, especially in the unsettled condition of the weather; but the people continue to come, drawn it would seem, by no idle curiosity, but to listen again to the old gospel and participate in the good work which is now going on in the city.

Dr. Torrey preached a powerful sermon, a summary of which is given below. Mr. Butler is surely succeeding in making the people take part in the service of song. At the close of the meeting he sang a hymn of his own composing. It is safe to say that unless someone looked up the number of the hymn in the book of praise as the singer proceeded, nobody knew that Mr. Butler was the composer. It was one of the most effective solos he has yet sung, and it is not unlikely it will be called for again.

Dr. Torrey was more racy than usual in the delivery of his discourse, and his sermon not only reached the hearts of a great number of people, but it so appealed to the will and to the conscience as to cause many to decide to lead new lives. Speaking of the "excitement" which some people say prevails at the tabernacle services, he remarked: "Talk of excitement, you know very well I have never appealed to anything but your brains, your consciences, and your common sense!" Referring to an experience which he passed through in Australia, he said: "You can always trust a reporter to get there." "I was not scared of a mob, I was brought up in Chicago."

It was manifest to the most casual observer that the meetings are increasing in power as the days go by. Mr. Jacoby informed The Mail representative that more than six hundred people have professed conversion since the meetings began. A number of Methodist ministers attending the District Meeting in the city were present at the service last night.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare, but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—Prov. xxix. 25.

If you do not believe another verse in the Bible, you know that verse is true. Every man here, I don't care how much of an infidel he may be, knows that the fear of man bringeth a snare. How many people there are in Fredericton tonight who have been snared by the fear of man.

How many a young man has come to Fredericton. He knew enough about life to know that any use of INTOXICATING LIQUOR IS DANGEROUS

in the day in which you and I live. His father and mother brought him up to the habits of temperance and total abstinence, and he is resolved in coming to the city and its perils that he will never visit a public house; that he will never drink even a glass of beer or wine. But one night he is out with his new friends to some entertainment. After the entertainment is over they propose going to a public house just for one glass of beer. "No," he says, "I never drink; it is perilous to drink. I intend to remain a total abstainer till the day of my death."

They laugh at him. "Oh," they say, "be a man. Nobody but milkops are total abstainers. If you are going to amount to anything in Fredericton you must take an occasional glass of beer. Of course, we don't want you to go to excess. We don't believe in intemperance, but one glass of beer won't hurt you. Come, be a man." He takes

HIS FIRST GLASS OF BEER

It rouses the demon that is in him. That leads to another, and another, and another, and many another, and tonight that young fellow is a bloated, ruined, penniless drunkard on the streets. The fear of man brought snare that has ruined for time and eternity.

I received from a friend one of the saddest letters I ever received. It was a letter from his brother's wife. This brother of my friend was a very brilliant man, a man of the greatest promise, of extraordinary promise; but he got to drinking. He found that the drink was fastening itself upon him, and he broke off and became a total abstainer. He had occasion to go to London to visit one of the best known men, a man that everybody in England knows by name. That man was in the way of promoting him to great honor. When he visited this man, this man offered him a glass of wine at table.

HE DIDN'T DARE OFFEND

is powerful friend by refusing the lass of wine. He thought, "It is only one glass." He took it. He was mad. He rushed from that house, went to a public house, and then to another, and for days his friends did not know where he was.

They sent detectives on his track, who found him helplessly drunk in one of the lowest dens in London, and he has been drinking from that day to this. The broken-hearted wife wrote my friend, his brother—"He is crazy. He has gone and ruined his family; his home is broken up; all our prospects are blighted; he is lost he is mad."

THE FEAR OF MAN BROUGHT A SNARE

How many a young fellow has come to this city who was

TOO MUCH OF A MAN TO GAMBLE

—for no man who gambles is much of a man in that direction—too much of a man to gamble, but he likes an occasional innocent game of cards. One night he is playing cards with his friends, and some one suggests that they just put up a nickel to make it interesting. That is all. "Oh, they say, 'we don't care for the money, but it is just to lend interest to the game.' "No," he says; "I never gamble. I think gambling is stealing."

He is right, for gambling is stealing. No self-respecting man will gamble, for no self-respecting man wants another man's money. I don't see how a man who has taken another man's money by gambling can look in the looking glass. I should think he would be ashamed to look himself in the face.

He says, "No; gambling is rank dishonesty; I never gamble." "Oh," they say, "it is not gambling; it is just for a little amusement. You better go home and go to Sunday school. Go and sit with your mother," and they

LAUGH HIM INTO HIS FIRST GAME

of cards for money. The gambler's passion—a harder passion to overcome than the appetite for drink ever was—seizes him, and tonight he is behind prison bars, because he gambled until he took his employer's money to gamble with.

The fear of man has brought a snare that has landed him in prison. Again, the fear of man ensnares Christians into a denial of their Lord. It did Peter.

