

Religious Intelligencer.

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

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1886.

WHOLE No. 1682

"INTELLIGENCER" NOTES.

To every new subscriber, paying One Dollar, the "Intelligencer" will be sent till January 1st, 1887.

WAITING.—While there have been encouraging responses from some quarters to our call for new subscribers, from others we have yet no word. We are waiting, and hope soon to hear from every part of the field.

A THOUSAND.—There ought to be secured in the present canvass, with the Dollar offer, at least a thousand new subscribers for the INTELLIGENCER. At the rate some of our friends have begun their work the number indicated can be easily reached if all do what they can. Have you begun yet brother, sister? If not, please do so at once.

WHAT WE NEED.—Some one wrote to the editor of the *Religious Herald*, "Every one who sees the *Religious Herald* now praises it beyond measure." To which the ungrateful man replied: "It is not 'praise' we are needing but new names at \$2.00 apiece."

Exactly. We know just how it is. There is no end to the kind words said about the INTELLIGENCER. And we thoroughly appreciate them; they are full of cheer. But, really, brethren, what we need just now is new names. Help give us these by telling your congregations and your neighbours of the paper, and of the present special offer to new subscribers.

CARRY THEM OUT.—The Conferences of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have repeatedly voted commendation of the INTELLIGENCER, and have in the most earnest way urged that every family in the denomination have its regular visits.

This is a good time to help carry out the resolution of the Conferences. Do not let the opportunity pass, brethren.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.—Let there be an effort all along the line of the Free Baptist churches and communities in the two Provinces, and hundreds of new names can be easily secured. Make the special offer known as widely as possible.

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SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS.—A few days ago Captain Alfred Taylor and wife, of Westport, Conn., celebrated the seventy-fourth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Taylor is in the ninety-fifth year of his age, and his wife is two years his junior. They were married in 1812, and have lived in their present home ever since. They are in good health, mentally and physically, and bid fair to live for many years to come.

CHOLERA.—Referring to the appearance of the cholera in Brindisi, Italy, where its ravages are more alarming than the authorities of that city would have the public believe, the *Interior* says,—"Its appearance has alarmed southern Europe and awakened the authorities of its cities to the prompt and decisive action necessary to prevent a visitation by the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday. Stringent sanitary precautions against its spread have been taken all along the Mediterranean coast, and the authorities of every British seaport are putting their towns in the best possible sanitary condition. While there may be no imminent danger that the scourge will visit the United States during the present season, our Eastern seaports should, at once, enforce all necessary sanitary regulations. Local sanitation should be authorized and enforced by every town and city in the United States. Undoubtedly there is, this season, greater occasion for vigilance against the disease than there was in 1885."

PERSECUTION.—The *Independent* has word of a case of religious persecution in Constantinople. A young Jew became converted to Christianity through the efforts of the mission of the Free Church of Scotland to the Jews in that city. All attempts of the Jews to per-

suade him to change his decision having proved unavailing, they sent to the father of the young convert, who lives in Roumania. The father came, and for the sake of better influence over his son, he brought with him to Constantinople his daughter. The result was that the daughter, too, was converted to Christianity. Upon this, the poor father was fain to return to Roumania in grief. But the Jews of Constantinople would not allow him to leave the city. Obtaining the aid of the Turkish police in their favor, they demanded that as he had brought his daughter into the hands of the Christians, he remain to make an effort to get her away again. By the assistance of the Turkish police they succeeded in getting the girl arrested, and although she is firm in her declaration of belief in Jesus Christ, she has been kept in prison three weeks, notwithstanding all efforts of her Christian friends to have her released under the religious liberty laws. These laws are, it seems, not to be enforced save when it pleases the Turks.

Our Contributors.

CONTENTMENT.

