

# Religious Intelligence.

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

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WHOLE NO. 2541

## FOURSCORE.

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When I entered upon the Christian life fifty-six years ago there was much probability that I would ever see fourscore. My father—an eminent young lawyer—had died at the early age of twenty-eight; and several of his brothers and sisters had succumbed to pulmonary maladies. My good mother was dangerously ill several times, but had a wiry constitution and lived to eighty-five. That my busy life has held out so long, is due, under a kind providence, to the careful observation of the prime laws of health. I have eschewed all indigestible foods, stimulants and narcotics, and taken a fair amount of exercise, avoided all hard study or sermonizing in the evenings, and thus secured sound and sufficient sleep. A brain worker goes to wreck by overwork.

When I was born—January 10th, 1846—in the beautiful village of Cayuga, the region about the Cayuga still containing hundreds of log-cabin dwellings built by the early settlers, some of the Cayuga tribes of Indians were still lingering there. There was a small steamboat plying on the lake, and a railroad in the State until a few years afterwards! When I went away to a boarding school in New Jersey at the age of thirteen, the long journey by stage coach required five days and two nights. Every day from home cost eighteen cents; and the youngsters in those times went over their Webster's spellings and their Robinson Crusoe by candle-light—for no gas lamps had been dreamed of—and the wood fires were recovered in most houses by nine o'clock. Those were the days of plain living and some high thinking; the "modern improvements" had not yet begun, but there were some American lads during the first third of the last century—like Abraham Lincoln, Ward Beecher, Joseph Henry and John G. Whittier—who managed to make a good figure in life without any important particular. I doubt there has been any recent improvement and that is in the religious instruction of children. As I was an orphan, my widowed mother after her death took me to the beautiful Cayuga Lake. My Sabbaths in rural home were serene and peaceful, with neither work nor play. My faithful mother gave me several copies of the Bible to commit thoroughly; I also learned the Westminster Catechism (which has never had any revision) and which has been a sheet-anchor of orthodox piety. Our church was three miles away—often reached through mire or snow drifts; but children accompanied with their parents, and I grew up with the habit of church-going. In these days an enormous number of children never enter a house except to attend the Sunday school—which is absurdly called "children's church!" Even in too many Sunday Schools, the scholars are required to commit God's Word to memory, and there is a lamentable deficiency of the language of Scripture to the rising generation.

Foreign Missions were in their early vigorous growth eighty years ago. In our family wagon to church Sheldon Dibble and Reuben Jones, who were just leaving Auburn Theological Seminary to go out as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. The "Missionary Herald" was taken in a great number of Christian families, and read with keen interest. Many of the readers were who not only devoutly prayed for the "Kingdom Come!" but were willing to stick to a rag carpet and deny themselves a "Brussels" in order to have more for the spread of that Kingdom. Wealth has increased to enormous and perilous extent, but percentage of money given to missions and Home Missions is very slow what it was a half century ago. It is a growing custom for the mother to utter a prayer over the children boxes, when they are taken back to the platform before the altar; I suspect that in too many cases the prayer should be one of mutual confession.

One other great moral enterprise was in its early stage during my childhood and that was the Temperance Reform. Drunkenness had been fearfully prevalent in this country until Dr. Lyman Beecher, Dr. Just N. Edwards, and a few other wise philanthropists started a movement founded on a personal pledge to abstain from the use, purchase or sale of intoxicants. I signed a pledge of abstinence when I was ten years old, and my grandfather was one of the first agriculturists in that region to banish ardent spirits from his farm. The warfare was wisely directed against the use of intoxicating beverage; for there can be no effective and permanent prohibition of their sale, while but little is done to diminish the demand. Personal abstinence and legal prohibition are twins; and let no man put them asunder. One of the wholesome influences in favor of temperance is the increasing disposition of employers to refuse employment to drinking men. My generous friend, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, when sending me his recent donation to the National Temperance Society, wrote me, "the best temperance lecture I have delivered lately was my offer of ten per cent. premium on their wages to all the employes on my Scottish estates who will abstain from intoxicating liquors."

I am not a pessimist, croaking that the former days were better than the present. Tides have ebbed and flowed. There has been a retrograde in observance of the Sabbath, and of household worship, in church attendance and in implicit faith in the infallibility of God's inspired Word, and a decline in the number of conversions. Heartily do I rejoice in the organization of many new and noble institutions of charity,—in the splendid endowment of colleges, and the erection of hospitals,—in "University Settlements" in our great cities, and the societies (like Mr. Constock's) for the prevention of vice—in sanitary improvements and civil service reform and many another practical work of philanthropy. The discoveries of science and the inventions of art have been marvellous. A very different world is this—in many of the material aspects—from the world on which my eyes first opened four score years ago.