Many of you are doing the same every day. Down in your office, or shop, or your factory, or your mill, Jesus Christ is ridiculed. Hard things are said about the Bible; the name of the Lord that died upon the cross of Calvary for you is taken in blasphemy, and you are not man enough, you are not woman enough to stand up and say, "I am a Christian. I believe in that Christ whom you are ridiculing. I believe in that Bible you are laughing at."

You are afraid to be laughed at, and the fear of man has ensnared you into a denial of the Lord that died on the cross for you.

Again, the fear of man ensnares Christians into a guilty silence and inactivity.

There are many of you here every evening we have a meeting, who when the invitation is given out for Christians to go to work and speak to the unsaved, want to do it. Oh, you would like to help some one to Christ. What a joy it would be to you; but you say, "Suppose I talk to somebody and they don't like it; suppose they laugh at me; suppose they say some hard things to me," and the fear of man, here in the meeting and out of the meeting, in your home, in your shop, in your hotel, everywhere you go, is shutting your mouth and robbing you of the transcendent joy of leading others to Jesus Christ. Well, friends, suppose they do laugh at you. They

SPAT IN YOUR MASTER'S FACE

They won't spit in yours. They struck Him with their fists. They probably won't strike you. They nailed Him to the cross. Are you not willing to be laughed at for a Master like that? I believe that the fear of man on the part of professed Christians in Fredericton is keeping them back from giving their testimony for Christ, and working to bring others to Christ, is doing far more to hinder the work of God than any other cause in this city today. Men are being saved by the scores, but if you Christians would throw and here in this hall, and on the streets, in the shops, homes, hotel would have the boldness to witness and work for your Master, they would be saved by the hundreds.

Again, the fear of man ensnares those who are not Christians into the rejection of Jesus Christ.

There are hundreds of men and women here every night who would like to be Christians. They see the joy of it. They see the Christian life is beyond a preadventure the better life for the life that now is, as well as for the life that is to come, but they are afraid that if they accept Christ somebody will ridicule

them and the fear of man is shutting them out of the acceptance of Jesus Christ. I believe that more people are kept from accepting Christ every night here by the fear of what some one will say or do than by any other cause. If we could

GET RID OF THIS FEAR

I believe there would be a hundred or more saved every night instead of dozens.

Again, the fear of man ensnares those, who really think they have accepted Christ, into not making a public confession of Christ.

Now Jesus says distinctly, "Who-soever therefore shall

CONFESS ME BEFORE MEN.

him will I also confess before My Father who is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father who is in heaven" (Matt. x. 32, 33). Paul says distinctly "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x. 10). And yet a host of you men and women are trying to be Christians and never stand up to say so. You don't admit that it is the fear of man that keeps you from doing it. Oh, no! you say "I don't believe in this standing-up business. I believe in doing things more quietly. I don't believe in excitement." You give a thousand and one reasons, but men, if you were honest with yourselves as you

WILL HAVE TO BE HONEST

with God some day, and told the truth, you would say, "It is because I am afraid to do it." When we were in Edinburgh a fine-looking young fellow came to me one day and said, "I am a cad." I said what is the matter? He said "I thought I accepted Christ here the other night, and I have not been man enough to tell another man in the office what I have done. I am a cad." Well, he was. So are you. You professed to take Jesus Christ.

You told somebody so quietly, but to this day you have not told the other men in your office, in your home, in your hotel, in your shop. The fear of man has sealed your mouth and made you an arrant coward, and robbed you of all the joy that there is in an out-and-out Christian experience.

Again, the fear of man ensnares people to their eternal ruin.

Oh, many men and women lie in Christless graves tonight, and will pass a Christless eternity, because the fear of man kept them from the acceptance of Christ.

Oh, men and women in this hall tonight the Spirit of God is moving through this building with mighty power. Many of you are on the verge of a decision for Christ. Don't let the fear of man frighten you out of taking your stand tonight.

The other part of the text I have scarcely time for. "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."

He will be safe from all danger of yielding to sin and temptation. If you trust God temptation has no power. A man cannot yield to temptation without trusting God. Every act of sin is an act of distrust of God. He that trusts God will do right though the heavens fall.

Again, whoso trusteth in the Lord will be safe from danger of every kind. As we read in Rom. viii. 31: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Oh, men will persecute you. Yes,

THEY WILL RIDICULE YOU

They will do all they can to harm you. Jesus says in John xv. 20: "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." They will, but it won't do you any harm. Some people are frightened to death at being persecuted. Why, friends, it is one of the greatest privileges on earth for converts to be persecuted for Jesus Christ. What does Jesus say in Matt. v. 11, 12: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice"—not cry, not whine—"rejoice and be exceeding glad,

FOR GREAT IS YOUR REWARD

in heaven." When we were in Bala-larat in Australia there was an organized gang to break up our meeting. I had said some pretty plain things about dancing, like some I have said here tonight, and I had been invited to go to a "decent dance." I went, and it broke up the dance. They were ashamed to dance, and it broke up the club, and they never had but one dance after it. They regretted one invitation that they sent anyhow. Well, the dancing element were pretty badly excited. If we could stop several scores of you society people from dancing

(Continued on page seven.)

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