Many speak of contentment as a jewel; others term it a treasure; still larger classes of people give definitions of like meaning. But Paul was wiser than all these: he teaches us that contentment is a lesson. "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

He knew well that a jewel was something bright and precious. In that contentment resembled it. But he also knew that a jewel must be obtained by gift, or purchase, or by the rare experience of discovery in the river sands or the gloom of a mountain mine. He was very sure that, while one might give advice which helped to a contented state of the mind and heart, no one could bestow the completed grace, or buy it, or walk upon it, or touch it with eagerly searching fingers.

He realized that, while a treasure was won by trade, and tricks, and heirship, every bargain for contentment was futile, all tricks for it so much wasted time and energy, and that at best one could only inherit a greater aptitude for learning the grand lesson.

As a child may learn from his school book in the solitary light-house as well as in the pleasant home from which he can see the shining of hundreds of lamps, so may all learn day by day some part of the needed lesson of contentment.

Paul did not write to the Philippians, "Hasten to Corinth if you would obtain calm peace of mind." Neither did he urge the people of Corinth to go elsewhere for the needed instruction. Children often grasp such truths as these very clearly.

Some years ago an aged man died on one of the bleak parts of the New England coast. The lonely widow sent word to her son in Boston that he must come and live with her. It was a hard message. The son's wife said as she heard the letter read, "I cannot go there. I could never be contented in that out-of-the-way place!"

Just then a little hand touched hers, and her Willie asked, "Mamma, isn't God on that Island just the same as He is in Boston?" That mother hesitated no longer.

God is our great Teacher. He has placed each one of us in the city, or on the prairie, or mountain, or island, where we are, and each day He is with us. We all can learn of Him.

In our reading we often come upon words which we know that we shall never forget how to pronounce, and the names of places which seem stamped upon our minds. Are they the ones which we could repeat correctly on the sunny or cloudy day when visitors were in the school? No. They are the very ones which then we could not recall. We remember them because we blundered over them so much, and wished that we were not such dunces. Then, when we felt that we had learned nothing during the term, we were gathering knowledge which would remain with us all our lives.

So we may learn our best lessons of contentment when most we feel our ignorance and sin, and that our own efforts are humble beside those of the loving Lord.

C. N. S.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

A writer in the *Independent* furnishes the following account of the progress of an interesting work in the Russian army:

About twenty years ago a kind of public school was introduced in the Russian army. The officers were charged with the duty not only of drilling the soldiers, but also of teaching them to read, write and cypher, and the chaplains of instructing them in sacred history and prayers. The Gospel in Russian, the edition of the Holy Synod, has been largely distributed among them. Under such discipline the Russian army has immensely improved in every way. But neither the Government nor the Synod foresaw that as a result of such a training, Protestantism would spread among the Orthodox soldiers; and yet that is what has been brought about by the obligatory schooling and the reading of the Gospel. It is not, of course, possible to find out the extent of the influence of these Protestant soldiers on their Orthodox comrades in religious matters; but that there is such an influence there can be no doubt. Most of the soldiers who have embraced Protestantism for good reasons keep their new religious views to themselves. Some of them, however, are so bold and zealous as to practice their belief openly.

In the city of Kieff, in the house of a retired Sergeant Andreeff, every Sunday there meet about fifty persons, men, women and children, and hold divine services in a new way. Andreeff, as a teacher, reads from the Gospel and explains; he preaches, too, as do the others if they feel "inspired." They sing psalms (in Russian verses) and hymns of their own. Among the "brothers" or "Christians," as these sectarians call themselves, there are some Jews. Andreeff and his followers reject all the Orthodox rites which cannot be sustained by the Gospel. So they do not cross themselves while praying. They have no holy images and do not pray to saints. They do not recognize marriage nor communion, nor even baptism as sacraments, but insist upon a public confession as a necessary means for moral purification. They recognize the Czar as the head of civil administration; but they do not admit his authority in religious matters. They earnestly try to comply with the teachings of the Gospel, but admit that, being uneducated men, they can err in interpreting the Book. Therefore they are anxious to hear learned men on the true religion, "as the apostles taught it in the first century of Christianity."