As I look back over the humble part that I have been enabled to perform during a long and busy life I can honestly mingle penitential confessions with profound thanksgivings. While many a stalwart fellow-laborer for Christ has fallen by my side, I rejoice that during fifty-six years of public ministry, I have never spent a single Sabbath on a bed of sickness. My long connection with the religious press in our own land, and in other lands and languages, has taught me that consecrated type may be vastly more far-reaching than any consecrated tongue. Most devoutly do I thank my Lord and Saviour and the early influences of a godly mother that I was called to the joy of preaching the gospel of redeeming love. My pastorate in this city and New York, in Trenton and Burlington, New Jersey, were unintermittently delightful; and my home-life has been sweetened and beautified by a most happy and Heaven-blessed wedlock.

Has my ministry of the Word fulfilled my hopes at the outset? Yes, and more abundantly than I could reasonably expect. It has always been a source of sincere gratitude that I received my theological education at dear old Princeton. Dr. Charles Hodge, then at the zenith of his power and the peerless Alexanders, father and son, trained me in the way that I should go, and now that I am old I have not departed from it. That my work began in a very small church I am thankful: it gave me an opportunity to study God's Book and individual hearts. That I have been permitted to be the first pastor of two flourishing and prosperous churches I am also thankful. Pastoral visitation brought its rich rewards; sermon making was an unspeakable delight; but the happiest hours of my life were those seasons of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit when the sheaves were brought in with rejoicing. On the multitude of kind friends who have gladdened my life I invoke heaven's richest blessings.

My journey hence to the far sun setting must be brief at the utmost. I only ask to live just as long as God

has any work for me to do—and not one moment longer. And when the day's work for our Master is over, and this mortal body has been put to sleep in yonder beautiful dormitory of Greenwood by the sea, I desire that the only inscription that shall be written over my slumbering dust shall be—"The Founder of Lafayette Avenue Church."

## OVER THE SEA

XXI.

We spent twelve exceedingly busy as well as pleasant days on our last visit in London, then we set our faces homeward. Our homes and dear ones seemed very precious, with the wide ocean between us. We went to Liverpool to sail, and it was our good fortune to meet on the train, and in the same compartment, with a gentleman from Kent County in our own Province, who was to sail in the same ship. From our conversation he learned that I was from the St. John River, as he politely asked to what one of the river counties I belonged, and upon further conversation, we soon found that he knew a number of my acquaintances, and most of the business people of St. John and Fredericton. He is an elderly gentleman, and has crossed the ocean twenty-seven times, being often accompanied by his wife and children. It is needless to say that he looked after all our luggage, etc., which was quite a relief to me, as there is always so much hustle and bustle when embarking on an ocean steamer.

On reaching the ship we were surprised and delighted to meet Miss Peters of the Clifton House, St. John, with her pleasant face and kindly manner, we all felt that she was an agreeable addition to our party. Here we were on the same ship that we had crossed on and occupying the same room, and with the companionship of home friends, it is little wonder that we were joyous and happy as we sailed out of the Mersey. The tide and wind were both favorable, and we reached Moville the following morning but our ship being a mail steamer was scheduled not to leave Moville before a certain hour so our steamer lay in the Lough the greater part of the day awaiting the mails. A small boat came on and a number of us went on shore. We got in the Irish jaunting cars that were awaiting passengers on the piers, and drove to the old Green Castle, altogether a drive of about 8 miles. We gathered Irish heather and the gorse, and looked for the Shamrock; finally our driver who was most obliging presented me with a large bunch of Shamrock. On looking it over I saw at once that it was nothing more nor less than ordinary clover, so I said, this is not Shamrock, but he persisted that it was the genuine article, and an old driver who stood near said, "Miss, he'll not deceive you that is the real Shamrock of Ireland," but I assured him that I had not crossed the Atlantic ocean to learn that species of clover was Shamrock, I had seen too much of both to be deceived in this way; but I could not but admit the Irish shrewdness of his persuasions, and I gave him the desired "tip" and although I seemed indignant I was laughing inwardly, like old Artemus Ward.

On our drive we passed some beautiful residences with hedges, etc., and on the shores the homes of the fishermen. In a lawn surrounding a fine residence we saw beautiful fuchsia trees about the size and height of plum trees, they were covered with blooms just like our house fushias, but these trees live in the gardens all the year, and in some parts of Ireland they have fuchsia hedges. From the small stone houses with only one door came the children, and fowls, and pigs and goats to greet us; they were seemingly a happy family, but we hadn't time to stay long with them.