How Andreeff came to adopt the new faith he thus explains:

"I was serving in the army for twelve years, and there I was taught to read. While reading the Gospel I could not help thinking that in the Orthodox faith there are many things not sanctioned by the Gospel. I talked about my doubts to my comrades, Sergeants Kapustiansky and Belozersky, and they agreed with me. On having retired from the army I bought a house and began to teach according to the Gospel. Many Orthodox persons, even some nuns, came to listen to me, and I have succeeded in making some converts. Now, our brothers do not drink vodka, and hence we had troubles. The keepers of the vodka shops denounced us before the clerical authorities. An archpriest came to me and reproached me for having abandoned the Orthodox faith. I had shown him the Gospel, and said we believe only in what is said in that book. He argued that I misunderstood the Gospel; but I could not accept his interpretation. Then he turned me and my brothers over to the civil authorities. These, however, were of the opinion that we were out of their jurisdiction. And here the matter dropped. I went to see the Governor about our troubles, asking him to allow us to meet and read the Gospel. He answered: 'I can neither forbid nor allow you to pray as you like.' However, we were let alone; but for how long, only God knows."

Andreeff says that views like his are held by many Russian officers, among whom there is a colonel. He hinted that thousands upon thousands of soldiers and officers would sing glory to God, if the article of law forbidding change from the Orthodox faith were annulled.

Among the Cossacks of the Caucasus Vasily Pavloff, formerly a Raskolnik (Molokanin), is now preaching Protestantism. Along with the other Raskolniks of the Caucasus Pavloff joined the Baptist church. Being an earnest and eloquent man, he was sent to Hamburg to study theology, under the direction of the Baptist ministers. On his return he was placed at the head of the Russian Baptists. The mission of Pavloff is to propagate Protestantism among the Raskolniks. This he is doing successfully; but he aims also to bring into union the Raskolniks, the Stundists and the independent groups of the Russian Protestants, like that of Andreeff. All of them are of the opinion that the Bible should be the corner-stone of their church, but beyond this much is to be settled.

PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANS.

The secretary of the London Missionary Society has received a letter from the Rev. J. Jones, of Mare, near New Caledonia, giving some painful details of the way in which the inhabitants of the island are being persecuted for conscience' sake. Six men, who refused to attend the State Church, which has been set up by one of the chiefs with the sanction of the French, to whom the island belongs, were seized on the 1st of last October and sent to an island four miles away, where they suffered the greatest privations. On their release, one of their number, an old New Guinea evangelist, was at once carried away in irons by the French Governor of New Caledonia. Another of the party was put upon the roads for twenty-three days, and was required to maintain himself during the time he was kept at work. At the same time the Governor removed the whole of the native pastors from Mare to New Caledonia, and closed all the churches, except two occupied by white missionaries. Finding people from other districts attended the services held by the missionaries, he forbade their doing so, and had some twenty arrested. These he caused to be brutally treated, and then had them carried, lacerated and bleeding as they were, into the French public schoolroom, where, tied hand and foot, they were left all night. In the morning the floor presented a horrible spectacle, being saturated with blood, and the boys attending the school had to wash the place up and cover the revolting sight with sand. Even women attending the services conducted by the missionaries were seized and kicked and beaten in the most cruel manner. It would appear that the chief had been led to understand that he can punish his people when he pleases when it is on account of religion. He was brought up from his childhood in the mission school, and for years has been a communicant of the church. It is only lately that, having joined hands with the French Government in setting up a State Church, he has manifested this hatred to true religion. Many of the people are now seeking hiding places in the bush, and trade and plantation work are brought to a standstill. Since these outrages, the chief has himself selected a number of men to be native pastors, and told the people that they must at the end of each year make a collection for them, and bring the money to him, when he will pay the pastors. Another chief on the south side of the island has persecuted the Christians in a similar manner. The authorities in New Caledonia and the Press there, adds Mr. Jones, represent the natives as rebelling against the French authority, when they simply wish to worship God according to their own consciences.

WHY DON'T YOU PROPOSE?

There is a large class of people who are sadly in need of both the rebuke and the counsel administered by "Knoxonian" in the following paper which we clip from the *Canada Presbyterian*. Where is there an earnest worker dealing with difficult questions and persons who has not had heart-ache caused by criticisms from those who either could not or would not make a single suggestion of a better way?

The object of this paper is to put the question, "Why don't you propose?" to those who are continually grumbling, criticising and fault-finding, but never propose any better way of doing

things. They find fault with everything, but never propose anything themselves. They nibble, but they never suggest. These people abound in the State and swarm in the Church. Their work is easy. All they do is find fault with those who are working. Anybody can do that. No intellect is required. The patients in an asylum can criticise its management. Many of them do. No moral qualities are needed. The convicts in a prison criticised the institution somewhat severely a short time ago. No culture is needed. Years ago this writer saw a man who could not read holding a newspaper wrong side up and passing judgment upon it. He said it was a very poor paper. The business of fault-finding requires no brains, no moral qualities, no culture, and that is the reason so many people can go into it.

Gladstone challenges the admiration of all manly men just now because he has a plan which he sincerely believes will help Ireland. Thousands of good people don't believe in the plan, but they admire the sincerity and pluck of the Grand Old Man. He believes something must be done for Ireland, and he is not afraid to stand up before the world and say what he thinks that something should be. Hartington thinks something ought to be done, but he does not know what. Chamberlain says he has a plan—in his mind. It will never be any other place. Most likely it is not even there. People who think hanging human beings is governing them advocate what they call "heroic measures." In this connection "heroic measures," "coercion" and similar terms simply mean the spilling of human blood, and the terms are generally used by men who think spilling blood is a small matter if the blood is Irish. Gladstone is the only statesman in the Empire who has the courage to propose a plan. He can look down with dignified contempt on his critics and say: "Why don't you propose something?" They won't. They have nothing to propose.

This question—why don't you propose something yourself?—is one that ought to be put to somebody every day.

The taxes are too high, shouts some man who would probably be quiet if he had a seat at the Council Board. The right thing to say to him is "Why don't you propose some way of making them lower? Do you know any way of building school houses, paying teachers, repairing streets, making sidewalks, lighting the town, supplying it with water and keeping the peace in it, without paying money? If you do stand up like a little man and explain it. The world is waiting to hear you propose a plan."

"Too many colleges in the Presbyterian Church! Some people think not, but we will not argue the matter. Let it be assumed that you are right, if not strikingly original, when you say 'Too many colleges.' Now give us a sketch of your plan for consolidation. Tell us how many colleges you would have and where you would locate them. Give us details. A plan that does not come down to details is not worth a brass farthing. Supposing ten pastors, five elders, one doctor of divinity, and one theological professor should shout 'Too many colleges' at the rate of ninety words per minute, how long would it take them, working ten hours per day, to produce a feasible scheme for consolidation?"

Our congregation is very cold; no life, no growth. Sad enough. What do you propose in the way of mending matters? You are just as much responsible for the coldness as anybody else. You are as cold yourself as anybody else. If you were very warm you might warm up some of the others. Now, what do you propose? Supposing three elders, six male members, four married women, three old maids and one healthy crank were to groan "The Church is cold," at the rate of eighty words per minute, groaning eight hours per day, how long would it take them to groan the Church into a lively condition?

The finances of the congregation are falling behind. Well, what do you suggest? What plan do you propose for increasing the revenue? Something must be done? Let us hear your proposal. Supposing ten desponding men, and six weak brethren, and four men who pay nothing; were to complain that the finances are getting behind at the rate of seventy-five words per minute, complaining all the time, how long would it take them to raise the congregational revenue twenty-five per cent?