Saying good bye to old Ireland we took the ship again and were soon on the broad ocean. Now that the novelty of sight seeing was past we began to look about the ship. Our passengers all told numbered over one thousand persons, of course the greater number were steerage, but still the first and second cabins were crowded. During the voyage we had

two new arrivals in the third cabin, and also a betrothal among the Jewish passengers. With the Jews a betrothal is said to be an event of great festivity than a marriage, and I am quite ready to believe it from the way they celebrated the occasion. They were two decks below our room and I could hear them shouting and singing nearly all night.

We had pleasant weather with sunshine till we reached mid ocean, then a storm with heavy seas came up. I cannot say just what the other passengers did, but I know that I went to my room at the close of Sunday morning service and did not come on deck again till Tuesday noon, when the storm had subsided and all was peace and sunshine, but I had already heard from my stewardess that many of the passengers had had attacks very similar to my illness, and I am sure their pale faces testified to the fact.

The ship's service on Sabbath was conducted by Rev. Mr. Venables of Florence, Italy. We also had on board Rev. Mr. McKinnon, Presbyterian of Halifax. These clergymen with Dr. Wilson, of Knox College, Toronto, were the moving spirits in the Ships Concert which was a grand success.

A number of the stewards on the ship had been exchanged since our passage across, but we had the same Captain and officers. Everything possible seemed to be done for the comfort and pleasure of the passengers, and I must say I saw nothing but politeness and kindness on the part of the officers of the "Lake Champlain," but I do not know that we should expect the faces of a ship's officers to be always bathed in smiles.

Near the coast of Newfoundland we experienced some little fog, and the hoarse tone of the fog horn which sounded every minute or two, but even this did not last long, and we had beautiful weather coming in the Gulf. Our Eastern passengers and mails were landed at Rimouski. The following morning we sailed into Quebec. As for me I thought I had never seen the fields prettier or the landscape more beautiful in "Our Own Canadian Home." A number of English people were on board who were seeing America for the first time, and they were loud in their praise of the St. Lawrence, and the old city of Quebec. The ship laid all day at Quebec, and we thoroughly enjoyed the day in sight-seeing. The following day was Sunday and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon we reached Montreal. Once landed it was only a matter of a few minutes till our luggage had passed the custom's inspection. This was the eleventh time since leaving Montreal that my luggage had been before customs officials, but in no case was it even opened. I was really a little proud of this, and while it may not be commendable, I knew it was very pleasant to have my luggage pass without being examined. In Montreal we were pleasantly located, and remained till Monday evening. Monday morning while quietly seated at breakfast in the hotel, my friend Miss Jack, of Chateaugay Basin much to my surprise, appeared upon the scene, and said to me: "You have just fifteen minutes to catch the train to Chateaugay, I have a cab at the door awaiting us." This was indeed an unexpected pleasure, but thus it had been all along our trip unexpected pleasures and surprises. Taking the train an hour's drive or less brought us to Miss Jack's picturesque home on the Chateaugay River. I was delighted to meet her mother, who is Editor of the "Garden Talks" in the Montreal Witness, as also other members of the family, one brother a Professor at Harvard College) being absent. Their flower garden is very extensive and contains many rare and beautiful plants, and then I enjoyed seeing the vineyard. Their farm is the largest fruit farm in the Province of Quebec, and they ship tons of grapes to say nothing of the apples and other fruit.

Returning to Montreal we took the C. P. R. for St. John, and thence home by steamer. Coming up our own St. John River I thought I had never seen it look more majestic and beautiful, and when I reached home and found all well and happy, I felt that "God for His goodness,"

and that the "Everlasting Arms" had been beneath me all along the happy way.

This European trip I shall ever remember with pleasure, and while I saw so much of wealth and grandeur, yet never in my life had I seen such wretchedness and poverty, and to my mind, from more than one point of view, the conditions of life in Canada are superior to those in the Old Country.

I do not feel that I have told one half nor one quarter of what I saw, yet I fear that my letters have been tedious, but I wish here to thank many for their kind expressions of appreciation, and I only regret that the scenes and incidents of my trip have not been more interestingly written.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the valuable space in your paper, I now say Adieu.

## Women's Foreign Missionary Society

Rise up ye women that are at ease Isaiah 32: 9.

[All contributions for this column should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

## THE FREDERICTON SOCIETY.

The Society requests me to make a report, in accordance with the suggestion of our Corresponding Secretary.

Our Society has not been very prominently before the readers of the INTELLIGENCER, but we trust that in its quiet way it has been carrying forward the worthy purpose for which it was organized—not only for the benefit of our missionary in the foreign field, but, also, drawing the sisters of the church into better acquaintance with one another, and into closer communion with God. While working for others, we have found a blessing for ourselves.