This question—Why don't you propose something—will apply to many of the alleged grievances in connection with General Assemblies and Conferences. The committees are not properly struck. Well, propose some better way of striking them. The discussions are confined to a few. Well, suggest some feasible way of inducing the many to take part. There is no sort of use

in dwelling upon and magnifying grievances without suggesting some way of removing them. Talking about a sore never heals it. Keeping it open all the time makes it worse. What the Church and the world need is not men who can expatiate on the sores, but men who can make some feasible proposals to heal them.

Dr. Chalmers always asked one question about a man proposed for any given work—has he weight? A man who cannot propose a good feasible plan never has any real weight. Lord Palmerston had one test for every proposed colleague—has he resources? If he had no resources—if he could propose nothing in an emergency and do nothing—Palmerston did not want him in his Cabinet. Palmerston was Prime Minister of England for nearly half his lifetime, and no small part of his success lay in the fact that he always chose colleagues, if he could, who had resources. A man who has no resources, who cannot make a feasible proposal, who can do nothing but nibble and find fault, bears about the same relation to Church and State to a solid man of resources that a hornet bears to a good working horse.

A JUNGLE LAD'S FIRST WORK.

One of my India letters last week brought me good accounts of a fine young man, now a master in our Santal Training-School, and revived a very pleasant memory of his convert days. By sharing my pleasure with the many young people who read *The Illustrated Christian Weekly* I may be helping some of them to learn how to begin a life of usefulness. I believe that one of Satan's favorite ways of arresting the progress of Christ's kingdom on earth is this: he makes many young converts believe that they can do nothing till they are older and more experienced.

My story is a short one and soon told. A bright lad of fourteen, fresh from the jungles, came into Midnapore and entered our Santal Training-School. Quick to learn, he soon caught the spirit of the school and made rapid progress in study. A deep feeling of truly intelligent concern for their souls' welfare was increasing among these Santal lads, and this one began to share it. His clear and pointed questions, his honest and humbling confessions, his very hearty and touchingly earnest prayers, all drew my attention to him and impressed me that he was to become a chosen vessel for the Master's use. He was one of the first boys to be converted. His heart was filled with light and flooded with love. His joy was calm and deep and constant.

One morning, just a few days after his conversion, he came to me and asked for leave to go home. Fancying it was but a fickle notion, a mere whim or a fit of homesickness, such as jungle lads often have, I answered that I could not think of letting him off now, for the term had but just begun, and that when vacation came he should go home like all the other boys. He quietly stepped out of my room, and I thought he was gone, but presently I found him standing on the veranda. Coming up to me again, his voice tremulous with emotion, he said, "Do let me go home now." The reason for his request occurred to me at once, but to test him I said, "Why do you wish to go home now? Tell me freely and I'll think of it."

The big tears began to fall, and for full five minutes he could not speak. Recovering his calmness he said so heartily, "Jesus has pardoned me; my heart is so happy I want to tell my friends about Jesus. My father and mother have never heard his name. Let me go home to tell them now." It was impossible to refuse him this earnest request, so I said, "Go home, and we shall pray for you and for your friends." He went and was gone several days. The journey to his jungle home occupied two days, it being forty miles away. This Santal lad came back to us with such a happy heart, having told his friends what Jesus had done for him. And the ripe, rich fruit of his seed-sowing came as one by one, first the mother, then the father, then three brothers and two sisters, all came into the light and into the church of Christ.

My story teaches a plain lesson and one that every young convert should take to heart. Begin working for Christ at once when you feel the peace that pardon brings. In the freshness and fervor of your first love tell your friends of the Saviour you have found and invite your worldly and careless associates to come to him. In some places I have known much good done by the early and earnest efforts of young disciples. What a safeguard too is such work for Jesus! I believe it has held many a soul back from danger and defection. And I believe also that neglecting these early efforts has paved the path for poor wayward and wandering souls who have gone out from the Father's house into the far country of want and woe. Let all our converts keep in mind Jesus' words to the cured demoniac: "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—Dr. J. L. Phillips.