We try to make our meetings interesting and instructive in various ways. Our President, Mrs. F. G. Hartley, gives an instructive reading on our lesson topic. Then at each roll-call verses of scripture are recited by the members, in connection with some subject decided on at the previous meeting. Recitations and readings are rendered, and talks are given on missions, and occasionally a map lesson is given for the benefit of new members.

The society consists of twenty-eight (28) members, several of whom have been added quite recently. We are encouraged that so many take a zealous interest, though some are not as interested as we could wish. In stimulating these and drawing them into fellowship with us, our calling committee does good work.

At our last meeting it was proposed that we hold a parlor social to raise money for missionary purposes, and at the same time afford an evening's enjoyment to our members and friends. Quite a number of young and old met at the home of our hospitable sister Mrs. Peleg Smith on Thursday evening last. The results, both in finance and entertainment, were good. To our Presidents we owe many helpful suggestions, and she is ably seconded by our Vice President, Mrs. McKinnon, another faithful worker in the mission cause. Our President's last suggestion was that each member make a special prayer that God would provide some one to take the place of Miss Gaunce, who finds it necessary to leave India. The united prayer of our society is that God will bless whoever is sent to India, and that each society at home may work more earnestly, lovingly and unselfishly than they have done in the past. May God grant each of us that spirit which caused the Great Missionary to leave the happiness of Heaven for a life of trial and suffering—finally suffering death—that man might be lifted from sin and made happy forever.

MRS. LAMSON, Secretary.

Jan. 27 1902.

## MARYSVILLE MISSION BAND.

Thinking it may be encouraging to some of the workers, especially to

our home missionaries, to know how one Mission Band is progressing, I write a few lines about the Marysville Band. There are now over forty members. Under the faithful care of Mrs. Hallett, assisted by the other officers, a good work is being done. The children take great interest in their part, and are very punctual. A large number attend the meetings very regularly. We meet Thursday afternoon at four o'clock. When the Roll is called nearly all the children respond to their names with a text of Scripture. We have singing, recitations, prayer, the children joining in the Lord's Prayer; and we have short talks on the work by the different leaders. The little ones take great delight in paying their dues, which, in almost every case, is money earned by themselves. The Officers are,—President, Mrs. Hallett; Vice Pres., Mrs. McDowell; Rec Sec., Mrs. Tapley; Treasurer, Mrs. Dennison.

We would be very glad to hear from the other Bands through "our Column" Will some of the sisters who have the work in charge give us some hints or suggestions that will be helpful to us all? We are all interested in this work for the children, and feel confident of the results, if we are faithful to our trust.

J. J. R.

Marysville, Feb. 7th, 1902.

## A NEW SOCIETY.

Rev. J. N. Barnes delivered a very interesting address on Missionary work in the Free Baptist church at Upper Gagetown, on Jan. 26th, after which Mrs. Barnes organized a Woman's Missionary Society, with a membership of twelve.

Sec.

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS

The earliest mention of shoes is in an Egyptian papyrus, written about the year 2200 B. C.

The Princess Louise, a daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, has been pronounced hopelessly insane.

England has just discovered the peanut, and is delighted with the new dainty. During the last Christmas season, the consumption was very large, and it is rapidly increasing. The Londoner christens the oleaginous goober "the monkey nut."

The Department of Education of Mexico has suppressed the teaching of Latin in the great preparatory school, substituting for it a thorough course in English.

Rev. F. M. Royal, an honored Baptist missionary to China, was caught by the Dowie imposture, and eight months ago came to Chicago, and joined the Dowie band. He has had his eyes opened to the utter falseness of the whole cult and has penitently returned to the Baptist fold.

The sovereign who reigns over the smallest monarchy in the world is the King of the Cocos, a group of Islands near Sumatra. These islands (states the "Siccle") were discovered about 300 years ago by the captain of the Keeling, but were comparatively little known till 1825, when Mr. Ross, an Englishman, visited them, was struck by their beauty, and took up his abode there. It is his grandson, M. George Reiss, who now holds sway over the Cocos.

One would hardly think of looking across to Asia Minor for a new idea in temperance work. Here it is, however. Traditionally, the Moslems were abstainers. Perhaps they were at one time, but in this generation they drink a great deal of very rank liquor. A Protestant Armenian writes of a temperance society, the members of which, in addition to their pledge of abstinence, pay a small weekly sum as a guarantee of good faith. At the end of five years, if the pledge has been kept, the money is to be returned to the members paying; but if the pledge has been violated, the accumulated fees of the faithless members are to be divided among those who have held their promise sacred.